CASSELL'S
ILLUSTRATED
HISTORY
OF
ENGLAND.

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William Henry (afterwards Duke of Clarence). George, Prince of Wales. Ernest Augustus. Frederick (afterwards Duke of York). Augustus Frederick. GEORGE III. QUEEN CHARLOTTE. Princess Augusta. Adolphus Frederick. Princess Mary. Princess Elizabeth.

GEORGE III. AND HIS FAMILY.—1775.

CASSELL'S

ILLUSTRATED

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

DURING THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS.

TEXT BY

WILLIAM HOWITT.

VOL. II.

(BEING THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE ENTIRE HISTORY.)

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION (JULY, 1792) TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE III. (JANUARY, 1820).

With upwards of Two Hundred Engravings.

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PREFACE.

WE have now brought this great Work to a close. Our readers will recollect that, in the Preface to the Fourth Volume of this History of England, which terminated the First Series, we proposed, in a New Series, to bring down the history to the present time. We hoped, in two volumes, to relate the stories of the American War, of the French Revolution, of the Crimean conflict, and Indian Insurrection. But as we proceeded with our labour, the mass of materials before us, and the importance of those materials, convinced us that this was impossible, without destroying the unity of the whole work. To have attempted this would have compelled us to condense into a mere abstract by far the most momentous events of our whole history. The earlier and less important portions of our annals would have stood forward in ample detail; the latter and most important would come after in a cramped and contracted form, devoid of life and energy. It was not, however, before we had proceeded with our work to a very considerable extent that we became convinced of the necessity for this alteration in the original plan; and we then resolved—taking for granted that both the Proprietors of the Publication and our readers would agree with us—to retain the healthy uniformity of the work, by closing it at a somewhat earlier period than was at first proposed. We have, therefore, produced the two promised volumes, terminating with the Reign of George III. In laying down our pen, we may express our deep satisfaction that health and strength have been afforded us for the completion of our labours. None but those who have tried the experiment can form any idea of the stupendous labour of producing, from week to week, without remission, a large sheet of printed history—a species of composition of which the writing forms the very smallest part. The great labour consists in reading and comparing various histories, original documents, and treatises on contested points, and then drawing sound inferences, and digesting the whole into a narrative at once correct in fact and date, and fresh with the spirit of life. There have been times when we have felt that intellect and physical strength were ready to give way; but the desire to accomplish a work never yet accomplished, in this department—a history faithful, and based on the broad principles of national, not caste, interests, buoyed us up, and, by the help of Providence, the task stands complete.

In our former Prefaces, we have enumerated some of the facts on which we have found it necessary to differ from other historians; but, before finally quitting the subject, we may once more advert to them. In the first place, we have exploded the old aristocratic idea that King John's Charter is our Magna Charta, or that we owe it to the Barons at Runnymede. The fiction is very agreeable to the aristocracy, but it is only a fiction, long ago exposed by Matthew of Paris, Carte, Rhymer, and other historians; by Blackstone, both in his "Commentaries," and in his "Essay on Magna Charta," where he tells us that our true Charter is that of Henry III. Dugdale, in his "Monasticon," also tells us that the brave Pembroke, the guardian of Henry III., "broke the confederacy of the barons, who had sworn allegiance to Louis, Dauphin of France, and drove away the foreign usurper." The Barons of Runnymede, in fact, were amongst the greatest traitors that England ever produced.

We have had many plain truths to maintain regarding the Tudors, whom other historians have endeavoured to recommend to our regards; but no soap or scrubbing-brushes will ever wash those blackamoors white. We have pointed out the great fiscal Revolution, and the origin of our foreign wars and National Debt in the bargain of Charles II. with the aristocracy, and the continental system of William

III. Later on, we have had to refute the fallacies of Hume, Macaulay, and some others—especially the false views of Macaulay on our Indian policy—and to cast a more truthful light on the North American people than prevailed before. Under the Reign of George III. we have viewed the events of the time by the light of the great principles of the people's rights, and of equal-handed Christianity; and however much these views may be at present ignored, or carefully overlooked, they will be more and more recognised as the people become more and more educated.

In another generation, as we observed in the immediately preceding volume, the great body of the people, having been duly educated, "will possess the deciding influence on the tendencies of the Government." It is not till then that the truth and the value of this history will be fully recognised. We commit it to the acceptance of the future, as our great labour, not of profit, but of love. When the people stand up in their proper place, freed from the bondage of ignorance, from the domination of a monopolising class, from the weakness of disunion, and the delusions of political sophists; when they stand up, hand in hand, from the highest to the lowest, from the strongest to the weakest, from the wisest to the simplest, one nation, with like knowledge, like privileges, and like opportunities, they will acknowledge that, in one history at least, the story of their national growth has been honestly told, the springs of the universal machine have been carefully traced, the birthright of every Englishman has been boldly claimed, and the curses of wars and taxation for wars have been unflinchingly denounced as irrational, insane, constituting the worst of all acts of injustice, those on an absent body—Posterity.

May the readers of these pages become the wise and conscientious actors of the yet unborn history of our country—the Mother of Colonies, the great Apostle of a sound civilisation to all lands!

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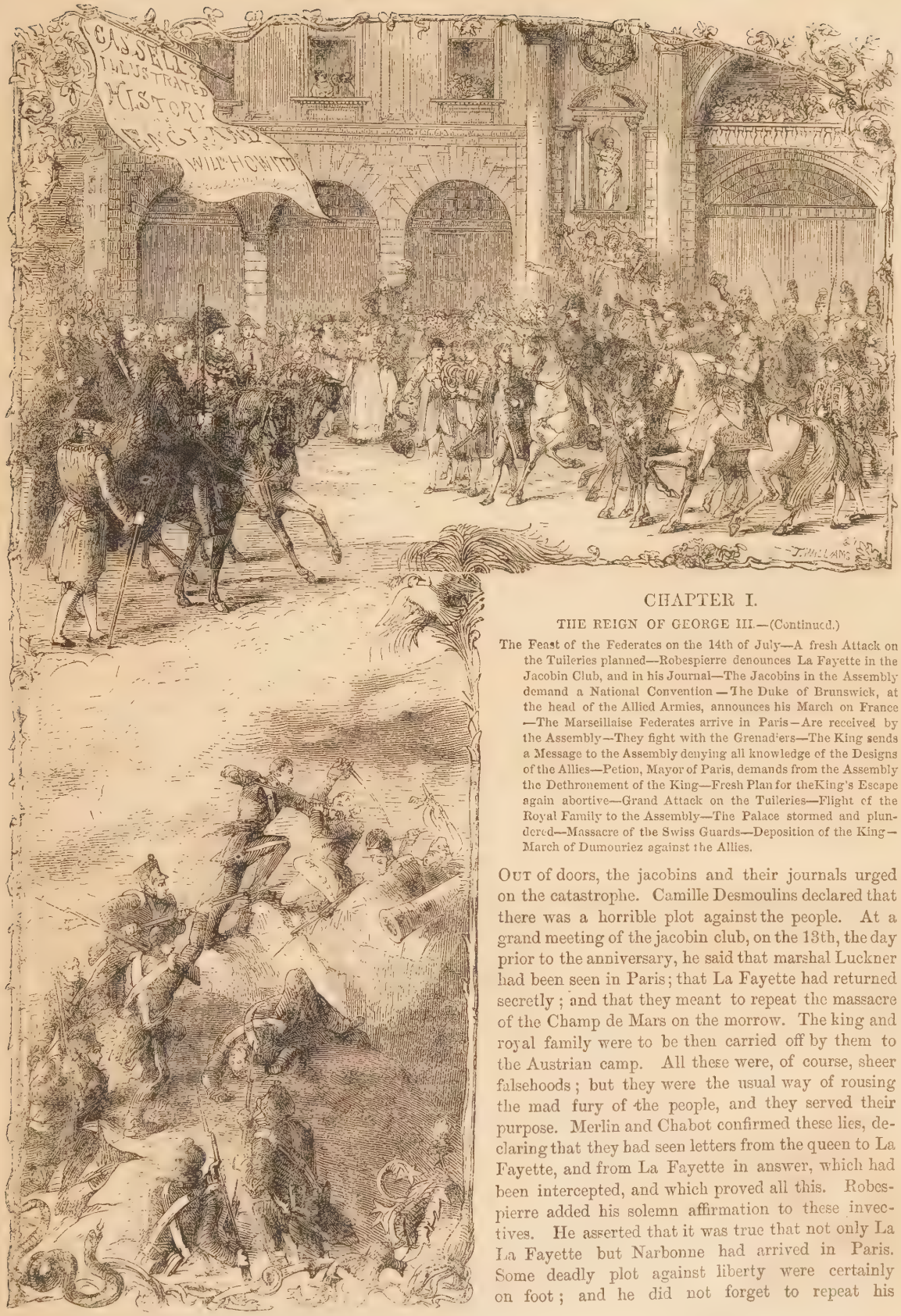


CHAPTER I.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

The Feast of the Federates on the 14th of July—A fresh Attack on the Tuileries planned—Robespierre denounces La Fayette in the Jacobin Club, and in his Journal—The Jacobins in the Assembly demand a National Convention—The Duke of Brunswick, at the head of the Allied Armies, announces his March on France—The Marseillaise Federates arrive in Paris—Are received by the Assembly—They fight with the Grenadiers—The King sends a Message to the Assembly denying all knowledge of the Designs of the Allies—Petion, Mayor of Paris, demands from the Assembly the Dethronement of the King—Fresh Plan for the King's Escape again abortive—Grand Attack on the Tuileries—Flight of the Royal Family to the Assembly—The Palace stormed and plundered—Massacre of the Swiss Guards—Deposition of the King—March of Dumouriez against the Allies.

Out of doors, the jacobins and their journals urged on the catastrophe. Camille Desmoulins declared that there was a horrible plot against the people. At a grand meeting of the jacobin club, on the 13th, the day prior to the anniversary, he said that marshal Luckner had been seen in Paris; that La Fayette had returned secretly; and that they meant to repeat the massacre of the Champ de Mars on the morrow. The king and royal family were to be then carried off by them to the Austrian camp. All these were, of course, sheer falsehoods; but they were the usual way of rousing the mad fury of the people, and they served their purpose. Merlin and Chabot confirmed these lies, declaring that they had seen letters from the queen to La Fayette, and from La Fayette in answer, which had been intercepted, and which proved all this. Robespierre added his solemn affirmation to these invectives. He asserted that it was true that not only La La Fayette but Narbonne had arrived in Paris. Some deadly plot against liberty were certainly on foot; and he did not forget to repeat his

"*delenda est Carthago*" cry against La Fayette. He called on the federates to avenge the country on that base wretch; in fact, he stimulated them to murder him on the first opportunity.

The 14th of July had arrived. As had been recommended by Chabot, in the assembly, the federates, about five thousand in number, mustered in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, mingling with the pikemen and pikewomen, marched to the square of the Bastille. There they were joined by the national guards, now greatly thinned of their respectable portion, the bankers, stock-brokers, merchants, lawyers, and men of property, who had refused to serve under brutal jacobin and sans-culotte officers who had been appointed. The troops of the line and the gendarmerie were also there; and a deputation of the national assembly arrived about noon, and the president, amid the din of martial music, and the far wilder din of some hundreds of thousands of rude revolutionists, laid the foundation-stone of that column of liberty which now stands there. No sooner was the stone laid, than a rabid orator of the Faubourg made a fierce harangue, declaring that all the kings of the earth were conspiring to crush France, and calling on the people to swear to crush all kings. The enormous crowd then marched through the city to the Champ de Mars, with the usual accompaniments of flags flying, statues of liberty, and tables of the Rights of Man carried, and pikes, with red caps of liberty on them, and the whole dingy mass bawling, "Long live Petion! Petion or Death!" Petion had been reinstated by a decree of the assembly the evening before, and was, in truth, the hero of the day.

Even Thiers, the advocate of so much that shocks other nations in the French revolution, could not help exclaiming, on the occasion of the entrance of this throng into the Champ de Mars, "How times had changed since the 14th of July, 1790! There was neither that magnificent altar, with three hundred officiating priests; nor that extensive area covered by sixty thousand national guards, richly dressed and richly organised; nor those lateral tiers of seats, crowded by an immense multitude, intoxicated with joy and delight; nor, lastly, that balcony where the ministers, the royal family, and the assembly were accommodated at the first federation. Everything was changed. People hated each other, as after a hollow reconciliation, and all the emblems indicated war. Eighty-three tents represented the eighty-three departments. Beside each of these stood a poplar, from the top of which waved flags of the three colours. A large tent was destined for the assembly and the king, and another for the administrative bodies of Paris. Thus all France seemed to be encamped in the presence of the enemy. The altar of the country was but a truncated column, placed at the foot of those tiers of seats which had been left in the Champ de Mars ever since the first ceremony. On one side was seen a monument, covered with yew and cypress, for those who had died, or were destined soon to die, on the frontiers; on the other, an immense tree, called 'The Tree of Feudalism.' It rose from the centre of a vast pile, and bore on its branch crowns, blue ribbons, tiaras, cardinals' hats, St. Peter's keys, ermine mantles, doctors' caps, bags of law proceedings, titles of nobility, escutcheons, coats of arms, &c. The king was to be invited to set fire to it.

"The oath was to be taken at noon. The king had repaired to the apartments of the military school, where he waited for the national procession, which had gone to lay the first stone of the column of the Bastille. The king displayed a calm dignity." We may interrupt the narrative of Thiers to present the scene as described by Sir Walter Scott:—"The figure made by the king during this pageant formed a striking and melancholy parallel with his actual condition in the state. With hair powdered and dressed, with clothes embroidered in the ancient court fashion, surrounded and crowded unceremoniously by men of the lowest rank, and in the most wretched garb, he seemed belonging to a former age, but which in the present has lost its fashion and value. He was conducted to the Champ de Mars under a strong guard, and by a circuitous route, to avoid the insults of the multitude. When he ascended the altar, to go through the ceremonial of the day, all were struck with his resemblance to a victim led to sacrifice: the queen so much so, that she nearly fainted. A few children alone called out, 'Vive le roi!' This was the last time that Louis was seen in public till he mounted the scaffold."

The queen had been watching the scene with a glass. There were supposed to be half a million of people crowded together on the ground; and the confusion about the altar and the press was such, that the king could not reach the steps of it, except through the utmost exertions of those about him. All around were yelling throngs, shouting, "Long life to Petion! Petion or death!" and having the same words chalked on their hats. There was a model of the Bastille held up conspicuously, and there were printing presses at work, pulling off and distributing patriotic songs. As soon as the king began to mount the steps, the queen gave a loud shriek. "The expression of her countenance on this day," says madame de Staël, "will never be effaced from my memory. Her eyes were swollen with tears; and the splendour of her dress and the dignity of her deportment formed a striking contrast to the train that surrounded her."

As soon as the oath was taken by the king, the people hastened to the tree of feudalism. They were for hurrying the king along with them, that he might set fire to it; but he refused, saying very pertinently, that there was no longer any such thing as feudalism. The king hastened to join the queen, and they returned to the military school, and thence to the palace, not a few wondering at Louis's escape, for they believed he would have been assassinated by the sans culottes; and probably this would have been the case had the federates been stronger in numbers; but there were five hundred Swiss guards, three hundred gensdarmes, and three thousand national guards, who were believed to be faithful to the king, or he would probably never have returned alive from the ground. The queen had the direst forebodings, and declared all was lost. Maton de Varenne, in his history of the events of this year, says that the faithful part of the guards conjured Louis not to let the least chance for his life escape him, offering to force the way out of Paris for him and his family, and to conduct him some distance on the road towards the northern frontiers; but the doomed monarch declined the generous offer, and thus yielded himself and his family to the certain fate of the guillotine.

Every day now more and more federates arrived in Paris from the country. Subscriptions were raised and money was sent them to enable them to march. The assembly voted them thirty sous per day each man. These rude and sanguinary men, educated by the provincial jacobin clubs in a readiness for any crime or horror, though ostensibly collected to augment the armies of the frontiers, and defend the kingdom against the invaders, swore they would not move from Paris till they had destroyed the interior enemies of the people. They daily took up their position in the galleries of the assembly, to the exclusion of all else, thus overawing the deliberations. The country was, in truth, now delivered up to these jacobin hordes of ruffians. Under the influence of the jacobins thus made paramount, the assembly proceeded to reorganise the army, collected the scattered members of the terrible ex-gardes Françaises into a body of gensdarmes, and ordered the Swiss guards to march to the frontiers. The design was palpably to leave the king wholly in the hands of the jacobinised troops, and open any day to assassination. But the Swiss refused to quit the service for which they had been engaged — the defence of the person of the king. M. d'Affry, the commander, produced the capitulations under which the Swiss served, and positively refused to quit Paris. It was necessary to proceed to the terrible extremities contemplated, in spite of this obstacle.

The jacobins and their myrmidons, the federates, took into their hands the whole executive of the country. They abandoned all disguise as to their objects. A committee of federates, calling itself "The Central Committee of Insurrection," sate daily in one of the rooms at the jacobin club. The members of this committee were at first only five, in order to secure some necessary secrecy to their measures. As for their end, it was simply to rouse a republican revolution in every corner of France, and then to march to the palace, and seize and depose, or murder, the king. The five original members were Vaugeois, grand vicar—in fact, an apostate priest; Debessé, of La Drôme; Guillaume, a professor, from Caen; Simon, newspaper editor, of Strasburg; and Galissot, of Langres. But to these were soon added Carra, Gorsas, Fournier; the Alsacien, Westermann; Kienlin, of Strasburg; Santerre, Alexandre, commander of the faubourg St. Marceau; a Pole named Lazouski, captain of the gunners in the artillery of St. Marceau; Antoine, of Metz, an ex-constituent; and Langrey and Garin, two electors. They were soon joined by Camille Desmoulins, Manuel, and Danton, who became their very soul, and directed all their movements. They entered into communication with Barbaroux, who engaged to bring up a picked body of Marsellais, six hundred in number, who were sworn to die or carry out every desperate enterprise of the jacobin faction.

According to the jacobin and Girondist system, there required now only some startling fact to rouse the fury of the whole tribe of sans culottes, and such facts even the Girondist leaders thought excusable, however unprincipled. If the court could have murdered some patriotic member of the assembly, this would have thrown the whole nation into a flame; but, as it did not murder any such member, it was proposed by Chabot that the imputation of such a murder should be thrown upon it. Grangeneuve, a man of limited understanding, offered himself as a victim, if some of the jacobins would assassinate him at night when returning from the assembly, and charge it on the court. Chabot, professing to be lost in admiration at this proof of patriotism, proposed to join him in death. They agreed to meet at a certain spot, where they were to be fallen upon and slain. Grangeneuve desired that they would kill him outright, and not leave him in misery. At the appointed time, Grangeneuve declared that he was on the spot, but that Chabot did not come; and no obliging assassins appearing either, he went home and went to bed. Chabot, on the contrary, protested that he could not find Grangeneuve, and the probability is, that both were more ready to make a boast of dying than to suffer death, and that neither even went to the place. Madame Roland, in relating this farce, seems to betray no sense of the infamy of the scheme, had it really been carried into effect. She seems to think, however, that the failure was owing to the cowardice of Chabot. Some other means were to be sought, and all seemed sensible that to conduct so decisive an enterprise, they must select some chief who should unite the efforts of the party, and lead them to its grand *coup-d'état.* Who was this man? The different merits of Desmoulins, Marat, Barbaroux, Robespierre, and Danton, were weighed, and in all something was found wanting. Desmoulins was audacious and impassioned, but destitute of the lungs necessary for the orator of the mob, and of the necessary activity; Marat was ready to murder any amount of aristocrats, but had excited too much horror even for the leader of such a faction; Barbaroux was not bloody enough; and Robespierre was deemed, though cunning as the old serpent, much too cowardly. Barbaroux had interviews with both Marat and Robespierre on this subject. Marat proposed that all aristocrats should be compelled to wear a white ribbon on the arm, so that the people might know them, and kill them; but then he included royalists, Feuillants, and Girondists, all under the class to be exterminated; and he desired nothing so much as to be put at the head of two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and with a muff on the left arm as a shield, with whom he could traverse France and make a revolution! Barbaroux left him in horror. As for Robespierre, Barbaroux left him, convinced that he designed to make himself a permanent dictator. Danton, bold, and capable of commanding the people by his daring impetuosity, appeared the most likely man; but Danton was still in the pay of the court, and his avarice made him shrink from this post, which required the sacrifice of his base pay, for which he did nothing!

No leadership could, therefore, be established. So far from this, the insurrectional committee was divided in its counsels. The court were informed of this by its spies, and took measures not to attack the republicans, but to strengthen themselves so as to be able to wait the arrival of the allies. A club, called the French club, was formed, consisting of artisans and soldiers of the national guard, who had weapons concealed in the building where they met, not far from the palace, so that they could be ready to hasten there on an emergency. This club cost the court ten thousand francs a-day. A Marseillais, of the name of

Lieutaud, was also employed to send people into the tribunes, the coffee-houses, and public places, to speak in favour of the king. It was proposed to call together the constitutional guard, which, though disbanded, had always received its pay. But all endeavours to protect the royal family could not blind the king's friends to the awful perils menacing him, and there were various proposals to him for flight or abdication. M. Malsherbes and others advised abdication; but the majority advised flight. It was proposed that the king and royal family should escape into Normandy. The duke of Liancourt, who was in the full confidence of the king, and who commanded that province, offered to put his whole fortune at the king's service, and to conduct the royal family to Gaillon, or to meet La Fayette, who should escort him to the army. It was contended that from the castle of Gaillon the king, if necessary, could easily escape to the coast, and so to England. The count de Narbonne and madame de Staël had another plan; which was to carry the king to Compiègne, and thence, through the forest of Ardennes, to the Rhine. But, with his usual indecision, Louis could not be induced to accept any one plan, but waited, like a fascinated creature, to be destroyed by his enemies.

At this crisis, the Girondists, hating and dreading the jacobins, who were every day becoming more formidable, and fearing also the approach of the allies, were disposed to enter into a negotiation with the court for restoration to power. A painter to the king, named Boze, and Thierry, the valet-de-chambre of Louis, were the mediums. Boze desired Guadet, Vergniaud, and Gensonné, the leading Girondists, to state their conditions in writing, that they might be laid before the king. These conditions were:—that the king should insist on the retreat of the foreign armies, dismiss La Fayette, choose a Gironde ministry, issue a law for the constitutional education of the dauphin, and some other minor changes. This would, in fact, have been to put the king into the hands of the Girondists, only the more to incense the jacobins, by far the most powerful party. When these conditions were laid before the king by Thierry, he pushed them away, saying it was not he, but the patriotic party who had provoked the war. There was an end of the Girondist hopes, but not of the jacobin incessant action. Robespierre drew up an address, and had it presented by a deputation of federates, containing his eternal cry for the death of La Fayette, for whose blood he thirsted with an unappeasable thirst. The assembly rejected the proposition; and this was seized on to exasperate the people still more. On Sunday, the 22nd of July, the tocsin was sounded, placards were displayed announcing that the country was in danger. Petion, as mayor, and attended by the whole municipality and by the national guards, went through the city with beat of drum and firing of cannon, bearing a black flag, inscribed—"Citizens! the country is in danger!" The flag, after the procession, was planted before the Hôtel de Ville, and lists were opened for the enrolment of volunteers for the defence of the country; these said volunteers to remain in Paris till the federates arrived in larger numbers. In a word, it was an open declaration of taking entire possession of Paris by the jacobin mob, and putting down the monarchy. In this moment of effervescence appeared the proclamation of the duke of Brunswick as commander of the allied armies, and in the name of the allied monarchs.

This proclamation arrived in Paris on the 28th of July, though it was dated Coblentz, July 25th. It was far from being of the reasonable nature which the king had recommended, and was calculated to do the most fatal injury to his interests. It stated that: "The emperor and the king of Prussia, having seen the manner in which the authority of the king of France had been overturned by a factious people, how his sacred person and those of his family had been subjected to violence and restraint, in which those who had usurped his government had, besides destroying the internal order and peace of France, invaded the Germanic empire, and seized the possessions of the princes of Alsace and Lorraine, had determined to march to his assistance, and had authorised himself, a member of the Germanic body, to march to the aid of their friend and ally; that he came to restore the king to all his rights, and to put an end to anarchy in France; that he was not about to make war on France, but on its internal enemies, and he called on all the well-disposed to co-operate in this object; that all cities, towns, villages, persons, and property would be respected and protected, provided that they immediately concurred in the restoration of order. He summoned all officers of the army and the state to return to their allegiance; all ministers of departments, districts, and municipalities, were likewise summoned, and were to be held responsible, by their lives and properties, for all outrages and misdemeanors committed before the restoration of order; and all who resisted the royal authority, and fired on the royal troops or the allies, should be instantly punished with all rigour, and their houses demolished or burned. Paris, in case of any injury done to the royal family, was to be delivered up to an exemplary and ever-memorable vengeance; that no laws were to be acknowledged as valid but such as proceeded from the king when in a state of perfect liberty!"

This was an announcement of the utter overthrow of the revolution, and the restoration of the ancient condition of France, with its aristocracy and all its slaves. The sensation which it produced was intense. The king was immediately accused of secretly favouring this language, though it was far from being the case. It was in vain that he disavowed the sentiments of this haughty and impolitic proclamation to the assembly; he was not believed, and the exasperation against him was dreadfully aggravated. On the 30th of July the Marseillais arrived. They were met, at a distance from Paris, by Barbaroux, Santerre, and Merlin, with great tokens of rejoicing, and were conducted into the city and to the Hôtel de Ville, their band playing, and themselves singing a new martial hymn, since become of world-wide fame, as the Marseillais hymn; a strain which never fails to rouse the blood of Frenchmen to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and daring. The origin of this martial song was extraordinary. Lamartine thus relates it in his "History of the Girondists:"—"Rouget de Lisle, born amid the mountains of the Jura, was a young officer at Strasburg. There he used to visit Dietrich, the mayor of Strasburg, and there, with Dietrich, his wife and daughters, indulged his taste for music. He was desired by Dietrich to write a

hymn which should breathe all the spirit of the revolution. He wrote down the words and hastened to Dietrich. He found him in his garden digging up winter lettuces. It was so early in the morning, the old patriot's wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrich awoke them, and sent for some friends, like himself passionately fond of music, and capable of performing it. Rouget sang, Dietrich's eldest daughter accompanied him. At the first stanza all their countenances grew pale, at the second tears flowed, at the last stanza the wildness of enthusiasm burst forth. Dietrich's wife and daughter, the old man himself, his friends, the young officer, threw themselves weeping into each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found; but, alas! it also was destined to be the hymn of terror. Unfortunately, Dietrich, a few months later, walked to the scaffold to the sound of those very notes which had sprung forth at his hearth, from the heart of his friend, and the voices of his daughters.

"The new song, performed several days afterwards at Strasburg, flew from town to town, to all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it, to be sung at the commencement and close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais spread it through France by singing it on their way to Paris. From this came the name of Marseillais.

"The old mother of De Lisle, a royalist, terrified at this echo of her son's voice, wrote to him: 'What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung by a horde of brigands traversing France, and with which thy name is associated?' De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, shuddered as he heard it resound in his ears like a menace of death when flying along the pathway of the high Alps. 'What do they call this hymn?' demanded he of his guide. 'The Marseillais,' replied the peasant. It was thus that he learned the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm which he had sown behind him. He escaped death with difficulty; the weapon turns against the hand which has forged it; the revolution, in its madness, no longer recognised its own voice."

As the Marseillais were conducted through Paris to the Champs Elysées, where a banquet had been prepared for them, they went singing this wild, new air to the astonishment of the crowd. These daring Marseillais stopped every one whom they met wearing a silk tricolour and tore it from their hats, for it was now the fashion to wear worsted cockades, and to regard silk ones as a mark of aristocracy. Thiers says this occurred after the event we are now to relate. Not far from the spot where the Marseillais dined happened to be dining, at a restaurateur's, a party of the national guards of the Filles St. Thomas, and other royalists. These, who had met without any thought of the Marseillais, were drinking, singing royalist songs, amid such toasts as "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" This gave offence to the populace, who cried, "Help, Marseillais!" These men, the most audacious characters of the south, who had frequented the port of Marseilles, rushed out of their tavern, and fell upon the royalists sword in hand, killed one, wounded many more, and put them to flight. Many of them, bleeding, rushed to the Tuileries, where they excited a great alarm. The assaulted grenadiers of St. Thomas sent a deputation to the assembly to complain of the outrage. They declared that, being only forty in number, they were attacked by five hundred and sixteen Marseillais; but they were not suffered to say more, for the Marseillais, with whom the galleries were crammed, commenced hooting and insulting them. In the midst of the confusion a number of jacobinised national guards appeared at the bar, declaring the grenadiers the offenders; that the court had certainly set them on, and that the ladies of the court were then dressing their wounds and wiping away the blood with their pocket-handkerchiefs. Some one called out, "Ha! they are certainly knights of the poniard!" This was wildly applauded by the galleries. The assembly declared that it would deliberate on the question; but the next day fresh deputations appeared from both parties: the Marseillais protesting there was some horrible plot in operation at the Tuileries, and the grenadiers demanding the removal of these ferocious desperadoes from Paris, where it was impossible for the public tranquillity to be maintained in their presence. The demand was drowned in the clamours of the insolent Marseillais, and the assembly decreed that the discussion of the dispute must be left to the ordinary courts of law.

But it was evident that a crisis was at hand. The jacobins had grown sufficiently daring for the execution of their last outrage on the monarchy by the arrival of the federates. More of these were pouring in every day, and offices of insurrection were opened in various inns and wine-shops in the faubourgs. On the 2nd of August Guadet moved in the assembly and carried a decree, that every deserter from the Austrian and Prussian armies should enjoy a pension of a hundred livres per annum, and all the rights of French citizenship, including that of serving in the army, if he pleased; when the Marseillais again appeared, and demanded formally the dethronement of Louis XVI., who, they declared, had again been butchering the people, and would never cease to do so, so long as he was permitted to remain. Presently, in rushed a mob of men and women, crying, "Vengeance! they are poisoning the patriots! they are poisoning our brothers!" It was declared that bread had been given to the federates marching to Paris at Soissons, mixed with glass, and that a hundred and sixty were already dead, and eight hundred dying in the hospitals!

These monstrous lies and exaggerations were every-day practices with the jacobins when they wished to hound on the rabble to some desperate deed. A commission was immediately dispatched to Soissons, who the next day reported that there had been no poisoning or intended mischief whatever; that simply some flour had been stored in the church of St. Jean, and the windows having been broken by the sans culottes, as those of most churches were, some bits of the glass had fallen into the flour, and been kneaded with the bread. There had been no death whatever. Scarcely was this letter received by the assembly, when another mob of sans culottes rushed in, demanding vengeance for the numbers poisoned. Vergniaud assured them that there had been no such poisoning, and ordered the letter to be read. Deprived of this false grievance, the mendacious sans culottes instantly improvised another. "Well," said they, "if they have not poisoned the patriots at Soissons, they are doing worse here in Paris; they are going to assassinate the whole people!" Any body but the national assembly would have received this announcement

with laughter; but Vergniaud gravely replied that the assembly would protect the people, and the sans culottes again denounced the king, the court, the ministers, and the executive.

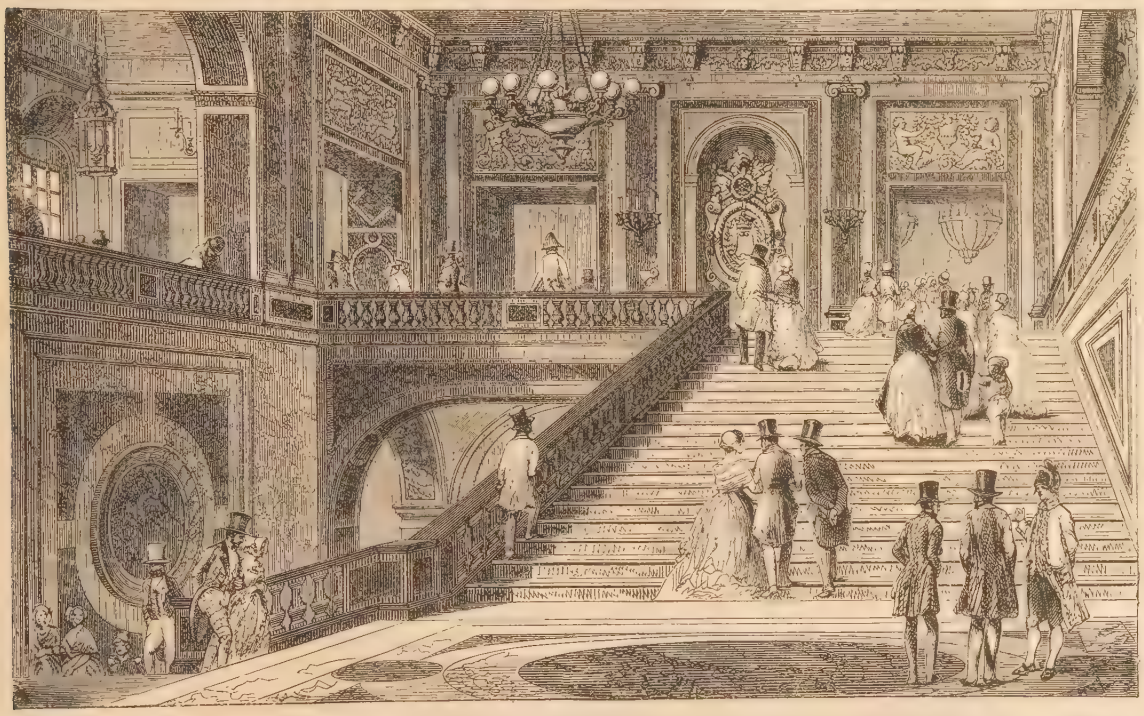
In the midst of this scene, Petion entered the assembly at the head of a deputation from the commune of Paris, and demanded the dethronement of the king. He went through the whole history of Louis, and represented him as one of the worst of princes, as from his youth one of the vilest and most bloody of tyrants; that he had always shown a rooted aversion to all men except priests and aristocrats—a base calumny, for, long before his elevation to the throne, men of the tiers-état had been amongst his most familiar companions. But, in fact, the whole harangue of the sleek Petion was one tissue of falsehoods. He was not contented with representing the king as secretly averse to the revolution—which was true enough—but he charged him with systematically returning ingratitude for kindness; and he concluded by exclaiming, "Let every one of us, before we yield our last sigh, illustrate his memory by killing a slave and a tyrant."

He then dwelt on the dangers that surrounded them—the approach of vast armies, the total inadequacy of the means of defence, the terrible threats of Brunswick, and the danger of a treacherous court in their midst in secret alliance with the invaders. The assembly was taken by surprise. This was the first time that this momentous proposition had come formally from the municipality of Paris. In the morning session, the balance of opinion was against it; but, in the evening, it ran the other way. However, it was decreed to adjourn the question till the 9th of August, but the assembly went on receiving petitions of the same tone and tenor. All the sections of Paris were for the dethronement except the Filles St. Thomas and the Petits Pères. That of Mauconseil did not wait for the decree of the assembly; it pronounced the dethronement of the king on its own authority. It called on all the sections of the "empire"—for it would not use the word "kingdom"—to

CAMILLE DESMOULINS. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

follow its example, and to demand plainly of the assembly whether it meant to save the nation. The assembly annulled the decree of the section Mauconseil, and Vergniaud and Cambon denounced their proceeding as a usurpation of the sovereignty of the people; but it seemed to be, not the principle which they condemned, but the irregularity of its enunciation, and the indecorous language applied to the assembly.

The crisis was now at hand. The efforts of the jacobins had now culminated with the great blow which should crush this ancient monarchy to the earth. The federates called a meeting of the committee of insurrection to arrange the final plans. The insurrection itself was resolved by it to take place result to the king, who assented to the plan, and ordered them to arrange with Messieurs Monteuil and Sainte-Croix. The courtiers were delighted; they believed that now, at length, they saw the deliverance of the monarch; and, could they have put Louis into a carriage and driven off with him at once, this might have been done, but to allow him an interval to deliberate in was certainly to insure his relapse. The next morning all was over; Louis declared he would not leave Paris, as it would begin a civil war. All were thunderstruck. Bertrand de Molleville urged Louis to fly without a moment's delay—to-morrow, even, might be too late; but the poor infatuated king replied, that he was assured, from good authority, that the insurrection was not



MARBLE STAIRCASE OF THE CHÂTEAU DE VERSAILLES.

immediately on the discussion of the dethronement by the assembly—that is, on the 9th or 10th of August. On the other hand, a meeting of the king's friends was held in the garden of M. de Montmorin, minister of foreign affairs. At that meeting each reported what he had discovered. Lally-Tollendal stated that he had received an anonymous letter, in which the writer informed him of a conversation at Santerre's, announcing the plan of marching to the Tuileries, killing the king in the fray, and, seizing the prince regent, to do what seemed best with him; or, if the king should not be killed, to make all the royal family prisoners. It was resolved that the king should leave Paris, at whatever risk, escorted by the Swiss and a troop of his friends, who were numerous, and prepared to die in his defence, if necessary. The duke de Liancourt renewed his offers, and those of La Fayette were relied on. Money was raised, and, after a deliberation of three hours, Montmorin communicated the so near as they imagined; that it might be retarded, if not prevented; and that he was adopting measures for that purpose. On hearing this fatal language, Montmorin said to Molleville, "The king is lost, and so are we all. You laughed at me six months ago, when I told you it would come to a republic; now, you see!" Montmorin assured Molleville that this time the queen was more to blame than the king; she did not like to trust to the constitutionalists and La Fayette. She was confident of the speedy arrival of the allies to their rescue.

And yet what a life had Marie Antoinette been long leading! She was in continual dread of assassination, with her whole family. An attempt had been made to murder her in her bed; she had only time to fly in her night-dress to another room, and her bed was pierced with daggers in the rage of the disappointed assassins. She was constantly hearing, even in the palace, the obscene and menacing language of

the sans culottes. Her Life and Adventures, with the most filthy engravings, were published and spread everywhere. Neither she nor her children could take the air for a moment, for the wretches intruded into the private garden of the Tuileries, and insulted her in the grossest manner. The king ordered the gates to be closed, but the assembly instantly declared that one-half of the garden belonged to the people, and ran a tricolour cord across it, erecting also a board, warning the people not to intrude on the royal half. But though they kept on their own side of the line, they all the more vilely insulted the queen on the other by their cries, and she was compelled to give up the outside of the palace altogether.

Besides these causes, she was oppressed by the impossibility of rousing the king to any decided action. Though she now hoped for the speedy advent of the allies, had it depended on her, the whole family would have long been safely across the frontiers. She said to madame Campan, "The king is no coward; he has great courage, but it is all of the passive kind, and he is crushed by bashfulness and self-misgiving, which proceed as much from his education as from his natural character. He fears to take upon himself any command, and, worst of all, he fears addressing a popular body, or any number of men collected together. He was made to live like a child, and always under the eyes of Louis XV., until he was twenty-one years old, and this constraint has been the cause of his timidity and bashfulness. Situated as we are, some well-articulated words addressed to the Parisians, and to such of the national guards as are devoted to him, would centuple the strength and spirit of our party; but he cannot speak them! As to me, I could speak and act, and even get on horseback, if necessary; but if I were to act, it would make bad worse; it would aggravate the cries against the Austrian, against the domination of a woman; and besides, by putting myself forward, I should throw into the shade the king, and make him appear as nothing. A queen who is not a regent must, in these circumstances, remain inactive, and only prepare to die!"

It was, in fact, now fast coming to this conclusion. All the plans and efforts of the constitutionalists were now rendered abortive. La Fayette had fatally committed himself in his vain exertions to rescue the king. He had ordered Luckner to march forward, and be ready to receive him, if he were prevailed on in this last attempt to fly. Luckner was summoned before the assembly, and, old and weak, he there stated everything to the committee of twelve. Guadet had the address to draw from him all La Fayette's plans, and M. De Puzy, accused of being the intermediate agent for their execution, was summoned before the assembly. He there stoutly denied all knowledge of what marshal Luckner had stated, and poor old Luckner, when upbraided by the constitutionalists for his betrayal of their plans, said it was owing to his not understanding French, and to his having only factious persons all about him at the time.

The 9th of August, the day of the discussion of the dethronement, had arrived. The jacobins were prepared with all their arrangements for it. The Marseillais, who were expected to play a terrible part in the seizure of the king, were brought from their barracks, in a distant part of Paris, and quartered in the section of the Cordeliers, near the celebrated club of that name; they were thus close to the intended scene of action. The municipality had distributed cartridges amongst them and the other conspirators. All was ready for the 10th.

Previous to the great question of the dethronement, that concerning La Fayette was discussed. This took place on the 8th. There was a fierce debate, which ended in his acquittal by four hundred and forty-six votes against two hundred and eighty. The sans culottes, indignant at this decision, assembled in crowds about the door of the assembly, and insulted, and kicked, and struck the members who had voted for the acquittal. All Paris was in a state of fury, declaring that an assembly which could acquit the traitor La Fayette, could no longer be relied on. The next day, the 9th, the great day of the dethronement discussion, there were loud complaints from the members who had been insulted or injured in quitting the assembly the previous evening; but these complaints were only received with derision. M. Beaucaron was stated to have narrowly escaped being hanged, and loud laughter burst from the tribunes. M. De Girardin said he had been struck, and there were tumultuous demands of "Where? where?" "Where?" retorted M. De Girardin; "did you not know that cowards never strike but behind one's back?" The order of the day was then loudly called for, but the assembly decided that M. Roederer, the procureur-syndic of the commune, should be summoned to the bar, and ordered to take measures for the inviolability of the members of the assembly. A member demanded that Petion, the mayor, should be summoned, and interrogated whether he could answer for the public tranquillity, but Guadet and the Girondists demanded that the king should be summoned and have that question put to him.

Roederer soon reappeared, and made such a statement as left little hope of any order or tranquillity. He said, one section had determined to ring the tocsin, and march both on the assembly and the Tuileries, if the dethronement were not pronounced. Next presented himself Petion, and confirmed this representation. He assured the assembly that all possible precautions were taken by the commune, but that he could not answer for their success. He would, however, consult that department, and adopt its plans, if they appeared more efficacious than those of the municiality. In fact, Petion, as well as his friends, the Girondists, though they had done all in their power to urge on this crisis, now appeared to shrink at the moment of action, and would, no doubt, prefer an act of deposition by the assembly, which might be carried out without much violence, to the risk of a battle betwixt the people and the Swiss and other guards who might be disposed to defend the palace. The one mode was certain; the other was, at least, uncertain, and was sure to be attended with much confusion and bloodshed. He hastened to the committee of insurrection at the jacobins', and begged Chabot to suspend the *émeute* till after the vote of the assembly. But Chabot replied that no dependence was to be placed on an assembly which could acquit the scoundrel La Fayette; that Petion allowed himself to be deceived by the

Girondists; that the people were resolved to settle the matter themselves; that the tocsin would, that very evening, be rung in the faubourg, and the insurrection completed. Petion declared that he would resist such a proceeding; and Chabot retorted that, in that case, he should be arrested and rendered incapable of obstruction.

Already, indeed, all Paris was astir. The drums were beating in all quarters; the national guards were assembling at their different posts; the insurrectional committee had divided itself into three sections. One took its station in the Faubourg St. Marceau, with Fournier at its head; another in the Faubourg St. Antoine, headed by Westermann and Santerre; whilst Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Carra, were at the Cordeliers with the battalion of Marseilles. Barbaroux also came there after posting spies at the assembly and the Tuileries, and had couriers in readiness to start for the south the moment that the armed attempt should succeed; but, in case of defeat, he had provided himself with a bottle of poison, to prevent his falling under the guillotine. As for Robespierre and Marat, they were, as on all such occasions of personal danger, nowhere to be seen. Ready to shed any amount of the blood of their neighbours, they were always especially careful of their own. No one knew of Robespierre's retreat; Marat was skulking in a cellar, which Danton had conducted him to. As for Danton himself, he was never more in his element than when in danger. He harangued the people and the jacobinised guards in his thundering tones. He detailed the crimes of that court, whose money he had been receiving for years, and up to this very moment. He expatiated on its hypocrisy, and its hatred of the constitution, and declared that the people had only themselves to depend upon. The assembly, he said, had absolved La Fayette: there was no time to be lost. That very night the royal family was about to make a dash from the palace, and escape to Coblentz. Their assassins would cut their way through the people, and trample upon them in their blood! "To arms! to arms!" then he cried, "save yourselves!"

At this moment a musket was fired in the Cour de Commerce, and the cry "To arms!" became general. It was already eleven o'clock at night. The crowds poured wildly into the streets; the Marseillais formed in front of the Cordeliers, and had already made themselves masters of several pieces of cannon. Desmoulins and others ran and ordered the tocsin to sound. The sections assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, securing the municipal officers, and assuming themselves the authority. The tocsin began to sound from the top of the hôtel, and soon those dismal bells were ringing out from every church tower in Paris. It was not long in reaching the palace, announcing that the terrible night had arrived which was to determine the fate of the monarchy.

It was reported there that the president of the Cordeliers club had said that this was not to be a mere repetition of the 20th of June; it was to be a decisive stroke. On hearing this, the queen, madame Elizabeth, and the royal children, hastened to the council chamber, where, late as it was, the king, the ministers, and chief officers, were deliberating in consternation on the possibility of saving the royal family. It was now too late. Not only had Louis declined all the offered means to escape when opportunity still existed, but he had neglected all other means of strengthening his defences. He had been urgently counselled to reconstruct the constitutional guard, which had been dissolved by a decree of the national assembly, though he had continued their pay, but he had refused. One battalion of the Swiss guards had been sent into Normandy, when it was determined to flee thither. They had gone on pretence of guarding some supplies of corn, and had not been recalled. Some other Swiss, in barracks at Courbevoie, had been authorised by Petion to come to Paris, but the whole of that body at the Tuileries did not amount to more than eight or nine hundred men, and from these their artillery had been taken away.

The gendarmerie, lately constructed, consisted of the old French guards, so notoriously jacobinised; and, to complete the defenceless state of the palace, all the regiments favourable to the king had, by successive decrees of the assembly, been removed to a distance from the capital. Still worse, the national guards had been newly organised and newly officered, all with a jacobinical tendency, and numbers of well-disposed citizens had withdrawn in disgust. The guns were in the hands of blacksmiths and locksmiths, chiefly of the most sans-culotte tone; and of all the national guards, the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas, and part of that of the Petits Pères, were alone faithful. Such was the defensive power—some nine hundred Swiss, and little more than a battalion of national guards, against the great majority of the national guards, the Marseillais and other federates, and the whole armed mob of Paris.

Mandat, the commandant of the national guards about the palace, a captain of the ex-gardes Françaises, but possessing the confidence of the court from his firmness and attachment to his duties, had made all the arrangements for defence that his force admitted of. He had had the floor of the great galleries leading from the Tuileries to the Louvre taken away for a certain space, to cut off the passage of assailants from that quarter; he had placed one piece of cannon in the court of the Swiss, three in the central court, and three in that of the gardens. These guns were consigned to gunners of the national guard, so that, in reality, they were in the hands of the enemy; but the Swiss kept a sharp eye upon them, ready, at the first hostile movement, to seize the guns, and drive the traitors from the precincts of the palace; Mandat also posted bodies of gensdarmes at the colonnade of the Louvre and at the Hôtel de Ville, but these gensdarmes, as we know, consisted of old French guards, and therefore sure to go with the people.

Besides these defenders, some real, some nominal, numbers of the friends of the court had hastened thither, and armed themselves in any manner they could. Some had swords and pistols fastened to their waists by pocket-handkerchiefs; some had taken tongs and pokers as weapons, and a page and a king's equerry had even divided a pair of tongs between them, and carried each a half. These were defences ridiculous enough, and excited abundant jokes amongst the soldiers, and even among the courtiers. It was manifest that this miscellaneous throng could be of no use, but must be greatly in the way of any effective resistance.

The members of the department directory hastened to the

palace. The duke de la Rochefoucauld was there, Rœderer, the procureur syndic, was also there, and Petion, the mayor, was sent for. Petion was quietly waiting, at the Hôtel de Ville, the attack of the mob on the palace, and showed no disposition to move, but a number of the members of the municipal council, who were not aware of the game Petion was playing, insisted on his going, and, forming themselves into a body, called on him to lead the way. The mayor, on his arrival, was ushered into the council-chamber, where he said he found, not only the queen and children with madame Elizabeth, but a great number of women of the court, as well as armed courtiers. The king was very angry, and only observed to Petion, that he understood there was a great agitation in the city, to which Petion replied that there was. The courtiers cast severe looks on the mayor, and Mandat charged him with having, a few days before, delivered five thousand ball cartridges to the Marseillais, and with having, at the same time, refused to furnish either ball or gunpowder for the defence of the palace. Petion gave a miserable excuse that Mandat's order had not been made in due form. Mandat was indignant at this shuffling answer, and Petion asking Mandat whether, then, he had not sufficient ammunition left from the last delivery, thus learned, to his satisfaction, that he had only three rounds of cartridges. On this Petion complained of the heat of the room, and descended to the garden, where the municipal officers were waiting. But Petion was not allowed to return, for it was considered a good guarantee of safety to have his person there.

About twelve o'clock the tocsin began to ring out from the Hôtel de Ville, and was quickly followed by the bells in every church tower in Paris. Petion's confederates soon became aware of his detention at the palace, and they were at no loss for a stratagem to obtain his release. They announced to the assembly the fact of the mayor being detained there, and the jacobins soon procured an order for his appearance at the bar of the assembly to give an account of the state of the city. Had Louis had the necessary firmness, he would have insisted on the necessity of the mayor remaining where he was, but that is the same as saying that had he had this firmness there would have been no revolution. Petion was permitted to go to the assembly, and there another deputation was waiting to call him back to the Hôtel de Ville. The measures adopted for the defence of the palace were all defeated by the same manœuvres. Mandat had posted a body of gendarmeries with artillery on the Pont Neuf to keep back the Marseillais and the men of the Faubourg St. Marceau, who must cross the Seine to unite with the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine. He had sent another to the Hôtel de Ville as an early check on the Faubourg St. Antoine; but all these gensdarmes were deeply jacobinised, and, therefore, of little use. Others were posted on the Place Vendôme, and the most important approaches to the palace. In the courts of the Tuileries, and in the avenues of the gardens, he had stationed bodies of national guards, such as he thought the most faithful, and the palace itself was intrusted to the Swiss—some of these being within the palace itself.

These arrangements were soon interrupted. Manuel, procureur of the commune, ordered the gensdarmes and the cannon from the Pont Neuf, on the ground that they prevented the free passage of the citizens. That was about half-past two in the morning, when not many citizens ought to have been about; but the citizens meant by Manuel were the Marseillais and the jacobinised portions of the national guards. These bodies at once obeyed, and thus the way was left open for the junction of those parties that Mandat wished to prevent. This occasioned much alarm in the palace, and it was urged to set Manuel's order at defiance; in fact, on such an occasion, it ought to have been enough for the commandant to say that the safety of the royal family required the maintenance of that post. No single arrangement of Mandat's should have been permitted to be interfered with till the insurrectionary mob was dispersed; but Louis XVI.'s conceding disposition was known, was calculated on, and was his ruin.

As day broke madame Elizabeth went to the window, and, observing the sky very red, called to the queen, who had merely thrown herself on a sofa, to see the sun rise. "It was the last time," says Rœderer, "that she ever saw the sun rise." The arrangements of Mandat having been made known at the Hôtel de Ville; the officers who had assumed the civic powers for the moment, sent an order for him to attend there, on pretence that Petion, the mayor, desired to consult with him on the best means of employing the forces. Mandat refused to quit his proper post; but a second and more imperative order came—he still properly refused; and it would have been well for all parties had he continued firm to that purpose. But those about him, Rœderer and the departmental officers amongst them, wholly unaware of the coup-d'état which had taken place at the Hôtel de Ville, strongly urged his going. Mandat at length, though very reluctantly, complied. He put into the hands of his son Petion's order to repel force by force, and went. It was about four o'clock in the morning. On reaching the hotel he was astonished to find a new authority there. He was instantly surrounded and questioned as to the orders he had issued; the order of Petion for repelling force by force was demanded from him, and on his replying that he had left it at the palace, they charged him with a design to shed the blood of the citizens, and ordered him to be committed to the Abbaye prison. Mandat had fallen into the trap which his own good sense would have avoided; he had left the Tuileries comparatively defenceless by his absence, and must have felt deep grief at the circumstance. But he had brief time to indulge his regrets: the president, as he was taken away, made a sign which was well understood, and, before he had well crossed the threshold of the hotel, he was knocked down by clubs and pikes, and dispatched by a pistol-shot. The ruffians then stripped him, hoping to find Petion's order, but not discovering it they threw the body into the Seine, though another of Mandat's sons, who had accompanied him, entreated with tears to be allowed to convey it away. It was wonderful that these brutal butchers did not murder the son too, but they afterwards made up for this by guillotining Mandat's daughter.

This ferocious murder threw the palace into consternation and despair. The man on whom they had placed their chief dependence was destroyed. Had Mandat remained, and had the king been the man to have ordered a vigorous sally by

the Swiss, and the national guards of the section Filles St. Thomas, on the Marseillais and the advancing faubourgs, such yet was the hesitation of these bodies that their dispersion would have been certain. Mandat had proposed that when one party of them debouched upon the Place of the Hôtel de Ville by the arcade of St. Jean, they should be suddenly charged, and that at the Louvre, those who should approach by the Pont Neuf, along the quay of the Tuileries, should be served in the same manner. He had ordered that they should be suffered to file past, and then be charged in the rear, whilst other troops should form through the wickets of the Louvre, and charge them in front. Had the king been capable of mounting a horse, and charging at their head, there would have been no question about the issue. He might have scoured the streets of the mob, seized the leading jacobins, broken up their club, dismissed, and remained master of Paris, as Bonaparte did at an after period, suddenly winding up the revolution at the back of well-served cannon. But Louis was not made of such stuff, and then—the revolution and all its horrors.

That all this might have been done, even at this late moment, is clear from the conduct of the insurgents. The Marseillais were waiting in vain for the men of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who did not appear, and they began to think that the scheme had miscarried. Santerre, the brewer, who did not show much courage on this occasion, also caught at this idea, that the Faubourg St. Marceau did not stir, and advised that the attack should be put off a day or two; but Westermann pointed his sword at Santerre, and declared that, if he did not march instantly, he would run him through. Then crying, "Allons, Santerre! allons, brothers of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and heroes of the Bastille!" the St. Antoine men began their march towards the Tuileries.

Whilst this period of hesitation had lasted, Rœderer, at the palace, hoping nothing in the absence of Mandat, had proposed to the queen that the royal family should hasten to the national assembly, and put themselves under its protection. The queen repelled the proposal with indignation, "Sir!" she said, "we have troops here; and it is time to know who shall have the upper hand, the king and the constitution, or a lawless faction!"

Rœderer, who knew better than the queen how little the national guards, still less the gensdarmes, were to be relied on, proposed to call M. Lachesnaye, to whom the command had fallen since the death of Mandat. This was done, and Lachesnaye, who was himself a thorough anti-aristocrat, was asked by Rœderer whether he considered the arrangements for the defence of the palace sufficient, and whether the national guards might be depended upon. Lachesnaye replied that he did, provided the swarms of aristocrats who were in the palace, and who prevented those whose duty it was to defend the king getting near to him, were sent away. The queen was incensed at this reply, and pronounced it unreasonable, declaring that the gentlemen who had flocked about the king were ready to shed their blood for him, and to put themselves in any position that M. Lachesnaye should command. Rœderer, only the more confirmed in his feeling of insecurity by the observation of Lachesnaye, proposed that two of the ministers should be sent to the national assembly, to inform it of the position of things at the palace, and request them to dispatch a deputation of their members thither, to add their authority to those of the commandant. And this was done.

Meantime, the insurgents were on their march from different quarters towards the palace. Theroigne, the notorious courtezan, who had figured so conspicuously on the day of the march to Versailles, had arrayed herself in a short-skirted riding-habit, with a grenadier's cap on her head, a brace of pistols in her belt, and sword in hand, and was marching all over Paris, calling on the patriots to arm and join in the grand assault on the monarchy. She was followed by a wild and furious troop of sans culottes, ready for any excess. As they reached the Champs Elysées in their rounds, they found that the patriots had encountered a number of gentlemen armed, who were supposed to be royalists hastening to the Tuileries, and who were, therefore, seized and shut up in a guard-house. Theroigne learned that all, except four of them, had escaped through a back window, and, to prevent the escape of these four, she demanded that they should be brought forth, and guarded to the Place Vendôme, where they were murdered under the eyes of this republican Amazon. This blood, added to that of Mandat, whetted the appetite of the mob, and they rushed forward to the centre of the day's enterprise.

By this time the palace was surrounded by vast throngs of the armed people. They could be seen by the inmates of the palace through the old doors of the courts, and from the windows. Their artillery was visibly pointed at the palace, and the noise of their shouting, beating of drums, and singing of insurrectionary songs, was awful. The king had issued an order that the Swiss and guards should not commence the attack, but should repel force by force, and Rœderer had descended and gone amongst the soldiers to read this order to them. It was now recommended that the king also should go down, and by showing himself, and addressing a few words to them, should animate them in their duty. The queen, her eyes inflamed with weeping, and with an air of dignity, which was never forgotten by those who saw her, said also, "Sire, it is time to show yourself." She is said to have snatched a pistol from the belt of old general d'Affry, and to have presented it in an excitement that scarcely allowed her to remain behind. Could she have changed places, had she been queen in her own right, there would soon have been a change of scene. As for Louis, with that passive courage which he always possessed, and so uselessly, he went forward and presented himself to view upon the balcony. He was clad as he had appeared in the council over night, for he had never gone to bed. He had on a purple suit, and wore a sword, but his hair had fallen into disorder on one side of his head, whilst on the other it retained its powder and curl. At the sight of him, the grenadiers raised their caps on the points of their swords and bayonets, and there were cries of "Vive le Roi!" the last that saluted him in his hereditary palace. Even at this cry, numbers of the national guards took alarm, imagining that they were to be surrendered to the knights of the dagger, and that they had been betrayed by the villain Mandat. The gunners, joining in the panic, turned their guns towards the palace, but the more faithful

guards drove them from the guns, disarmed them, and put them under guard.

The king, undeterred, descended into the court, and, passing along the ranks, addressed them from time to time, telling them he relied on their attachment, and that in defending him, they defended their wives and children. He then proceeded through the vestibule, intending to go to the garden, when he was assailed by fierce cries from some of the soldiers: "Down with the veto!" "Down with the traitor!" "Vive la nation!" Madame Campan, who was at a window looking into the garden, saw some of the gunners go up to the king, and thrust their fists in his face, insulting him in the most brutal language. He was obliged to pass along the terrace of the Feuillans, which was crowded with people, separated from the furious multitude merely by a tricolour line, but he went on in spite of all sorts of menaces and abuse. He saw the battalions file off before his face, and traverse the garden with the intention of joining the assailants in the Place du Carrousel, whilst the gens-darmes at the colonnade of the Louvre, and other places, did the same. This completely extinguished all hope in the unhappy king. The viscomte Du Bouchage, seeing the situation of Louis from the palace, descended in haste with another nobleman, to bring him in before some fatality happened to him. He complied, and returned with them. When the gunners thrust their fists in his face, madame Campan says Louis turned as pale as death; yet he had shown no want of courage, had it been of the right sort. He had, indeed, refused to wear a defensive sort of corset which the queen had had made for him, saying, on the day of battle it was his duty to be uncovered, like the meanest of his servants. When the royal family came in again, madame Campan says, "The queen told me all was lost; that the king had shown no energy, and that this sort of review had done more harm than good."

News now came that the Marseillais had crossed the Seine, and that all Paris was up. Rœderer renewed his desire that they should go to the assembly. The viscomte De Bouchage vehemently opposed this: he declared that the royal family could never reach the assembly alive. Rœderer, and some of the members of the departmental directory, offered to go to the assembly, and acquaint the members with the state of affairs. On their way, they met the two ministers who had been sent on the same errand before, and they told them they had been imploring the assembly, in vain, to render some assistance, and to send a deputation. Rœderer and his associates turned back. As they entered the palace court, and told the gunners to defend the gates at any cost, they took the powder out of their guns, and threw both powder and ball on the ground, and dashed out their lighted matches. This was decisive to all who saw it; and at the same instant the Marseillais entered the Place du Carrousel, and took up their posts against the palace. They endeavoured, but in vain, to win over the Swiss; and Rœderer, having seen enough, hastened into the palace, and assured the king that he had not a moment to lose; there was no safety for him except in the assembly. The king hesitated; the queen declared that she would be nailed to the walls of the palace before she would go to the assembly, which had never shown anything but enmity to the king and his family. Rœderer replied, addressing the king, "Sire, time presses; it is no longer a prayer that we make to you; it is no longer an advice we take the liberty to give; we have but one thing to do at this moment—to demand permission to drag you to the assembly." Louis, who was sitting with his hands on his knees, looking on the ground, at these words lifted his eyes, and, fixing them on Rœderer, said, "Let us go," and rose. "Sir," said the queen to Rœderer, "you answer for the lives of the king and my children." "Madame," replied the procureur syndic, "I will answer for it that I will die by their side, but I can promise nothing more!"

The ministers and madame de Tourzel, the governess, were allowed to accompany them, and they set out. In the lobby below, some of the officers of the national guard, as well as the courtiers, appeared disposed to prevent them going; but Rœderer told them that the king and his family were going to the assembly, and requested that they would not create any delay. He desired the national guards to form two files, and march on each side of the royal family. This was done, and poor Louis only saying, "Gentlemen, I am going to the assembly," the procession set out. When they reached the outer door Louis paused a moment, and asked Rœderer what was to become of all the courtiers and servants left behind? He never forgot those who were endangered on his account in the moments of greatest personal peril. Rœderer said, that as they were in plain clothes, they had only to leave their swords and come out; he did not think that then any harm would happen to them. When they issued into the court, Louis remarked, that, after all, there were not so very many people collected; but Rœderer assured him that all the faubourgs were on the point of arming; that there were twelve pieces of cannon on the Place du Carrousel, and there were very few of the guards that could be depended upon. The king moved on again. As they walked through the gardens of the Tuileries there was a great quantity of fallen leaves on the ground, although it was only the 10th of August. Manuel had declared, in one of the newspapers, that the king would only last till the fall of the leaf. Probably, Louis thought of this, for he said, "There is a great fall of leaves; they fall early this year." The little dauphin, unconscious of the prophecy, and of the real catastrophe of their situation, childlike, went on kicking the leaves about.

They now approached the assembly, and Rœderer, recollecting that this body had claimed all the terrace of the Feuillans up to a certain point, halted there, not to infringe its privileges, and sent to announce the coming of the king. The members of the assembly came out to receive him. Louis said, "I come, gentlemen, to prevent a great crime; and I think that I cannot be safer than in the midst of you." Vergniaud, the president, replied that the assembly eagerly concurred in securing his safety, and offered him and his family an asylum in their bosom. He added that they had sworn to die in defence of the constituted authorities. They proceeded to enter the assembly; but the moment the Swiss and national guards were left behind, the mob crowded around the unfortunate royal family, crying, "Down with them! down with them!" Some of the savages managed to rob the queen of her watch and purse,

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE CONDUCTED TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

and one huge, ferocious-looking fellow, an officer of the grenadier guards, brandished a huge sword before the king's face, and declared that the whole of them ought to be butchered. Others cried, "No women! no women!" and added the most obscene language. Rœderer addressed the brutal-looking officer with the sword, who suddenly put up his weapon, seized on the little dauphin in his arms, and then hoisted him upon his shoulder. The queen gave a shriek of horror, and was near fainting; but the man said, "Don't be afraid, madame, I will not do him the least injury," and he carried him in this manner safely through the crowd and set him down on the bureau of the assembly. Others, however, continued to cry, "Down with them! they are the cause of all our miseries! they shall not go into the assembly!" One man brandished a pike furiously near the king, but Rœderer snatched it away, and the wretch fled. One of the national guards at the door of the assembly, as the king entered, said, "Don't be afraid, sire; we are good people, only we won't be betrayed any longer. Be a good citizen, sire, and drive all the black silk breeches out of the assembly." The king entered; but the crowd pressed around the queen and prevented her following. Rœderer called in some grenadiers to make a way for the queen—and this they soon effected. He desired the president of the assembly to place a detachment of the grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas to guard the doors and keep back the press.

The king seated himself beside the president; but Chabot observed that his presence might check the freedom of debate, and thereupon Louis, his family, and ministers, were cooped up in the lodge of the short-hand writers of the assembly, immediately behind the president. But lest, even there, they might be assailed by some of the mob, the iron railing betwixt the lodge and the assembly was pulled down, and in this operation Louis and his ministers assisted. There the royal family could see without being much seen, at the same time that they could hear every word of the debate. There they were destined to remain in suffocating heat for fifteen hours, and to listen to the most violent debates on the suppression of the monarchy. It is said that even there a workman pushed his way in, and said, "So, you are here, beast of a Veto! There is a purse of gold I found in your house, yonder. If you had found mine, you would not have been so honest!"

Rœderer recounted to the assembly what had happened at the palace; and the assembly appointed a deputation to proceed thither, and order its protection. These gentlemen had scarcely quitted the place, when a discharge of cannon was heard. The assembly was horror-struck; and the king exclaimed, "I assure you I have forbidden the Swiss to fire!" But he was interrupted by fresh reports of cannon, showing that a fierce conflict was taking place at the Tuileries. News soon came that the deputation was dispersed; and this was followed by tremendous blows on the door. There was a cry—"We are stormed!" The president put on his hat; and there was a rush of members to keep out the assailants. Order was restored, and the members shouted—"The nation! liberty and equality for ever!"

A terrible fight was going on at the palace. No sooner was the royal family gone than the gensdarmes and the national guards fraternised with the people, and, breaking open the chief gate with hatchets, rushed into the court. They then formed in column, and, turning the guns which had been left in the court on the palace, they called out to the Swiss within to give up the place to them, and they would be friends. The Swiss, to show their amicable disposition, threw cartridges out of the windows, but remained firm to their duty. In order to intimidate them, the mob paraded before the windows the bleeding heads of the four men who had been murdered in the Place Vendôme under the command of Theroigne, the courtezan. The Swiss remained unmoved. Westermann, the Alsacien, imagining that the Swiss did not understand what had been said to them, spoke to them in German; it had no effect. Some of the mob, with long poles and hooks at the end, then dragged some of the Swiss out of the vestibule, and murdered them. They next fired three of the cannon right into the palace, and the Swiss thereupon returned a smart fire of musketry. Those of the servants and courtiers that still remained in the palace now made haste to escape, if possible. Cléry, one of the king's valets-de-chambre, who has left a vivid narrative of these events, escaped by dropping from a window upon the terrace. At the same moment, the mob was bursting in at the grand entrance. They found a stout piece of timber placed as a barrier across the great staircase, and the Swiss and some national guards intrenched behind it: then commenced a fierce struggle; the barrier was forced, and the throng pushed back the Swiss up the staircase. These now fired a sharp volley, and the crowd fled, crying that they were betrayed. They were struck by another volley in their retreat, and the Swiss then descended into the court, made themselves masters of the cannon, and, firing, killed a great number of the Marseillais. The firing continued, and the savage Marseillais fled, and after them the sans-culotte crowd. There was a panic spreading all over Paris into the faubourgs; and here was another of those almost countless evidences of the ease with which a little firm and well-directed resistance would have quelled this revolution. Had the Swiss followed their advantage, and scoured the streets of the city, they would have completely trodden out this insurrection, released the royal family, and, had there been any one in command capable of it, he would have ended the revolution as promptly as Buonaparte did afterwards. Buonaparte, then a poor lieutenant of artillery, was himself a spectator of the scene; and it was his opinion that the Swiss only wanted an adequate commander to crush the whole rebellion.

But, by that fatality which attended all Louis XVI.'s affairs, at this moment arrived M. d'Hervilly from the assembly with the king's order not to fire on the people, but to follow d'Hervilly to the assembly. This was, in fact, to leave the palace at the mercy of the mob. Such as were in the court did follow d'Hervilly to the assembly, where he promised them their lives and security under the protection of that body. At this sight, the populace and the Marseillais recovered their courage. The leaders again called on the dispersed masses to rally. Mdlle. Theroigne rushed about the streets, crying, "Vengeance! vengeance! Victory or

death!" The Marseillais and Breton federates, led on by Westermann, reappeared, and were followed by thousands of national guardsmen and armed citizens. The palace was attacked on both sides; the crowds every moment became greater, and the Swiss poured successive volleys upon them from the windows. Numbers fell dead before they forced an entrance; but this once effected, the crowd not only rushed in a dense mass up the great staircase, but dragged up cannon by main force to blow open the interior doors.

For some time the Swiss made a stout stand against this furious mob; but, being few against tens of thousands, and having exhausted their cartridges, they grounded their arms and called for quarter. They called in vain: the bloodthirsty sans culottes commenced a relentless massacre of them; women and children, armed with knives, assisted in their murder. The unhappy men, fixing their bayonets, drove the furious mass before them, resolving to cut their way through the Champs Elysées to Courbevoie, where was another detachment of their countrymen in barracks; but no sooner were they outside than they were surrounded, and shot and cut down without mercy. Vainly did they cry for quarter; none was given. They then broke, and fled in small parties, one of them seeking to gain the assembly for protection; but they were butchered, nearly to a man, their heads stuck on pikes, and paraded through the city.

M. Cléry, who had jumped out of the window, found himself in the utmost peril. He was stopped by the Marseillais, who had just dispatched the Swiss, and one of them exclaimed, "How, citizen, without arms! take this sword and help us to kill!" Another Marseillais, however, snatched the sword, and Cléry, being in a plain frock dress, made his escape. He concealed himself in a stable; some of the Swiss rushed in after him, and were butchered close beside him. The master of the house, hearing their cries, ran out to see what was doing, and Cléry seized the opportunity to escape into the house. The master, M. le Dreux, and his wife, invited Cléry to stay dinner, and till the danger was over. "Presently," he says, "a body of men came in, hunting after the Swiss. They found none; but, with their swords dripping with blood, they stopped and related coolly the murders of which they had been guilty. I remained in this asylum from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, having before my view all the horrors that were perpetrated in the Place de Louis Quinze. Of the men, some were still continuing the slaughter—others, cutting off the heads of those who were slain; while the women, lost to all sense of shame, were committing the most indecent mutilations on the dead bodies, from which they tore pieces of flesh and carried them off in triumph."

Madame Campan, one of the best describers of these last days of the monarchy, and one of the most faithful and amiable of women, was, with a number of other ladies of the palace, in the midst of these horrible scenes, expecting nothing but dishonour and death. They saw murder and destruction of all kinds all around them, when a man with a long white beard rushed into the queen's drawing-room, where she, the princess de Tarente, and a number of other ladies, were in momentary expectation of massacre, and cried, "In the name of Petion, mercy for the women! don't dishonour the nation!" Madame Campan missed her sister, and ran up-stairs to find her, when she discovered two femmes-de-chambre and a tall Hungarian, one of the queen's chasseurs. The man was sitting on a bed paralysed with terror. Madame Campan bade him fly for his life. He replied that he could not; that he was motionless with horror. The next moment in rushed the raging republicans and murdered him; and when about to dispatch madame Campan and the two femmes-de-chambre, a voice again cried, "What are you doing up there? The women are not to be killed!" On this a terrible-looking Marseillais, before whom madame Campan was on her knees praying for mercy, said, "Get up, she-rogue; the nation pardons you!" She and the two femmes-de-chambre were then carried to a window, placed on a large table, and bade to shout, "Vive la nation!" which having done in all the vigour of terror, they were allowed to depart.

But it was only to traverse the space betwixt the palace and her own house amidst the wildest scenes of murder, and of bullets flying in all directions. They were guarded by a number of armed men, or they would have been inevitably torn to pieces. The patriot women followed them hooting, declaring they were Austrians, and ought to be killed. The men attending them made them go under a gateway, and tear off the skirts of their white gowns, which were draggled in blood in sweeping over the floors of the Tuileries; but this only increased their danger, for the rest of their dress being short, made the populace take them for young Swiss in disguise. They met a crowd carrying the head of poor Mandat on a pike, and they only reached madame Campan's house to see it in flames. They went on to her sister's, where they found all her family assembled in safety. Before going away, one of the men said to her privately, that he was not one of the insurgents, but a person who had been compelled to join them; that he had killed nobody, "but," said he, "I have saved you." He added that the women had, the night before, sworn, on the Place de la Bastille, to kill the queen and all her women with their own hands.

There were a few others who, like this man, endeavoured to save the Swiss, and other victims of popular fury, from death; but their efforts were, for the most part, unavailing; some of the Swiss were murdered in the very midst of a body of the national guards, to whom they had surrendered; and such was the indiscriminate fury of the people, that they murdered a number of door-porters, merely because they had acquired in France the name of Swiss, as church beadles are still called Suisses.

The butcheries were not terminated till late at night; but the shouts of victory had, so early as eleven o'clock in the morning, informed the assembly that the people were masters of the Tuileries. Numbers of the insurrectionists had appeared at the assembly from time to time, crying, "Vive la Nation!" and the members replied with the same cry. A deputation appeared from the Hôtel de Ville, demanding that a decree of dethronement should be immediately passed, and the assembly so far complied as to pass a decree, drawn up by that very Vergniaud who had assured the king that the assembly was prepared to stand to the death for the defence of the constituted authorities, suspending the royal authority; appointing a governor for the dauphin; stopping the payment of the civil list; but

agreeing to a certain allowance to the royal family during the suspension, and appointing the Luxembourg for their residence. A crowd of people brought in several boxes of papers which they had seized at the Tuileries, and the assembly, having no proper place for their safe keeping, ordered them to be deposited at the Hôtel de Ville. They also ordered Petion to be set at liberty, for he had, much to his own satisfaction, been kept out of the way during the attack on the palace, so that he could not be held responsible for the riot. Another party of blood-stained patriots appeared, and announced that they had set the Tuileries on fire, and would not allow it to be extinguished till the dethronement was decreed. Vergniaud assured them that the assembly had already decreed the suspension of the king, and would take all proper measures; and this in some degree pacifying the insurgents, the assembly deputed one of their body to go and take measures in putting out the fire; they then appointed a commission of the most determined jacobins to proceed to the army to inform it of what had been done, and invested them with authority to remove generals and officers, both military and civil; to place them under arrest, if they thought proper; and to appoint new ones. If the Girondists had not had their eyes opened before this to the real position of the jacobins, this must have done it. Yet the Girondists had sufficient influence to get three of their number—Roland, Clavières, and Servan—appointed ministers in the place of the king's ministers, who were displaced along with their master.

The unhappy Louis and his family had all this time, fourteen mortal hours, been witnesses of all this, of the king's actual deposition, of the dismissal of his ministers, and of deputations of sans culottes coming from time to time to declare that they had set fire to his house, and to tell the assembly the palpable falsehood that the Swiss had been the cause of it all; that they had fired out of the windows on the peaceable people, as Charles IX. had fired out of those same windows on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. While doomed to listen to these terrible details, the unfortunate family were, all these hours, cooped up in the reporters' box, only six feet square and eight feet high, the white walls of which reflected the rays of the sun, and rendered the place like an oven. The king, all the time, kept his eyes fixed on the assembly, whose proceedings were enough to rivet his attention, and took no refreshment except a peach and a glass of water. The queen would fain have persuaded herself that coming to the assembly was not a false step. When they heard the thunder of the cannon at the Tuileries, she said to M. d'Hervilly, "Well, were we not right to come hither?" The count replied, "I wish with all my heart that your majesty may think so six months' hence." The dauphin, happily, dropped asleep in his mother's arms; the princess royal and madame Elizabeth sate on each side of the queen, with eyes streaming with tears.

At length, at half-past three in the morning, the assembly adjourned till daylight; and the wretched royal family were conducted to four small rooms prepared for them in the Feuillans. They were all at once become one of the poorest families in France; all their clothes and effects had been carried off or destroyed by the mob; they had not even a change of linen or night-dresses. The next morning the queen sent for madame Campan, who went to her instantly. "In the first of the four small cells," says this faithful woman, "we found the gentleman who attended the king; in the second, the king himself. He was having his hair dressed, and took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. In the third was the queen in bed, and in an indescribable state of affliction. We found her attended only by a bulky woman, who seemed tolerably civil; she waited upon the queen, who, as yet, had none of her own people about her. I asked her majesty what the ambassadors of foreign powers had done under existing circumstances. She told me that they could do nothing, but that the lady of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the private interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son." In fact, Lady Sutherland, the wife of the English ambassador at Paris, showed the most devoted attentions to the royal family.

As soon as the queen saw madame Campan she opened her arms to embrace her; but loud bursts of despair followed the first affectionate movement. She exclaimed, "We are lost! all lost! This is where they have been leading us these three years. We shall fall in this horrible revolution; many others will perish after us! All parties have contributed to our ruin; the innovators like madmen, others out of ambition, for the most frantic of the jacobins only wanted gold and place, and the mob are now looking for pillage. There is not a true patriot in all that infamous horde! As for the emigrants, they have their intrigues and selfish projects, and foreign nations are only wishing to profit by the dissensions of France. All, all have contributed to our calamities!"

The little dauphin, then, was brought in by madame de Tourzel, and Marie Antoinette, at the sight of him, as if instinctively seeing beforehand all his calamities, broke out into fresh emotions of grief and despair. She lamented the impression which the king's appetite, which no troubles seemed to affect, must have on all beholders; for he continued to eat and drink as heartily as if nothing had occurred. She said others did not know, as she did, the real piety and greatness there was in his resignation, but there was no doing anything with his robust appetite.

In the morning, when the assembly met, the king and his family were again conducted to the close, hot box of the reporters. This was a refinement of cruelty which none but Frenchmen would have dreamed of: thus to drag their unhappy royal victims, women and children as well as the king, to listen to all the violent abuse of monarchy, and of Louis and his queen, that the most ferocious jacobins could utter. This was continued for three days, when the Luxembourg palace being reported full of cellars and subterranean vaults, and difficult of defence, the Temple, a miserable, dilapidated old abbey, was substituted, and the royal family were conveyed thither.

The triumph of the mob had consummated the triumph of jacobinism. The republic was in reality established, but not to the benefit of the Girondists. The ruin of royalty, for which they had so zealously laboured, was, in reality, their own ruin. The jacobins, and at their head the sanguinary Robespierre, were left without a rival, except in that mob by

which they worked, and which was destined to destroy them too. Robespierre, as in all cases of danger, had been nowhere visible during the eventful 10th of August, but no sooner was the mischief accomplished than he was again abroad, and actively directing the popular movements. Monarchy was destroyed; the king and his family were caged, and dragged about, as wild beasts in a travelling menagerie, as a public spectacle. The assembly, which had sworn to protect, degraded and humiliated the last of the long line of French kings to the utmost. As for the royal residence, that stood a wild wreck. It had been polluted by the most obscene deeds and language; its furniture dashed to pieces, and the building set on fire. The rabble had penetrated into the most private apartments of the queen, and indulged in the most vulgar ribaldry, as they dragged forth her linen and dresses. They broke open every lock, and ransacked the most private drawers, seizing every valuable article of ornament or taste, and then finished by setting the rooms on fire. The flames extended to the buildings around. The streets were scattered, far and wide, with wrecks of splendid furniture and dead bodies.

The executive authorities were an equal ruin, and only two authorities were left in Paris—that of the commune and the assembly; and the commune soon convinced the assembly that it was itself a mere shadow. We have seen that, on the 10th of August, the deputies of the sections had assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and expelled the regular magistrates, and taken their places. They exhibited an energy which would have been admirable had it been legitimate, and properly employed; they suspended the staff of the national guards, withdrew Mandat by a ruse, killed him, and left the palace defenceless; they placed their creature, Santerre, at the head of all the national guards of Paris; they suspended the directory of the department which, from its eminent position, had hitherto controlled the popular will; they suppressed the general council of the municipality, took its place, even deposed Petion for a time, and restored him only in name; they retained only Manuel, the procureur syndic, as wholly devoted to them, and sixteen of the most jacobinised municipal administrators. All this had taken place whilst the people were storming the palace. Danton had been at their head, and, when the grape-shot of the Swiss had repulsed the people, he had gone forth, saying, "Our brethren call for aid; let us go and give it them!" He it was who had led the way to victory. They removed the busts of Louis XVI., of Bailly, and La Fayette from their council-chamber. These were all the signs of a new revolution; and its dominance was soon made manifest to the assembly.

Danton appeared before the assembly on the morning of the 10th, at the head of a deputation of the commune, to state what had been done, and said plainly, "The people who send us to you have charged us to declare that they think you worthy of their confidence, but that they recognise no other judge of the extraordinary measures to which necessity has forced them to recur than the French nation—our sovereign and yours—convoked in primary assemblies." This was announcing without disguise that the clubs were the supreme authorities. The assembly felt its weakness, and professed to approve of everything. It was now that the new ministers were chosen; Roland, as minister of the interior; Servan, war minister; and Clavières as minister of finance. But to these were added Danton as minister of justice, Mongé as minister of the marine, and Le Brun as minister of foreign affairs. They were to receive instructions, not from Louis, but from the assembly. Marat—that execrable wretch and coward—had come forth from his hiding-place, like Robespierre, now that the danger was over and the clubs in the ascendant, and was parading Paris with a drawn sword, at the head of the Marseillais; whilst Robespierre was alternately haranguing at the jacobins and at the Hôtel de Ville—being now one of the self-appointed council there—urging the supersedence of the assembly, and the immediate impeachment of La Fayette—an object which never for a moment slept in his vengeful soul.

And now came into full light the mortal antagonism of the assembly and the clubs, and the real ascendancy of the latter. The assembly voted for the education of the dauphin; the clubs called for the utter removal of royalty. The assembly recommended an active campaign against foreign powers, but mercy to the vanquished; the clubs called for instant and universal vengeance on all supporters of royalty, which, they said, had intended to massacre the people and bring in the Prussians. They declared that there was no need of electoral bodies to form a new assembly, but that every man, and some said every woman, was entitled to vote; and they insisted that the people ought to come in arms to manifest their wishes to the legislative body. This was plainly-avowed mob rule. Marat argued loudly for this, and for purging France, as he called it, by cutting off every man, woman, and child that were not for mob rule; and Robespierre called loudly for the removal of the assembly as effete, and for the summoning of a convention.

All the necessary measures were introduced at the jacobins, carried to the commune, and thence forced on the assembly. The commune took the whole of the police into its hands, and the assembly, now utterly prostrate, conceded this also. The justices of peace were removed as doubtful or lukewarm persons, and the officers of the police took their places. They appointed what they called "A Committee of General Safety," which was, in fact, a committee of espionage and denunciation. The whole council of the commune received these denunciations, and a committee of *surveillance* examined them; and the national guards, also at the absolute command of the commune, supported the proceedings of the police. Finally, the royal family were consigned to the care of the commune; and thus possessed of absolute power, it began to address the most bold and insolent language to the assembly. The assembly, seeing this all-engrossing power in the hands of the commune, ordered the re-election of a new departmental council, the old one having been dissolved on the day of the insurrection; but Manuel was dispatched to the assembly from the Hôtel de Ville to say that the delegates of the citizens of Paris had need of unlimited powers. A new authority between them and the assembly would serve to sow the seeds of dissension; that the people, in order to relieve themselves from all powers destructive to their sovereignty, must once more arm themselves with their vengeance.

No language could be more bluntly expressive of the fact that all delegated authority had ceased, and that the mass of the French people, treading on all the principles of representative government, meant to rule *en masse* themselves. What would be the result of such government it required little sagacity to foresee. Having thus arrived at a clear view of the state of things in France—for the same rule of the clubs through the municipalities was made known throughout the country—we may return to the proceedings of the assembly. At the same time, let it be remembered that the king and his family were all the time witnesses of the whole proceedings.

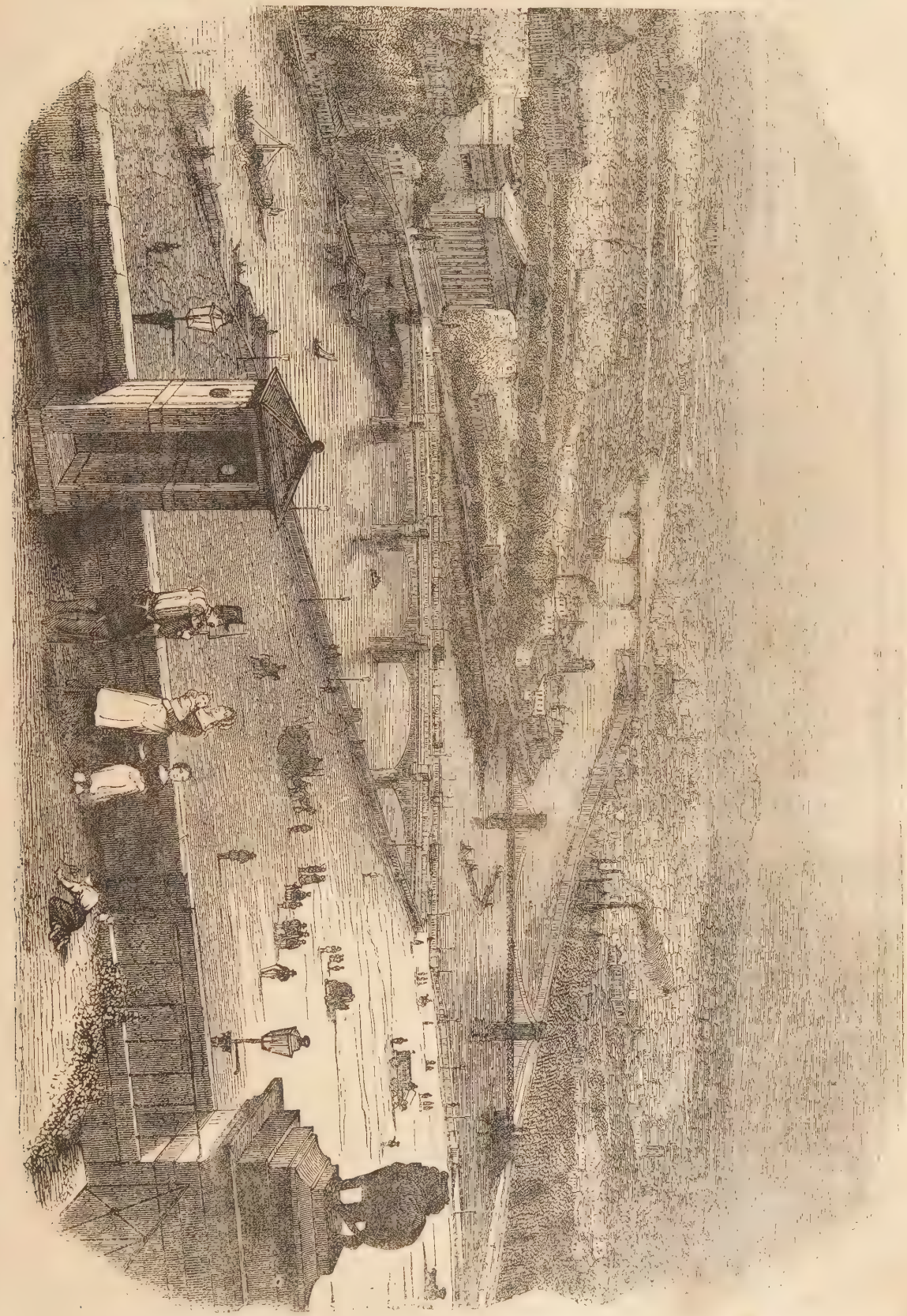
Petion, at the head of a deputation from the commune, presented himself to congratulate the assembly on the triumphs of the popular cause, declaring the last decrees of that body blest, and that the people would now repose on the laws! Arena, a deputy from Corsica, called the attention of the members to the Swiss who had been taken prisoners yesterday, and had received no food whatever for thirty hours. Then came the gensdarmes to denounce their officers as corrupt aristocrats, and they were allowed to choose their own officers, and this privilege was gradually extended to the whole army. Guadet proposed regulations for the calling of the new convention, and

BOULEVARDS OF PARIS DURING THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION. FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THAT PERIOD.

This was the day after the storming of the Tuileries. The new ministry had been formed the day before, the civil list suspended, and the ministers commanded to take their orders from the assembly. Jean Debrie had proposed universal suffrage, which was adopted, and Choudieu had proposed a camp to be formed under the walls of Paris, to which all patriots, of town or country, who chose should repair; that the gunners who had been so active at the Tuileries should plant their cannon on Montmartre, and the assembly remain in permanent session.

On the second morning, after the royal family had been introduced to their box, the assembly was informed that the people were pulling down the equestrian statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf, and the statue of Louis XIV. on the Place Vendôme. This was also approved, on the principle of tearing up the roots of all royal prejudices. carried not only these, but that the convention should assemble on the 20th of September, even should no more than two hundred members have arrived. Guadet, by these acts, was sealing the doom of himself and all the Gironde party.

The sitting continuing, on Sunday, the 12th, Anacharsis Clootz, the orator of mankind, appeared at the bar of the assembly; for every fresh day of violence called out of their retreats the maddest of the revolutionists. He was attended by a strange set of sans-culotte Germans, whom he described as the most enlightened men of their nation, and announced that prince Henry of Prussia, the king's brother, and various other princes, nobles, and generals, were ardent admirers of the revolution, and of the philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau. The Temple having been appointed the prison of the royal family, and the charge of the captives



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

being given to the mayor, Petion, and the commune, it was ordered that no one should have access to them without a pass signed by the mayor, or by Santerre, the commandant-general. These proceedings were continually interrupted by crowds of patriots and patriotesses, who came to revile the king and queen, to demand their instant deposition and trial, and a court-martial, to execute vengeance on the men who had dared to fire on the people.

On Monday, the miserable royal family being again dragged to their box in the assembly, Robespierre presented himself at the head of a deputation of jacobins, to demand that a pyramid should be erected on the spot in the Place Vendôme, whence the statue of Louis XIV. had been removed, to the honour of the brave men who died fighting for liberty on the 10th. This proposition was received with clamorous applause by both the galleries and the house, and was oddly enough referred to the committee of public instruction. In the evening the royal family were conducted to their dismal lodgings in the Temple. Petion rode in the carriage with them, on the pretence that they would otherwise be torn to pieces by the people. They were accompanied by a body of national guards, and by crowds of pikemen, and were compelled to halt for a considerable time at the Place Vendôme, that they might see the ruins of the statue of their ancestor, the "grand monarque." The miserable captives were thrust into three or four small rooms in a little tower, where people of all sorts had to pass through the sleeping apartments of the king, and of madame Elizabeth and the princess royal, at the same time that they were constantly exposed to the vile language and execrations of the low mobs which assembled under their windows to insult them. Madame Campan applied to Petion to be allowed to attend her royal mistress; but he not only refused, but threatened to send her to the prison of La Force, to which the princess Lamballe was already sent, for having voluntarily gone to attend on the queen. Madame de Tourzel and the few other attendants were sent away, and no one left but Cléry, the faithful valet-de-chambre, to wait on the whole group.

Deputation after deputation appeared at the assembly, demanding that a new revolutionary tribunal should be instantly formed by one deputy from each section, to try and condemn all the traitors against the people, and that the king and queen should see all their satellites brought up and receive justice from this tribunal. Robespierre was loudest of all in demanding this, and it was declared that, unless it was granted, the tocsin should be sounded, and all Paris should demand it with arms in their hands. The assembly, though loth to comply, were at length compelled; and this new and terrible tribunal, called "The Tribunal of the 17th of August," was the forerunner of the still more awful one, "The Tribunal Revolutionaire." The very next day this tribunal was pronounced complete, so that it must have been already organised. Robespierre was appointed its president, but this he declined: he knew that his time was not yet come. He was busy in throwing all the power of the state into the hands of the commune, which he, and Danton under him, was to wield; and he was certain to be returned to the convention, so that shortly he would stand forth the real dictator of the country. The Girondists saw with terror the whole authority of the state rapidly converging into his hands. They made an effort to check it—it was too late. Gensonné, Guadet, and Grangeneuve demanded that this new and provisory municipality should be dissolved, and that the old municipality, with Petion at its head, should be restored. The decree was passed, but it was a dead letter. Within the assembly the Gironde could still command a majority, but the authority of the assembly itself had expired. The commune, and, through the commune, the clubs, ruled out of doors. These parties paid no attention to the decree of the assembly further than to set it at defiance, and to issue orders for the demolition of all traces of royalty in Paris; for the demolition of statues, triumphal arches, gateways, inscriptions—in short, whatever commemorated the long glories of the monarchy. They issued, also, orders for the arrest of all persons suspected of everything short of the rankest jacobinism, and proceeded to break into their dwellings, to seize their persons and their private papers, to be evidence against them before the new tribunal. Not only art, but personal security was in the daily process of destruction.

In vain did the Girondist members of the assembly protest and thunder against this absolutism, this new and intolerable tyranny of the commune; in vain did Vergniaud launch his once-admired eloquence against these deeds, and declare that the most solemn decrees of the assembly were treated with contempt. "I ask," he said, "the deputies of the eighty-three departments, whether they still consider themselves the representatives of the empire? whether they have energy enough to demand from the people of Paris respect and submission to the laws? I ask them who flatter themselves that they have thrown down all tyrannies, whether they will suffer a new despotism to arise amongst us? We have called to the bar the president of this new commune, that he might explain the motives of his conduct, but he has not deigned to appear, and I now demand that he be brought forcibly to this bar."

But the assembly had not the necessity of resorting to force; indeed, in such a course they would have been beaten, for the commune was the second power in the state, and had the first power—the mob—at its back; the assembly was a shadow. Petion presented himself, and was followed by a deputation of the commune, and M. Tallien, the secretary-general of the new commune, addressed the assembly in language which must have made every Girondist ear tingle. He told them that whatever the people and the commune had done, the assembly had approved; and that the people also approved all that the commune had done, and would maintain it with the sword; that they would repose confidence in the commune, and the commune alone. He said they might attack the commune if they pleased, but that they would find in attacking it they attacked the people, who would defend themselves; that they had put down all but thoroughly revolutionary journals, and had shut up the reactionary priests in a certain house, and, in a few days, would purge the country of them; a dark, but too fatal threat.

This startling address was followed by another from Manuel; by a fresh crowd of citizens, announcing that the people all round were waiting outside, demanding per-

mission to file through the hall; and, finally, appeared the president of the new commune, who spoke in still more defiant and unequivocal terms.

The assembly and the Girondists were prostrate before triumphant sans-culottism! The jacobin club now assumed Brutus the elder as its patron. Le Nain, a sculptor, presented it with a bust of that Roman anti-monarchist, which was received amid riotous acclamation. Manuel declared that the bust of the Roman purger of the soil of kings was the true ornament of that hall, in which the doom of Louis the *Last* was accomplished. Le Nain, quite awake to his own interests, recommended that every jacobin club in the empire—the word "kingdom" was now carefully avoided—should have its bust of Brutus, and he offered to furnish them at a cheap rate. His proposal was accepted, and a recommendation to that effect dispatched to every department. There was then a great cry for the judgment on Louis the Last. The federates marched in a body to the club, to declare that they would not proceed to the army till they had seen a just judgment executed on the king and queen; and not only so, but a terrible vengeance on all who had opposed the progress of liberty. It was clear that some awful massacre was approaching. The Girondists saw it in helpless prostration; the march of a whole infuriated people was, as it were, over their prostrate bodies; and Roland, the new minister of the interior, reported that there was a frightful conspiracy against order and liberty extending over the whole country.

To prevent any of the Girondists, or any reactionists, escaping to the country, and forming a party there, the commune ordered all the city gates to be closed; the national guards to be on permanent duty at all points; that all the bronze statues of saints, and all metal crucifixes in the churches, should be seized and melted down for cannon; that all the iron railings of churches, and public and other buildings, should be converted into pikes; and all church bells and silver candlesticks should be coined into money, leaving only a bell or two in each parish. A strong guard attended the parties sent out to do this work of sa[illegible]ing the churches, and in some parishes resistance was made, and at the old church of Notre Dame a conflict took place, and blood was shed.

Marat had become a leading person in this new, jacobinised commune. He was appointed reporter of the proceedings at the Hôtel de Ville, and had a separate gallery or lodge of his own at its sittings. He, and Robespierre, and Danton, and Manuel carried everything they pleased, and matters now fast assumed a terrorist shape. This was called the first year of equality; the name of "monsieur" was abandoned in the proceedings and correspondence of the commune, and that of "citizen" substituted.

As the news of the allies advancing arrived, the wives and children of the emigrants were seized, and shut up in prison, and it was ordered that the lives of these defenceless persons should be held responsible for those of the patriots killed in the field. The Girondists endeavoured to influence the elections to the convention in Paris in their favour, but they found all their efforts useless.

Meantime, the news of the events of the 10th of August had reached the camp on the frontiers. The army there was still divided into three sections, under the command of La Fayette, Luckner, and Montesquieu. Luckner, who was getting old, and addicted to potations too deep, exhibited symptoms of superannuation; he laughed, drank wine, and talked when he should act. Dumouriez, who, on quitting the ministry, had gone to Luckner, and acted as lieutenant-general under him, had urged him to attack the Austrians quartered at Courtray, but had burned the suburbs and then retreated. This had been made a serious charge against the ministry the day before the dethronement. Luckner appointed Dumouriez to command one of the entrenched camps at Maulde; there he strongly fortified himself, and then made incursions into the quarters of the enemy. By this means he raised the troops under his command to a high degree of courage and discipline, whilst in all the other camps there reigned too much inactivity. He encouraged his men by stratagems that please Frenchmen; he induced the two daughters of a retired quartermaster to assume a military costume, and to go out with the troops in these incursions, and wrote accounts of the courage and exploits of these amazons.

La Fayette induced Luckner to change positions with him, so that he should have the northern position, and thus be nearer to Paris, in case the king should need help. Whilst they were making this cross movement, Dumouriez remained in his camp, lest he should lay open the country to the attack of the Austrians, under the duke of Saxe-Teschen. Luckner ordered him to march his twenty thousand troops to a new position; but Dumouriez neglected to do so, and called on general Arthur Dillon, at the head of another division, and some other officers, to hold a council of war at Valenciennes, in which he might justify his conduct. Luckner had now settled himself at Metz, and La Fayette at Sedan; and Dumouriez was on the point of being arrested for his disobedience, when three commissioners arrived at Sedan to announce what had occurred on the 10th of August, and to take a new oath from the army.

La Fayette caused the commissioners, through the mayor of Sedan, to be arrested. He declared that the assembly was no longer free, when it ordered the suspension of the king, but was the instrument of a faction. The commissioners were thrown into prison, and La Fayette charged himself with the responsibility of the act. He immediately caused his troops to take the oath anew to the king and constitution, and ordered all the officers under him to do the same. General count Dillon, who had had a brother massacred by his own soldiers, complied, and administered the oath to his forces; but Dumouriez, who knew too well the jacobinised condition of the soldiers, declined, or neglected to do it. He was looking forward, indeed, to command the army for the ultra-revolutionists, and to supersede La Fayette. Luckner, to whom La Fayette also wrote, recommending this measure, also neglected it. As for La Fayette himself, he was relying on a broken reed, on the seventy-five departments which adhered to his letter of the 16th of June.

A very little time showed how vainly he had calculated. The assembly, on receiving the news of La Fayette's conduct, declared him a traitor, and issued an order for his arrest. It dispatched three other commissioners with still

stronger powers, and with commands for the liberation of the three first. It instructed Dumouriez to march and seize La Fayette. Fresh commissioners were sent to the camp of Dillon; the spirit of the assembly triumphed; the municipality of Sedan gave up the imprisoned commissioners; the soldiers declared in a mass for the assembly; and La Fayette was left alone with his staff. He saw the necessity of providing instantly for his safety. His plan was to escape to England, and he trusted to escape the Austrians. He quitted the camp with all secrecy, to avoid any attempt to stop him by the soldiers; and not to increase too greatly the company of fugitives, his companions in exile consisted only of Latour-Maubourg, and his two brothers, Bureaux de Pusy, his aid-de-camp and staff officer in the Parisian national guards, and some friends exposed to certain death, in consequence of their participation in his last efforts against anarchy. Fifteen officers of different ranks accompanied him. But they did not find it so easy to avoid the Austrians. On arriving at Rochefort, the party, considerably reduced in numbers, were stopped, and Bureaux de Pusy was compelled to ride to Namur to obtain a pass from general Moitelle, who was in command there. Before he could utter a word in explanation, Moitelle exclaimed—"What! La Fayette! La Fayette! Run instantly and inform the duke of Bourbon of it! La Fayette! Set out this moment," addressing one of his officers, "and carry this news to his royal highness at Brussels;" and on he went muttering to himself—"La Fayette!" It was not till he had given orders to write to all the princes and generals he could think of, that Pusy could put in his request for a pass, which, of course, was refused.

The news of the flight of La Fayette produced a great sensation of delight throughout the allied army; and the emigrant princes, instead of generously rejoicing that the man who promoted the revolution at first had seen it necessary to abandon it in defence of the king, were only too much charmed at the idea of being able to imprison and punish him. As for the Austrians, to whom he surrendered, neither they nor the Prussians had any right to regard him more, at the most, than a prisoner of war. But, as Sir Walter Scott has justly observed, they violated in his case the laws of morality, of nations, and of sound policy, and pursued towards him a petty line of policy, neither consistent with the honour nor the interests of princes or private individuals. They offered him his liberty on condition that he recanted his opinion on the abolition of nobility; but he refused, claimed his liberty as his right, as he had broken no law against them, and he declared that, if they falsely represented his words, he would find means to contradict them. He claimed for himself and friends free passage to a neutral country, seeing that they had all laid down their arms rather than injure their sovereign; but all this was unavailing. The allied sovereigns divided the group of fugitives into three sections. Those who had not served in the national guard, nor made themselves prominent in the revolution, were discharged, with orders to leave the country with all dispatch. A second portion were consigned to the citadel of Antwerp for a certain term; and La Fayette, and those others who had been members of the states-general and constituent assembly, were sent prisoners to Luxembourg, where they were insulted and menaced by their emigrant countrymen, and where Breteuil, who was acting nominally as the ambassador of Louis XVI., is said to have demanded the execution of La Fayette, as necessary to the safety of the governments of Europe. He was handed over successively to Prussia and Austria, and remained a captive in the fortresses of Neisse and Olmütz, till he was released by the interference of Napoleon Buonaparte, at the peace of Campo Formio, in 1797.

The startling event of the 10th of August gave a sudden activity to the allied armies on the frontiers. It was evident that if the king and royal family of France were to be saved, it must be without delay. Though in Germany only the emperor of Austria, the king of Prussia, the three ecclesiastical electors, and the landgraves of the two Hesses, had taken up the cause of French royalty practically, yet they had an army of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand men, well disciplined, drawn out, that of Prussia still imposing from the *prestige* of the so-called great Frederick. The emperor and the king of Prussia were already in Mayence. Sixty thousand Prussians advanced directly against the centre of the French encampments, by Luxembourg, on Longwy. Twenty thousand Austrians, under the prince of Hohenlohe-Kirchberg, and sixteen thousand Hessians, flanked the left of the Prussians; twenty thousand Austrians, under general Clairfayt, supported them on the right, and occupied Stenay. The duke of Saxe-Teschen occupied the Netherlands, and threatened the fortresses. The prince of Condé, with six thousand French emigrants, marched on Philipsbourg, and other bodies of French were intermingled with the main divisions of the allies.

The French armies were ill prepared to receive them. The progress of jacobinism had tended to disorganise the troops, and to infuse notions of insubordination amongst them; and the expulsion of the greater part of the most experienced officers by the assembly, at the instigation of the clubs, as aristocrats and suspects, had left the command, in a great number of cases, in the hands of untried men. Dumouriez had gone to take the command of the division of La Fayette, at Sedan, leaving the forces at the camps of Maulde, Mauberge, and Lille under Beurnonville, Mouton, and Duval, who had a total of thirty thousand men. La Fayette, in his memoirs, tells us that he left his division all in good order; on the contrary, Dumouriez asserts that he found it in a very disorganised condition, and very feebly disposed. That the flight of the general had, moreover, augmented the disorganisation; and had the allies broke upon that camp any day before his assumption of the command, it must have been scattered to the winds, and the highway to Paris left open. Part of this statement probably arises from Dumouriez' enmity to La Fayette, yet there must still remain a large amount of obvious truth. Luckner's army, occupying Metz, consisted of twenty thousand men, and the command of it was now transferred to Kellerman, who had begun life as a private hussar, but was destined, as well as his son, to achieve high military honours. Luckner was sent to organise the new army of reserve. Besides these, Custine, at Landau, and Biron, in Alsace, having altogether forty-five thousand men, were too far off to effect any amount of resistance to the invading army.

If the French army, however, was badly prepared, the allies, as usual, were far from united in activity and plans. Austria was characteristically tardy. The king of Prussia was desirous of making a rapid onward movement, and cutting asunder the French army at a blow; but the duke of Brunswick, who commanded the Prussians, was far more cautious, drawing very different auguries from the revolutionary spirit than the other chiefs. The Prussians, however, steadily advanced, and on the 20th of August sate down before Longwy, one of the most advanced fortresses of the frontiers.

At this moment, Dumouriez, who had infused a decidedly bolder spirit into his troops, though he was yet comparatively an untried general, was on the point of making a rush into the Netherlands, and thus diverting the allies from the entrance into France, when Westermann arrived in his camp, and informed him of the progress of the Prussians. On the 22nd, Longwy had opened its gates to them; and, elated by the capture of La Fayette, they were more eager than ever to accelerate their march into France. Dumouriez summoned a council of war, and it was agreed to renounce the movement against Saxe-Teschen in the Netherlands, and fall back upon the Marne, entrench themselves behind it, and there wait the junction of the other divisions of the army, and thus cover the capital, which would be only forty leagues distant from the enemy.

The news of the flight of La Fayette filled Robespierre and his admirers with ecstacies; it seemed to justify the incessant tirades of the jacobin chief against him. But this, and the rapidly succeeding advance of Prussia, the fall of Longwy, and the retreat of the French forces, filled Paris with rage and terror.

We have seen how, ever since the 10th of August, the jacobins had laboured to bring about a reign of terror; how they had usurped all executive and nearly all legislative power into their hands; how Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, had ruled at the Hôtel de Ville, as well as in the clubs; how they had sent out their emissaries to inaugurate the same state of things in the provinces; how they had continually intimated that there must be a purging of the country; how they had kept the city under arms, and all the barriers carefully guarded. Like skilful hunters preparing for a battue, who drive their game into a contracted corner of the forest, in order the more effectually to shoot it down, they had kept every person of aristocratic pretensions, or of moderate views, cooped up in Paris, and it was too well understood that this was for the horrible purpose of massacreing them wholesale. The French thirst of blood was growing irrestrainable. The number of the insurgents who had fallen in the attack on the Tuileries had roused their longing for vengeance, and a day, unparalleled in the annals of atrocious devilry, was evidently approaching. The French revolutionary leaders never omitted to seize on any occasion that offered to rouse the mob to the point of blood-heat; if such did not occur, they invented one. Longwy, and the flight of La Fayette, and the retrograde movement of the French forces, were immediately seized upon. They were such events as had been long looked for. The cry of treason, disaffection, and royalist intrigues, was raised with unanimous energy. Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and their legion of satellites, declared that, though the king was a prisoner, his party was abroad, and were conspiring, as before the 10th of August, to bring the foreigners to Paris, and massacre all the people. They declared that an active correspondence was going on between the enemies in Paris and the enemies on the frontiers; that, at a signal from the court, the gates would be thrown open, and the inhabitants would be left at the mercy of the emigrants and their allies. The terror which these representations were intended to inspire—the desire to be first with a massacre—took full hold of the populace; they were roused to the pitch of bloodthirsty fury that the jabobin leaders desired. Marat was about to be indulged in a terrible purgation of the aristocrats. The extraordinary tribunal erected for the trial of the crowd of prisoners with which the dungeons of Paris, Orleans, and Versailles, were crammed, was declared too slow. It was demanded that the prisoners at Orleans, including De Lessart, Montmorin, and others of the former ministers, should be brought to Paris, and tried at once, according to the prompt notions of the mob. The assembly at first made a resolute stand against these demands. The Girondists, both in the assembly and in the ministry, opposed the proposition; but Danton, now risen into a pitch of boldness and demogogic energy, which carried all before him, insisted on it, and kept the people in a fever of clamour for it. He overruled his colleagues in the ministry, Servan, Roland, and Clavières; he was the leader of the council of the municipality, which boasted such members as Robespierre and Marat; he was the daring leader of the people, and his thundering voice continually sounded in their ears —"We will not recede. We will perish in the capital, and beneath its ruins; but our enemies shall perish before us!"

On the 26th, the news of the surrender of Longwy spread consternation through Paris. The assembly decreed death to any one who should surrender any other place. On the demand of the commune it also decreed that thirty thousand men should be immediately raised and armed in Paris and the immediately surrounding country. Whilst the panic was at its height, Danton seized the moment for the grand *coup de main*. He induced the commune to have lists made out of all the indigent persons in the sections; to pay and arm them. At the same time, a decree was passed to disarm and seize all suspected persons; and all those who had signed the petition against the 20th of June, and against the camp before Paris, were to be considered such. In fact, the palpable object was to seize and confine for the coming slaughter every man who was not a downright jacobin. This was to be effected by a general domiciliary visit. The barriers, from the evening of the 29th of August, were to be closed for eight-and-forty hours, and no one was to be allowed to quit the city on any plea whatever. Guard-ships were to be stationed on the river, to prevent escape that way. The surrounding communes were ordered to stop every stranger found on the roads or in the fields. The capital, thus hermetically sealed down upon the victim, the drum was to announce the commencement of the visit, and at the sound every man was to repair to his proper house, on pain of being treated as a "suspect," that is, being thrown into prison, or murdered without ceremony. Commissioners of the communes were

to go round, attended by an armed force, and search every house for arms and suspected persons; those already described, non-juring priests, and others. At ten o'clock at night, the streets were to be cleared of all carriages, and to be illuminated all night.

The intentions of the sans culottes were no secret; the dullest brains must have perceived what was preparing. The wretched victims, conscious that they were cooped up in a trap, out of which there would be no way but by death, fled to every imaginable hiding-place. Peltier describes this state of things vividly: "Let the reader fancy to himself a vast metropolis, the streets of which were, a few days before, alive with the concourse of carriages, and with citizens constantly passing and repassing. Let him fancy to himself streets so populous and so animated, suddenly struck with the dead silence of the grave, before sunset on a fine summer evening. All the shops are shut; everybody retires into the interior of his house, trembling for life and property; all are in fearful expectation of the events of a night in which even the efforts of despair are not likely to afford the least resource to any individual. The sole object of the domiciliary visits, it is pretended, is to search for arms; yet the barriers are shut, and guarded with the strictest vigilance, and boats are stationed on the river at regular distances, filled with armed men. Every one supposes himself to be informed against; everywhere persons and property are put in concealment; everywhere are heard the interrupted sounds of the muffled hammer, with cautious knock completing the hiding-place. Roofs, garrets, sinks, chimneys—all are just the same to fear, incapable of calculating any risk. One man, squeezed up behind the wainscot, which has been nailed back on himself, seems to form a part of the wall; another is suffocated with fear and heat between two mattresses; a third, rolled up in a cask, loses all sense of existence by the tension of his sinews. Apprehension is stronger than pain. Men tremble, but they do not shed tears; the heart shivers, the eye is dull, and the breast contracted. Women, on this occasion, display prodigies of tenderness and intrepidity. It was by them that most of the men were concealed. It was one o'clock in the morning when the domiciliary visits began. Patroles, consisting of sixty pikemen, were in every street. The nocturnal tumult of so many armed men; the incessant knocks to make people open their doors; the crash of those that were burst off their hinges; and the continual uproar and revelling, which took place throughout the night in all the public-houses, formed a picture which will never be effaced from my memory."

"All," says Thiers, "who had belonged to the late court, either by office or by rank, or by attendance at the palace—all who had declared themselves in its favour during the various royalist movements—all who had base enemies, capable of revenging themselves by a denunciation—were consigned to the prisons, to the number of twelve or fifteen thousand persons!" Those who were apprehended were first taken before a committee of their own section, then sent to the Hôtel de Ville, and distributed to different prisons, so long as any room was left. Terror filled Paris; it was the beginning of that awful reign of terror which stands black as night in the French annals, a horror to the end of time; it was the beginning of that purgation of murder for which Marat and Robespierre had been so long thirsting, and which they were now to enjoy with a demoniacal delight till they themselves fell in the vast massacre.

The committee of general defence appointed by the assembly met to concert plans of security against the foreign enemy, and they were joined by many other persons who were deeply anxious. Servan, the minister, proposed that the armed people should place themselves betwixt Paris and the army, for he had no expectation that Dumouriez would be able to check the Prussians; and others proposed that, if the allies drew near Paris, the assembly should retire to Saumur. Vergniaud and Guadet opposed this idea, and Danton supported them in this. He declared all France was in Paris; that it must stand or fall to a man, and that the first thing towards security was to exterminate the traitors amongst themselves. This was the great idea which he and his party were now realising. He contended that the secret enemies within were corresponding with the open enemies without, and they must be sought out and exterminated. "I tell you," he said, "you must strike terror into the royalists!" and he accompanied his words with gestures so ferocious and significant, that none could misunderstand them. Horror pervaded the assembly, yet not a man dared to denounce the contemplated butchery. Every soul was prostrate before the gigantic Moloch of assassination which the jacobins had evoked. Danton quitted the assembly amid a profound and ghostly silence. He proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where the measures for the diabolical massacre were carefully perfected during the nights of the 30th and the 31st. The most prominent amongst the coadjutors of Marat and Danton were Panis and Sergent, who had made themselves conspicuous on the 20th of June and the 10th of August; and, next to these, Jourdeuil, Duplain, Lefort, and Lenfant. Maillard, the messenger who had led the army of women three years before to Versailles, was ordered to hold himself in readiness, with a band of low ruffians, whom he had long headed on such occasions. He was said to have been instructed to have his people armed with good bludgeons, so as to strike effectually those that were given up to be killed; he was to take all precautions for preventing the cries of the victims; to have ready vinegar, holly horns, quick-lime, covered carts, &c., for removing blood, and the smell of blood, and for getting rid of the mangled remains.

So well known as were these preparations, the assembly remained motionless. It dared not, or it knew that it could not, arrest the infamous determination. The Girondists were as silent, amid the impending horror, as the jacobins were undisguisedly exultant. One man alone seems to have dared to express his abhorrence of the abomination—Roland; but this was not till after the first night of blood. Then, declaring that he had only then first become aware of the truth, he wrote to Petion, to Santerre, to the assembly, protesting against such unparalleled atrocities, disgraceful beyond all language to France and to civilisation. He declared that he would die at his post rather than give way to the sanguinary fury of the people, or their leaders. The assembly faintly applauded his letter, but did nothing more. The Vergniauds, Gen-

sonnés, and Guadets, who could speak so finely on the perfection of human nature, were dumb, like all the rest of the Girondists, Roland excepted. Alas! human nature was being reduced to the condition of devildom.

But, if the assembly was quiescent, the more moderate public was in the highest state of agitation; and, above all, the relatives of the prisoners were in agonies of apprehension. On the 31st of August Montmorin, the late minister, was acquitted by the tribunal of the 17th of August, and the jacobins hailed this as a grand opportunity for working up the mob to the required fury. They declared that there was nothing but corruption and treachery; that no justice would be done on the guilty; and they spread a rumour that the prisoners had a plot for breaking out of the prisons, arming themselves, and wreaking a horrible revenge on those who had put them there; this done, they were to carry off the king to the Prussians. Such absurd tales could only impose on the most ignorant and stolid classes, but they were greedily accepted by the legions ready for the commission of the most monstrous crimes.

On Saturday, the 1st of September, the forty-eight hours' closure of the barriers expired, and the domiciliary visits being finished, the gates were again thrown open, and the free communications of the city restored. But this did not meet the object of the jacobins: they had shut up their victims, but they had not dispatched them, and they hit on a fresh *ruse* for closing the barriers again. They gave out that the allies had taken Verdun, and were marching on Paris. Verdun was not yet taken, but the alarm was effected. On pretence that it was necessary for all the armed citizens to advance against the enemy on the road towards Verdun, Danton had the drums beat and the tocsins sounded. All the citizens were to assemble *en masse* on the Champ de Mars, and remain there for the remainder of the day, before marching for Verdun. The stratagem was too transparent: it was too well known that the Sundays were chosen for all these great revolutionary demonstrations, because then the working classes were at liberty. The friends of the prisoners rushed in crowds to the Hôtel de Ville to solicit, by the most moving prayers, their liberation. Few indeed were their successes. It is said that Manuel, the grim procureur-syndic, was, indeed, prevailed on by a lady to liberate two female prisoners of the family of La Tremouille; but another lady, madame Fausse-Lendry, pleading for permission to accompany her uncle, the abbé de Rastignac, in his captivity, was answered, significantly, by Sergent, "Madame, you are very imprudent: *the prisons are not safe!*"—they were, indeed, the very centres of all danger.

Before commencing the terrible butchery, the jacobins raised a fresh cry, that the enemy would be at Paris in three

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days, and they announced to the assembly the measures they had taken, so as to involve that body in the sanction of their concerted deeds. The Girondists fell headlong into the snare. Vergniaud highly applauded all that was done, and the assembly applauded Vergniaud. "Parisians!" exclaimed this duped rhetorician, "it is time to display all your energy. Why are not the entrenchments of the camp more advanced? where are the pickaxes, the spades which raised the altar of the federation, and levelled the Champ de Mars? You have manifested great ardour for festivities, surely you will not show less for battle; you have sung, you have celebrated liberty, you must now defend it! We have now no longer to overthrow kings of bronze, but living kings, armed with all their powers!" and he recommended that twelve members of the assembly should be deputed to join the people with picks and spades, and set the example themselves of throwing up entrenchments on Montmartre. This speech was loudly applauded; the suggestion was adopted, but little did Vergniaud think how it was to be carried out. Danton arose, and left no doubt about it. He insisted that a decree should be instantly passed, ordering every individual to serve in person, or to give up his arms, and that one-third of the armed people should see this enforced. "What do we require," he said, "*for the extermination of our enemies?* Courage, and nothing but courage!" and he accompanied his words by looks and gestures which gave a terrible meaning to his speech. A new terror was spread through Paris, and through the prisons. The royal family at the Temple anxiously inquired what was the cause of the agitation out of doors. The preparations made in the different prisons struck horror through the hearts of the captives. At the Abbaye, their dinner was served up two hours before the usual time, and there appeared no knives on the table; they asked, in alarm, the meaning of this; they obtained no explanation. At two o'clock the *generale* began to beat, the tocsins to ring out, the alarm-gun thundered in their ears.

The first act of this inhuman tragedy commenced by the removal of twenty-four priests from the Hôtel de Ville, where they had been shut up for refusing the oath, to the prison of the Abbaye, under pretext of removing them for trial. The very transfer of them through the streets, at this moment, must have been well known to the municipal officers to be certain death. They were placed in six hackney coaches, and escorted by Marseillais and Breton federates. But they were speedily surrounded by the mob; the very federates, who were their pretended guards, observing to the sans culottes, "These are the conspirators who meant to murder our wives and children whilst we were on the frontiers." This, in fact, was an invitation to the canaille to massacre them. The thing was speedily done. The coach-doors were forced open, and the prisoners insulted and seized upon to be dragged out. They pulled-to the doors, and endeavoured to defend themselves; but, on reaching the approach to the Abbaye, there stood Maillard, with his assassins, amid an immense crowd, and they were pulled struggling from the vehicles, and murdered one after another. Only one escaped—the abbé Sicard, the celebrated teacher of the deaf and dumb. There was present a watch-maker, named Monnot, who was humane enough to risk his life rather than suffer the scandal of the murder of this good man. He threw himself before him, shouted out his name, and declared that they should kill him before they killed that excellent man. He was saved. No sooner was this done than Billaud-Varennes, one of the municipal council, arrived, and, seeing the bloody corpses, told the crowd that they had done a good work. Maillard then cried, "To the church of the Carmelites!" for there was plenty of the same work to be done there, and the whole mass moved off after him. There, indeed, were two hundred priests who had refused to swear—men of all ranks in the church, from archbishops and bishops down to simple curés. This was a tempting piece of butchery to the atheist crowd. They broke open the doors, and cut the poor wretches in pieces, both in the church and in the adjoining garden, to which some had fled, and climbed into trees or upon walls, but only to furnish the more amusement to these fiends in human form. When they were all dispatched, amid scenes of inconceivable horror, Maillard cried out, "To the Abbaye!" and back they went to that old prison. Before, however, commencing their detestable labours, Maillard called for wine, and it was brought by one of the officers of the section, and they drank destruction to their enemies, amid the gory corpses under their feet. Then, again, Maillard cried, "To the Abbaye!" and they turned and forced their way into it. In this building were confined nearly three hundred persons for political offences. The Swiss taken at the storming of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, were there; deputies of the first assembly, priests, royalists, and ladies, as well as others. Here Maillard demanded the keys of the prison and the register of the prisoners, including the charges on which they were committed. Furnished with these, he held a sort of mock court. When it was determined to dispatch the unhappy captive, Maillard said, "Monsieur, à la Force!" as if he had only ordered him to be removed to the prison of La Force for trial; but the moment that he issued from the prison door he was dispatched with swords and pikes. Those who foresaw their fates, and hung back, were thrust out. In this manner were massacred the Swiss guards, the late minister, Montmorin, and his brother, the marquis de Montmorin. The same horrible pantomime of murder was gone through at the prison of La Force, where the delusive cry, which consigned the victims to destruction, was, "To the Abbaye!" and the same process was gone through at the Bicêtre, the Châtelet, and the Conciergerie—the guards posted about the prisons assisting in the massacre. The details of these unexampled barbarities are too revolting to be dwelt upon. All through that most terrible of nights they were continued. The commune sent out some of its members to pretend to check them, and to pacify the people. Manuel, and Tallien, and others, went from place to place on this assumed errand; but they had helped to set this massacre in motion, and they could not check it had they been so disposed. Women were in great numbers, as fiercely brutal and active in the murders as the men. The very executioners grew tired out with slaughter, and took the place of the judges, who, in turn, became executioners. But, before the work was done for that night, some of the pent-up and crowded prisoners, awaiting their fates in all

the agonies of terror, were kept two-and-twenty hours without water, and were frantic with thirst!

Some few were saved. Amongst these was M. Journiac de St. Meard, who was amongst the thirst-consumed wretches just described. He was brought out before Maillard. He answered to all the accusations boldly, that they were lies and calumnies; that, indeed, he was an aristocrat, but had never done any one any harm; that he had served in the army, and his soldiers had adored him. By a miracle, Maillard acquitted him, and the mob shouted, "Vive la nation!" M. de St. Meard published an account of these scenes of terror, called "My Thirty-eight Hours' Agony," which had a prodigious sale. The venerable Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, was saved by his daughter clinging about him, and pleading so piteously that the tiger-mob was moved, and they let off her father on condition that she drank some of the blood of the aristocrats! The daughter of Cazotte, who had so wonderfully foretold the horrors of the revolution just before it broke out, and the deaths of a number of people of distinction, also saved his life by her prayers and tears. In some other cases, the murderers, with that astonishing French sentiment which suddenly displays a tender emotion in the midst of the most astounding cruelties, carried the acquitted on their shoulders home, and would go in in order to witness the delight of their families, and then returned to complete the carnage.

The next day, Monday, the 3rd of September, the massacre was renewed. Billaud-Varennes, who commended the commencement of the butchery in front of the Abbaye, appeared early in the morning on the same spot, arrayed as the day before, in his scarf and municipal costume, and seeing the heaps of dead everywhere, said, "My friends, by taking the lives of villains you have saved the country. France owes you everlasting gratitude; and the municipality knows how to reward you. It offers you twenty-four louis a-piece, and you shall be immediately paid." The mob, delighted at these words, followed at his heels to the Hôtel de Ville. The president demanded where the money was to be found to pay such hordes. Billaud-Varennes said it *must* be found, and a message was sent to Roland for an advance. Roland indignantly refused, and the members of the commune had to collect amongst them what they could, and give orders for the rest, and one thousand four hundred and sixty-three livres were entered on the books of the commune as due. Marat demanded an order for the arrest of Roland for refusing to find money for the payment of the assassins, but Danton obtained the order from Marat and suppressed it. All this time the assembly was sitting, making feeble protests against the massacres, but totally powerless to arrest them.

On this second day of the massacre perished the beautiful and amiable princess de Lamballe. She was the widow of the prince de Lamballe, and was superintendant of the queen's household. When the royal family made their escape to Varennes, she went to England; but, hearing of the capture of her mistress, she, unhappily for herself, returned, and resumed her office. The princess's attachment to the queen was her only crime; she had taken no part in the revolution, yet she was seized and confined in La Force. She escaped the first day of the massacre, and, towards the morning of that fearful night, she flung herself down to get a little rest. But she was soon aroused by the fresh tumult, and two of the national guard entered her room about eight o'clock, and summoned her below to take her trial. She was asked whether she was acquainted with any plots. She replied that she had never been concerned in any; and she was so well known for her acts of kindness, that many people, at this mock tribunal, cried out for her to be set at liberty. "Let her be set at liberty," said the sham judge; and Thiers says, that his intention was really that she should be liberated; but no sooner did she appear at the door, than she was cut down, and her body stripped and exposed. For two hours it lay on the ground, and was insulted by the mob. When any blood appeared on the skin, some fellows with their handkerchiefs wiped it away to show its beautiful fairness. The dishonoured corpse was then cut to pieces, and carried on pikes through the streets. It was taken to the Temple to increase the horror of the royal captives, who every minute were trembling for their own lives. "We must carry the princess," said the wretches, "to the foot of the throne." Having arrived before the windows of the royal family, they made a great noise to attract attention. The royal family inquired what was the occasion of it. "It is the bloody head of Lamballe," said one of the guards, "which we are anxious to keep you from seeing." At these words, the queen fainted, and was carried away. As the duke of Orleans was sitting at dinner, the gory head of the lovely princess was presented at his window on the pike. The duke rose, and gazed on it without visible emotion or remark. As the brother of the duchess d'Abrantes was driving in his cabriolet, the infuriated and demon-like crowd surrounded it, saying, "He is an aristocrat!" These fellows were mostly naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, they looked hideous. They presented at the carriage window the head of the princess on a pike, with its long auburn hair clotted with blood, and a countenance still lovely. The wretches finished their desecration of the remains of the princess by firing one of her legs from a cannon!

The whole of the 3rd, and throughout the following night, the massacres continued. The most thorough and wholesale carnage was at the Bicêtre prison. Several thousands of persons were confined there for all sorts of misdemeanours. Peltier says—"This prison might be called the receptacle of every vice; it was a hospital also for the cure of the foulest and most loathsome diseases. It was the sink of Paris. Every captive was put to death. It was impossible to calculate the victims; but I have calculated them at six thousand. The work of death never ceased for an instant during eight days and nights! Pikes, swords, and guns not being sufficient, they had recourse to cannon to exterminate the captives. Then, for the first time, were prisoners seen fighting for their dungeons and their chains."

In this case, it could not be political motives which stimulated the slaughter; for the bulk of the poor wretches, if turned loose, would instinctively have joined the mob. They were sans culottes, like themselves. But it was the sheer fever of the thirst for blood which caused the savages to kill for the sake of killing. They even sent to

the commune demanding military force to reduce the prisoners, who were defending themselves with the energy of despair. The commune refused, and the multitude, eventually, massacred the whole of them. At length, the prisons were empty; nearly the whole of their inmates had perished. The numbers have been variously estimated at from six thousand to twelve thousand; and Peltier says they may be, without exaggeration, calculated at eight thousand. To understand the full atrocity of this massacre—the most disgraceful ever perpetrated in any nation, and of which no nation except that of France—described by its own great apostle, Voltaire, as half monkey and half tiger—is capable, we must recollect that it was done, with a legislative assembly sitting in helpless apathy; a municipal government openly encouraging it, having first carefully prepared it, and having a body of above fifty thousand armed national guards, in and around Paris, at its command, so that it could, at any moment, have put an end to it.

Sir Archibald Alison says that only three hundred men were actually engaged in the commission of these murders; but this is distinctly denied by Chabot, who was an eye-witness. At the sitting of the jacobin club, on the 29th of October, he declared that he had gone with some friends almost everywhere amongst the mob; that from the Cour de Moines to the prison of the Abbaye, people were obliged to squeeze one another to make a passage for himself and companions; and, alluding to the assertion of Louvet, made in the same debate, that they were not the men of the 10th of August who were the authors of the 2nd of September, and that there were only some two or three hundred persons out, he protested that they were the very same men as on the 10th of August, for he saw them, and that he himself passed under an arch of steel of ten thousand swords! When the work was done, the authorities of the commune pretended to be seized with pity, and issued orders to stop the murders; but Thiers, who excuses the authorities as much as he can, is obliged to confess that "there were, however, but few unhappy individuals left to benefit by its pity!" When all was over, the bodies of the murdered were collected, and buried in trenches, which the municipality had dug for the purpose. Their bones were afterwards conveyed to the catacombs and built up, where, says Alison, "they still remain, the monument of crimes unfit to be thought of, and which France would gladly bury in oblivion."

But this was far from the whole extent of the massacres. The authorities at the commune, who had superintended all these horrors, the committee of *surveillance*, drew up an address, recommending the same butcheries to all the communes in France. They related what was doing in Paris, and added—"Apprised that barbarous hordes are advancing against it, the commune of Paris hastens to inform its brethren, in all the departments, that part of the ferocious conspirators confined in the prisons have been put to death by the people—acts of justice which appeared to it indispensable for repressing by terror the legions of traitors encompassed by its walls at the moment when they were about to march against the enemy; and, no doubt, the nation, after the long series of treasons which have brought it to the brink of the abyss, *will eagerly adopt this useful and necessary expedient;* and all the French will say, like the Parisians—We are marching against the enemy, and we will not leave behind us brigands to murder our wives and our children.—(Signed)—Duplain, Panis, Sergent, Lenfant, Marat, Lefort, Jourdeuil, administrators of the committee of surveillance, constituted at the Mairie. September 2nd, 1792."

There are two names which do not appear in this document—perhaps, the most diabolical which ever issued from any body of men since the foundation of the world; a manifesto calling on all the municipalities in the nation to arise, and make a massacre of the whole of the unfortunate wretches confined in the prisons! The men bearing these two names, however, had been no less active in this scene of blood and of gigantic crime. Robespierre had helped to organise it, and silently, with his accustomed cowardice, stimulated it in secret. Danton, with open ferocity, everywhere hounded on the murderers. The call to spill a fresh ocean of blood throughout the country was eagerly responded to. The prisoners, many of them prisoners of state, amongst whom were De Lessart, the king's late favourite minister, and a number of bishops, priests, and military officers, confined at Orleans, were ordered, during the massacre, to be brought to Paris. They were conducted under a strong body of national guards and federates to Versailles. There, arriving on the 9th, they were fallen on by a brutal crowd, many of whom had been amongst the most sanguinary of the Paris murderers, and were actually torn or cut to pieces. Out of the whole number, fifty-three, only four or five escaped with their lives. This done, the assassins went to the prison and slaughtered twenty-three more individuals who were confined there. The mayor endeavoured to dissuade the assassins from the perpetration of these crimes, but they cried, "Vive la nation!" adding, "We must purge the interior before we think of the frontiers!" The Parisian villains then returned in triumph to the capital, and as they marched past Danton's house he came out upon the balcony, and thanked them for the service they had rendered to liberty and the country.

Throughout the country, the rabble rose with eagerness to obey the call of the commune of Paris, and murder not only the prisoners, but all who were opposed to them in opinion—gentlemen, priests, or moderates of all kinds. They did not, in many places, find the municipalities yet so abandoned to all feelings of liberality and humanity as the sanguinary leaders of the capital, and were restrained by the efforts of the national guards; but, in too many places, they were enabled to imitate the diabolical doings of these infamous men. At Meaux, fourteen prisoners, and still more priests of the town and vicinity, were murdered, and their heads paraded on pikes. At Caen, Rouen, Rouanne, and Gisors, the like scenes took place, and, at the latter, the good and humane duke de la Rochefoucauld was cut to pieces before the eyes of his wife and mother. At Rheims, at Lyons, Avignon, and many places of the south, similar butcheries took place. On the whole, there does not appear to have fallen in these September massacres, in town and country, fewer than fifteen thousand people.

Verghiaud and some of the Girondists, when it was over,

ventured to express their abhorrence of this monstrous carnage. Madame Roland, who urged her husband to write to the assembly to protest against these massacres, was energetic in her denunciation of them. She declared them abominable crimes, which raised the indignation of all virtuous men; foul dishonours, that such men must raise their voice against, even at the risk of their lives. Yet, how was it that even madame Roland continued to associate with Danton, who was steeped in these abominations, in the foul dishonour of all this innocent blood? Danton continued a colleague in the ministry with Roland, and yet Roland did not resign! The Girondist newspapers and journals made but cautious comments on these horrid deeds, whilst the jacobin ones exulted in them. Prudhomme exulted in them. He declared that the people were "humane, but incapable of weakness. Wherever they smell crime, they throw themselves upon it without regard to the age, or sex, or condition of the criminal; that they had snatched the sword of justice from the hands of the judges, and executed their functions; teaching them no longer to despise the people." He justified all the indecent atrocities perpetrated on the body of the princess Lamballe. Many of the jacobin authorities did worse; they made a profit of these horrors; passports were sold at enormous prices; and Manuel is said to have received for one as much as five thousand pounds of our money.

Surely in no other nation under heaven could such scenes have taken place; yet so blinded were some of our countrymen, that all this did not open their eyes to the true nature of this revolution. It was after these dreadful days that Dr. Priestley became a French citizen, and was elected a member of the convention, which continued to approve of the like demonstrations. Others, however, were perfectly cured of French modes of regeneration. "Oh!" exclaimed Sir Samuel Romilly, "how could we ever be so deceived in the character of the French nation as to think them capable of liberty?—wretches, who, after all their professions and boasts about liberty, and patriotism, and courage, and dying; and after taking oath after oath, at the very moment when their country is invaded, and the enemy is marching through it unresisted, employ whole days in murdering women, and priests, and prisoners? Others who can deliberately load whole wagons-full of victims, and bring them like beasts to be butchered in the metropolis; and then, who are worse even than these, the cold instigators of these murders, who, while blood is streaming round them on every side, permit this carnage to go on, and reason about it, and talk about the example they are setting to the nations! One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa, as of maintaining a free government amongst such monsters."

Yet, after all, Petion, who had winked at all this, and, in his usual way, had stepped aside and let it go on, had the impudence to go to the bar of the assembly, and declare that there was no doubt that all this crime was perpetrated by the paid agents of the enemies of liberty! The effete assembly itself was expiring, and Roland was charged to prepare a part of the palace of the Tuileries for the reception of the convention, which was to meet on the 21st. The nation having driven out the king, and made a wretched captive of him, was about to take possession of his devastated dwelling.

CHAPTER II.

REIGN OF GEORGE III. (Continued.)

Preparations of Dumouriez to resist the Allies—Repulses the Prussians at Valmy—The Prussians retreat to Coblentz—Dumouriez defeats the Austrians at Jemappe, and makes himself Master of Flanders—Takes Aix-la-Chapelle—The French, under Custine, invade Germany on the Upper Rhine—They take Worms, Speir, Mayence, and Frankfort—The French, under Montesquieu, also invade and seize the Provinces of Nice and Savoy—Meeting of the Convention at Paris—All the leading Jacobins become Members—The Convention abolishes Royalty—Conflicts of the Jacobins and Girondists—The Mountain, the Plain, and the Gironde—The Attack of the Gironde on Robespierre and Marat—Danton and Servan resign, and are succeeded by Pache and Garat—Triumph of Robespierre over the Gironde—Committee of Twenty-four to inquire into the Crimes of Louis Capet, formerly King—Resolves that the King shall be tried—The Convention decrees the Trial by itself—Discovery of the Iron Chest—Trial of the King—Proposal to banish the Duke of Orleans and his Family—The King brought to the Bar of the Convention—Doomed to die—The Sentence announced to Louis—His Death—Rejoicings of the Jacobins—Sensation in England—Demand for War with France—The Militia called out—Fox and his Party vote for a Treaty with the French Republic—Dismissal of the French Ambassador—Declaration of War by France against England.

Whilst the frightful massacres in Paris had been perpetrating, Dumouriez had been contending with the advancing armies of the allies on the frontiers. These armies, after the capture of Verdun, on the 2nd of September, had spread themselves over the plains of the Meuse, and occupied, as their main centre, Stenay. Dumouriez and his army lay at Sedan, and in its neighbourhood. To reach him, and advance on Chalons in their way to Paris, the allies must pass, or march round the great forest of Argonne, which extends from thirteen to fifteen leagues, and was so intersected with hills, woods, and waters, that it was, at that time, impenetrable to an army, except through certain passes. These were Chêne-Populeux, Croix-aux-Bois, Grand-Prey, La Chalade, and Islettes. The most important were those of Grand-Prey and Islettes, which, however, were the two most distant from Sedan.

Dumouriez, pointing to the map, showed to Thouvenel, one of his staff, this forest, and observed, "That is the Thermopylæ of France!" Dumouriez remarked to him that the government in Paris was imperative for him to fall back on the Marne, but that if he did so he should allow the allies to winter, if they pleased, in the Trois Evêchés, a fertile country, instead of keeping them penned up in the desolate, muddy, and sterile fields of Champagne. If he kept them on the other side of the Argonne, should they direct their course towards Sedan, they would meet with the fortresses of the Netherlands; should they turn to the other extremity, they would come upon Metz and the army of the centre. The plan, therefore, was to fortify these passes; and, in order to do this, Dumouriez immediately ordered Dillon to march forward and occupy Islettes and La Chalade. This was effected; a division of Dillon's forces driving the Austrian general, Clairfayt, from the Islettes. Dumouriez followed, and occupied Grand-Prey, and general Dubouquet occupied Chêne-Populeux, and sent a detachment to secure Croix-aux-Bois, betwixt Grand-Prey and Chêne-Populeux. Having made these arrangements, Dumouriez wrote to the ministers, saying, "Grand-Prey and

the Islettes are our Thermopylæ; but I shall be more fortunate than Leonidas." He requested that some regiments should be detached from the army of the Rhine, and added to the army of the centre, under Kellermann. He desired that Kellermann might skirt the left of the allies by Ligny and Bar-le-duc, taking them in the flank; and, if they should attempt to force the Argonne, he proposed to join the ten thousand men under Beurnonville, attacked the French entrenchments, but were everywhere repulsed. On the 11th, they concentrated their efforts on the pass of Grand-Prey, defended by Dumouriez himself, and were again repulsed by general Miranda, at Mortaume, and by general Stengel, at St. Jouvion. The allies, thus unexpectedly brought to a check, for they had been led by the emigrants to expect a disorganised, or as yet undisciplined army, determined to skirt the forest, and endeavour to turn

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

and wait for Kellermann with a united body of sixty thousand. Though he was by no means in favour with the Girondists since he ejected them from the ministry, the common danger, and the ability he had shown in his arrangements, induced Servan and Roland energetically to support his plans; and the enthusiasm amongst the population caused continual marches of volunteers to his aid, who made their rendezvous at Chalons.

On the 10th of September the Prussians began to examine the passes of the forest; and, finding them defended, they it near Sedan. Whilst engaged in this plan, the Austrians discovered the weakness of the force in the defile of Croix-aux-Bois, where only two battalions and two squadrons of volunteers were posted, for Dumouriez had not examined the pass himself, and was assured that this force was amply sufficient. Once aware of this mistake, the Austrians, under the duke de Ligne, made a brisk attack on the position, and drove the French before them. Dumouriez, informed of this disorder, ordered forward general Chasot with a strong force, who defeated the Austrians, killed De Ligne, and

THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

recovered the pass. But the advantage was but momentary; the Austrians returned to the charge with a far superior force, and again cleared the pass, and remained in possession of it. Thus Dumouriez saw his grand plan of defence broken up; and finding that Chasot, who had fallen back on Vouziers, was cut off from him on his left, along with Dubouquet, he saw the necessity of falling back himself into the rear of Dillon, on his right, who was yet master of the Islettes and the road to St. Menehould. He then sent messages to Chasot, Dubouquet, and to Kellermann, to direct their march so as to meet him at St. Menehould.

By marching through a stormy night, and through execrable woods, he found himself, on the 16th, on the heights of Autry, four leagues from Grand-Prey. This was early in the morning: the enemy had not improved the advantage they had gained; they had slowly defiled through the pass, and he was beginning to regard himself as saved, when there was a shout in the rear of wild alarm; Dumouriez galloped to the spot, and found his young and inexperienced rear-guard flying before a body of Prussian hussars, crying that they were betrayed. By the exertions of himself and the other generals, order was restored. He bivouacked at Dammartin-sur-Hans. He had now been fifteen hours on horseback, and had just dismounted in the evening, when again the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" was heard, and he found a general panic prevailing. All order was lost, and there was the prospect of a general flight. The soldiers renewed their clamours that they were sold to the enemy, and they heaped execrations on the commander-in-chief. Dumouriez, however, did not lose his presence of mind; he commanded large fires to be lit; and they there passed ten hours in mud and discomfort. Yet he employed himself in writing to the ministers, that ten thousand of his men had run away from fifteen hundred Prussians, but that all was right again. But above a thousand of his young soldiers had continued their flight to Paris, and created the greatest alarm there, declaring that all was lost.

Dumouriez continued his retreat to near St. Menehould and encamped on some heights before the town. These heights descended into low, marshy grounds, at the junction of the Auve and the Aisne, and commanded the three roads to Paris from the Islettes, St. Menehould, and Chalons. He posted himself on one of these heights, called Valmi, disposed his different generals on the others, with Dillon in the rear. But as the Prussians, if they chose to pass him at St. Menehould, might go forward to Chalons, and thus place themselves betwixt him and Paris, he therefore ordered Dubouquet, who had arrived at Chalons, to put himself in the camp of L'Epine, and there, collecting all the volunteers recently arrived at Chalons, to protect that city. Chasot also came up with the ten thousand men whom Dumouriez had brought into such excellent condition in the camp at Maulde, and soon after reinforced by Beurnonville, he found himself thirty-five thousand strong.

At the same time, the duke of Brunswick was approaching from the rear, and Kellermann from Metz, but both with equal tardiness. Dumouriez dispatched a courier to order Kellermann, on arriving, to take his position on the heights of Gisancourt, commanding the road to Chalons and the stream of the Auve; but Kellermann, arriving in the night of the 19th, instead of reaching the heights of Gisancourt, advanced to the centre of the basin at Valmi, where, on the morning of the 20th, he found himself commanded by the Prussians, who had come up and formed on the heights of La Lune, when, had Kellermann taken the position assigned him on Gisancourt, he would have commanded La Lune. The Prussians had been in full march for Chalons when they took post here, and discovered Kellermann below them, by the mill of Valmi, and Dumouriez above, on the heights of Valmi. Kellermann, perceiving the error of his position, and that the Prussians would soon seize on the heights of Gisancourt, which he ought to occupy, sent to Dumouriez for assistance to extricate himself. If he were beaten, he would be driven into the marshes of the Auve, and in danger of utter destruction. The king of Prussia, perceiving that forces were thrown forward towards Kellermann's position, imagined that the French meant to cut off his march towards Chalons, and immediately commenced firing. From the heights of La Lune and of Gisancourt, which he now occupied, he poured a deadly fire of artillery on Kellermann; and the Austrians, about to attempt to drive the French from the heights of Hyron, if they succeeded, would leave him exposed on all sides. Dumouriez sent strong bodies of troops to his relief under Stengel, and Beurnonville, and Chasot. The battle now was warmly contested, but only through the artillery. A shell falling into one of Kellermann's powder wagons exploded it, and occasioned great confusion. The king of Prussia thought this the moment to charge with the bayonet, and now, for the first time, the revolutionary soldiers saw the celebrated troops, bearing the *prestige* of the great Frederick, marching down upon them in three columns, with the steady appearance of victory. Kellermann, to inspirit his inexperienced soldiers, shouted, "*Vive la nation!*" The troops caught the enthusiasm of the cry, and replied with a loud "*Vive la nation!*" and dashed forward. At this sight the duke of Brunswick was astonished; he was led to expect nothing but disorder and cowardice; he halted, and fell back into his camp.

This movement raised the audacity of the French; they continued to cannonade the Prussians, and, after one or two more attempts to reach them with the bayonet, Brunswick found himself, as night fell, in anything but a victorious position. About twenty thousand cannon shots had been exchanged, whence the battle was called the cannonade of Valmi. Yet there stood the French, who, according to the reports of the emigrants, were to have run off at the first smell of powder, or to have come over to them in a body. The next morning it was worse. Kellermann, in the night, had recovered himself from his false position; had gained the heights of Gisancourt, which he should have occupied at first; had driven the Prussians thence, and now commanded them in La Lune.

The relative positions of the French and Prussians were curious: the French stood with their faces towards France, along the heights, as if about to invade it; and the Prussians with their backs towards it, as if about to defend it; but Dumouriez saw at a glance all the advantages of his situation. He had now a compact body of nearly seventy thousand men, elated with their first encounter, and with a

strong camp, well supplied with provisions; whilst the Prussians were beginning to feel all the horrors of famine, and were cruelly suffering from disease; for the people had not, as the emigrants had assured the allies that they would do, brought supplies, but had driven off their cattle, and laid the country waste. The season was inclement; they were on a clayey soil, which aggravated their disorders; and they were deeply chagrined and disappointed in their reception. True, they might still march on Chalons, and forward towards Paris; but Dumouriez was ready to throw himself on their rear; and there was no prospect of a better commissariat.

Thus, whilst the people of Paris were in terrible alarm at having the allies betwixt their army and themselves, the Prussians were so far from feeling any triumph, that they were in the deepest despondency. On the other hand, Dumouriez was not completely at ease. General Kellermann was far from satisfied at being placed under the command of a general whom he considered but of yesterday: the people of Paris were as little satisfied with having the Prussians betwixt their army and their capital. Both the assembly and the council wrote the most positive commands to Dumouriez to abandon his position at Valmi, and recross the Marne. He set both at defiance, and when they informed him that the Prussian Hulans were within fifteen leagues of the city, he wrote back:—"The Hulans annoy you; well, kill them. I shall not change the plan of my campaign on account of any foragers."

In this great cannonade, it is said by some authorities that not more than eight hundred men were killed on each side; by others, not more than that number on both sides. It is clear, therefore, that there had been scarcely any close fighting or crossing of bayonets. Amongst those who chiefly distinguished themselves in this affair, on the French side, were the young duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, and his brother, the duke of Montpensier, then only seventeen, who served as his aide-de-camp. The whole of the French army was rendered confident by the decided check they had given to the Prussians. The allies were, indeed, still between the French and Paris, but this afforded them but little advantage, for Dumouriez had a strong position, had plenty of supplies, and twelve thousand ready at a moment to pursue and harass the enemy. At the same time, large bodies of troops were assembling at Chalons and Rheims in their way, and others were marching from Paris to support them; others again were converging from Soissons, Troyes, Vitry, and numerous other towns, to take Brunswick in the rear.

The condition of the Prussian camp was daily growing worse; the troops were compelled to kill their horses for food; they were drenched with heavy rains, and decimated by dysentery. The king of Prussia and the duke of Brunswick were full of resentment at the false representations of the emigrants, who had assured them that they would have little to do but to march to Paris, loaded with the welcomes and supplies of the people. Europe was surprised at the easy repulse of the Prussians; with their reputation, it was expected that they would march rapidly on Paris, and disperse the republican troops with scarcely an effort. But they were no longer commanded by old Frederick; and even he would have found it difficult to make his way through a country which refused him the barest food for his army, and which almost to a man was in arms to resist him.

On the 24th overtures were made by the Prussians for an exchange of prisoners, to which Dumouriez agreed, refusing, however, to give up a single emigrant that had been taken. This soon led to discussions on the general question. Dumouriez drew up statements, endeavouring to show to the king of Prussia how greatly to his disadvantage he had been drawn into this quarrel by his old enemy, the emperor of Austria, and how much more to his interest would be an alliance with France. The king replied, through Brunswick, that he had no desire to interfere with the French constitution, but merely that the king should be restored to his liberty and authority, as before the 10th of August. To this Dumouriez replied, that this could not be, since the convention had decreed the republic. In consequence of this, Dumouriez received a memorial from the duke of Brunswick, nearly as haughty as the one he had published before. Dumouriez informed Brunswick that it was clear that there could be no treating so long as the allies were on the soil of France, and that, if they valued the lives of the king of France and his family, they would make haste to evacuate the country, for that such was the state of mind in Paris, that any attempt on the part of the allies to advance, would be the certain destruction of that family; his officers also assured the German officers that French armies were preparing on the Upper Rhine for the invasion of Germany. It is said that Louis XVI. was induced by Petion, Manuel, and others to write to the king of Prussia, entreating him to retire, if he valued his life, which must be sacrificed, with those of his family, if he advanced.

But, in fact, the strongest argument with the Prussian monarch was necessity. His army was perishing of starvation and disease, whilst half-a-dozen armies were collecting around him, so that his way homewards would soon be cut off. On the 30th of September he accordingly ordered the tents on La Lune to be struck at midnight, and the retreat to begin. At daylight, Dumouriez, informed of the evacuation, ordered forward general Dampier to occupy La Lune, but the deserted camp was found so full of the remains of horses and men dead of disease, that it was not deemed safe to remain on the ground. The Prussians made their way through the forest of Argonne, by the pass of Grand-Prey, and Dumouriez has been accused of letting them escape almost unmolested. In his defence, he stated that Kellermann and other officers continued their insurbordination, thus paralysing his efforts; whilst the Prussians, still very strong, though incapable of advancing, from want of supplies, made their retreat in good order, and severely punished general Dillon, the only general who pursued them with any zeal.

Once through the forest, the Prussians were not lightly to be attacked; and, indeed, Dumouriez thought it most politic to allow them to take themselves off as soon and as far as possible: and, on their part, the allies were in no disposition to linger. Oppressed by famine and disease, and utterly disgusted with the emigrants, who had led them to suffering and disgrace, they made the best of their way to the Rhine, and, at the end of October, reached Coblentz, a

miserable spectacle, reduced from eighty thousand, who had entered France three months before, confident of victory and fame, to fifty thousand humbled and emaciated men. If Dumouriez had had that unity and subordination amongst his generals which he had not, he would have been able, by a forced march, to outstrip the allies, cut them off from the Rhine, and scarcely a thousand of them would probably have escaped. The blame thrown upon him for not thus inflicting a terrible chastisement, appears unmerited, after the causes of weakness which we have seen in his army.

It was probably to remedy this, as much as for the indulgence of a vanity peculiarly French, that Dumouriez set out for Paris, after the retreat of the allies. He was contemplating an immediate campaign against the Austrians in Flanders, and it was absolutely necessary that he should have his authority as commander-in-chief confirmed by the ministry and assembly; it was equally necessary that he should be promptly supported by these authorities in his military proceedings; and he knew very well that he had left almost every party and person offended with him, for one cause or another. He had offended the ministers and the Girondists, by turning out the very Gironde ministers who were now in again; he had deeply incensed the jacobins, by showing some favour to the royal family; and there was hardly a leader in the great parties whom he had not offended by his plain speaking, and by setting at defiance their injunctions. It was necessary, in the moment of success, to endeavour to heal all these wounds.

He arrived in Paris on the 11th of October, and was well received by the ministers, Servan, Roland, and their colleagues, who appeared willing to forget the past; he was equally well received by the convention, which he flattered by presenting to it a standard taken from the emigrants; he was surrounded by applauding members, and, too politic to make complaints in his speech detailing the glories of the defeat of the Prussians, he even praised Kellermann. The jacobins were prepared to frown on him for his reception by the ministers and the convention; but he hastened to present himself at their club, where he was received by Danton, Collot d'Herbois, Chabot, Fabre d'Eglantine, and others, with open arms. Danton presided, and the cordiality with which he welcomed the successful general communicated itself to the whole club. Collot d'Herbois, the ex-player, made a speech, in thorough theatric style, and in reply to Dumouriez's speech, in which he said, before the month was out, he would march with sixty thousand men to attack kings, and save the people from tyranny; he told him that he was not a general made by a king, but by the people, and that he must destroy kings and raise peoples. He compared him to Themistocles; warned him of probable ingratitude, such as Themistocles suffered; but that it was a glorious mission, and that he must ever remember Themistocles. He reminded him that he had let off the king of Prussia too easily, but that he must doubly punish the emperor of Austria, and he finished by exclaiming, "At Brussels, liberty will spring up under thy feet! citizens, maidens, children will throng around them. Oh! what happiness art thou about to enjoy, Dumouriez! My wife is from Brussels; she, too, will embrace thee!"

Danton, who had blackened his reputation with all honourable men by his share in the murders of September, paraded Dumouriez through Paris as a hero almost equal to himself. The general left no stone unturned to win favour. He visited the circles of the Girondists, though he felt that madame Roland and her admirers had no confidence in him. He visited the society of artists, who were, almost to a man, jacobins, and they gave him a great entertainment. All went well, and Dumouriez was about to return to the army in high spirits, when a strange apparition presented itself in the midst of this very fête of the artists. It was Marat, in his usual filthy attire, and equally filthy person. He was attended by two jacobin members of the convention, Bentabolle and Monteau. Marat, with a never-ceasing malice and envy, had successively attacked every one who had risen in popular favour—Mirabeau, Bailly, La Fayette, Petion, the Girondists. His soul was now blackened with envy at Dumouriez's success and applauses. When he reached the house of mademoiselle Candeille, a celebrated woman of that day, where the entertainment was given, he found a great array of carriages drawn up, which inflamed his spleen, and Santerre, with a detachment of national guards, protecting the festivities. He pushed his way through, and asked for Dumouriez. At his appearance there was a general sensation, and a number of persons quitted the place in all haste. Marat made his way up to Dumouriez, and loudly accused him of having punished two battalions of volunteers, the Mauconseils and the republicans, for having murdered four Prussian deserters in cold blood. Marat declared the volunteers good patriots, and the so-called Prussians to be emigrants. Dumouriez, eyeing the monster with contempt, said, "Aha! so you are the man they call Marat!" He passed a disdainful glance over him from head to foot, turned his back on him, and left him. Marat, in his account of the interview, states that Dumouriez said more than this, referring him to the convention for any information on the subject; but he confesses that he then turned his back upon him—an insult only to be washed out of the soul of Marat with blood. Dumouriez, however, paid more respect to the other two deputies.

After four days, Dumouriez quitted Paris, and returned to the army. His visit had in part succeeded, in part failed. His reconciliation with the jacobins and the Girondists was, after all, but hollow. Neither party had confidence in him as devoted to their interests, but he had obtained from the executive council an approval of his plans for the military operations. He himself was to drive the Austrians from the Netherlands, and secure Belgium as an addition to France. This was openly avowed, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of the national assembly that France renounced all ideas of conquest. Montesquieu was to maintain his position along the Alps; and here again, in direct violation of all the protestations of the revolutionary government, he was to secure Nice and Savoy as additions to France. Biron was to be reinforced, in order to guard the Rhine from Basle to Landau. Kellermann was to do what Dumouriez in vain had before commanded him—march rapidly betwixt Luxembourg and Treves, hasten to Coblentz, and, if possible, yet intercept the retreat of the Prussians. Custine and Meusnier were to support these operations, and make an-

active invasion of Germany. Such were the settled plans of aggression adopted by the conquest-renouncing republicans—the apostles of liberty to all nations!

Dumouriez obtained more than this: that the great body of volunteers who were to join the camp at Paris should all be sent to swell his army for the invasion of Flanders; besides which, that his troops, who were destitute of almost everything, should receive shoes and greatcoats, and that six thousand million of francs should be sent for their pay. Thus reinforced, Dumouriez arrived at Valenciennes on the 27th of October, and prepared to follow the Austrian commander, Saxe-Teschen, who had been in vain bombarding Lille. On the 5th of November, being still further reinforced by another body of troops under D'Harville, he overtook Saxe-Teschen at Jemappe. The Austrians were strongly posted, but were only about fifteen thousand men opposed to the sixty thousand French; yet they made a vigorous resistance. The battle raged from early in the morning till two o'clock at noon, when the Austrians gave way. They retired, however, in good order; and Dumouriez, who had led his forces into the field singing the Marseillais hymn, did not again make much pursuit. This time, he alleged as the cause, that the French army, in taking possession of the Austrian camp at Jemappe, were seized with a fear that the hill was undermined, and that they would all be blown into the air. They fled out of it; and besides this, he said, the generals again showed insubordination, and would not give chase. Upwards of two thousand men are said to have fallen on each side. The battle opened all Flanders to the French; Tournay opened its gates to Labourdonnaye, and Courtrai, Menin, and Bruges sent deputies to meet and welcome Dumouriez. Other towns rapidly followed their example. The country had been already jacobinised, and now fancied it was going to enjoy liberty and equality in alliance with the French. The people were soon undeceived. The French had no intention of anything but, under those pretences, of subduing and preying on the surrounding nations. Flanders had speedy proofs of what every country where the French came had to expect. Jacobin commissioners arrived from the convention to levy contributions for the maintenance of the army, as if they were a conquered people. Dumouriez issued an order, on entering Mons, for the clergy to advance one year's income for the same purpose. Saxe-Teschen and old marshal Bender evacuated Brussels, and on the 14th Dumouriez entered and took up his head-quarters there. He there made heavy forced loans, and soon after arrived what was styled "a committee of purchases" from Paris, headed by Bidermann, the banker, and partner of Clavières, minister of finance. This committee, on which were several Jews, made all the bargains for the army, and paid for them—not in gold, but in the worthless assignats of France. The Belgians remonstrated and resisted, but in vain. The soldiers were paid in hard cash; but speculators, who swarmed in the track of the army, gave them three times their amount in assignats; and they exacted, under threats, and often under blows, the full nominal value of these assignats from the tradesmen.

Besides this monstrous oppression, under plea of seizing the effects of French emigrants, citizens were plundered of money, jewels, pictures, and valuable furniture; and wagons were soon seen, loaded with works of art and vertû, on their way to Paris—a system which became universal in the French campaigns all over Europe. To make the matter worse, the jacobinised sans culottes of Belgium were let loose against what were called the aristocrats—the people of property, and they were thus doubly plundered. In vain did the astonished sufferers appeal to Dumouriez for redress; he declared that he had no power in such matters, they must appeal to the convention; but the convention paid no attention to such complaints; and a still greater number of adventurers, ruined by the revolution at home, or afraid of their lives there, flocked after the French armies, and pursued a lucrative trade in the robbery and extortion of the unfortunate peoples who received a visit from the Gallic armies of freedom and fraternity.

Dumouriez advanced to Mechlin, having dispatched Labourdonnaye to lay siege to Antwerp and Valence, and to reduce Namur. At Mechlin he found a great store of arms and ammunition, which enabled him to equip whole flocks of volunteers who came after him from France. On the 22nd he again overtook Saxe-Teschen at Tirlemont, where he made another stout resistance, and then retired to Liege, where the Austrians made another stand on the 27th. They were repulsed, but with heavy loss on both sides; and soon after, Antwerp and Valence having surrendered, all the Austrian Netherlands, except Luxembourg, were in the hands of France within a single month. The jacobins of Liege outdid those of other towns in their violence against the so-called aristocrats, and the French plundered all alike. Danton and Lacroix arrived as commissioners from the convention, and levied heavy contributions in its name, plundered the churches and the municipalities, and sent away loads of valuable pictures, carvings, plate, and rich furniture. They stirred up the sans culottes to imitate the Parisians in massacreing the wealthy citizens. Instead of relief and liberty, the Belgians found their country converted into a hell upon earth by their French friends.

Dumouriez sent forward Miranda, a Peruvian, who had superseded Labourdonnaye at Antwerp, to reduce Ruremonde, and to enter Holland by the seizure of Maestricht; but the convention were not yet prepared for this invasion of Holland, and Dumouriez pushed on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he again defeated the Austrians on the 7th of December, and, levying heavy contributions there, took up his winter quarters in the ancient city of Charlemagne, and within little more than a day's march of the Rhine.

Whilst Dumouriez had thus overrun the Netherlands, other French generals had been equally pushing on aggressions. Custine, with about twenty thousand men, had marched upon the German towns on the Rhine; had taken Speir, Worms, and Mayence by the 21st of October. These towns abounded with democrats, who had imbibed the grand doctrine of the "rights of man," and laboured, to their cost, under the same delusion as the Belgians—that the French were coming solely for their liberation and advantage. Custine advanced to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, which he plundered without mercy. Custine called loudly for co-operation from Kellermann; but Kellermann not complying, he was superseded by Beurnonville, who was ordered to take Treves. He attempted it, but too late in

the season, and failed. Custine, who had advanced too far from the main army to support his position, still, however, garrisoned Frankfort with two thousand men, and took up his own quarters at Ober Yssel and Hainburg, a little below Frankfort, in the commencement of December.

This was a broad indication of the French seizing, under the pretence of propagating liberty, on what had been called the *natural* boundaries of France in the time of Louis XIV. —namely, the Rhine and the Alps, thus including Belgium, part of Holland, Nice, and Savoy. They dispatched emissaries to Victor Amadeus, the king of Sardinia, offering to do what Napoleon III., too, also lately offered to do to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and give Italy to the Italians. As they had, however, previously sent numbers of their jacobin propagandists to inoculate his people with republicanism, the king refused their offers, and forbade general Semonville to enter the country. On this, the convention proclaimed war against him, and ordered Montesquieu to invade Nice and Savoy. With an army of fifteen thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery, Montesquieu entered Savoy, and the few Savoyard troops being unable to compete with him, the people, moreover, being already prepared by French republicans, he overrun the country, entered Chambery in triumph, and occupied the province to the foot of Mont Cenis. Another army, under Anselve, entered Nice, occupied Nice and Villafranca with little resistance. Arms and ammunition fell into their hands in abundance. To complete their operations, admiral Truguet appeared on the sea-board with a fleet of eleven ships of the line, and other vessels, carrying two thousand land troops. He assisted in the reduction of Mont Albano, and, finding some resistance on the part of the inhabitants of the small port of Oneglia, he bombarded the town and massacred the people. Truguet then proceeded to Genoa, and afterwards to Naples, where he compelled the weak Bourbon king, by a cannonade, to recognise the republic. He then hastened to Toulon, being apprehensive of being intercepted in these bravadoes, contrary to all the laws of nations at nominal peace with each other, by a British fleet. Elated by the successes of these campaigns, the French convention passed a decree, declaring that it would grant succour and fraternity to all peoples desirous of recovering their liberty; it ordered all its generals to give such aid to all citizens who were, or might be, harshly treated on account of their desire for liberty; and that the generals should post this decree in all public places to which they should carry the arms of the republic.

On the 21st of September the convention met in the Tuileries. Amongst the members for Paris were Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, a younger brother of Robespierre, Augustine, Collot d'Herbois, David, Fabre d'Eglantine, Manuel, Panis, Sergent, and nearly all the leading jacobins. In fact, the jacobins of both town and country were returned almost to a man, and most of the Girondists. The first act of the convention was to send to the legislative assembly the notification of its formation, and that the existence of that body was, as a matter of course, at an end. They then marched in a body to the Salle de Manege, and took possession of it. It was, in the case of most of the members, but returning to their old seats. But there were a considerable number of the members of the first assembly who now reappeared, as Marat, Robespierre, abbé Sieyes, &c. Thomas Paine appeared for the department of the Pas de Calais, and Dr. Priestley was elected for the department of L'Orme, but did not sit.

The Girondists now appeared on the right, the jacobins on the left, under the name of the Mountain, and the centre, or moderates, took the name of the Plain. The first speech and motion were made by Manuel, proposing that the president of the convention and of France should be lodged in the Tuileries, attended by all the state which had accompanied the king, and that, whenever he appeared in the house, all the members should receive him standing. This was an astounding proposition, and would have converted his friend Petion, who was elected president, into a monarch for the time. The motion was received with a storm of reprobation, and dismissed. The second motion, made by Collot d'Herbois, was for the immediate abolition of royalty. He was seconded by the abbé Gregoire, and it was unanimously abolished accordingly. No time was lost in communicating this fact to the royal family in the Temple. At four o'clock, on the very first day of the convention's existence, namely, on the 21st of September, Lubin, a municipal officer, attended by a body of horsemen and a great mob, sounded a trumpet, and cried, in a voice that the royal family could hear distinctly, that monarchy was abolished by decree of the convention. Clery, the faithful valet-de-chambre, says, "Hèbert, so well known by the name of Père du Chesne, and Destournelles, were then on guard over the family; they were sitting, at the time, near the door, and stared the king in the face with a malicious grin. The monarch perceived it, but, having a book in his hand, continued to read without suffering the smallest alteration to appear upon his countenance. The queen displayed equal resolution; not a word nor a gesture escaped either of them to increase the malignant enjoyment of these men." Clery went to the window as the proclamation ceased; and, as he was taken for the king, both soldiers and mob made the most menacing gestures, and heaped on him the foulest terms of abuse.

No sooner had the united convention performed this notable act of abolishing royalty, than they fell upon each other, Girondist against jacobin, and jacobin against Girondist. Manuel and Petion, who had incurred the odium of proposing to invest the president with the attributes of royalty, passed for Girondists, though they had, for a long time, been acting wholly with the jacobins; it was again a Girondist, Buzot, who proposed that the convention should have a guard. To this the jacobins replied that the love of the people made a guard unnecessary. On this the Girondists imprudently threw down the gauntlet to the jacobins, and declared that the Mountain was meditating designs against the republic; that they were aiming at a dictatorship or a triumvirate, and that the massacres of September were but a preparation for it. The jacobins dared them to the proof, and Rebecqui, a new member, rose and denounced Robespierre. Others threw out the suspicion that Danton, Robespierre, and Marat were aiming at making themselves a triumvirate. Danton rose and denied it, and was followed by Robespierre, in a long, tedious harangue, defying the

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Girondists. Barbaroux reiterated the charges against Robespierre; and, after a violent debate by other members, Marat rose, for the first time, to defend himself. At the hideous and dirty aspect of this notorious cut-throat of all decent character, of this bloodthirsty assassin of truth and reputation, there was a general burst of horror and indignation. But Marat threw his dirty cap on the tribune, and, with a fiend-like grin, said, "I perceive that I have many enemies in this assembly." He was overwhelmed with shouts of "Down! down!" but he set them at defiance; declared that all those who had persecuted him were cowards, and that he was the only man who had openly proposed a dictator. If he had been listened to, he said, on the day when the Bastille was taken, the heads of five hundred conspirators would have fallen from their shoulders, and it would have saved them the trouble they had had to purge the city in September. After a still more violent debate, in which Vergniaud attacked Marat, and that unabashed monster replied in a strain of self-glorification, the convention passed to the order of the day, thus leaving the victory with the jacobins.

The war of parties was renewed from day to day. Louvet, the Girondist, made a vehement attack on Robespierre; whilst Roland, the minister, as briskly attacked the proceedings of the commune, which was composed of the leading jacobins. He charged them with corrupt practices, and waste of the public money; and he sent orders into the departments to arrest their commissaries, as robbers and assassins. Men were employed to call out for the heads of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. These were acts not likely to pass unavenged by the jacobins, who had the whole sanguinary mob at their beck. On the 5th of November Robespierre rose to defend himself. He asked, in a tone of irony, where were his means of making himself a dictator? had he treasures? had he armies? had he fortresses? &c.; but he omitted to ask whether he had the truculent populace at his command, which every one knew that he had. The Mountain again called for the order of the day, and carried it, as well as that Robespierre's speech should be printed and circulated through the departments. When this sanguinary sophist, this incorruptible one, appeared in the jacobin club that evening, he was almost smothered with embraces, and deafened with applauses. The club, too, ordered his speech to be printed, and circulated throughout all France; Robespierre, and the other jacobins, circulated it, too, in their journals, so that the country was deluged with it. It was manifest that the Girondists had suffered a complete defeat through the whole controversy, and must expect the vengeance of the most relentless party that ever existed. They still appeared in a majority on all questions of a general kind, and figured largely in the committee for revising the constitution, and in that of the twenty-four, for arranging the arraignment of the king. That question only, the king's trial-and certain condemnation, stood between them and the exterminating fury of the jacobins.

The unfortunate royal family remained cooped up in the Temple during these transactions. They had been removed from the small tower to the large one, simply because it was deemed more secure. This removal added nothing to the comfort of the unfortunate captives, for they were subjected to the constant presence of low jacobin guards, who never lost sight of them, except during the night, when one of the guards placed his bed before the door, to prevent the possibility of any entrance or egress. The king occupied one floor, the queen and princesses, with the dauphin, another. Louis and his wife were prevented having the slightest opportunity of exchanging an idea. A single attendant only was allowed them—the faithful Clery, and a man to assist him in waiting at table, for Clery waited and attended on the whole family in turn. They breakfasted at nine o'clock in the king's apartment, and then adjourned to that of the queen. There, Louis turned schoolmaster, and instructed his son, teaching him passages from Corneille and Racine by heart, and giving him lessons in geography, of which he himself was very fond. The queen performed the same offices for her daughter, and then she and her sister-in-law worked tapestry. At one o'clock they were all allowed to walk for an hour in the Temple, where they were affectionately observed by a number of their loyal subjects, who placed themselves at windows overlooking the garden. But even this indulgence was embittered to them. They frequently found written on the walls, in large letters, sentences full of the indecent expressions of the hatred of their enemies. The obscenity of some of these scrawls was infamous, and so large, as to make it impossible to overlook them. One of the soldiers wrote on the king's own chamber door, "The guillotine is permanent, and ready for the tyrant Louis!" At another time was chalked up, "Madame Veto shall swing! The little wolves must be strangled!" &c. One Simon, a shoemaker, and one of the commissioners appointed to superintend the expenses of the Temple, was extremely insolent to the captives, and would observe to Clery in their hearing, "Clery, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I may not have the trouble of coming up twice." One of the door-keepers, named Rocher, accoutred as a pioneer, with long whiskers, a black hairy cap, a huge sabre, and a belt, from which hung a bunch of great keys, came up to the door when the king wanted to go out, but did not open it till his majesty was quite close, when, pretending to search for the key among the many which he had, and which he rattled in a terrible manner, he designedly kept the royal family waiting, and then drew the bolts with a great clatter. After doing this, he ran down before them, and, fixing himself on one side of the last door, with a long pipe in his mouth, puffed the fumes of his tobacco at each of the royal family as they went out, and chiefly at the queen and princesses. Some national guards, who were amused at these indignities, came about him, burst into fits of laughter at every puff of smoke, and used the grossest language. Some of them went so far as to bring chairs from the guard-room, to sit and enjoy the sight, obstructing the passage, which of itself was sufficiently narrow.

Such were the indignities daily heaped on this unhappy family by the lowest vulgarity. At two o'clock dinner was served; the king took his nap, and the ladies returned to their needlework, and Clery, in another room, amused the dauphin with some kind of sport. In the evening the family read some book together, and then retired to their respective apartments. The king continued to read some hours longer, in the Latin and Italian classics, Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation

of Christ," Montesquieu, Buffon, or Hume's History. Whilst in the Temple, he read about two hundred and fifty volumes.

But the commune thought they had yet too many enjoyments. Santerre, with a regular staff, daily appeared, and made inspection of the whole of the tower, and very soon pens, ink, and paper were taken away; then all penknives, razors, or other sharp instruments, as if the captives designed self-destruction. It was proposed to take away the knives and forks with which they ate; these, however, were left, but they were closely watched while using them, and they were removed the moment they were laid down. The scissors of the ladies were next taken away, which deprived them, in a great measure, of one of their few amusements—their needlework. They could not even repair their clothes, which were becoming very dilapidated. On one occasion, when madame Elizabeth was mending the king's coat, having no scissors, she bit off the thread. "How are we fallen!" said the king, looking tenderly at her. "Sister, you were in want of nothing in your pretty little house of Montreuil." "Brother," she replied, "I have no regrets while I share your misfortunes."

But these indignities and severities were the least of what they had to bear. They heard in their prison of the defeat and retreat of the allies, and knew that thus every hope for them had vanished. "The constant torment," says Clery, "which the royal family suffered, in not being able to give a loose to any unrestrained expression of their feelings, to any free effusion of their hearts, at a time when they were agitated with so many fears, was one of the most cruel refinements and dearest delights of their enemies." The commune kept all possible news of what was going on in the assembly, in the city, or abroad, from them, except the news of the victories; but Clery, through the single man allowed to assist him in waiting, had contrived a means of informing them of what passed. A hawker, no doubt a loyal one, was engaged and paid. This man, on pretence of selling his newspapers, came every day beneath the windows of the Temple, and bawled out their contents. Clery took care to be at the window to hear all, and found means of whispering any important matter to the family. But the time was fast approaching when their troubles were to end.

The convention was debating the question of Louis's trial. On the 6th of November Valazé, a Girondist, presented to it the report of the committee of twenty-four. This report charged Louis Capet with high treason against the nation, and declared that his punishment ought to be more than simple deposition. The next day Mailhe, another Girondist, presented the report of the committee of legislation, and accompanied it by a speech, in which he accused Louis of all the crimes which had been committed during the revolution, and recommended the trial of Charles I. as the model for his trial. The queen, he said, ought to be tried by an ordinary tribunal, observing that the heads of queens were no more inviolable than other women's heads. This was as plainly intimating the wishes of the Girondists for the execution of the king and queen as any jacobins could do. In fact, so completely did his remarks coincide with the views of the jacobins, that he was applauded by jacobins, Girondists, and Plain. It was voted that the report should be printed and circulated through the departments; that a committee should be appointed to collect the necessary papers and other evidence; that these should be submitted to Louis, or his counsel; that the convention should fix the day of trial, and should pronounce sentence by every member voting separately, and aloud.

This, however, was not done until these questions had undergone long debate. In these debates, which lasted from the 6th of November to the 11th of December, Morrison began by declaring that the convention had no right or power to try the king; that the constitution of 1791 had provided for his *déchéance*, and nothing more, and that only for appearing at the head of an army against the people. St. Just, a gloomy fanatic, of Picardy, delivered a ferocious speech in reply to this. He called on them to put an end to him at once, on the ground that all kings were no better than wild beasts, and that every man in France had the same right to destroy him as Brutus had to destroy Cæsar. Fauchet, on the contrary, denounced the trying or injuring of Louis at all. To punish him, he said, was to raise a host of zealots in his favour; and the only politic course was to allow him to go about his business, and wander, weak and insignificant, through every department of France, showing what a poor, contemptible thing was a king without his usual environments—his police, his armies, and his gilded state. The abbé Gregoire declared such reasoning only political cowardice. Thomas Paine addressed the convention by letter, treating the inviolability of kings as a sorry burlesque; and Robespierre ridiculed the idea of being bound by the constitution of 1791: that, he said, no longer existed. The people were the constitution; they demanded the death of the tyrant, and that he must die in order that France might live! The convention was urged on by deputations from the commune and from other quarters, and it was decreed that Louis should be brought to the bar of the convention on the 11th of December.

In order to furnish evidence against the king, there was a great rummaging amongst official papers, and rewards were offered for the production of criminatory evidence. Then came forward one Gamain, a locksmith, who had been employed by Louis to construct the secret closet in the wall, of which we have already spoken, and which was now called "the iron chest." This was constructed in the wall of the king's bedchamber, behind the wainscot, and so well concealed, that no one could discover it without being first shown it. Marie Antoinette had warned the king, that if this depository of important papers was discovered, it would be fatal to him; and Gamain, the constructor of it, now came forward to betray its existence. Roland took the opportunity to accompany Gamain, with only one or two municipal clerks. He had the papers tied up in napkins and carried to a Girondist committee, where they were examined for several days before they were announced to the convention. The moment this fact was known there was a terrible outcry amongst the jacobins. They declared that Roland had only too justly feared the revelations which these papers would make against the intrigues of the Girondists with the court, and had thus taken care to abstract the proofs of guilt. This appeared only too probable; but if the Girondist ministers screened themselves and party, they

took no care to screen the reputation of Mirabeau. The evidences of his long-purchased collusion with the court were speedily dragged to light amid howls of execration. The convention ordered the bust of Mirabeau in its hall to be covered with black crape; but the jacobin club went further. Robespierre proclaimed Mirabeau a venal and infamous traitor; demanded that his bust should be pulled down and cast into the street, and that every other bust, except those of Brutus and Rousseau, should be removed, together with all civic crowns and garlands which had been suspended on the walls in honour of men who had only proved themselves traitors and intriguants. This was speedily done: all these garlands and crowns were torn down, and trodden, and kicked, and stamped upon in the street with Mirabeau's bust, which was pounded to atoms. Gamain was voted a pension of twelve hundred livres for betraying the master who had once paid him bountifully, and trusted him in too much confidence.

The convention had taken no trouble to inform Louis of their decree to bring him to trial, much less of the time fixed; but his faithful Clery had learned these particulars, and, fearing to communicate them to the king, had communicated them to madame Elizabeth. She imparted the mournful tidings to him, and also that during the trial it was determined entirely to separate him from his family. The only possible chance of communication would be through Clery, and that would be made extremely difficult by the constant vigilance of the municipal officers. The commune had ordered that, on the morning of the 11th, all the sections should be under arms; that the guards at all public places should be doubled, numerous reserves be stationed at various points with strong artillery, and that the carriage which conveyed the king to the convention should be also strongly guarded. Accordingly, on the morning of this day, so early as five o'clock, the drums were heard beating through Paris; a squadron of horse, attended by cannon, took post in the gardens of the Temple, and battalions of infantry drew up in front, with a great galloping of orderlies and aides-de-camp from place to place.

Amid all this noise of preparation, calculated to crush the hearts of the doomed family within, the king sate down to breakfast with his wife, his children, and his sister for the last time. Much as they must have had to say to each other, the presence of their watchful gaolers made them dumb, except on the most indifferent subjects. After breakfast, Louis took the dauphin with him down to his own room. The little boy would have him to play at draughts with him, and Louis, with an aching heart, but with an outward air of composure, played several games with him. The dauphin took his lesson-books, and began reading, as usual, to his father. At eleven o'clock, whilst thus engaged, two municipal officers appeared, and said they must take the boy up to his mother. This is Clery's own account:—"The king desired to know why he was taken away. The commissioners replied they were executing the orders of the council of the commune. The king tenderly embraced his son, and charged me to conduct him. On my return, I assured his majesty I had delivered the prince to the queen, which appeared a little to relieve his mind. His majesty afterwards for some minutes walked about his room in much agitation, then sate down in an arm-chair at the head of the bed. The door stood ajar, but the officer did not like to go in, wishing, he told me, to avoid questions; but half an hour passing in this dead silence, he became uneasy at not hearing the king move, and went softly in. He found him leaning with his head upon his hand, apparently in deep thought. The king, on being disturbed, said, 'What do you want with me?' 'I was afraid,' answered the officer, 'that you were unwell.' 'I am obliged to you,' replied the king, in an accent replete with anguish, 'but the manner in which they have taken my son from me cuts me to the heart.' The municipal officer withdrew without saying a word."

It was not till one o'clock that Chambon, the mayor, made his appearance, accompanied by Chaumette, now the procureur of the commune in place of Manuel, and many other municipals, as well as by Santerre, commander-in-chief of the national guards, and his staff. The mayor informed Louis of the nature of his errand, and the secretary of the commune read the decree of the convention, summoning Louis Capet to take his trial. "Capet!" said the king; "that is not my name, though it is the name of one of my ancestors." He then said to the mayor, "Sir, I wish your commissaries had left my son with me during the two hours that I have been waiting for you; but this treatment is of a piece with that which I have met with during these last four months. I am ready to follow you, not in obedience to the convention, but because my enemies have the power in their hands." Clery handed him his hat and greatcoat, and they descended to the gateway. There he was handed into the mayor's carriage, which was preceded and followed by cannon loaded with grape-shot, and surrounded by a strong body of jacobin guards; and thus they drove slowly to the convention, amongst crowds and bodies of national guards, who sung the "Marseillais Hymn," dooming tyrants to death, as he passed.

Whilst the king was approaching, the convention employed itself in consulting how they should try him; and numbers of the jacobin members, amongst them Drouet, the postmaster of Varennes, who was now a member, Marat, Sergent, and Petion, continued to heap upon the king all the crimes which had been committed by the royalists since the revolution, and many which had not been committed. Petion lyingly declared that on the 10th of August he had been at the palace, and not only was Louis anxious to massacre the people by the Swiss, but that his own life had been in danger. Legendre moved that no petition should be heard, no deputy allowed to speak, no token of approbation or disapprobation given. "We must awe him," he said, "by the silence of the grave." This inhuman sentiment—uttered, not against a king in his full power, and surrounded by warriors and courtiers, but against a weak, stripped, and friendless man—excited some murmurs of indignation. Manuel then, with a ridiculous vanity, proposed that they should try him on the order of the day, that they might not appear to be occupied with the king alone, and this suggestion was adopted. They began to discuss a law regarding the emigrants.

Santerre then announced that "Louis Capet was at the door." Barrère, a man without talent and without principle,

then, as president, exclaimed, "Citizens, the eyes of Europe are upon you! Posterity will judge you with inflexible severity. Preserve, then, that dispassionate coolness befitting judges. Recollect the awful silence which attended Louis when he was brought from Varennes—a silence, the forerunner of the judgment of kings by the nations!" And after this pompous speech he said, "Let him be brought in." The king was led in betwixt the mayor and a municipal officer. Santerre stepped forward, took him by one arm, and general Wittingoff, a Courlander, who had joined the revolution in France, by the other, and conducted him to the bar. At the sight of the monarch thus brought in a prisoner, yet calm and dignified, all appeared moved. Barrère himself is said to have turned pale; the Girondists were greatly agitated; and even the Mountain was affected. Barrère, however, said, in insulting phrase, "Louis, the French nation accuses you. The national convention decreed, on the 3rd of December, that you shall be tried by it; and on the 6th of December you will be brought to this bar. The act containing the charges against you is about to be read. Louis, you may be seated."

The king seated himself, and looked around on the assembly, apparently in greater composure than any man there. The articles, fifty-seven in number, were read to him, and after each he was asked what he had to reply. Louis did not follow the example of Charles I. of England, whose history he had carefully studied, by denying the authority of the court; he replied calmly, and without passion or emotion, to every charge, except the one which accused him of shedding the blood of the people on the 10th of August, when he answered emphatically, "No, sir, no; it was not I. The palace was menaced, and, as one of the constituted authorities, I had a right to defend it and myself; but I did not even do that. I sent for a deputation of this assembly, and I took refuge here with my family."

The chief of the charges were the interruption of the sitting of the 20th of June, 1789; with the bed of justice held on the 23rd of the same month; the aristocratic conspiracy, thwarted by the insurrection of the 14th of July; the entertainments of the life guards; the insults offered to the national cockade; the refusal to sanction the declaration of rights, as well as several constitutional articles. Lastly, all the facts which indicated a new conspiracy in October, followed by the scenes of the 5th and 6th, the speeches of reconciliation which succeeded all these scenes, and which, they argued, promised a change that was not sincere; the oath, declared to be false, taken at the federation of the 14th of July; the secret practices with Talon and Mirabeau to effect a counter revolution; the money spent to bribe deputies; the assemblage of the knights of the dagger on the 28th of February, 1791; the flight to Varennes; the fusillade of the Champ de Mars; the silence respecting the treaty of Pilnitz; the refusal to sanction the decrees for the banishment of the priests, and for the forming the encampment of Paris; the concealment of the march of the Prussians; the organisation of secret societies in Paris; the bloodshed on the 10th of August, &c., &c.

Some of the charges Louis firmly denied; others he attributed to his ministers; but he mainly based his defence on the constitution, by which he asserted that he had carefully and continually guided himself. He was shown the papers found in the iron chest, but he denied all knowledge of them, except of some notes written by La Fayette, which, he said, merely related to the constitution while in progress. His denial of the iron chest and its contents was unwise, for it was a fact too palpable, and it tended to destroy the faith in his word; but it might be regarded as the plea of not guilty in an English court, and, seeing that he had no counsel, might be deemed a matter of mere policy. He was told that he might withdraw; but, before doing so, he demanded the aid of counsel, and then was conducted to a room where he took some refreshment. This done, he was taken back in the mayor's coach to the Temple, in the same manner in which he had come, and amid the inhuman jeers and singing of the Marseillais by the assembled mob. Though he was visibly thinner, and his beard and dress had the negligence of misery, no symptoms of pity were visible in a public which loved blood and a spectacle more than humanity. He reached the Temple at half-past six in the evening, and demanded to see his family, but was told that was forbidden by the commune. He begged an officer to communicate his return, and that he was well; and this he did, and brought back the message, that the family were well also. He read till half-past eight, when supper was served: he then asked again whether his family were not to sup with him, to which there was no answer: he sate down alone. After supper, he again entreated to see his family, but was not allowed. The bed of his son was then carried away, and the agonised father demanded why his little boy might not sleep there, as usual. The answer was the same silence. Louis threw himself in dumb agony on his bed, and, in the few whispered words which passed between him and Clery, as his faithful valet took his leave for the night, he said he could not have conceived all the questions that the convention had put to him. The next morning he resumed, in vain, his desire to see his family, and, when that was refused, to be allowed to kiss his children, but with no avail. When Clery expressed a hope that the convention would revoke the order for this cruel separation, Louis replied: "I expect no consideration, no justice, no mercy; but let us wait."

Meantime, a violent debate had taken place in the convention on Louis's demand for counsel. It was vehemently opposed by the Mountain. Billaud-Varennes, whom Napoleon afterwards declared of all the base creatures of the revolution the worst, Tallien, who began as the son of a nobleman's porter, and the rest of them, deprecated the allowance of any counsel whatever. Treilhard, Garat, Petion, and other Girondists, argued for it, as what the meanest prisoner was entitled to. Chabot, Merlin, Thuriot, and others, were furious for the refusal of this indulgence, but at length it was decreed that he should have counsel allowed him, and Target and Tronchet were named. Tronchet at once accepted the duty; but Target, with a cowardice which rendered him contemptible, even to the enemies of the king, declined, on pretence of having been obliged to give up his practice, though he had only given up this to be a judge. Malesherbes, though upwards of seventy, intimated that, as he had twice been counsel for him who was once his master, in times when that duty was coveted by every one, he was

desirous to pay him the same service now that many people deemed it dangerous. The king at once accepted the aid of these two accomplished and honest men; and though Sourdat—a lawyer of Troyes, who had held office under the king—and others came forward to offer themselves, Louis declared himself perfectly satisfied with Tronchet and the venerable Malesherbes. On the 14th the two counsel were admitted to the king. On seeing Malesherbes, the king ran forward to meet him; the old man sank at the king's feet,

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE IN THE TEMPLE, PARIS.

and burst into tears. Louis raised him, and embraced him warmly.

The king demanded that he should be supplied with pens, ink, and paper, and again that he should be permitted to see his family. A great debate took place again on this head. It was at once decided that he should have the writing materials, and eventually, that he should see his family. But the commune persisted in maintaining its order, in defiance of the convention, as they had also ordered that the counsel should not be admitted to Louis without undergoing a strict search each time. These proceedings of the commune excited the indignation of the convention, many of its members declaring that its dignity was compromised. Tallien said, no matter whether the convention decreed it or not, the commune would pursue its own course. The agitation was intense: it was decreed that the counsel should be admitted to the king free of the indignity of search, and this point the commune conceded; but they persisted in the refusal to allow the king to see his family, declaring that the women would concoct with him arguments, which would create delay and embarrassment. The assembly descended to a compromise, and it was ordered that the king should be allowed to see the children. To this the commune demurred, asserting that the children were very cunning, and would carry plans and arguments from one party to the other. When, at last, the commune admitted the order for the children to be with the father, but that they should remain there altogether, Louis said to Clery:—"You see the cruel dilemma in which they have placed me. In this way I cannot think of having my children with me; as for my daughter, she is out of the question, and I know what pain the queen would suffer in giving up my son: I must make the sacrifice." And he generously gave up this satisfaction of seeing his children.

Whilst the trial of the king was proceeding, the two factions of the Gironde and the jacobins were engaged in a deadly warfare with each other. The Girondists, alarmed at the power and the vindictive spirit of the jacobins, were more than half inclined to take the part of the king. They accused the jacobins of the crimes of September, though they themselves had taken no steps to prevent them. They

THE DAUPHIN SEPARATED FROM HIS FATHER BY ORDER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

declared that the jacobins were preparing for a general anarchy, and only wished to sacrifice the king in order to set up a triumvirate of their own. Guadet nearly succeeded in driving the jacobins from the convention, where the Gironde, supported by the federalists from the south, had still a great party. He demanded that the electoral assemblies of all France should be convoked to confirm or cashier their deputies. The jacobins were greatly alarmed at this, especially as federalists continued to arrive from all quarters, and the municipalities to send up addresses, which, while they congratulated the convention on the approval of a republic, condemned the crimes and excesses which had been committed. They—some of them—denounced the mother society, and declared themselves ready to fly to Paris to support the convention against it. The jacobins, in their turn, returned the accusations on the Girondists; they issued addresses to the affiliated jacobins throughout the country, calling on them to keep united, and support the mother society in denouncing the traitor Roland, who, they said, abused the post by circulating through it false representations.

But this intestine war of factions extended even to the jacobin leaders, Marat and Robespierre. These two sanguinary monsters were in direct and fierce conflict with each other, and their partisans carried the feud into the very bosom of the mother society, the jacobin club. Many of the affiliated societies demanded that both Marat and Robespierre should be expelled from the club; others demanded the erasure of Marat's name alone, as a man whose bloody violence compromised the party. A furious discussion took place in the club on the question of expelling Marat; but it ended in his being allowed to remain. Both Marat and Robespierre were anxious that the federalists should quit Paris, where, they said, they supported the Girondists, and march to the army. The check which Beurnonville and Custine had received on the frontiers and in Germany added fresh anxiety to these demands. Marat accused the generals of being traitors; and Robespierre accused the Girondist ministers of controlling the convention and thwarting the measures of the commanders. He declared that the traitor Roland, the intriguing Brissot, the scoundrels Louvet, Guadet, and Vergniaud, were the authors of all the calamities of France. They fettered, he said, both Dumouriez and Custine, and had no object but to destroy the society of the jacobins, and butcher all who dared to oppose them. "As for me," he exclaimed, "I desire to be assassinated by Roland!"

War to the death was declared betwixt the Girondists and jacobins, and the latter bound themselves by an oath, on the 12th of December, never to be reconciled to the Gironde. The war was carried into the convention. Thuriot proposed a decree of death against any one who should attempt to break the unity of the republic, by separating any portion of it from the rest. This was aimed at the Girondists, and meant their drawing the federalists to themselves. Buzot immediately proposed a decree for the banishment of all the Bourbons. This was aimed at the duke of Orleans, who, he declared, the jacobins, when they had sacrificed Louis, meant to put into his vacant throne. Buzot adduced the bravery of Orleans's sons, then in the army, as a reason for this banishment, because their merits rendered them dangerous to liberty. Louvet called upon Orleans, who was present, to exile himself for the good of his country. Lanjuinais referred to the election of Orleans, which, he declared, was carried under the very bayonets of the jacobin faction. Bazire, St. Just, Chabot, and other jacobins defended Orleans, but banishment, nevertheless, was decreed by acclamation. To this the jacobins replied by immediately demanding the banishment of all dangerous men, and first and foremost of Roland and Pache. But then it was asked, whether a representative of the people could be banished, and it was resolved that the confirmation of the decree should stand over till after the trial of Louis; and all parties then turned their keenest attention to that great event.

It was ordered that Louis should be brought to the bar on the 26th of December. In the afternoon of the 16th, four commissioners, who had been members of the committee of the twenty-four, appeared, and presented him with a copy of his impeachment, and also submitted to him a number of papers that were to be produced against him. Most of these were such as had been found in the iron chest. The whole day till midnight was spent in examining these papers, and in Louis signing them with his affirmative or denial. When it was late, he took pity on the commissioners, and had supper brought up for them. When they retired, Tronchet alone remained with him, except a fellow as watch over him, who, in a dirty working dress, seated himself in the king's arm-chair, with his hat on, and talked to Tronchet and the king with all the insolence of equality, "thouing" them most familiarly. The commissioners, before retiring, expressed their disgust at this fellow's conduct, yet they dared not to remove him, lest they, too, should be accused of being in favour of royalty. Louis through the whole displayed the utmost equanimity, except when certain depositions of his own servants were laid before him. By these wretches, pretended conversations betwixt the king and queen, likely to damage them, were sworn to. Louis was deeply affected at this treachery and ingratitude.

Tronchet and Malesherbes requested to be allowed the assistance of Desèze, a young advocate, who had acquired great distinction by the defence of Besenval after the 14th of July. This was accorded, and Louis was engaged with his counsel every evening, from the 14th to the 25th, in preparing his defence. During this time he was enabled to communicate with his family again, as he could use the pens and paper of his counsel, and his family could reply by pricking their answers with a pin on the same paper. These papers were inclosed in balls of thread, and let down from one room to the other by a string, or secretly conveyed by the person who carried in the dishes, and thrown under the table at meal-times. To such stratagems were the royal family of France reduced in order to learn of each other that each was well! The 19th was the birth-day of Louis's daughter, who was fourteen years of age, and he entreated anxiously to be allowed to see her on such an occasion; but he entreated in vain. As he was not allowed razors, he was unable to shave, and his beard became very troublesome. He therefore made a formal demand for his razors, and he was permitted to use them, under the close watch of two municipal officers whilst he did so. They need not have

feared his cutting his throat. Louis was too pious, too conscious of his innocence, and too fearless of death, to attempt suicide. On the 25th (Christmas-day) he made his will, and in it solemnly, and, no doubt, sincerely, forgave all his enemies—all who had ever injured him.

At length Desèze, by incessant labour, had completed his defence, which his colleagues considered a masterpiece. The peroration was felt to be extremely affecting, for in it he had made an eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the judges. But Louis said he had a very painful request to make of M. Desèze, which was, that the peroration should be omitted. It was enough, he said, for him to show that he was innocent of the charges made against him; he could not condescend to appeal to their feelings. It was a sentiment full of self-respect.

At half-past nine in the morning of the 26th all Paris was again under arms, and Chambon, the mayor, appeared at the Temple, attended by Santerre with a strong force. Louis was conducted to the mayor's carriage, and was thus guarded to the Feuillans, the house of the convention. He appeared perfectly calm; conversed with the officers on Seneca, Livy, and about the hospitals. Seeing Santerre sitting in the carriage with his hat on, he jocularly remarked, "The last time, sir, that you conducted me to the Temple, in your hurry, you had forgotten your hat; but now, I perceive, you are determined to make up for the omission." He was accompanied into the convention by his three defenders; he seated himself by their side, and looked around with an air of composure on the members. As M. Desèze proceeded with his defence, he seemed to scrutinise the countenances of these, his judges, as if desirous to trace its effect on them. But the whole was received in the most profound silence. Desèze first laid down the law of the case, and then reviewed the facts by the test of the law. He said the convention had decreed that there should be no inviolability, but he contended that that inviolability was part and parcel of the constitution, and could not be removed without destroying the constitution altogether. He declared that the people who claimed the sovereignty had bound themselves, in 1791, by this constitution and its clause of inviolability, and Louis XVI. took his stand upon that; that, unless this inviolability were maintained, the constitution would be a barbarous snare to the king, who had consented to it in good faith, and without his consent it could not have been established. By that constitution they had no power to pronounce any sentence against the king except simple dethronement, and he demanded for the king the safeguards provided by the constitution for the simplest citizen; that his accusers should be separated from the jury which had to decide on his case; that the majority should amount to two-thirds, and the votes should be given secretly, the judges keeping silence whilst forming their opinion. Looking around on the assembly, he added that he sought everywhere for judges, but saw only accusers.

However this bold remark might be felt, the silence remained unbroken. He then discussed the charges; dividing them into those which preceded the acceptance of the constitution, and those which followed it. Those which preceded it he declared were annulled by the acceptance of the constitution. and those which followed were covered by the inviolability. Louis might have summed up his defence by declaring that by the law he could do no wrong, and therefore could not be amenable to the judgment of any body of men. It would have been more dignified and correct, but would have availed him quite as little as any other mode of defence. M. Desèze, waiving this right, proceeded to discuss the charges. He treated the greater number of these as trivial, or as unsupported by proof. He firmly denied that of Louis having shed the blood of the people on the 10th of August. It was the people who were the aggressors. The king, as he had himself asserted before the convention, had the right to defend himself from this attack, and the magistrates had sanctioned the exertion of this right by issuing orders to repel force by force; but Louis had declined defending himself at the cost of the lives of his people, and had retired into the bosom of the assembly to avoid bloodshed. When blood was afterwards shed by the Swiss, it was directly in opposition to the order of the king, who had forbidden them to fire. On every ground, therefore, the charge against the king, on this head, was most untenable and most unjust.

Desèze thus concluded his admirable defence:—"Louis ascended the throne at the age of twenty; and at the age of twenty he gave, upon the throne, an example of morality. He carried to the throne no culpable weakness, no corrupting passion. In that station he was economical, just, and firm, and had proved himself the constant friend of the people. The people wished for the abolition of a disastrous impost which oppressed them—he abolished it. The people demanded the abolition of servitude—he began by abolishing it himself in his domains. The people solicited reforms in the criminal legislation to alleviate the condition of accused persons—he made those reforms. The people desired that thousands of Frenchmen, whom the rigour of our customs had, till then, deprived of the rights belonging to the citizens, might either acquire or be restored to those rights—he extended the benefits to them by his laws. The people wanted liberty, and he conferred it. He even anticipated their wishes by his sacrifices; and yet it is in the name of this very people that men are now demanding—— Citizens, I shall not finish—I pause before history. Consider that it will judge your judgment, and that its judgment will be that of ages!"

At the close of this defence, Louis rose and read the following few remarks, which he had prepared:—"My means of defence are now before you. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you—perhaps for the last time—I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth. I was never afraid that my conduct should be publicly examined; but it wounds me to the heart to find, in the act of accusation, the imputation that I caused the blood of the people to be spilt; and, above all, that the calamitous events of the 10th of August are attributed to me.

"I confess that the multiplied proofs which I have given at all times of my love for the people, and the manner in which I have always conducted myself, ought, in my opinion to demonstrate that I was not afraid to expose myself in order to prevent bloodshed, and ought to clear me for ever from such an imputation,"

Being asked by the president, Defermont, whether he had anything more to say in his defence, on his saying that he had not, he was told that he might retire. He was then conducted to an adjoining apartment, where, when alone with his counsel, he embraced Desèze with tears, observing that he was exhausted by fatigue, and apparently dejected by the stern coldness with which his address had been received. Louis showed much sympathy for him, saying, "My poor Desèze!" He then conversed as cheerfully as before, and was conducted back to the Temple, which he reached at five o'clock.

No sooner had the king withdrawn, than Manuel moved that the defence of Louis should be printed, along with the charges against him; that copies should be distributed to the members within twenty-four hours; and that the debate upon it should be adjourned for three days from the time of the distribution. But the jacobins demanded fiercely that they should come to an instant judgment upon the question whether Louis Capet should suffer death or not. Duhem and Bazire declared that all formalities had been gone through; they had heard the charge and the defence; Louis himself said that he had nothing to add in his justification; they ought to vote and decide that very morning. The Girondists sate silent, as though they would allow the jacobins to have all the odium of this impetuous ferocity. At length Lanjuinais—an advocate of civil law, and one of the founders of the Breton society, but who had grown more liberal and merciful during the dreadful scenes that he had witnessed—rushed to the tribune, and alone opposed this inhuman haste. He declared that Morrisson had propounded the truth; that they had no right or power to judge the king. He exclaimed that the day of ferocious men had gone by—an assertion which many an ocean of blood had yet to contradict. He asserted that no tribunal in France had that right, much less the convention, which was composed of a majority of the conspirators of the 10th of August, which made it monstrous that the king should be judged by his accusers—the conquered by the conquerors." At the word *conspirators*, there arose a terrible clamour, and wild shouts of "Away with him! to the Abbaye with him!" Legendre, the butcher, Billaud-Varennes, and the most brutal of the members, cried, "He is a royalist! He is impeaching the glorious 10th of August!"

Lanjuinais endeavoured to make the word more palatable. He declared that he used it in a favourable sense; that the 10th of August *was* a glorious day. With much difficulty, Lanjuinais was allowed to go on, and he concluded by saying that he would rather die a thousand deaths than, contrary to all law, condemn the most execrable of tyrants. The tempest of passion continued. Manuel moved an adjournment; Duhem and the jacobins shouted, "None of your adjournments!" Amidst this uproar the Girondists sate silent, not even calling for an adjournment, till Hardy of Rouen, who was rather an opponent of the Mountain than a Girondist, declared that "justice demanded calmness and fair play," and that "it was not fair play for seven hundred and fifty men to run down one man—the king." At this the uproar became worse than ever. The jacobins rushed in a mob to the president's bureau. They surrounded his chair with furious gestures and cries, accusing him of favouring the king, and calling out for some one to tear the bell out of his hand. Still the Girondists sate silent in the most cowardly manner, evidently desirous of the king's speedy condemnation, but that the jacobins should bear the blame of it. They could have asserted their majority and have voted an adjournment at once. The tornado of fury raged on for an hour longer, when a vote was carried declaring that the discussion was opened, and should be continued, to the exclusion of all other business, till sentence was passed. After this, Salles and the ex-mayor Petion attempted to propose some delay, but they were stormed down, Marat crying, "I tell you the debate for to-day is closed," and calling on the Mountain to pull Petion out of the tribune. There were cries of "We will have no more kings!" and waving of hats; and, amongst those thus hailing this sentiment, Philip Egalité was seen as actively waving his hat as any one. Orleans, in fact, was assisting in the death of his royal relative out of a mean regard for his own safety.

The next morning St. Just ascended the tribune. The appearance of Louis, the day before, at the bar of the house, calm, gentle, and dignified in his humiliation, had touched even the ferocious hearts of many of the members of that infuriate assembly. Even Robespierre confessed that he had not seen Louis there without emotion. The Girondists were many of them deeply moved, but not enough so to instil into them courage and magnanimity. Vergniaud throughout the whole trial was greatly agitated, and the night after Louis's condemnation continued sleepless and in tears. The gloomy and cruel St. Just confessed to a participation in this softened feeling; but he endeavoured to conquer these feelings by calling Louis, in his speech, a modest and supple tyrant, who had oppressed with modesty, who defended himself with modesty, and against whose insinuating mildness it was necessary to steel themselves. Thus, with such men, there are no qualities, no innocence that may not be turned into arguments against the accused; and he demanded death, and nothing less, for the king.

The Girondists now, too cowardly to venture on the responsibility of condemning the king themselves, yet unwilling that he should escape, hit on the scheme of calling on the people in their departmental and municipal assemblies to decide the question. It was a mean and contemptible subterfuge, displaying a total want of greatness in them. We cannot better express their conduct, in thus seeking to throw the blame on the people, and yet, when they failed in this, themselves voting for the death of the king, than in the language of Napoleon, when discussing this matter with Las Casas at St. Helena. "The Girondists," he said, "condemned the king to death, and yet the majority of them had voted for the appeal to the people, which was intended to save him. This forms the inexplicable part of their conduct. Had they wished to preserve his life, they had the power to do so; nothing more would have been necessary than to adjourn the sentence, or condemn him to exile or transportation. But to condemn him to death, and, at the same time, to endeavour to make his fate depend on a popular vote, was the height of imprudence and absurdity. It was, after having destroyed the monarchy, an endeavour to tear France in pieces by a civil war. It was this false combination which ruined them. Vergniaud, their main pillar, was

the very man who proclaimed, as president, the death of Louis; and he did this at the moment when the force of their party was such in the assembly that it required several months' labour, and more than one popular insurrection, to overthrow it. That party might have ruled the convention, have destroyed the Mountain, and have governed France, if they had at once pursued a manly, straightforward conduct." They did not pursue this course, and their cowardly selfishness enabled the Mountain to destroy them.

Salles succeeded St. Just, and proposed that the matter submitted to the primary assemblies should not be to judge the king, but merely to decide on the judgment of the convention, and that the only question proposed for them to answer should be—"Shall Louis be confined, or put to death?" He himself leaned to the confinement, observing that to put Louis to death was only to bequeath his pretensions to his brothers, who were more daring and able than himself, and to enlist all the sympathies of Europe in their behalf. Rabaut St. Etienne, a native of Nismes, a descendant of the persecuted Camissards, warned the convention against proceeding to the death of the king, by the re-action which took place in England after the execution of Charles I. The people of London, he said, who had been the loudest in demanding Charles's death, were the first to demand retaliation on his judges, and to fall prostrate at the feet of Charles's son and successor. He concluded by exclaiming—"People of Paris, people of France, have you heard me?"

The jacobins were in too excited a temper to listen to anything but the demand for instant condemnation. Lequinis declared that the Girondists only proposed the appeal to the people in order to excite civil war, and to bring the southern federates on the Mountain, and exterminate them. The galleries responded with loud shouts and clappings to these sentiments, in which the Mountain joined, and the Girondists, in fury, rushed across the house, and shook their fists in the face of the frantic jacobins. In this whirl of disorder the sitting came to an end.

The next day, the 28th, the Girondist minister, Lebrun, read a letter from the court of Madrid, offering to remain neuter, and to use its influence with other countries to do the same, on condition of the life of Louis being spared; but the only notice taken of it was to refer the note to the foreign minister, and to order the recall of the French minister from Spain, unless that country forthwith acknowledged the republic. Thuriot demanded that no letters should be received from foreign powers about the king's trial during its progress. When this business was dismissed, Lequinis again warned the convention against referring the decision on the king to the nation at large; but Robespierre rose, and went straight to the mark desired by the jacobins. He did not pause to bandy words about mercy, or where the responsibility should rest: he called for an instant judgment of death on Louis, and declared the proposal of the Girondists to refer the question to forty-four thousand separate tribunals, as only surpassed in its folly by the cowardice and shuffling that prompted it. The next day, the 29th, being spent in the same formal and inconclusive debate, deputations appeared at the bar, charging the convention with useless delay. Eighteen sections sent deputations to demand, on behalf of the widows and children of those who fell on the 10th of August, blood for blood. Then came rumours of the closing of the barriers, and the approach of another massacre. The 30th and 31st were spent in the same manner. Marat, the perpetual alarmist, asserted that the Girondists were hatching plots for the destruction of their opponents, and had sent for Dumouriez to come and drench Paris in the blood of its people. At length rose Vergniaud, the chief orator of the Girondists, and made a long and sentimental speech, the only object of which, however, was to enforce the appeal to the people in the primary assemblies. He retorted on the jacobins their accusations, and declared that they only desired to destroy Louis in order to proceed to worse horrors; that they would steep Paris in blood, and strew its streets with the carcases of its inhabitants. He was answered by Moreau and Dubois-Crancé, the latter of whom said that the people, in their forty thousand assemblies, could decide upon nothing, and he called on the convention to proceed at once to the decapitation of Louis, and then let the people take off their heads, if they pleased. With this emphatic proposal concluded the sitting, and with it the eventful year of 1792.

The new year opened with a continuance of the same violent debates from day to day in the convention, and with cries of distress in the city from the dearness of bread. The people went about with huge placards, on which were written, "Give us bread, or kill us! There has not been blood enough. The cause of all our troubles is in the Temple, and in part of the convention. Strike the traitor, and give us bread and equality." They surrounded the convention with these cries. On the 14th of January the members met, amid a huge mob surrounding the house, and demanding, "Death to the tyrant! Death to him or to us!" Other crowds crammed the galleries. The debate was renewed, and the same furious menaces and recriminations betwixt the Girondists and the Mountain were repeated. At length the convention reduced all the questions to these three:—1st. Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation and the safety of the state? 2nd. Shall the judgment, whatever it be, be referred to the sanction of the people? 3rd. What punishment shall be inflicted on him?

The debates and voting on these three questions occupied the convention till late in the evening of the 17th. On the first question thirty-seven pronounced Louis guilty, but proposed only that he should be taken care of for the general safety; six hundred and eighty-three declared him guilty simply; and, as the assembly consisted only of seven hundred and forty-nine members, there was a majority affirming his guilt of the whole, except forty-three members. He was therefore declared, by the president, guilty of conspiracy against the liberty and safety of the state. On the second question twenty-nine members were absent; four, namely, Mousion, Lafon, Lacroix, and Wandelclaincourt, refused to vote; eleven voted conditionally: two hundred and eighty for the appeal to the people, being Girondists; and four hundred and twenty-three rejected it. The president, therefore, proclaimed that the appeal to the people was declined.

The last fatal question, of death to the monarch,

on the 16th. By this time the excitement was as intense all over Paris as within the walls of the convention itself. Not only the galleries, but all round the house, the crowds were eager and crushing. In the theatres, the play of *L'Ami des Lois* being acted, voices were raised in favour of Louis. This created great alarm amongst the jacobins. The commune ordered the theatres to be all closed; the executive council ordered them to be re-opened. Rumours were spread, by the jacobins, that the barriers were closed; that plots were on foot to liberate Louis, and resume the massacres of September. A terrible alarm spread through the prisons. The convention could not proceed to the votes till it had ordered the barriers to remain open, and had taken measures for the public safety. Before the voting could commence, the question was raised as to the majority which should decide the sentence. Lehardy proposed that it should not be less than two-thirds; Danton, who had just arrived from Belgium, insisted that a bare majority should be sufficient, and this was carried.

Owing to these hindrances, it was half-past seven in the evening before the first vote was taken. Mailhe interposed that those who voted for death should do so, if they pleased, with a proviso that the execution should be stayed. This was violently opposed, and the voting proceeded amid much tumult; silence only was observed as each member advanced to the bureau to give his vote, so that it might be heard; but the moment he had voted, cries of approbation and murmurs of resentment arose from the different parties; but the great voice of the assembly was for death. Amongst the voters, Marat gave his for death within twenty-four hours; Robespierre, for death, and with it death to all royalty; Sièyes exclaimed, in a shrill voice, "*Mort sans phrases!*" (death without comments.) But, perhaps, no vote astonished the assembly and the public more than that of Vergniaud—the same Vergniaud who had passed whole nights in tears on account of Louis's fate, and who had pleaded for appeal to the people; he now voted for *death*, only adding to it the amendment of Mailhe about staying execution, which was certain to receive no attention whatever. Nothing could exceed the cowardice and hypocrisy of these Girondists. The duke of Orleans did not excite so much astonishment as horror by his vote. Pale as death itself, and trembling in every joint, he mounted the tribune, and read these words:—"Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted, or shall resist, the sovereignty of the people, deserve death, my vote is for death!" There was a sensation of disgust and revolting indignation which passed through even this callous assembly, at hearing a man consign his near relative to the block, for the cowardly motive, palpable to every one, of saving his neck.

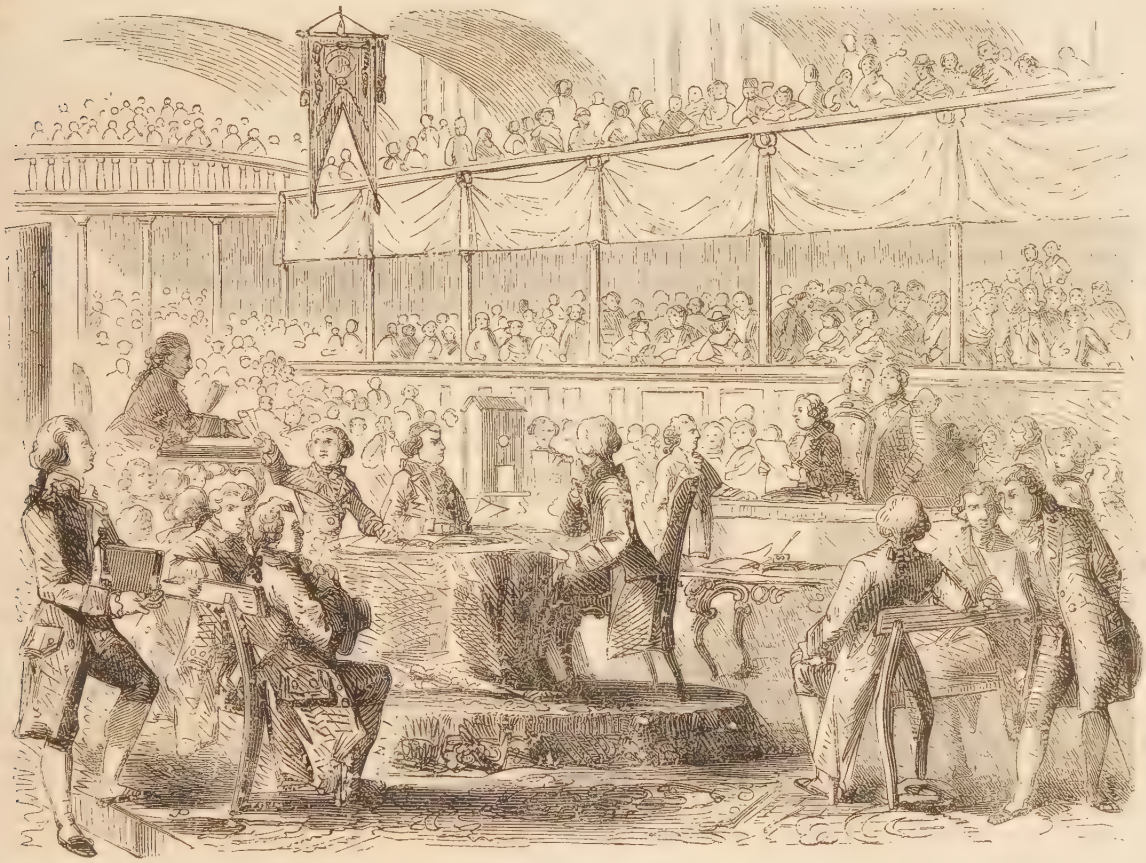
The voting continued all through the night of the 16th, and till seven in the evening of the 17th. As it drew near its close, the excitement was indescribable. It was whispered that the votes did not amount to a majority for death. It seemed to many that the words *banishment* or *imprisonment* had been heard as frequently as death. Others said that there was a majority, but the very barest one. The suspense became unbearable. At this moment it was announced that the counsel of the monarch requested admittance, to urge some new plea. The clamour of the Mountain was beyond bounds. There were loud outcries from that quarter. Robespierre insisted that the counsel should not be admitted; that the defence was finished, and nothing remained but to pronounce the judgment. It was accordingly resolved that the counsel should not be admitted till after the pronouncing of the judgment; and Vergniaud, who was president, proceeded to sum up the votes.

It was found, that of the seven hundred and forty-nine members, fifteen were absent; two hundred and eighty-six voted for detention or banishment; two for imprisonment alone; forty-six for death, with a reprieve, either till peace, or till the ratification of the constitution; twenty-six voted with Mailhe for death, with the option of staying the execution; three hundred and sixty-one voted for death unconditionally, so that, independent of the fourteen absent, the majority for death unconditionally was only thirteen.

When this result had been announced, the counsel were admitted. Their demand was, that the majority in favour of the death of the king being so small, the appeal should be made to the nation. Malesherbes also demanded twenty-four hours to compose his agitated feelings before urging this plea to the best of his ability. Robespierre opposed the motion altogether; Merlin maintained, that though the majority for unconditional death was small, yet the majority for the guilt of Louis was almost total. The plea for appeal was therefore dismissed, and the next day was appointed to consider the question of reprieve. On meeting the next morning, an objection was raised that the enumeration of the votes was not correct, and the whole day was consumed in a scrutiny of them. They were pronounced correct; but the question of reprieve was necessarily postponed to the next day. On the 19th the Girondists made a feeble effort in Louis's favour, by contending that, if he were put to death, people, both within and out of France, would arm to avenge him. But it was replied, if he were alive, people would arm to release him; and Barrère asserted that, in that case, Louis would suffer a new death every time there was movement of armies in his favour. On the 20th, at three o'clock in the morning, the voting on this point terminated, and the president declared that there was a majority of three hundred and eighty voices against three hundred and ten, and that there could be no reprieve; the execution must take place without delay.

Such was the trial of Louis XVI.—commenced in a spirit of vengeance unworthy of a nation calling itself civilised, and conducted in a heat of brutal truculence most scandalous to so august an occasion. The French thought they were imitating the English in their trial of Charles I.; but what a difference betwixt the monarchs and the people! The imitation of the French was a base counterfeit. Charles I. and his whole line and family were the most resolute and unprincipled maintainers of despotic power, and the right divine of kings to do what they please. No word, no oath, no compact or promise could bind Charles. He was solemnly, and, according to his education, religiously and inflexibly bent on accomplishing his object, at all hazards. No liberty could have been given to him without his immediately using it to resume the struggle for paramount power.

It seemed necessary to put him beyond the possibility of renewing the troubles and bloodshed which his bigoted belief in unlimited kingship had occasioned, and to make an example of dangerous and incorrigible sovereigns. Such was the gloomy and unconquerable bent of his race, that even this solemn execution could not deter his son James from a like course, and it became imperative to expel the besotted race of tyrants for ever. But as for poor Louis XVI. of France, he was completely in the hands of his people. He had neither the will nor the power to act the tyrant. Had



TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

his people and government behaved generously to him, and kept the constitution to which they had sworn with him, no age or country of Europe would have seen a more constitutional monarch—a happier king or people. His virtues as a man were admirable, and his virtues as a monarch required only that the assembly and people should have kept their compact as he did. But the two peoples, the English and the French, were as dissimilar in political wisdom and moral tone as two nations could in possibility be. The English were anxious only for the preservation of constitutional liberty; the French were in a wild ferment for boundless licence. The English were grave, religious, Christian; the French, naturally excitable, and wanting ballast, were on the highway to the destruction and renunciation of all religion—of all belief in soul and Deity. They were in the rapid current of a philosophy, which, under the plea of liberating them from the ancient thraldoms of earth and heaven, was delivering them, bound hand and foot, first to the apostles of blood and death, and finally to military absolutism. Therefore, the conduct of the two revolutions was as different as were their ends. William Hazlitt has ably pointed out these differentia of the Anglican and Gallic character in sketching the features of this celebrated trial:—"The sitting of the convention, which concluded the trial, lasted seventy-two hours. It might naturally be supposed that silence, restraint, a sort of religious awe, would have pervaded the scene; on the contrary, everything bore the marks of guilty dissipation and the most grotesque confusion. The farther end of the hall was covered with boxes, where ladies, in a studied dishabille, swallowed ices, oranges, liqueurs, and received the salutations of the members, who went and came, as on ordinary occasions. Here the door-keepers on the Mountain side opened and shut the boxes reserved for the mistresses of the duke of Orleans—'Egalité;' and there, though every sound of approbation or disapprobation was strictly forbidden, you

heard the long and indignant 'ha! ha's!' of the mother-duchess, the patroness of the bands of female jacobins, whenever her ears were not greeted with the welcome sounds of death. The upper gallery, reserved for the people, was, during the whole trial, constantly full of strangers of every description, drinking wines, as in a tavern. Bets were made as to the issue of the trial in all the neighbouring coffee-houses. Ennui, impatience, disgust, sate on almost every countenance. The figures passing and repassing, and rendered more ghastly by the pallid lights, and who, in a slow, sepulchral voice, only pronounced the word 'Death!' others calculating if they should have time to go to dinner before they gave their verdict; women pricking cards with pins, in order to count the votes; some of the deputies fallen asleep, and only waked up to give their sentence—all this had the appearance rather of a hideous dream than of a reality."

Yet there were some isolated cases of right feeling: Salles contending for nothing more than imprisonment; Morrisson and Lanjuinais protesting, against the whole furious herd, that they had no right to try the king for anything but dethronement, in the face of the constitution, but one year old—were redeeming incidents. And just as this strange scene closed a letter was sent in by Kersaint, a naval captain and Girondist, announcing the resignation of his seat, adding that he could no longer endure the disgrace of sitting amid a body of bloodthirsty men, whose sentiments, governed by terror, prevailed over those of upright minds; where Marat prevailed over Petion. Nor must we omit the strenuous effort made by Thomas Paine to ward off the last fatal blow from the unhappy monarch, whom he had so willingly assisted to dethrone. A letter of his was read from the tribune, in which he reminded them that Louis had proved himself the friend of the Americans, and that the error of their having put to death their liberator would be calculated to destroy that unity and sympathy which should exist amongst republicans. He implored them not to give England the pleasure of seeing the man sent to the scaffold by them who had helped his beloved American brethren to break their chains. He observed that France had just appointed an ambassador to the United States, and he called upon them to give the American patriots the pleasure of receiving from him the news that, in consideration of the part which Louis Capet had taken in the American revolution, they had suspended the penalty of death.

These arguments were well chosen; but all arguments were lost on the mind of the convention, burning with the desire of "terrifying kings," according to the phraseology of Robespierre. After the condemnation, and the receipt of the letter of Kersaint, Gensonné spoke against the decree of death—when, in fact, it was too late—and contended that, if they punished the misdeeds of tyranny, they ought to punish other and more mischievous misdeeds; they ought to punish the massacres of September. This proposition was received by the Girondists with acclamation. It was opposed by the jacobins, through Marat and Tallien, who said, if they punished the Septembrisers, they ought to punish the murderers of the 10th of August, who had entrenched themselves in the palace. The assembly decreed to punish both, and then dispersed.

Malesherbes, who had been so affected at the sentence passed on Louis, was the first who had the misfortune to communicate it to him. Clery, who saw him approach, ran out to meet him, and inquire. "All is lost!" replied Malesherbes, in deep emotion; "the king is condemned." When he was introduced, he fell at the king's feet, unable to speak for sobs and tears. Louis raised him and embraced him, and then Malesherbes communicated the terrible tidings. Louis received the news with the utmost firmness, and conducted him into his closet. They remained there for about an hour, and then the distressed old man took his leave. Louis pressed him to return the next morning, and to give him all the company he could in his few remaining hours. Malesherbes gone, Louis then perceived Clery standing, overwhelmed with grief. He seemed to feel nothing for himself, but strove to console this faithful servant, whom Sir Walter Scott says "was a model of pristine faith and loyalty which never can be forgotten. Gentlemanlike and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features ever afterwards announced that the sad scenes in which he had acted a part so honourable were never for a moment out of his memory." "Come," he said to Clery, "more courage!" In the evening, he said again to him, "You have heard the sentence they have pronounced upon me?" Clery replied, he hoped they would yet reverse it. The king shook his head, and said he did not indulge any hope; but he felt severely the conduct of his near relative, Orleans, handing Clery the list of the votes, where his appeared for the king's death. Clery endeavoured to cheer his master, by telling him that he heard that there were great numbers who were horrified at the proceedings of the convention; that Dumouriez had come to town, and that much might be hoped from his exertions; and that he heard that all the foreign ambassadors were going to the convention in a body to protest. "Clery," said Louis, "I do not fear death, but I am torn with grief at the situation in which I leave my family, and the faithful servants who never forsook me — these old people, who depend on the little pensions which I allowed them. I am agonised for France, the victim of terrible factions, rushing from crime to crime. Oh, my God! and is this the reward of all my sacrifices? Have I not tried everything to insure the happiness of the French people?"

It is from this devoted servant that we derive the most complete particulars of these last days of the unfortunate monarch. The next day, Louis was expecting every moment the arrival of Malesherbes, but he came not: the commune had forbidden all further access to him. Louis again endeavoured to pass the time by reading the trial and death of Charles I. of England. The next morning, a municipal officer arrived, accompanied by the warden of the Temple, and informed him that he was ordered to take an inventory of everything in the place. He made a strict scrutiny into every private desk and drawer, on pretence of seeing that no knives, scissors, or sharp instruments were secreted. Amongst other things, he discovered three thousand livres in gold, which Louis said were the property of M. de Malesherbes, and the roleaux were written upon by Louis, "For M. de Malesherbes." The officer suffered it to remain.

During the search, Mathey, the warden, conducted himself with the most unfeeling insolence; indeed, the French character, through the whole of these scenes, is seen to great disadvantage—a character wonderfully destitute of sympathy and respect for misfortune. When Louis approached the fire to warm himself, he found Mathey standing with his back to it, spreading out his coat-flaps on each side, so as to occupy the whole, and he made no offer to give way for the king. Louis, for once, spoke sharply to him, and he made a hasty retreat. Had Louis had more of that imperative mood, and less tenderness for others, it may safely be said, that not only would he not have been there, but that there would have been no revolution.

That evening Louis first learned that the commune had forbidden any one to have access to him; that Malesherbes had repeatedly applied for entrance, and had been refused admittance. He asked why they had not told him sooner, and instantly wrote a note to the council-general of the commune, requesting that, under the circumstances, he might have the society of his counsel, and that he might be able to retire for private meditation and devotion from the perpetual surveillance of his watchers. He gave the note to the municipal officers, but they did not deliver it till the next morning. That morning having arrived, Sunday, the 20th of January, he inquired repeatedly, but in vain, for M. de Malesherbes. At one o'clock arrived the deputation appointed to announce to him the sentence of the convention. This consisted of Garat, the minister of justice, Lebrun, the minister of foreign affairs—both Girondist ministers—Grouvelle, secretary of the council of government, with the mayor and other officers, and, lastly, Santerre, the commandant of the national guards. Some of these men had received much favour from Louis, and Garat, in particular, professed to have much horror at the post assigned him; but no one showed much real concern. Garat, still keeping on his hat, thus addressed the king:—"Louis, the national convention announces to you its decrees. The secretary of the council will read them to you." Grouvelle then read from a paper, that the convention condemned him as guilty of treason; rejected any appeal to the people, and appointed him to die in the morning. Whilst this was reading, not the least change of countenance took place in Louis, not even at the words "suffer the punishment of death." He looked calmly round on the company, took the paper from Grouvelle's hand, put it in his pocket, and took thence another which he had prepared in certain conviction of his fate. He presented this to Garat; but as he showed a hesitation in taking it, Louis said—"I will read it to you first;" and he then read his letter to the convention, demanding a respite of three days, for due preparation to appear before God; that he should be allowed to have a confessor, whom he would name; allowed to see his family without witnesses; that the perpetual presence of the municipals should be withdrawn; that his family should, after his death, be permitted to quit France, and retire where they might think proper; and his letter concluded in these terms:—"I recommend to the bounty of the nation at large those persons who were dependent on me. There are very many of them who have sunk their whole fortunes in their places, from the loss of which they must now be in great want, and others who never had anything to live upon but their appointments. Amongst the pensioners there are many old men, women, and children, who also have no support."

Having heard the paper, Garat took it, and promised to deliver it immediately to the convention. After they had retired, Louis ordered dinner up, but, on sitting down to it, observed, "I have no knife." He was then informed by the municipals that the commune had ordered that he should have no knife or fork, but that his valet might have one to cut his bread and meat. Louis said, indignantly, "Do they think I am such a coward that I would attempt my own life? I am innocent, and am not afraid to die. Would to God that my death could avert the miseries that I foresee!"

At six in the evening, Garat and the deputation returned, and informed Louis that the convention had acceded to his request for the confessor named; that he should be allowed to see his family freely, and without witnesses; that the nation, "ever great and just," would charge itself with the care of his family, and with the proper indemnities to his household; but that it rejected the prayer for delay. Louis, having heard these particulars, retired to his inner chamber, and Garat took his leave. The confessor, M. Edgeworth de Fermont—a member of the celebrated Irish family of Edgeworthstown—was then introduced. M. Edgeworth would have thrown himself at the feet of the king, but Louis caught him, raised him up, and both shed tears of emotion. Louis, who had been so completely shut out from the world, asked many questions regarding the condition of the clergy in that awful time, and particularly requested him to assure the archbishop of Paris that he died faithfully attached to his communion. At eight o'clock, he requested M. Edgeworth to wait there while he went to receive his family; for, notwithstanding the order of the convention, the commune would not consent to his interview with his family in private; he must consent to meet them, under these solemn and affecting circumstances, in the dining-room, which had a glass door, through which the municipal watchers could still keep their eyes upon him. This is Clery's account of the scene:—

"The king, about eight o'clock, came out of his closet with a serene countenance, and desired the municipal officers to conduct him to his family. The officers replied that this could not be, but that his family should be brought down to him, if he desired it. 'Be it so, then,' said the king; 'I may, at least, see them alone in my bedroom?' 'No,' replied one of them; 'it is settled by the minister of justice that it shall be in the outer room.' 'You have heard,' said Louis, in the utmost calmness, 'that the decree of the convention permits me to see them without witnesses?' 'Yes,' said the municipals, 'you will be in private; the doors shall be shut, but we shall see you through the glass.' 'Let my family come,'" said Louis. The municipals disappeared, and Clery began to set the chairs, and prepare the little, miserable apartment as best he could. Louis desired that some water and a glass might be ready, in case any of the ladies should be overcome by their agitation. He then told Clery to go in, and desire M. Edgeworth not to make his appearance during the interview, lest it should give a shock to his

family. The municipals were more than a quarter of an hour before they returned, during which time Louis went several times into the closet to the abbé, but from time to time reappeared at the door in expectation of his family. At last, at half-past eight in the evening, the door opened, and his family entered. The queen came first, leading the dauphin by the hand; madame Elizabeth followed with the princess royal. They all threw themselves into the arms of the king. A melancholy silence prevailed for some minutes, only broken by sighs and sobs. The queen made an inclination towards his majesty's chamber. "No," said the king, "we must not go into that room; I can only see you here." Clery shut the glass door, remaining himself outside with the municipals. The king sate down; the queen was on his left hand, madame Elizabeth on his right, his daughter nearly opposite, and the little dauphin stood between his knees. All were leaning on the king, and often pressed him in their arms. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three quarters, during which time it was impossible to hear anything outside the glass door; but it could be seen that, after every low sentence uttered by the king, the agitation of the queen and princesses increased; that this lasted some minutes, and that then the king began to speak again in the same gentle, low voice. It was quite plain, from their gestures, that they received from his own lips the first intelligence of his condemnation. At a quarter past ten the king rose; they all followed. "I opened the door," says Clery. "The queen held the king by his right arm. Their majesties gave each a hand to the dauphin. Madame Royale, on the king's left, had her arms around the king's body, and behind her, madame Elizabeth, on the same side, had taken his arm. They advanced some steps towards the entry door, breaking out into the most agonising lamentations. 'I assure you,' said the king, 'that I will see you again to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.' 'You promise!' said they, all together. 'Yes, I promise.' 'Why not at seven o'clock?' asked the queen. 'Well—yes, at seven,' replied the king. 'Farewell!' He pronounced 'Farewell!' in so impressive a manner, that their sobs were renewed, and madame Royale fainted at the feet of the king, around whom she had clung. His majesty, to put an end to this agonising scene, once more embraced them all most tenderly, and had the resolution to tear himself from their arms. 'Farewell! farewell!' he said, and went into his chamber. The queen, princesses, and dauphin retired to their own apartments; and though both the doors were shut, their screams and lamentations were heard for some time on the stairs. They had parted for ever in this world."

Louis retired into his closet to his confessor. When he had somewhat recovered his composure after this excruciating scene, he came out of the closet, took some refreshment, and then returned to the closet. M. Edgeworth offered to say mass, which Louis had not heard, to listen to, for a long time. He gladly accepted the proposal, and M. Edgeworth went out to procure the necessary articles and vestments. It was not without some difficulty that he induced the atheistic municipals to allow the king this last religious indulgence; at length, however, the requisites were procured from the neighbouring church, but not before two o'clock in the morning. Meantime, Louis conversed with M. Edgeworth till about midnight, when he went to bed. Clery was going to roll his hair, as usual, but he said, "It does not signify now." When Clery, who was weeping bitterly, drew his curtains for the last time, the king said, "Clery, you will call me at five o'clock;" and scarcely had he said this, when he dropped asleep, and slept through the night, like a weary and innocent child. The abbé Edgeworth threw himself on Clery's bed; and Clery, who refused to lie down, sate all night in a chair by his master's pillow.

Whilst Louis thus calmly slept the night before he ascended the scaffold, various passions were keeping awake the various parties in Paris. The jacobins, alarmed by rumours of meditated attempts to rescue the king on the way to the place of execution, were exhorting each other to keep together, to sit all night; and they sent fresh emissaries to all the authorities to quicken their watchfulness, and to instigate the whole population to rise in arms. Their terror was increased by a startling incident. Lepelletier St. Fargeau, who had been president of the parliament of Paris, a man of immense fortune and very loose morals, had voted emphatically for the death of Louis. His conduct, dictated by a desire for his own safety, especially incensed the royalists. A captain Paris, of the life guards, that night had him pointed out to him at the restaurant of Fervier, the cook, in the Palais Royal, where he was going to sup. Wrapping himself in his mantle, Paris stepped up to him and said, "Art thou Lepelletier?" He replied in the affirmative. "So thou art the villain, then, who voted for the death of the king?" "I am no villain," replied Lepelletier; "I voted according to my conscience." "Then take that for thy reward," said Paris, plunging his sword into his body. Lepelletier fell, only having time to say, "I am very cold!" Paris escaped; but soon after, despairing of getting eventually out of France, committed suicide. The news of this assassination flying through Paris added new terrors to the jacobins, and made that night of their triumph a night of horror to them.

"On hearing the clock strike five," says Clery, "on the morning of the fatal 21st, I began to light the fire. The noise I made awoke the king, who, drawing the curtains, asked if it had struck five. I said it had by several clocks, but not yet by that in the apartment. Having finished the fire, I went to his bedside. 'I have slept soundly,' said his majesty, 'and I stood in need of it: yesterday was a trying day to me. Where is M. Edgeworth?' I answered, 'On my bed.' 'And where were you all night?' 'On this chair.' 'I am sorry for it,' said the king, and gave me his hand, at the same time tenderly pressing mine. I then dressed his majesty, who then bade me go and call M. Edgeworth, whom I found already risen, and he instantly attended the king to the turret. Meantime, I placed a chest of drawers in the middle of the chamber, and arranged it in the form of an altar, for saying mass. The necessary articles of dress had been brought at two o'clock in the morning. The priest's garments I carried into my chamber, and, when everything was ready, I went and informed his majesty. He had a book in his hand, and, finding the place of the mass, gave it me; he then took another book for himself. Before the altar I had placed an arm-chair for his majesty, with a large cushion on the ground. The cushion

he desired me to take away, and brought a smaller one, of hair, from his closet, which he commonly used at his prayers. When the priest came in, the municipal officers retired into the ante-chamber, and I shut one fold of the door. The mass began at six o'clock. There was profound silence during the awful ceremony. The king, all the time on his knees, heard mass with the most devout attention, and received the communion."

After mass he arose with new vigour, and awaited calmly the moment of going to the scaffold. He then took farewell of the faithful Clery. He took both the poor fellow's hands into his own, and, in a tone of deep tenderness, thanked him for all his services. Clery was completely overcome; he threw himself at the king's feet, and exclaimed, "Oh, my master! Oh, my king! give me your blessing! Bless the last Frenchman remaining with you!" Louis raised him, pressed him to his bosom, blessed him, and bade him to give his blessing to all who had been in his service. He then bade him retire, to avoid suspicions that might be dangerous to him. Clery was withdrawing, but Louis called him back, and gave him a letter which he had received from Petion on first coming to the Temple, and which he thought might be of service to him. After being some time closeted with M. Edgeworth, Louis called Clery, and, taking him into the recess of a window, gave him a little seal from his watch-chain for the dauphin, and his wedding-ring for the queen. "Tell the queen," he said, "how much it costs me to part with that ring. Give her this packet; it contains the hair of all my family. Tell the queen, my dear children, and my dear sister, that, though I promised to see them this morning, I have resolved to spare them that pang; yet tell them how much it costs me to go hence without receiving their embraces once more." He wiped away some tears, and added, in a sad and solemn tone, "I charge you to bear to them my last farewell."

He then returned to the abbé Edgeworth, and the municipals, who had been watching the whole scene, went up to Clery, and demanded of him to give up the articles intrusted to him by the king. But Clery refused; and it was at length agreed that he should keep them till the council decided what should be done with them. Louis had before this given the three thousand livres in gold due to M. de Malesherbes to a municipal officer for that gentleman. The council of the commune seized them.

The king then asked for a pair of scissors, that Clery might cut off his long hair, and save him the annoyance of the executioner doing it. There was a great debate amongst the officials whether this should be allowed. It was refused, though Louis said Clery might cut off his hair before them all. Clery was barbarously told that the common executioner was good enough for the job.

"All the troops," says Clery, "in Paris had been under arms from five o'clock in the morning. The beat of drums, the sound of trumpets, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses, the removal of cannon, which were incessantly carried from one place to another—all resounded in the tower. At half-past eight o'clock the noise increased; the doors were thrown open with great clatter; and Santerre, accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers, entered, at the head of the soldiers, and drew them up in two lines. At this movement the king came out of his closet, and said to Santerre, 'You are come for me?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Wait a moment,' said his majesty, and went into his closet, whence he instantly returned, followed by his confessor. I was standing behind the king, near the fire-place; he turned round to me, and I offered him his great coat. 'I shall not want it,' he said; 'give me only my hat.' I presented it to him, and his hand met mine, which he pressed for the last time. His majesty then looked at Santerre, and said, 'Lead on!' These were the last words which he spoke in his apartment."

"On quitting the tower," says the abbé Edgeworth, "the king crossed the first court, formerly the garden, on foot. He turned back once or twice towards the tower, as if to bid adieu to all most dear to him on earth; and, by his gestures, it was plain that he was trying to collect all his strength and firmness. At the entrance of the second court a carriage waited; two gensd'armes held the door; at the king's approach, one of these men entered first, and placed himself in front; his majesty followed, and placed me by his side at the back of the carriage; the other gend'arme jumped in last, and shut the door. The procession lasted almost two hours; the streets were lined with citizens, all armed; and the carriage was surrounded by a body of troops, formed of the most desperate men of Paris. As soon as the king perceived that the carriage stopped, he turned and whispered to me, 'We are arrived, if I mistake not.' My silence assured him that we had. On quitting the vehicle, these guards surrounded his majesty, and would have taken off his clothes, but he repulsed them with haughtiness; he undressed himself, untied his neckcloth, opened his shirt, and arranged it himself. The path leading to the scaffold was exceedingly rough, and difficult to pass; the king was obliged to lean on my arm, and, from the slowness with which he proceeded, I feared, for a moment, that his courage might fail. But what was my astonishment when, arrived at the last step, I felt that he suddenly let go my arm, and I saw him cross with a firm foot the breadth of the whole scaffold, silence, by his look alone, fifteen or twenty drummers that were placed opposite to him, and in a loud voice heard him pronounce distinctly these memorable words:—'I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon those who occasioned my death; and I pray God that the blood you are now going to shed may never be visited on France.' He was proceeding, when a man on horseback (this was Santerre), in the national uniform, waved his sword, and ordered the drums to beat. Many voices were heard at the same time encouraging the executioner, who immediately seized the king with violence, and dragged him under the axe of the guillotine, which, with one stroke, severed his head from his body."

There are several circumstances attending this memorable event which deserve notice. There were none of the predicted attempts to rescue the royal victim. Peltier says that, "when they were conveying the king from the Temple to the place of execution, the train was followed by two men in arms, who went into all the coffee-houses and public places, and asked, with loud cries, if there were no loyal subjects left, who were ready to die for their king. But such was the universal terror, that nobody joined them. It is also a

fact, that some timid people, well affected to the king, had formed an association of eighteen hundred persons, who were to cry out 'Pardon!' before the execution; but of those eighteen hundred only one man had the courage to do his duty, and he, it is said, was instantly torn to pieces by the populace."

When the king was being led to the guillotine, the abbé Edgeworth said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" As soon as the blood flowed, and whilst Samson, the executioner, was exhibiting the severed head to the populace, those who could get near the scaffold dipped handkerchiefs in the king's blood, and one wretch even tasted of it, and, with an oath, declared it "shockingly bitter." Others put their caps on pikes and poles, and waved them, shouting, "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la Nation!*" The fatal axe fell at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock of the morning of the 21st of January, 1793. Louis was in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and had reigned eighteen years and eight months, within a few days.

All this morning his unhappy family had been expecting another and last interview; but the noise and bustle, and armed multitudes in the streets, must have convinced them that the king was led away without this last farewell; and the sound of cannon announced too plainly to them that the awful event had transpired. Soon after, the frantic and unfeeling mob assembled under the queen's window, dancing like maniacs, and shouting, and singing, and dancing the hideous Carmagnole.

The body of Louis was put into a large wicker basket, and conveyed to the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine, where it was thrown, without coffin or grave-cloth, into a deep grave, which was partly filled up with quicklime, which so rapidly decomposed it, that, when the remains were sought for in 1815, very little of them could be found. Over the spot where he was interred, Napoleon commenced building the splendid Temple of Glory, after the battle of Jena; but it was left to the Bourbons to finish it, who converted it into the present beautiful church of the Madeleine. On the spot where Louis was executed, previously called the Place de Louis Quinze, then the Place de la Revolution, and since the Place de la Concorde, afterwards fell the heads of the queen, the princess Elizabeth, and numbers of other victims of the revolution; among them those of the sanguinary demagogues, Danton and Robespierre.

Samson, the executioner, was said to have made a good deal of money by selling the king's hair, and shreds of his clothes; but this he denied in a public letter, and took the opportunity to express his amazement at the king's courageous behaviour on the scaffold, which he attributed to his deep religious principles. Benoît Leduc, a tailor, had the humanity to petition the convention to allow him, at his own expense, to bury the king's body by the side of his father, the dauphin; but this was refused.

The jacobins raised jubilant pœans of exultation over the death of Louis. They declared that they had destroyed the sixty-sixth of their kings, and the greatest villain of them all—which, if true, must prove that France had been singularly fortunate in its monarchs; for Louis, though a weak, was, in truth, a good and benevolent man, and one who, in any other country except France, would have lived respected and beloved. They declared that they had expiated in his blood thirteen hundred years of slavery. They boasted that the 21st of January had made them a model for all other nations. They bade all monarchs of the earth to look well to their thrones, for they had reduced them to dust. Robespierre announced to his constituents that they had extirpated the superstition of royalty, had struck aristocracy with consternation, and could now defy England, with her Pitt and her guineas. Yet a secret terror of the prophetic words of Louis on the scaffold hung about them. They called upon one another to prove that there was not more truth in his allusion to the coming calamities of France than there was in his assertion of his innocence. Two days after his death, the convention issued an address to the people of France, congratulating them on this event, which, they said, cemented the fabric of the republic, and set at naught the menaces of foreign powers, particularly of England and Spain.

This address was signed by Vergniaud, who happened to be president that day, and by five other Girondists, who were secretaries of the assembly. But the Girondist party at large was far from being satisfied with the result. They had obtained their desire—a republic—but they saw that they had been drawn, through their timidity, to share in the full odium of acquiring it through blood, that would bring upon them the execration of all Europe. They saw, too, that their mortal enemies, the jacobins, had gained a great triumph over them, for, whilst they had induced them to share the crime of the death of Louis, lest they should be held up as enemies of the people, they still did point them out as enemies of the people, because they condemned the excesses of the people. The jacobins were advocates of terror and atrocity; the Girondists were content to have achieved the republic, and were now for moderate counsels. They had voted for the punishment of the Septembrists, and the jacobins had conceded it, because it made them condemn the people, and thus appear faint republicans, and, as the jacobins said, almost royalists. In a word, the removal of the monarch had only given the jacobins a fresh confidence in their strength, and added a new impetus to their threat of vengeance on their opponents, the Girondists. The dissatisfaction expressed by the federates during the trial of the king, the outcry at one time for the expulsion of Marat and Robespierre from the mother society and the convention, had greatly alarmed the jacobin chiefs. They were in fear of some resistance to the execution of the monarch; but the ease with which the tragedy of the 21st of January had been accomplished had given them unbounded confidence, and the Girondists saw too clearly that, so far from the king's death bringing them any advantage, it would only involve France in a long series of the most sanguinary wars, at the same time that it would let loose the fury of the inexorable jacobins against themselves. External and internal feuds were before them, and their domestic enemies were infinitely more reckless and deadly than their foreign ones. Roland resigned his post as minister of the interior in despair, and Pache that of war. Beurnonville, a friend of Dumouriez, was placed in the war department; but this mended matters but little, for the jacobins insisted on the removal of Brissot and the whole of the

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Girondists. The Girondists and the Plain called incessantly for the completion of the constitution—as if it could give peace to France and security to them: it could do neither. They were soon made aware, in the words of Thiers, "that fate had called them, not to constitute, but to fight; that their terrible mission was to defend the revolution against Europe and La Vendée; that very soon they were to change from a deliberative body—which they were—to a sanguinary dictatorship, which should, at one and the same time, proscribe internal enemies, battle with Europe and the revolted provinces, and defend itself on all sides by violence."

For a short time quiet prevailed, as if the nation, and Europe, too, were stunned by the news of the execution of the king. Spite of the loud jubilees of the jacobins and sans culottes, throughout France there was a startled sense of terror—a foreboding of calamity. In La Vendée there was intense horror and indignation. Abroad, every monarchy seemed thrown into a new attitude by the death of Louis. Spain and England, which had maintained a careful neutrality, assumed a threatening aspect. Germany, which had not yet federally allied itself with the movements of Austria and Prussia, became agitated with resentment; and Holland, by the fear of suffering the fate of Belgium. The axe which severed the head of Louis from his body seemed to sever every international sympathy with France.

In England, the sensation on the news of the execution was profound. People in general had not believed that the French would proceed to such an extremity with a monarch of so inoffensive a character. The crime seemed to verify all the predictions and all the denunciations of Burke. There was, except amongst a certain class of almost fanatic republicans, an universal feeling of abhorrence and execration. There was a gloomy sense of approaching war; a gloomy sense, as if the catastrophe was a national rather than a foreign one. Pitt had hitherto maintained a position of neutrality. He had contrived to avoid giving any support to the royal family of France, which must have produced immediate hostile consequences, but he had not failed, from time to time, to point out, in strong language, in parliament, the atrocious and anarchical conduct of the French revolutionists, which justified all the prognostics of Burke, and threw shame on the bright hopes and laudatory language of Fox.

Whilst the fate of Louis XVI. was drawing to a crisis, the question of the danger menaced by the French revolution had been warmly discussed in the British parliament. The government had already called out the militia when parliament met on the 13th of December, 1792. The speech from the throne attributed this to the attempts of French incendiaries to create disturbance in the country, coupled with the doctrines of aggression promulgated by the French convention, and their invasion of Germany and the Netherlands, which had already taken place. The latter country was overrun with the French armies, and Holland, our ally, was threatened. The address, in the speech in the commons, was moved by Mr. Wallace, and seconded by lord Fielding in the same tone. Fox, on the other hand, strongly opposed the warlike spirit of the speech. He declared that he believed every statement in the royal speech was unfounded, though the invasion of Germany and of the Netherlands was no myth. Fox had not yet, spite of the horrors perpetrated by the French revolutionists, given up his professed persuasion of the good intentions of that people—a wonderful blindness—and he recommended that we should send a fresh ambassador to treat with the French executive. Grey and Sheridan argued on the same side; Windham and Dundas defended the measures of government, declaring that not only had the French forced open the navigation of the Scheldt, the protection of which was guaranteed by England, but that they were preparing for the regular subjugation of Holland. Burke declared that the counsels of Fox would be the ruin of England, if they could possibly prevail. He remarked that nothing was so notorious as the fact that swarms of jacobin propagandists were actively engaged in disseminating their levelling principles in this country, and were in close co-operation with republican factions here. These factions had sent over deputations to Paris, who had been received by the jacobin society and by the convention. He read the addresses of Englishmen and Irishmen resident in Paris, and of Joel Barlow and John Frost, deputies of the Constitutional Society of London. Burke said the question was, if they permitted the fraternising of these parties with the French jacobins, not whether they should address the throne, but whether they should long have a throne to address, for the French government had declared war against all kings and all thrones. Erskine replied, ridiculing the fears of Burke, and denouncing the prosecution of Paine's "Rights of Man" by government. The address was carried by a large majority. Fox, however, on the 14th of December, moved an amendment on the report; and, in his speech, he rejoiced in the triumph of the French arms over what he called the coalition of despots, Prussia and Austria. He declared that the people of Flanders had received the French with open arms; that Ireland was too disaffected for us to think of going to war; and that it was useless to attempt to defend the Dutch, for the people there would go over to France too. He again pressed on the house the necessity of our acknowledging the present French government, and entering into alliance with it. He said France had readily acknowledged the revolution in this country, and entered into treaty with Cromwell. Burke again replied to Fox, declaring that France had no real government at all to enter into terms with. It was in a condition of anarchy, one party being in the ascendancy one day, another the next; that such was not the condition of England under Cromwell. There was a decided and settled republican government, but a government which did not menace or overthrow all monarchies around it, any more than Switzerland or the United States of America did now. Dundas reminded the house that we were bound by treaties to defend Holland if attacked, and that we must be prepared for it. Whigs, who hitherto voted with Fox, now demanded to whom we were to send an ambassador?—to the imprisoned king? to the convention? or to the clubs who ruled the convention? Fox's amendment was rejected without a division.

Undismayed, Fox renewed the contest on the following day, December 15th, by moving that an humble address should be presented to his majesty, praying him to send an ambassador to France to treat with the persons constituting

the existing executive government. He said that he did not mean to vindicate what had taken place in that country, although, if we condemned the crimes committed in France, we must also condemn those of Morocco and Algiers, and yet we had accredited agents at the courts of those countries.

Grey followed, contending that we ought to avoid the calamities of war by all possible means. A long debate followed, in the midst of which Mr. Jenkinson declared that on that very day, whilst they were discussing the propriety of sending an ambassador to France, the monarch himself was to be brought to trial, and probably by that hour was condemned to be murdered. All the topics regarding Holland and Belgium were again introduced. Fox was supported by Grey, Francis, Erskine, Whitbread, and Sheridan; but his motion was negatived without a division.

On Monday, the 17th, Fox renewed the discussion, supported by Mr. Grey, who complained of a so-called loyal meeting which had been held at Manchester, and the people incited to attack the property of those of more liberal views; that an association had been formed in London, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, which had issued a paper called "A Pennyworth of Truth from Thomas Bull to his Brother John," containing most unfounded censures on the dissenters, whom it charged with being the authors of the American war. He declared that this paper was far more inflammatory than Paine's "Rights of Man," and he desired that it might be read at the table. Fox severely criticised the conduct of the loyal associations, and the means taken by the subscription papers to mark out all those who maintained liberal opinions; all such marked persons, he said, were in danger, on any excitement, of having their persons or houses attacked. He mentioned one paper concluding with the words, "Destruction to Fox and all his jacobin crew!" This was, he thought, pretty plainly marking him out for such treatment as Dr. Priestley and Mr. Walker had received. The motion was rejected.

Immediately after this, Fox encouraged the formation of a "Society of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press," in which Erskine and Horne Tooke were leading members. As numbers of French emissaries were traversing the country, disseminating their opinions, lord Grenville, on the 19th of December, introduced a bill into the house of lords, subjecting aliens to certain regulations not included in the ordinary alien bill. All foreigners were to announce themselves on their arrival, and surrender any arms brought with them; they were to take out passports, and to have them viséd on every fresh removal through the country, so that their movements might be known to the authorities; those who had arrived during the present year to be particularly observed, and the motives for their coming ascertained; all such foreigners as received allowances from the British government to be distributed into particular districts, under the immediate eye of the authorities. With some opposition, this bill was carried. The marquis of Lansdowne forthwith moved that a negotiation should be immediately opened with the French government, requiring it to receive back the numerous Frenchmen driven into exile, or to provide for their support, and, at the same time, to endeavour to save Louis XVI. from the terrible fate which threatened him. This was negatived on the declaration of other lords, who declared that both propositions would be useless; the latter one would in all probability hasten, rather than avert, the fate of the French king. In the commons, Fox and Sheridan strenuously resisted the new alien bill, and Burke as vehemently supported it. He declared that no measures of precaution could be too strict; that thousands of daggers had been manufactured in Birmingham for France, and, intending to produce a startling effect, he drew an actual dagger from his bosom, and, flinging it on the floor of the house, exclaimed, "That is what you are to obtain from an alliance with France. You must equally proscribe their tenets and their persons; you must keep their principles from your minds, and their daggers from your hearts!" In the French convention such an action would have created a sensation, but in the matter-of-fact English parliament it produced only surprise followed by laughter. Fox endeavoured as much as possible to weaken the sense of the danger of French principles, though he was compelled to express his abhorrence of the September massacres. The bill was passed, and was immediately succeeded by one prohibiting the circulation of French assignats, bonds, promissory notes, &c., and another, prohibiting the exportation of naval stores, saltpetre, arms, and ammunition.

On the 30th of January, 1793, Dundas announced to the house of commons a message from the throne, communicating the news of the execution of the French king. This was accompanied by copies of a correspondence with M. Chauvelin, the late plenipotentiary of Louis, and of an order for his quitting the kingdom, in consequence of this sanguinary act. The message made a deep impression on the house, though the circumstances were already well known. It was agreed to take these matters into consideration on the 2nd of February, when Pitt detailed the correspondence which had for some time taken place betwixt the British cabinet and the French government. He said that England, notwithstanding many provocations, had carefully maintained an attitude of neutrality, even when, in the preceding summer, France was at war with Austria and Prussia, and was menacing our Dutch allies. The French, on their part, had, he said, made similar professions. They had publicly renounced all aggression, and yet they had annexed Saxony, overrun Belgium, and now contemplated the invasion of Holland. They had done more: they had plainly menaced this country with invasion. So recently as the last day of the year, their minister of marine had addressed a letter to all the seaports of France, in which this was the language regarding England:—"The king and his parliament mean to make war against us. Will the English republicans suffer it? Already these free men show their discontent, and the repugnance they have to bear arms against their brothers, the French. Well, we will fly to their succour; we will make a descent on the island; we will lodge there fifty thousand caps of liberty; we will plant there the sacred tree; we will stretch out our arms to our republican brethren, and the tyranny of their government shall soon be destroyed!" There was a strong war spirit manifest in the house. Fox and his diminished party com-

bated it in vain. The same prevailing expression was exhibited in a similar debate in the house of lords, in which lord Loughborough—who, on the 20th of January, succeeded Thurlow as lord chancellor—supported the views of ministers. But there was little time allowed for the two houses to discuss the question of peace or war, for, on the 11th of February, Dundas brought down a royal message, informing the commons that the French had declared war on the 1st of February, both against this country and Holland. On the following day Pitt moved an address to his majesty, expressing a resolve to support him in the contest against France. In the debate, Burke declared the necessity of war against a nation which had, in fact, proclaimed war against every throne and nation. At the same time, he declared that it would be a war in defence of every principle of order or religion. It would not be the less a most desperate war. France was turning almost every subject in the realm into a soldier. It meant to maintain its armies on the plunder of invaded nations. Trade being ruined at home by the violence of mob rule, the male population was eager to turn soldiers, and to live on the spoils of the neighbouring countries. Lyons alone, he said, had thirty thousand artisans destitute of employment; and they would find a substitute for their legitimate labour in ravaging the fields of Holland and Germany. He deemed war a stern necessity. A similar address was moved and carried in the peers.

On the 18th of February, however, Fox moved a string of resolutions condemnatory of war with France. They declared that that country was only doing what every country had a right to do—reorganise its internal constitution; that, as we had allowed Russia, Prussia, and Austria to dismember Poland, we had no right to check the aggressions of France on these countries; as we had remained quiescent in the one case, we were bound to do so in the other, and not to make ourselves the confederates of the invasion of Poland; and his final resolution went to entreat his majesty not to enter into any engagements with other powers which should prevent us making a separate peace with France. Burke, in reply, did not lose the just opportunity of rebuking Fox for his long advocacy of the empress Catherine, whose unprincipled share in the participation of Poland he was now compelled to reprobate. The resolutions of Fox were negatived by two hundred and seventy votes against forty-four. Not daunted by this overwhelming majority, Fox again, on the 21st of February, brought forward his resolution in another form, declaring that there were no sufficient causes for war. The motion was negatived without a division.

During these debates, ministers detailed the proceedings which had for some time past taken place betwixt the governments of France and England, to show that the maintenance of peace was impossible with such a country. The chief of these transactions were briefly these:—From the date of the conferences at Pilnitz, in 1791, when Prussia and Austria resolved to embrace the cause of the French king, and invited the other powers to support them, England declared, both to those powers and to France, her intention of remaining neuter. Whoever has read the preceding details of this revolution, and observed the temper of the men engaged in it, must see that it could be no easy matter to maintain such neutrality. To the jacobin leaders, every country with an orderly government, and still more a monarchy, was an offence. Against England they displayed a particular animus, which the most friendly offices did not remove. When, towards the end of 1791, the Declaration of the Rights of Man having reached St. Domingo, the negroes rose in insurrection to claim these rights, lord Effingham, the governor of Jamaica, aided the French colonial government with arms and ammunition, and the fugitive white people with provisions and protection. When this was notified to the national assembly, with the king of England's approval of it by lord Gower, the ambassador at Paris, a vote of thanks was passed, but only to the British *nation*, and on condition that not even lord Effingham's name should be mentioned in it. Other transactions on the part of the French still more offensive took place from time to time, but England still maintained her neutrality. When war was declared by France against Austria, in April, 1792, Chauvelin announced the fact to the English government, and requested that British subjects should be prohibited serving in any foreign army against France. Government immediately issued an order to that effect. In June the French government, through Chauvelin, requested the good offices of England in making pacific proposals to Prussia and Austria; but finding that France expected more than friendly mediation—actual armed coalition with France—the English government declined this, as contrary to existing alliances with those powers. The proclamations of the French government were already such as breathed war to all Europe; all thrones were menaced with annihilation. At this time Mr. Miles, who exerted himself to maintain a friendly feeling between the nations, records, in his correspondence with the French minister, Lebrun, and others, that Roland declared to one of his friends that peace was out of the question; that France had three hundred thousand men in arms, and that the ministers must make them march as far as ever their legs could carry them, or they would turn home, and cut all their throats.

This was the state of things when, on the 17th of August, 1792, the French deposed Louis, and prepared for his death. Lord Gower was thereupon recalled, on the plain ground that, being accredited alone to the king, and there being no longer a king, his office was at an end; he was, however, ordered to take a respectful leave, and to assure the government that England still desired to maintain peaceful relations. Yet, at this very time, London was swarming with paid emissaries of the French government, whose business was to draw over the people to French notions of republican liberty. Nay more, Lebrun, the foreign minister, took no pains to conceal the assurance of the French, that Ireland would revolt, and that France would secure it. On the 18th of November a great dinner was given at White's Hotel, in Paris, at which lord Edward Fitzgerald and other Irish republicans, Thomas Paine, Santerre, and a host of like characters, English, Irish, French, and others, toasted the approaching national convention of Great Britain and Ireland, and, amid wild acclamations, drank the sentiment, "May revolutions never be made by halves!" The very next day, the 19th, the national convention issued its decree,

declaring war against all thrones, and proclaiming the enfranchisement of all peoples. This was immediately followed by jacobinised deputations of Englishmen, thanking the convention for this proclamation; and the president, in reply, said, "Citizens of the world! royalty in Europe is utterly destroyed, or on the point of perishing on the ruins of feudality; and the Rights of Man, placed by the side of thrones, is a devouring fire which will consume them all. Worthy republicans! congratulate yourselves on the festival which you have celebrated in honour of the French revolution—the prelude to the festival of nations!"

Before the close of this year it was resolved to send an ambassador to the United States to demand a return of the aid given to the Americans in their revolution, by declaration of war against Great Britain. M. Genet was dispatched for this purpose at the beginning of the year 1793. Still, neutrality was maintained, though our ambassador was withdrawn from Paris, and M. Chauvelin was no longer recognised in an official capacity by the British court. That gentleman, however, continued in London, ignoring the loss of his official character, and officiously pressing himself on the attention of ministers as still French plenipotentiary. Lord Grenville was repeatedly obliged to remind him that he had no power to correspond with him officially. He, however, informed him privately, that, if the French government wished to be duly recognised in this country, they must give up their assumed right of aggression on all neighbouring countries, and of interference with their established governments. The French Girondist ministers took advantage of this letter, which Chauvelin transmitted to them, to send a reply, in which, however, having now invaded Holland, they gave no intimation of any intention of retiring. They even declared that it was their *intention* to go to war with England; and, if the English government did not comply with their desires, and enter into regular communication with them, they would prepare for war. Lord Grenville returned this letter, informing Chauvelin again that he could receive no official correspondence from him in a private capacity. This was on the 7th of January, 1793; Chauvelin continued to press his communications on lord Grenville, complaining of the alien bill, and on the 18th presented letters of credence. Lord Grenville informed him, in reply, that his majesty, under present circumstances, could not receive them. These circumstances were the trial and conviction of Louis XVI.; and on the 24th arrived the news of Louis's execution; and Chauvelin immediately received passports for himself and suite, and an order to quit the kingdom within eight days. The news of this order created the utmost exultation in the French convention, for the jacobins were rabid for war with all the world, and on the 1st of February the convention declared war against England, and the news reached London on the 4th.

The declaration of war against England by the convention was unanimous. The decree was drawn up by the Girondists, but it was enthusiastically supported by the jacobins, including Robespierre and Danton. A vote of creation of assignats to the amount of eight hundred million livres was immediately passed, a levy of three hundred thousand men was ordered; and, to aggravate the whole tone of the affair, an appeal to the *people* of Great Britain was issued, calling on them to act against and embarrass their own government.

It must be confessed that it was impossible to keep peace with a nation determined to make war on the whole world. Perhaps on no occasion had the pride of the English people and their feelings of resentment been so daringly provoked. War was proclaimed against England, and it was necessary that she should put herself in a position to protect her own interests. By one of those fatal treaties which had become the fashion since William III. had engaged England in the quarrels of the continent, this country was, moreover, bound to defend Holland, if assaulted. This was the most unfortunate point of the position of England. But though bound by treaty to defend Holland, Great Britain was not bound to enter into the defence of all and every one of the continental nations; and, had she maintained this just line of action, her share in the universal war which ensued would have been comparatively insignificant. Prussia, Russia, and Austria had destroyed every moral claim of co-operation by their lawless seizure of Poland, and the peoples of the continent were populous enough to defend their own territories, if they were worthy of independence. There could be no just claim on England, with her twenty millions of inhabitants, to defend countries which possessed a still greater number of inhabitants, especially as they had never been found ready to assist us, but on the contrary. But England, unfortunately, at that time, was too easily inflamed with a war spirit. The people as well as the government were incensed at the disorganising and aggressive spirit of France, and were soon drawn in, with their Quixotism of fighting for everybody or anybody, to league with the continental despots for the purpose, not merely to repel French invasions, but to force on the French a dynasty which they had rejected. Here was our grand error, and we were not destined to perceive it till we had paid the penalty of it in oceans of blood, and mountains of treasure and of debt.

Fox and his party still maintained a vigorous and persevering endeavour to remain at peace; but he weakened his efforts by professing to believe that we might yet enter into substantial engagements with the French, who had at this moment no permanent, settled government at all, but a set of puppet ministers, ruled by a convention, and the convention ruled by a mob, flaming with the ideas of universal conquest and universal plunder. If Fox had advocated the wisdom of maintaining the defensive as much as possible, and confining ourselves to defending our Dutch allies, as we were bound, his words would have had more weight; but his assurance that we might maintain a full and friendly connection with a people that were butchering each other at home, and belying all their most solemn professions of equity and fraternity towards their dupes abroad, only enabled Pitt to ask him with whom he would negotiate—Was it with Robespierre, or the monster Marat, then in the ascendant? "But," added Pitt, "it is not merely to the character of Marat, with whom we would now have to treat, that I object; it is not to the horror of those crimes which have stained their legislators—crimes in every stage rising above one another in enormity—but I object to the consequences of that character, and to the effect of those crimes. They are such as render a negotiation useless, and must entirely

deprive of stability any peace which could be concluded in such circumstances. The moment that the mob of Paris comes under a new leader, mature deliberations are reversed, the most solemn engagements are retracted, or free will is altogether controlled by force. All the crimes which disgrace history have occurred in one country, in a space so short, and with circumstances so aggravated, as to outrun thought and exceed imagination." In fact, to have made an alliance with France at that moment, and for long afterwards, would have been to sanction her crimes, and to share the infamy of her violence and lawlessness abroad. But a wise nation would have avoided the other extreme error, of interfering in the internal arrangements of France, and of banding with governments equally infamous for injustice, to this end.

VIEW IN THE TYROL.

In the presence of this great exciting cause, the remaining business of the session of the English parliament appeared tame. Mr. R. Smith introduced a petition for parliamentary reform from Nottingham, and this was followed by a number of similar petitions from other places; but whilst French emissaries and English demagogues were preaching up revolution, nobody would listen to reform, and a motion of Mr. Grey, to refer these petitions to a committee, was rejected by two hundred and eighty-two votes to forty-one. On the 25th of February Dundas introduced a very specious statement of the affairs of India, declaring that dependency very flourishing, notwithstanding the continuance of the war with Tippoo; and this was preparatory to a renewal of the charter of the East India Company, which was carried on the 24th of May. Francis, Fox, and others, opposed the bill, and made very different statements in vain. The real condition of India was not destined to force itself on the nation till it came in the shape of a most sanguinary insurrection, and seventy million pounds of debt, more than sixty years afterwards.

On the 6th of March the first blessings of war began to develop themselves in the announcement, by Pitt, that his majesty had engaged a body of his Hanoverian troops to assist the Dutch; and, on the 11th, by his calling on the house to form itself into a committee of ways and means to consider the propriety of raising a loan of four millions and a half, for issuing four millions of exchequer bills, in addition to the ordinary revenue, to meet the demands of the year. Resolutions for both these purposes were passed; and, on the 15th, a bill was introduced, making it high treason for any one to sell to the French any muniments of war, bullion, or woollen cloth. Fox, and his party opposed this bill, but it was readily carried through both houses.

The repulse of the French in their attack on Holland, and their repeated defeats in Belgium, induced the French govern-

OLD CHURCH AT AMSTERDAM.

ment to make overtures for peace with England, but in a secret and most singular way. Instead of an open proposal through some duly-accredited envoy, the proposals came through a Mr. John Salter, a public notary of Poplar. This notary delivered to lord Grenville two letters from Lebrun, the French foreign minister, dated the 2nd of April, stating that France was desirous to accommodate its differences with England, and, provided the idea was accepted by England, M. Maret should be sent over with full powers, on passports being duly forwarded. A Mr. John Matthews, of Biggin House, Surrey, attested that these notes were perfectly genuine, and had been signed in the presence of himself and Mr. John Salter. Lord Grenville, suspecting a correspondence coming through so extraordinary a medium, and believing, at best, that the design of the French was only to gain time, in order to recover their losses, took no notice of the letters, and, as the jacobins were then following up their attacks on the Girondists from day to day, he saw no prospect of any permanence of that party in power. In fact, they were expelled by the 2nd of June, and, on the 22nd of that month, Lebrun was in flight to avoid arrest.

Before the close of April a great commercial crisis had taken place in England, and ministers were compelled to make a new issue, by consent of parliament, of five millions of exchequer bills, to assist merchants and manufacturers, under proper security, manufactured goods being considered such, and these were to be deposited at London, Bristol, Hull, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Leeds. The shortness of the circulating medium was assigned as the cause; but no doubt the prospect of a continental war, without a prospect of any definite conclusion, was the more real one.

Fox did not suffer the session to close without another powerful effort to avoid the war with France. A petition had been handed to him for presentation to the commons, drawn up by Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, and signed by the Friends and other inhabitants of that city, praying that peace with France might be concluded. Fox not only agreed to present it and support its prayer, but he earnestly exhorted Mr. Gurney and his friends to promote the sending of petitions from other places for this object, as the only means of influencing the house, bent determinedly on war. On the 17th of June, only four days before the close of the session, Fox moved an address to the crown, praying that, as the French had been driven out of Holland, peace should be made. In pursuance of his object—a great one, if attainable—he did not spare his former favourite, the empress of Russia, and the other royal robbers of Poland. Burke replied that Fox knew very well that the defence of Holland was but a very partial motive for the war. The real obstacles to peace were the avowed principles of the French—those of universal conquest, of annexation of the kingdoms conquered, as already Alsace, Savoy, and Belgium; their attempts on the constitution of this country by insidious means; the murder of their own monarch held up as an example to all other nations. To make peace with France, he said truly, was to declare war against all the rest of Europe, which was threatened by France; and he asked with whom in France should we negotiate for peace, if so disposed? Should it be Lebrun, already in a dungeon, or with Clavières, who was hiding from those who were anxious to take his head? or with Egalité, also in a dungeon at Marseilles? He represented that you might as well attempt to negotiate with a quicksand or a whirlwind as with the present ever-shifting and truculent factions which ruled in France. The motion of Fox was negatived by a large majority, and on the 21st of June the king prorogued parliament.

CHAPTER III.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

The French, under Dumouriez, Miranda, &c., driven from Holland by the Allies—Dumouriez defeated at Neerwinden—Surrenders Brussels—Order for Dumouriez's Arrest—His Flight with the Duke de Chartres—General Dampierre appointed Commander—Defeated and killed at Famars—Division of Poland—Campaign on the Rhine and in Belgium—Retreat of the Duke of Brunswick from Dunkirk—Campaign betwixt French and Spaniards in the South—Campaign in Savoy and Nice—Attack of the French on the Island of Sardinia—Seizure of French West India Islands, and of the French Factories in the East Indies—Toulon surrendered to Lord Hood—Its Fleet captured or burnt—French Atrocities there—English at Leghorn—Grand Duke of Tuscany joins the Allies—English at Genoa—French Intrigues in Italy—Paris—Attack of the Jacobins on the Girondists—Proscriptions of the Girondists—Marat killed by Charlotte Corday—She is guillotined—Siege of and Massacre at Lyons—Reign of Terror in Paris—Horrible Guillotinings—Trial and Execution of Marie Antoinette—Butchery of the Girondists—Executions of Philip Egalité, Madame Roland, Bailly, Manuel, Generals Houchard, Biron, Beauharnais, Barnave, Dufort-Dutertre, Lebrun, Kersaint, Dietrich, Mayor of Strasbourg, Madame Dubarry, &c.—Hunting down of Petion, Barbaroux, and the other Girondist Chiefs—The War in La Vendée—Defeat of the Vendeans—Atrocities of Carrier at Nantes—His wholesale Drownings—The Deity abolished by the Jacobins—Their new Calendar—The Archbishop of Paris renounces Christianity and God—The Goddess of Reason established—The Pillage of the Churches—The royal and celebrated Dead dragged from their Graves—The general triumph of Atheism.

DUMOURIEZ was now making his projected attack upon Holland. On the 17th of February, 1793, he entered the Dutch territory, and issued a proclamation, promising friendship to the Batavians, and war only to the stadtholder and his English allies. He ordered Bergeron to attack the forts of Klundert and Willenstadt, and D'Arçon to invest Breda. On the 25th Bergeron made himself master of the fort Klundert, and sate down before Willenstadt; Breda capitulated to D'Arçon after a few shells were thrown into it. The French entered Breda on the 27th, and found themselves in possession of two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, three hundred thousand pounds of powder, and five thousand muskets. Leaving a garrison in Breda, D'Arçon advanced on Gertruydenberg, and made himself immediate master of all its outworks. Dumouriez advanced also to the fortress of Willenstadt, where the army was stopped by an arm of the sea called the Biesbosch, and where the army, joining that under Bergeron, encamped in a muddy spot, and built themselves sheds of straw, calling it the Beavers' Camp. Dumouriez had there, besides the Dutch partisans, thirty thousand men; but they were wretchedly shod and clothed, and deficient in ball cartridges—the convention commissioners being much more busy in robbing both friend and foe than in seeing to the wants of the army. Willenstadt was defended by a stout old Dutch general, count Botzlaer, with a force composed of trusty Hollanders and English. The English had a small fleet watching the French flotilla at Dunkirk, another at Antwerp, and captain Berkeley had on the Biesbosch a flotilla of gunboats and a

frigate, that not only kept Dumouriez's forces in check, but greatly annoyed the besiegers of Willenstadt. Dumouriez's position was growing very critical. His plan was to have crossed the Biesbosch, and to have rapidly advanced to Maestricht to join Miranda; but the Dutch army was fast assembling at Gorcum, at the Itry, and in the Isle of Dort. Whilst he was, therefore, delayed at the Biesbosch, Miranda was defeated at Maestrecht, and Miazinski at Aix-la-Chapelle, and forced to fall back on Liège. On the last day of February, Miazinski was attacked by the Austrian general, Clairfayt, and utterly defeated, with a loss of one thousand French killed, considerable prisoners taken, besides the military chest, twelve cannon, and thirteen ammunition wagons. The next day, the Austrians, under the archduke Albert, fell on another division, and defeated it with loss. On the 8th of March, the prince of Saxe-Coburg overtook Miazinski not far from Liège, and defeated him with a terrible slaughter—four thousand killed and wounded, one thousand prisoners, and a loss of twenty pieces of cannon. The very same day, prince Frederick of Brunswick, with a body of Prussians, drove a French force from Ruremonde. These repulses compelled Miranda to fall back from Maestricht, and both he and Miazinski retreated into Belgium. They united their forces at St. Tron, betwixt Tongres and Brussels, but not without a fresh chastisement by the archduke Albert.

Thus, Dumouriez's splendid scheme of the invasion of Holland was at an end. He received peremptory orders from the convention to follow the rest of the troops into Belgium. He obeyed with reluctance, leaving general Deflers to maintain the post at Willenstadt. But Deflers was soon compelled to follow his commander-in-chief by the incessant firing of captain Berkeley, who, having dislodged him, proceeded to Antwerp, and destroyed the French flotilla corvette there. On Dumouriez's return to Belgium, he was greatly incensed at the wholesale rapacity of the commissioners of the convention. They had plundered the churches, confiscated the property of the clergy and the wealthy inhabitants, and driven the people, by their insolence and violence, into open revolt. He did not satisfy himself by simply reproving these cormorants by words; he seized two of the worst of them, and sent them to Paris under a military guard. General Moreton-Chabrillant, who defended the commissioners, he summarily dismissed; he restored the plate to the churches, as far as he was able, and issued orders for putting down the jacobin clubs in the army. Camus, the fiery jacobin, who was in Brussels on a special mission, told Dumouriez that he was acting the dictator, and in total opposition to liberty and republicanism. Dumouriez, who seems to have made up his mind to break with the Mountain, calculating too strongly on his influence with the army, replied to Camus that the convention was ruining both itself and France, and that the conduct of its commissioners would alienate the inhabitants of every country they entered. Camus made the best of his way to Paris, detailed the language and the conduct of Dumouriez to the jacobin society, and it was instantly resolved to destroy him. His crimes, in the eyes of the jacobins, were grossly augmented by sending back ten thousand sans culottes of the new levies, as likely to be of more mischief than service.

On the 16th of March he was attacked at Neerwinden by the prince of Saxe-Coburg, and after a sharply-fought field, in which both himself and the duke of Chartres fought bravely, he was routed with a loss of four thousand killed and wounded, and the desertion of ten thousand of his troops, who fled at a great rate, never stopping till they entered France, and, spreading in all directions, they caused the most alarming rumours of Dumouriez's conduct and the advance of the enemy. The convention at once dispatched Danton and Lacroix to inquire into his proceedings, and, roused by all these circumstances, no sooner had these two envoys left him, than he entered into communication with the prince of Saxe-Coburg. Colonel Mack, an Austrian officer, then in high esteem for his military ability (though he ended his career in great disgrace for his surrender of Ulm to Buonaparte in 1805), was appointed to confer with Dumouriez, and it was agreed that he should evacuate Brussels, and that then the negotiation should be renewed. Accordingly, the French retired from Brussels on the 25th of March, and on the 27th they encamped at Ath, where Dumouriez and Mack again met. The result of this conference was the agreement of Dumouriez to abandon the republic altogether, to march rapidly on Paris, and disperse the convention and the mother society of the jacobins. All the French positions in the Netherlands were to be surrendered to the allies, and the Austrians were to follow in all haste in his steps, and be admitted to Paris by him. It was understood that Dumouriez proposed that the duke of Chartres should be placed on the throne of France, and that the constitution of 1791, with some modifications, should be re-established. It is believed that the prince of Saxe-Coburg appeared to acquiesce in this plan, but only for the purpose of rescuing the dauphin from the Temple, and making him king. Be that as it may, circumstances at that moment appeared favourable to the success of the allies. The French armies had been repeatedly beaten, and had been greatly panic-stricken by the defection of Dumouriez; the Spaniards were advancing in the south of France; the Dutch and English were successful in Holland; the Vendeans were up in insurrection, and the Prussians were preparing to drive Custine from Mayence, and enter France by the Moselle. Had these different forces by common consent marched rapidly towards the centre of that kingdom, the odds would have been greatly in their favour.

Dumouriez commenced his march, and soon met numbers of fugitives on the road, flying from Paris, to escape the fury of the mob and the terrors of the guillotine. This greatly encouraged him. As he made a halt, the daughter of the duke of Orleans and madame Genlis arrived in the camp, also in flight. Whilst they were there, and he was in the midst of the Orleans family—the dukes of Chartres and Montpensier, and afterwards their sister—arrived three persons, who informed him that they were commissioners sent out by Lebrun, the foreign minister. These were, however, all fierce jacobins, and really sent by Dumouriez' mortal foe, Marat. They were Dubuisson, a citizen of Brussels; Proly, also a native of Brussels, and said to be a natural son of Kaunitz, formerly minister to Maria Theresa; and Pereyra, a Portuguese Jew, settled in Belgium. Dumouriez, with an openness extraordinary in a man of his tact, revealed to them

all his plans, with which they hurried back to Paris. He then advanced to Bruille, and sent emissaries to prepare his entrance into the three important fortresses of Lille, Condé, and Valenciennes; but the convention had been beforehand with him, and he failed in this design.

On the 31st, six volunteers, having the words "Republic or Death!" written with chalk on their hats, entered his camp, and tried to seize him; but, by the aid of his faithful valet, Baptiste, he kept them at bay till his hussars surrounded them. As soon as this event was known, he received addresses of congratulation from his troops, which encouraged him to declare openly his purpose. He dispatched the same day general Miazinski with a few thousand men to surprise Lille; but St. George, a mulatto, who commanded in the garrison, inveigled him into the city, and arrested him. He was thrown into a dungeon, and soon after sent to Paris, where he perished under the guillotine.

Dumouriez sent an officer to bring off the detachment of soldiers which had gone with Miazinski; but this officer also was taken, and the troop dispersed. His next attempt was upon Valenciennes; but the officer sent joined general Ferrand, who commanded there. Thus Condé only was left of the three fortresses, and, as it was necessary for his plans that he should possess a fortress, he transferred his head-quarters to the baths of St. Amand, to be near Condé. If he did not succeed in securing Condé, he would be obliged to throw himself entirely on the Austrians; would be wholly in their power, and would, moreover, run the risk of the total defection of his troops, who were not likely to march in company with the Austrians. At St. Amand he seized Lecointre, son of the deputy of Versailles, and sent him as a hostage to general Clairfayt. But the convention, apprised of Dumouriez's proceedings and intentions by the three jacobin deputies, now denounced him as a traitor, and sent Beurnonville and four deputies of the convention—Camus, Quinette, Lamarque, and Bancal—to arrest him. Beurnonville, the new minister of war, had been Dumouriez's intimate friend. He arrived with the deputies on the evening of the 2nd of April, and was received by Dumouriez with a cordial embrace, and the general inquired the object of their journey. Their arrival had evidently been expected by Dumouriez, for they found a strong body of hussars drawn up before his quarters. They replied that they could not state it in the presence of his officers, and desired to retire with him into another room. Dumouriez readily complied, but the officers of his staff remained ready at the door. Camus then read to Dumouriez the decree of the convention, summoning him to the bar. Dumouriez declined obeying, saying he was not fool enough to put himself in the power of the jacobins, who were yelling for his head. Beurnonville and the deputies protested that no harm was meant to him, but Dumouriez was not so simple as to believe this; he refused to go. Camus then said peremptorily, "Citizen general, will you obey the decree or not?" "Not at this moment," replied Dumouriez. "Then," added Camus, "I declare, in the name of the convention, that you are no longer general of this army; and I order your papers to be seized, and yourself to be arrested!" "That is too strong," said Dumouriez, and, calling in the hussars, bade them secure the deputies, but to do them no harm. Beurnonville said, if he arrested them, he must arrest him too. "Be it so, then," said Dumouriez; and the four were put into chains and driven off to Tournay, to the care of the Austrians. On the way, Beurnonville attempted to escape, but received a cut on the head from a German trooper, and was compelled to resign himself. These gentlemen remained tenants of Austrian prisons till 1795, when they were exchanged for the sole surviving captive of the Temple, the princess royal.

When he had sent them off, Dumouriez drew up a proclamation to the army, in which he reminded them of his many services to the revolution; of the famous battle of Jemappe; of the conquest of Belgium; and then drew a terrible picture of the condition of Paris and of all France from the maladministration of the convention and of the factions. He called on the army to assist him in saving the country, and he assured them that, whilst the English were assembling in Holland to invade France, the Austrians were well disposed to the restoration of the constitution of 1791, and would assist them to that end. The proclamation was received with apparent satisfaction; so far as appearances went, the troops were content. But the practised eye of Dumouriez quickly perceived that this appearance was deceitful; that Dampierre and other generals of divisions would immediately abandon him. He believed that he had not a moment to lose; that his only chance was to keep his troops in action; and he therefore gave orders for marching on Condé. If he succeeded in entering Condé, he would then purge his army of those disaffected towards him, advance next on Orchies, and endeavour to reduce Lille. But no time was allowed him for these operations. On the morning of the 4th he sought an interview with the prince of Coburg and general Mack, and ordered an escort of fifty horse to attend him. General Thouvenot, the sons of Orleans, and some other officers accompanied him. In his impatience, he rode forward before the escort was ready, and on the road met two battalions of volunteers, which were marching on in disorderly haste, without any instructions from him to quit their quarters. He halted them, and entered a house by the wayside to write an order for them, when he heard cries of "Treason!" "Stop the traitors!" This was followed by the firing of musketry. Dumouriez and his attendants sprang to horse, and, darting into the fields, galloped across the country. Arriving at a ditch, they found a number of volunteers drawn up there too, who saluted them with a sharp fire. Dumouriez's horse refused the ditch, but he threw himself from it, rushed through the ditch, and seizing another horse, from which a servant had been killed or thrown, amid a storm of bullets, made his escape. The fugitives rode all day through a dreadful country of bogs and swamps. After incredible hardships, and covered with mud, they, however, succeeded in reaching the Austrian lines. There Dumouriez spent the time with the duke of Coburg and Mack in drawing up a fresh proclamation, in the name of the Austrians, to accompany his own. In the morning, to the astonishment of Coburg and Mack, he announced his intention to ride back to his army. He could not yet believe that the whole of it would desert him. Those whom he had met were only volunteers. The

Austrians declared his proposal simple madness, but he persisted, and rode away with the officers, and attended by an escort of fifty Austrians. At Maulde, where he in the previous year had had his camp, he was well received by the army; but at St. Amand the French officers showed a decided dislike of his being attended by Austrian soldiers. He was immediately informed that all the artillery, on the representation of emissaries from Valenciennes, who said Dumouriez was killed, had marched off there, and, at the very moment that he was hearing this, the rest of the army, with loud cries of "Valenciennes! Valenciennes!" moved off in the same direction. Dumouriez saw that the game was up, and rode back, with the officers who had attended him, to the Austrian head-quarters. He assured the duke of Coburg and general Clairfayt that all his hopes of effecting the reform of the convention were at an end; that he could not march against France at the head of foreigners; and they therefore gave him and his officers passports to Switzerland, to which most of them intended, in the first instance, to retire; and they took their leave. "Thus," says Thiers, "terminated the career of that superior man, who had displayed all sorts of talents—those of the diplomatist, the administrator, and the general; every sort of courage—that of the civilian, withstanding the storms of the tribune; that of the soldier, braving the balls of the enemy; that of the commander, confronting the most dangerous situations, and the perils of the most daring enterprises; but who, without principles, and without the moral ascendancy which they confer, without any other influence than that of genius, soon exhausted in short, rapid successions of men and circumstances, had resolutely tried to struggle with the revolution, and proved, by a striking example, that an individual cannot prevail against a national passion until it has exhausted itself." To us it proves that, with all his qualities, Dumouriez was deficient in that one French quality of unhesitating cruelty, which, had he possessed it, would have made him the favourite jacobin general, and would have plunged him into much splendid infamy.

Dumouriez arrived in London in June, but was immediately ordered to quit the country, the government not knowing how completely he had broken with the mob government of France. He then retired to Hamburg, where he wrote his memoirs, having a small pension allowed him by the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and having a price of three hundred thousand livres set upon his head by the convention. In 1804 he was allowed to come to England, where he employed himself in completing his memoirs, and in other literary pursuits. He was on intimate terms with the duke of Kent. He lived at Turville Park, near Henley-on-Thames, and died there in 1823.

The duke of Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, took the road to Switzerland. He had before sent thither his sister and madame Genlis. He made a good part of the journey on foot, and arrived almost penniless. Dampierre, who had been appointed by the convention to supersede Dumouriez, took the command of the army, and established himself in the camp at Famars, which covered Valenciennes. He was there attacked, on the 8th of May, by the combined armies of Austrians, Prussians, English, and Dutch, under Clairfayt, the duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the duke of York. He was defeated with terrible slaughter, four thousand men being killed and wounded, whilst the allies stated their loss at only eight hundred men. Dampierre himself lost a leg, and died the next day. Lamarque, who succeeded him, might have easily been made to retreat, for the French were in great disorder; but the allies had resolved to advance no further till Mayence should be retaken. Lamarque, therefore, fortified himself in his camp at Famars, and remained unmolested till the 23rd of the month. He was then attacked, and again beaten, but was allowed to retire and encamp again betwixt Valenciennes and Bouchain. The allies, instead of pushing their advantages, waited the advance of the king of Prussia upon Mayence. Custine, who was put in command of the Rhine, from the Vosges and the Moselle to Huninguen, was enabled to keep back the prince of Hohenlohe, who had but an inconsiderable force, the king of Prussia having been compelled to send a large force to Poland, instead of forwarding it, according to engagement, to the Rhine.

In fact, whilst these events had been transpiring on the frontiers of France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria had been dividing Poland amongst them. Whilst expressing their horror at the French immorality, they had been giving one of the most infamous examples of royal robbery and rapacity ever witnessed. The king of Prussia, when contemplating his participation in this vile business, issued a proclamation assigning the most virtuous reasons for it. It was to check the speed of French principles in Poland, which had compelled himself and his amiable allies, the empress of Russia and the emperor of Germany, to invade Poland. Had this been the true reason, nothing more would have been necessary for these righteous powers than to enter the country with their troops, expel the French emissaries, and purge the nation of French principles. This done, a few garrisons here and there, to aid the Polish government in keeping order till the effervescence was over, would have not only been all that was required, but would have earned for these three powers the praises of all Europe, and the thanks of all good men. But these pretences were merely a cloak for a shameless robbery. Poland abutted on Prussia with the desirable ports of Thorn and Dantzic, and therefore Great Poland was especially revolutionary in the eyes of Frederick William of Prussia. The Polish diet exposed the hollowness of these pretences in a counter-manifesto. This produced a manifesto from Francis of Austria, who declared that the love of peace and good neighbourhood would not allow him to oppose the intentions of Prussia, or permit any other power to interfere with the efforts of Russia and Prussia to pacify Poland; in fact, that his love of peace would not allow him to discountenance an aggressive war, but his love of good neighbourhood would allow him to permit the most flagrant breach of good neighbourhood. As for the empress of Russia, she had a long catalogue of ingratitudes against the Poles, in addition to their jacobinical principles, and for these very convenient reasons she had now taken possession of certain portions of that empire, and called on all the inhabitants of these districts to swear allegiance to her immediately. The empress having thus broken the ice of her real motives, the king of Prussia no longer pretended to conceal his, but called on all the inhabitants of Great Poland to swear allegiance to him

forthwith. The Russian ambassador at Grodno (De Sievers) commanded the Poles to carry these orders of Russia and Prussia into effect by a circular dated the 9th of April. In this document he informed them that the king of Prussia and his mistress, the empress of Russia, had graciously left to Poland as much territory as best befitted an intermediate power, and which would enable the Poles to carry out those principles of moderation, tranquillity, and just government, Russia; and another territory to Prussia, containing a million and a half of inhabitants, together with the navigation of the Vistula, with the port of Thorn on that great river, and of Dantzic on the Baltic, so long coveted. As for the small remainder of what once had been Poland, which was left to that shadow-king, Poniatowski, it was bound down under all the old oppressive regulations, and had Russian garrisons at Warsaw and other towns. But all

SIR SIDNEY SMITH. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

which these pious and disinterested monarchs so eminently patronised.

The great Polish confederation, which had invited the interference of Russia in order to carry out their own party views, were greatly confounded by these announcements of their friends. They reminded the marauders of the engagements entered into by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, at the time of the former partition, to guarantee the integrity of the remainder. But this was merely parleying with assassins with the knife at their throats. The aggressive powers by force of arms compelled poor king Poniatowski and the nobles to assemble a diet, and draw up and sign an instrument for the alienation of the required territories. By this forced cession a territory, containing a population of more than three millions and a half, was made over to these powers were compelled to maintain large garrisons in their several sections of the appropriated country.

By this means the king of Prussia, with hands full of aggression, did not appear on the Rhine, to chastise the aggressions of France, before the month of April. He brought with him about fifty thousand men, Prussians, Saxons, Hessians, and Bavarians. He was joined by fifteen thousand or twenty thousand Austrians, under Wurmser, and five thousand or six thousand French emigrants, under the prince of Condé. But the French had on the Rhine their one hundred and forty thousand men at least, of whom twenty thousand were within the walls of Mayence. The Prussians laid siege to that city, and the Austrians and English to Valenciennes. On the 21st of July the French engaged to give up Mayence on condition that they should

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be allowed to march out with the honours of war, and this the king of Prussia was weak enough to comply with. They must, of necessity, have soon surrendered at discretion; now they were at liberty to join the rest of the army, and again resist the allies.

Valenciennes did not surrender until the 28th of July, and not till after a severe bombardment by the duke of York. Thus three months of the summer had been wasted before these two towns, all which time the French had been actively employed in drawing forces from all quarters to the frontiers of Belgium.

The duke of York was recalled from Valenciennes to Menin, to rescue the hereditary prince of Orange from an overwhelming French force, against which his half-jacobinised troops showed no disposition to act. Having effected his deliverance, the duke of York marched on Dunkirk, and began, towards the end of August, regularly to invest it; but he was left unsupported by the prince of Orange, whom he had saved, and who engaged to assist him, but who continued lying at Menin, and, equally neglected by the Austrians, he was compelled to raise the siege on the 7th of September. The prince of Orange was himself not long unassailed. Houchard drove him from Menin, and took Quesnoy from him, but was, in his turn, routed by the Austrian general, Beaulieu, and chased to the very walls of Lille. According to the recent decree of the convention, that any general surrounding a town or post should be put to death, Houchard was recalled to be guillotined.

There continued a desultory sort of warfare on the Belgian frontiers for the remainder of the campaign. On the 15th and 16th of October, Jourdan drove the duke of Coburg from the neighbourhood of Maubeuge across the Sambre, but the duke of York coming up with fresh English forces, which had arrived at Ostend under Sir Charles Grey, the French were repulsed, and the Netherland frontiers maintained by the allies for the rest of the year.

On the Rhine, the war was carried on quite into the winter. The king of Prussia did not stay longer than to witness the surrender of Mayence; he then hurried away to look after his new Polish territory, and left the army under the command of the duke of Brunswick. Brunswick, in concert with Wurmser and his Austrians, attacked and drove the French from their lines at Weissemberg, took from them Lauter, and laid siege to Landau. Wurmser then advanced into Alsace, which the Germans claimed as their old rightful territory, and invested Strasburg. But the convention commissioners, St. Just and Lebas, defended the place vigorously. They called forces from all quarters; they terrified the people into obedience by the guillotine, Lebas saying, with a little guillotine and plenty of terror he could do anything. He did not, however, neglect to send for the gallant young Hoche, and put him at the head of the army. Wurmser was compelled to fall back; Hoche marched through the defiles of the Vosges, and, taking Wurmser by surprise, defeated him, made many prisoners, and captured a great part of Wurmser's cannon. In conjunction with Pichegru, Dessaix, and Michaud, he made a desperate attack, on the 26th of December, on the Austrians in the fortified lines of Weissemberg, whence they had so lately driven the French; but the duke of Brunswick came to their aid, and enabled the Austrians to retire in order. Hoche again took possession of Weissemberg; the Austrians retreated across the Rhine, and the duke of Brunswick and his Prussians fell back on Mayence. Once there, dissatisfied with the Prussian officers, he resigned his command, he and Wurmser parting with much mutual recrimination. Wurmser was not able long to retain Mayence; and the French not only regained all their old positions, before they retired to winter quarters, but Hoche crossed the lines and wintered in the Palatinate, the scene of so many French devastations in past wars.

As we have said, had the Germans, the Spaniards, and Piedmontese acted in concert on different sides of the country, nothing could have resisted them; but they were each attacking on their own side and in their own way, and, though they kept the French well employed, they produced no grand result. The Spaniards, at the foot of the Pyrenees, fought the French bravely, but to little effect. The French army there was divided into two, one of which guarded the eastern Pyrenees under Deflers, who had been with Dumouriez in Holland, and that of the western Pyrenees, under Servan, late Girondist minister. Deflers lay in a fortified camp at Mas d'Eu, in front of Perpignan. In the middle of May he was attacked and defeated by the Spanish general, Ricardos. The French fled in confusion into Perpignan, and instead of Ricardos following on the instant, he remained to capture the forts of Bellegarde and Les Bains, and thus gave the French opportunity to call in reinforcements and strengthen their defences, so that he did not deem himself strong enough to contend with them. It was autumn before Ricardos ventured to attack them again. He then once more defeated the united forces of Deflers, Davoust, and Dagobert, and remained encamped on the spot betwixt the borders of Catalonia and Perpignan. As for Servan, he was completely defeated by the Spanish general, Don Ventura Caro, and soon after gave up his command. By a plan of action as skilful as their conduct was brave, the Spaniards might have turned the whole tide of war against the convention in the south.

On the side of Sardinia, Vittorio Amadeo was furnished with a sum of money by England to enable him to keep his ground against the French. The convention sent agents, who, through a count Viretti, whom they won over, endeavoured to draw over Vittorio Amadeo by offering to give him up Genoa in exchange for the island of Sardinia, and to add to his territory any Italian states they might afterwards conquer. The king of Sardinia would not listen to these proposals, but prepared to drive Kellermann from Savoy and Nice, and to co-operate with the French royalists at Lyons and Toulon. If the republican armies could reduce Lyons, they must triumph in the south; and, on the other hand, if the people of Lyons could be supported, and could act in concert with the royalists of Toulon, and the English and Spaniards preparing to assist them in that port, the convention would be at once driven out of the Alps and the greater part of the south of France. Vittorio Amadeo therefore ordered his son, the duke of Montferrat, to cross Mont Cenis and the lesser St. Bernard, and to drive the French out of Savoy and the Tarentaise, whilst he

himself cleared Nice of them. The duke of Montferrat soon drove the French out of all the upper Savoy, and of a good part of the lower country; but, instead of advancing briskly upon Chambery, which must have surrendered, he halted near Aigue-Belle. Whilst he was planning with too much deliberation the reduction of Conflans and Chambery, Kellermann pushed forward his forces to occupy those places. Other republican troops poured in from the country around Geneva, and from Annecy; and the Savoyards, who hated their former fellow-subjects the Piedmontese, joined them as a militia. Montferrat was compelled by superior numbers to abandon all his advantages, and retreat again across Mont Cenis and the lesser St. Bernard. Vittorio Amadeo, meantime, had driven the French from the greater part of Nice, but, on the 18th of October he was defeated by the republicans at the bridge of Giletta; and, at the same time, learning the retreat of his son, there was nothing for it but to retreat too, and to leave the faithful Nizzards to the vengeance of the French. The great fault of the campaign was the aiming at too much. Had the Piedmontese, instead of dividing their forces, poured them down the hills in one strong torrent, they might very well have reached Lyons, and have amalgamated with the royalists there, when they would have presented a formidable power to the convention. As it was, the failure of the enterprise destroyed the hopes of the Lyonnaise; they defended themselves bravely for a couple of months, and then surrendered to the republicans, thus cutting the tie which should have united them with the population of Toulon and the south.

Whilst these events were passing, a fierce conflict was raging at Toulon; but, before coming to that striking passage in the war, we must notice some other maritime actions. The French not being able to persuade Vittorio Amadeo to make war on the island of Sardinia, were determined to take it by force. A war was resolved on with England, and, as Corsica was showing strong symptoms of rebellion, it was deemed necessary to possess and fortify Sardinia, to enable them to retain Corsica, and to defend themselves in the Mediterranean against England. Consequently, admiral Truguet entered the Bay of Cagliari on the 24th of January, with nineteen ships of the line and some frigates, having on board six thousand men for the conquest of the island. But the Sardi, a brave mountain race, wholly uncorrupted by the vices of the French revolution, descended in thousands from their hills, armed with long guns, which they knew well how to use. They would not even suffer a party, sent off in a boat to inform them of the proposed union with France, to land, but fired on them, and killed the officer and fourteen of his men, besides wounding most of the rest. Truguet then began to bombard the town, but his fire was returned with interest from the lofty cliffs on which the town stands. Red-hot balls were showered into his ships, which soon received such damage, that he was compelled to draw off, having had three of his vessels sunk or burnt by the red-hot balls, and the remainder having been greatly shattered. He had lost, too, six hundred men in a vain attempt to land, and he therefore bore away for Toulon. At the same time, a republican force from Corsica had passed over the narrow straits from that island to the small one of La Madalina, belonging to Sardinia; but it had been repulsed. In this last expedition Napoleon Buonaparte had been engaged—one of the earliest events of his marvellous military career.

Though war had long been foreseen with France, it does not speak much for Pitt's management that, when it took place, we had no fleet in a proper condition to put to sea. It was not till the 14th of July that lord Howe, who had taken the command of the Channel fleet, sailed from Spithead with fifteen ships of the line, three of which were first-rates, but none of them of that speed and equipment which they ought to have been. He soon obtained intelligence of a French fleet of seventeen sail-of-the-line, seen westward of Belleisle. He sent into Plymouth, and had two third-rate vessels added to his squadron. On the 31st of July he caught sight of the French fleet, but never came up with them, the French ships being better sailers. After beating about in vain, he returned to port, anchoring in Torbay on the 4th of September. At the end of October Howe put to sea again with twenty-four sail of the line and several frigates, and several times came near the French fleet, but could never get to engage. He, however, protected our merchant vessels, and disciplined his sailors. One French ship was taken off Barfleur by captain Saumarez, of the Crescent, and that was all.

In the West Indies a small squadron and some land troops took the islands of Tobago, St. Pierre, and Miguelon. At the invitation of the planters, we also took possession of the western or French portion of St. Domingo; but in Martinique, where we had had the same invitation, the royalist French did not support our efforts according to promise, and the enterprise failed from the smallness of the force employed. Besides these transactions, there occurred a severe fight betwixt captain Courteney, of the frigate Boston, with only thirty-two guns and two hundred men, and the Ambuscade, a French frigate of thirty-six guns and four hundred picked men, in which both received much damage, and in which captain Courteney was killed, but in which the Frenchman was compelled to haul off. In the East Indies we again seized Pondicherry, and all the small factories of the French.

The great maritime struggle of the year was at Toulon. The south of France was then in active combination against the convention and the jacobin faction. There was a determination in Toulon, Marseilles, and other places on the coast to support the royalist party in Aix, Lyons, and other cities. For this purpose, they invited the English to cooperate with them. Lord Hood, having obtained from the people of Toulon an engagement to surrender the fleet and town to him, to be held for Louis XVII., arrived before that port in July, with, however, only seven ships of the line, four frigates, and some smaller vessels. Nearly all the old royalist naval officers were collected in Toulon, and were so eager for revenge on the jacobin officers and sailors—who had not only superseded them, but had persecuted them with all the savage cruelty of their faction—that they were all for surrendering their fleet to lord Hood, and putting him in possession of the forts and batteries. There was a firm opposition to this on the part of the republicans, both in the fleet and the town, but it was carried against them. Besides the royalist townsmen, there were ten thousand

Provençals in arms in the town and vicinity. As general Cartaux had defeated the royalists at Marseilles, taken possession of the town, and, after executing severe measures on the royalists there, was now in full march for Toulon, there was no time to be lost. Lord Hood landed a body of men under captain Elphinstone, to whom the forts commanding the port were quietly surrendered. Truguet, who had lain in the port since his return from Sardinia, had resigned, and the fleet was now commanded by admiral Trogoff, a foreigner, who had been one of the negotiators with the English. He now hoisted the white flag, and all the French ships, except seven, commanded by admiral St. Julien, followed his example. St. Julien and his sailors, however, were soon glad to get to shore, where they agreed with the town authorities that they should be permitted to go on board of four ships of the line, unarmed, to ports on the Atlantic, and landed there. Lord Hood agreed to the arrangement, and gave them passes to protect them, in case they fell in with English ships of war. Lord Hood was thus at once put into possession of the best French port in the Mediterranean, and a great fleet, with all the stores and ammunition. But he knew very well that the place itself could not long be maintained against the whole force of republican France. He resolved, however, to defend the inhabitants, who had placed themselves in so terrible a position with their merciless countrymen, to the utmost of his power. He therefore urged the Spaniards to come to his assistance, and they sent several vessels, and three thousand men. He received reinforcements of ships and men from Naples—the queen of which was sister to Marie Antoinette—and from Sardinia. Fresh vessels and men also arrived from England. Lord Mulgrave arrived from Italy, and, at lord Hood's request, took the command, for the time, of the land forces.

General Cartaux arrived, and took up his position in the villages around Toulon. His advanced post was the village of Ollioules, in a strong position. Captain Elphinstone, with about six hundred English and Spanish marines, attacked and carried the post, bringing away all its cannon, ammunition, and standards. On the arrival of general O'Hara from Gibraltar, with two regiments of foot and some artillerymen, he took the command of the land forces. But to defend the place, with altogether about eleven or twelve thousand men, against forty thousand, who were posted, many of them, in situations commanding both town and harbour, was not practicable. Cartaux was reinforced by general Doppet, from the Rhone, and general Dugommier, from the Var; and the latter had in his corps-d'armée a young lieutenant of artillery, who contained in his yet unknown person the very genius of war—namely, Napoleon Buonaparte. Cartaux was a man who had risen from the ranks; Doppet had been a physician in Savoy; and Dugommier was acting on a plan sent from the convention. Buonaparte suggested what he thought a much superior plan. "All you need," he said, "is to send away the English; and to do that, you have only to sweep the harbour and the roadstead with your batteries. Drive away the ships, and the troops will not remain. Take the promontory of La Grasse, which commands both the inner and outer harbour, and Toulon will be yours in a couple of days."

On this promontory stood two forts, L'Aiguillette and Balaquier, which had been much strengthened by the English. It was resolved to assault these forts, and batteries opposite to them were erected by the French under Buonaparte's direction. The firing between these forts and the batteries, and others at Malbousquet, on the opposite side of the inner harbour, became very hot. This contest lasted from the 15th of November to the 30th, the French having suffered severe loss. On the 30th, general O'Hara made a sortie, drove the French from their works at Malbousquet, and was spiking the guns, when the quick eye of Napoleon, observing that the English were chasing the French down the hill, laid an ambush for them, and, intercepting them, threw them into disorder. A terrible slaughter took place. O'Hara was wounded and made prisoner. Buonaparte, too, was wounded by a bayonet thrust, and carried off the field. But the stratagem succeeded; the English did not regain their forts without heavy loss, especially that of their general.

After much more desperate fighting, vast numbers of troops being pressed against the forts, that of La Balaquier was taken. This gave the French such command of the inner harbour, that lord Hood called a council of war, and showed the necessity of retiring with the fleet, and thus enabling the royalists to escape, who would otherwise be exterminated by their merciless countrymen. This was agreed to, and it was resolved to maintain the different forts till the ships had cleared out. The Neapolitans behaved very ill, showing no regard for anything but their own safety. They held two forts—one at Cape Lebrun, and the other at Cape Lesset; these, they said, they would surrender as soon as the enemy approached. They made all haste to get their ships and men out of harbour, leaving all else to take care of themselves. The Spaniards and Piedmontese behaved in a much nobler manner. They assisted willingly all day in getting on board the royalists—men, women, and children. All night the troops began to defile through a narrow sallyport to the boats under the guns of the fort La Malaga. This was happily effected; and then Sir Sidney Smith, who had recently arrived at Toulon, and had volunteered the perilous office of blowing up all the powder-magazines, stores, arsenals, and all the ships that could not be removed, began his operations. He had a flotilla under his command for the purpose, consisting of the Vulcan, a fire-ship, the sloop Alert, the Swallow tender, three gun-boats, and a Spanish mortar-boat. With these he entered the larger basin, and found six hundred convicts, on board a great galley, busy knocking off their irons, and ready to join the workmen about the fort, who had already thrown away the white cockade, and mounted the tricolor one. He allowed the convicts to remain, endeavouring to make their escape, but he pointed the guns of the Swallow, so as to prevent them landing and attacking him from the quay. The batteries from the forts and hills around kept up a fierce fire upon him; but he went on distributing his combustibles, so as to blow up the powder-magazines, the arsenals, and all the ships that he could not bring away. The explosions and glare of light were tremendous, and by the flame the enemies on the hills saw how to aim at them. A great powder-ship, in the inner harbour, which the Spaniards

had been ordered to sink, they exploded, causing the utmost danger to the flotilla. One of the gun-boats and a ship's boat were destroyed by the falling timbers; but only one officer and three men were killed by this *maladroit* transaction. When Sir Sidney Smith had almost completed his part of the work, he found that the Spanish admiral, Langara, who had been employed to burn the ships in the other basin, reported that he had not been able to do it, because there was a boom across the entrance. It was suspected that the Spaniard was in no disposition to perform this service, for he had been heard to say that the English were only too glad to destroy the French fleet. It was now too late; for the jacobins of the town had seized a battery commanding that basin. But Sir Sidney did not retire without effecting something more. In the inner harbour lay two seventy-four-gun ships, one of which had been filled with the convicts. These were jacobins; and now, having got clear of their irons, Sir Sidney landed them, and then set fire to the ships. This done, he was besieged by crowds of wretched people who were flying down to the quay to escape from the sans culottes of the town, who had risen, and were massacreing every decent person from whom they had any hope of plunder. He brought off the hunted people as fast as he could. When all was done, nearly fifteen thousand men, women, and children, were saved from the merciless hands of the republicans. The English destroyed eleven ships of war, some of them of vast size; they carried away from fifteen to twenty vessels, great and small, and left fourteen sail of the line, and five frigates that the Spanish admiral should have destroyed. The Spaniards, Sardinians, and Neapolitans carried away each a large ship of war. They then steered to the charming little French island of Hieres, on the coast of Provence. Meantime, the jacobin troops, townsmen, and galley convicts, were perpetrating the most horrible scenes on the unfortunate Toulonese. Even the poor workmen who had been employed by the English to strengthen the defences, were collected in hundreds, and cut down by discharges of grapeshot. Three jacobin commissioners, the brother of Robespierre, Barras, and Freron, were sent to *purge* the place, and, besides the grape-shot, the guillotine was in daily activity exterminating the people. The very mention of the name of Toulon was forbidden, and it was henceforth to be called Port de la Montagne.

The French republicans were very active in establishing their influence in the northern states of Italy. The grand duke of Tuscany, professing neutrality, supplied the French army in Nice with provisions and stores, but refused the same privilege to the English ships. He had even seized two Toulon merchants, sent to Leghorn for corn for the allies at that place, and put them in prison. Lord Hervey, the English ambassador, remonstrated in vain; but the sight of some English men-of-war altered the grand duke's behaviour, and Lord Hervey's peremptory condition that the two Toulon merchants should be immediately liberated, and the French agents, Chauvelin and La Flotte, ordered to quit the dukedom, produced a full execution of his demands, the duke soon feeling it best for him to unite with the grand European coalition. Genoa, though similarly threatened, was more under the protection of the French in Nice and Savoy, and was allowed to make promises of neutrality without keeping them. Chauvelin, and his colleagues of the jacobin faction, flocked to Venice, where they continued to exercise a republican influence, and counteract that of England and the allies. The pope, and the grand master of the knights of Malta, on the contrary, expelled the republican French from their states, and closed their ports against them.

Meantime, the intestine war betwixt the jacobins and Girondists was growing every day more deadly in Paris. Roland had retired from office; Lebrun, as foreign minister, and Clavière as minister of finance, still remained in office. Such was the miserable remains of the Girondist ministry. Brissot, though not in office, however, had an overwhelming influence with this fragment of an administration. He seemed to monopolise all power and all business of state. This turned the mortal hate of the jacobins upon him, as it had before rested on Roland. Marat and Robespierre taught the people to believe that it was Brissot and the Girondists who made everything dear. Accordingly, on the 25th of February, there were riots, and plundering of the shops, and abusing of the shopkeepers. It was said by the mob now, that when they had a king, they had their sugar and coffee cheap, as they used to say that it was the king who made these and other things dear. The Girondists declared the jacobins to be at the bottom of these outbreaks; but the jacobins repaid the imputation with interest. Marat protested that the instigators were concealed royalists; but it was replied, that the very morning of the riots, he had advised the people to turn out, and help themselves, and hang a few of the shopkeepers at their own doors. There was a demand by the Girondists that Marat should be tried by the convention for this language; but he justified himself, and declared that those who said the people had not a right to punish monopolisers, ought to be sent to a madhouse.

The strength of the two factions was being continually tested in different quarters. A new organisation of the committee of surveillance of the convention—which was distinct from the committee of surveillance of the commune—took place, and the jacobins became the majority. Then Condorcet brought in a plan of a new constitution, in which the Girondists were to take the leading part. This was received with the execrations of the jacobins, which were heaped especially on the names of Condorcet, Petion, and Sièyes. The fall of Dumouriez was another blow for the Gironde. Because Dumouriez had refused to go the length of the Mountain, he was always classed by the jacobins with the Girondists, and they now exclaimed against the treason of that general, and his attempt to bring in the Austrians, in order to damage the Girondists. There was a loud demand that the southern federalists should march directly to the frontiers, because that would leave the Girondists exposed in the capital. There was a strong debate on the subject, and it was carried that the federates of Brest and other seaport towns should march to the north, but that the rest of the federates should remain in the capital. Thereupon Danton called for thirty thousand new volunteers from Paris alone, and that commissioners should be dispatched to hasten the calling of fresh levies all over the country. The black flag was again hoisted at the Hôtel

de Ville; the country was declared to be again in danger; the theatres were closed, and the sections assembled in the evening. When it was urged that troops must march to defend the frontiers, it was again replied that the patriots could not march and leave traitors behind to massacre their families. There was a call for another purging, more terrible and extensive than that of September. The Girondists felt themselves in danger, and held a meeting to consider whether they should not take the initiative, call in troops whom they believed true to them, dissolve the convention, and expel the jacobins from their hall; but their courage was never equal to these decisive measures. On the other hand, the jacobins carried a decree for a new extraordinary criminal tribunal, which should pronounce judgment without this tribunal was to try persons from all parts, there should be some of the judges from different departments. As this did not at all thwart the views of the jacobins, for their partisans were everywhere, it was carried. That evening there was a great gathering at the hall of the jacobins. The volunteers, to whom a dinner that day was given in the corn-market, came in great numbers, flushed with wine, and flourishing their swords and pistols, declaring themselves the conquerors of the Tuileries of the 10th of August; that they must have the revolutionary tribunal at work, and that there must not merely be condemnation, but vengeance and death. The scene was one of the most inconceivable riot and confusion.

Louvet lived in the same street, not many doors from the

PANORAMIC PLAN OF THE SIEGE ON TOULON.

1. The Town of Toulon.
2. Approaches on land side.
3. E. Malbousquet.
4. Inner Harbour.
5. Grande Tour.
6. Little Gibraltar.
7. Fort.
8. Fort.
9. Fort.
10. Canals.
11. English.
12. Fort St. Marguerite.
13. C. Conquerenne.
14. C. Sepet.
15. Signal.
16. Hospital.
17. } Barrier des Sablettes.
18. }
19. Fort.
20. Battery.
21. French Attack.
22. St. Antoine.
23. English Camp.
24. M. Faron.
25. East Fasor.
26. English.
27. Lavalette.
28. Guard.
29. French.
30. C. Brun.
31. Artillery.
32. The Mediterranean.
33. English.
34. Encampment.
35. French.
36. Fort.
37. Fort.
38. Lines of Defence.
39. Fort.
40. Fort

any appeal against conspirators and counter-revolutionists. They then proceeded, and carried a number of other decrees, all announcing to the trembling Girondists the rising of the jacobin domination, and its ominous significance for them. One of these imposed a heavy tax on the rich; another sent commissioners into the departments to levy arbitrary compositions from the affluent, to seize their riding and carriage horses at pleasure, and to arrest any suspected or murmuring persons: in short, to exercise the most uncontrolled power. These commissioners acquired the name of "proconsuls," and vied with those of ancient Rome in acts of violence and insolence.

The next day, the 10th of March, there was a furious debate on the constitution of the new tribunal, and it was carried, in the end, that it should be presided over by nine judges, free from all formalities; that it should be divided into two sections, always permanent; and should have an officer constantly sitting to receive denunciations. The Girondists made strong opposition, and proposed that, as

hall of the jacobins. About nine o'clock in the evening, his wife, hearing this fearful hubbub, went to the hall, saw the flourishing arms, and heard the most terrible denunciations of the Girondists. She hurried away, found her husband, and informed him of what she had seen and heard. Louvet hastened off in quest of Petion, whom he found amusing himself with his fiddle. He begged the ex-mayor to accompany him to some secret place of rendezvous, where they and the other Girondists could consult about their safety. Petion opened his window, looked out, said it rained hard, that nothing would be done that night, and again took up his fiddle.

Louvet was more successful in assembling some of the other Girondists at the house of Lebrun. Beurnonville put himself boldly at the head of a body of Brest confederates, and cleared the streets of the rioters. Had the Girondists always shown this courage, they would have long ago crushed the Mountain. The next morning Brissot announced in "Le Patriote Français" that the Mountain had intended,

by this *émeute* of the 10th of March, to seize on the executive power; to make Danton minister of foreign affairs, Dubois-Crancé minister of war, Jean-Bon-St. André minister of marine, Thuriot, or Cambacérès, minister of justice, Fabre D'Eglantine minister of the interior, and Collot D'Herbois of finance. Vergniaud and the other Girondists demanded that the rioters and disturbers by profession should be dealt with by the new revolutionary tribunal; but as these were the actual tools of the Mountain, the Paris section, on the very next day, presented a demand to the convention that Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Brissot, and all the leading

The Girondists replied, retorting these reproaches on the jacobins. Vergniaud declared that he had never had any intimacy with Dumouriez, but that Robespierre — that coward, who, on any occasion of public alarm, concealed himself in a cellar—had crowned Dumouriez with laurels, and embraced him in the jacobin club. He had denounced the Orleans faction, but the jacobins, and not the Girondists, had conspired with that faction, and had been the accomplices of Dumouriez. Marat immediately replied that he had, as all the world knew, pursued Egalité in his writings; and he now, so far from conspiring with the

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

Girondists to the number of twenty-two, should be arrested and thus dealt with by themselves. This proposition was again and again brought forward in the clubs and the journals. It was now apparent to the Girondists that the Mountain was impatient for their blood. The flight of Dumouriez in April added immense force to the jacobin denunciations. They coupled this with the Gironde system at large—a system of treason towards the republic. Marat and Robespierre became open-mouthed on the subject. They declared that the system of Dumouriez was the system of the Girondists; the system of the Girondists that of La Fayette continued. Robespierre declared that there were no real republicans except the common people—which meant plainly that all others should be exterminated by the new tribunal. This language was but the preface to his practice.

Orleanists, demanded that a price should be put on the head of Egalité junior, and on the head of all the Capets. Let the convention vote for that, and they would soon see who favoured the family and connections of the late king, and who did not. A scene of the most riotous fury ensued, during which there was a cry that there was a sword drawn. The fury increased; and in one of those paroxysms of confusion and madness into which this strange "collective wisdom" of a nation was continually falling, Marat's motion was negatived. He retired saying, "The people will now know who are the accomplices of the Capets."

Similar scenes of furious recrimination were renewed from day to day. On the 15th of April, Pache, now mayor, appeared at the head of a deputation from thirty-six of the sections, demanding the immediate expulsion of twenty-two leading

Girondists. This had been done at the suggestion of Robespierre. When the names of the proscribed Girondists were read over, the galleries shouted and stamped. The president, observing that only one of the deputies had signed the memorial, informed them that it could not be received, except with all their signatures. Thereupon they signed, except Pache, who, for some time, declined, but eventually added his name. No sooner was this done than Boyer-Fonfrède, the youngest of the Girondists, rushed forward to add his name to the list of the proscribed twenty-two, calling on all the Girondists to do the same, which they did, saying, "Let them proscribe us all." A few days after, the commune of Paris sent a demand for the expulsion of the twenty-two, declaring the country to be in a state of revolution. This address they printed, and circulated throughout the departments. They formed themselves into a committee of correspondence with all the forty-four thousand municipalities, and, to protect Marat, declared that they should consider themselves all attacked by any attack on any member of their body, or on the president or secretary of any club or section of a club.

Notwithstanding, the Girondists carried a decree for the accusation of Marat; and, as usual, that hectoring demagogue immediately concealed himself. But, tired of inaction, and confident of acquittal through the prevalence of his party, on the 24th of April he surrendered himself, and was placed at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. It could not be for a moment doubtful what would be the result of his appearance before a tribunal framed out of members of his own party, and after his own heart. He was instantly acquitted, and carried back, on the shoulders of the people, in triumph to the convention, crowned with a garland of oak-leaves. On the filthy wretch being set down in the midst of the convention, a pioneer with his apron on, and brandishing his axe, said, "Citizen president, we bring you back the excellent Marat, the friend of the people. If the head of Marat must fall, the head of the pioneer shall fall first!" The sans culottes, men, women, and children, then filed tumultuously through the hall, and then, snatching up Marat, carried him to the jacobin club, where the dirty fellow was embraced, hugged, kissed, and crowned with garlands! But, tearing away the garlands, he cried out, that they must not amuse themselves with ceremonies—they must exterminate their enemies.

Another violent and disorderly struggle then ensued at the convention for the formation of a committee of twelve, by the Girondists, to watch over the designs of the commune, and to arrest such persons as they deemed dangerous to the public peace. This was adopting the machinery of the jacobins. It was carried, and the committee then arrested Varlet, who called himself the apostle of liberty, Hèbert, commonly called Père Duchesne, from his obscene novel of that name. This raised the fury of the jacobins; they demanded the annulling of the decree against the commune, and the release of Varlet and Hèbert. This also was carried, and again, in the next sitting, repealed: such was the vibration of the factions, in a state of the most insane fury against each other, that their conduct rather resembled the maniacal outbursts of Bedlamites than anything else on earth. Certainly, no such scenes ever took place in any other representative assembly of a nation. The committee of twelve, to quell the jacobins, dispatched a messenger to Raffet, a sworn enemy of the Mountain, to bring in a body of national guards from the sections more disposed to the Girondists. He soon appeared at the door, to the consternation of the jacobins in the convention. Marat rushed out, pistol in hand, shrieking that the Girondists were going to murder all the real patriots. Whilst Raffet showed his orders to come to the protection of the convention, the mayor, Pache, and Garat, minister of the interior, were announced, who protested that there was no disturbance—no danger to any one. This was applauded immensely by the jacobins, and Raffet retired. As soon as he was gone, the jacobins demanded the release of Hèbert and Varlet, and the dissolution of the committee of twelve again; and again these proposals were passed into decrees.

The next day, the 28th of May, the same scenes were renewed. The Girondists declared that the decrees of the night before had not been duly passed; that the whole had been a confusion, a conspiracy—a chaos. Robespierre cried out that the conspiracy was on the part of the Girondists; that all but fools must see that they were seeking the destruction of the jacobins. Again the liberation of Hèbert and Varlet was put to the vote, carried, and these worthies were taken from the Abbaye on the shoulders of the people; half smothered in kisses and oak-leaf garlands; borne to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were rapturously received, and again caressed by the municipals and the citizenesses, and they thereupon demanded vengeance on the committee of twelve who had arrested them.

That vengeance was rapidly ripening; the jacobins had, by this time, nearly reached the ascendant; they had brought the people to the degree of bloodthirsty madness which would send them, at their bidding, headlong on the Girondists, and on all whom the jacobin chiefs doomed to slaughter. The Gironde was evidently worsted in the fight of faction, and reduced to a flock of trembling, conscious victims. The reign of terror was about to assume its full dimensions of horror and extermination. Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Chaumette, mayor Pache, and their congeners, had organised a plan of proscription which should make a clean sweep of all their opponents. The sections had been summoned to send deputies to an assembly meeting in the electoral club of the Evêché. Thirty-six of the sections instantly complied, and the other twelve were peremptorily summoned to do the same. This assembly constituted itself a republican union, and declared Paris in a state of insurrection. The electoral and representative rights of women were proclaimed, and a hundred patriotesses represented their sex in the union. At this moment, news of the almost universal defeat of the armies, and of the victorious attitude of the Vendéans, raised the terror and the resentment of the jacobins and their mob of worshippers to the most rabid height. Numbers of deputations appeared at the convention, with black flags bearing ominous mottoes, and they demanded an explanation of what Isnard, the Girondist, had said a few days before—that if another of the insurrections, so frequent of late, took place, Paris would be annihilated. They demanded that all the deputies who had endeavoured to arm the departments against Paris, meaning all the Girondists who relied on

certain departmental federates for protection, should be expelled the convention, and the committee of twelve be abolished.

The Girondists, terrified at the aspect of affairs, sent to Danton, to persuade him to abandon the jacobin party, and join them in saving the state; but Danton was too sensible of the hopeless condition of the Gironde, and too truculent himself. He turned his back on the messenger, and said it was impossible; the Girondists had no confidence in him, nor he in them. On the 30th of May the drums beat to arms, the tocsins began to peal out all over Paris. The Girondists fled and concealed themselves. That day passed over in the utmost confusion and terror, but nothing took place. The next morning, the last of May, some of the Girondists ventured into the convention armed, and Garat, the minister of the interior, appeared, and announced that Paris was in full insurrection in consequence of the committee of twelve not having been abolished. Mayor Pache soon after arrived, and informed them that the deputies from the sections had appeared, and he commanded the municipal officers to surrender their authority to the convention, and to resume it in the name of the sovereign people. This was telling them that the mob was the supreme authority, at this moment, in Paris. He informed them also that the sections, with the concurrence of the commune, had appointed Henriot, a low ruffian, notorious for his activity in riots, and for his conspicuous part amongst the Septembrists, as commandant-general of the national guards. At this moment a note was received from the officer serving at the Pont Neuf, saying that Henriot had commanded him to fire the alarm-gun there. Pache said this must be a mistake, as he had himself ordered that the gun should not be fired. It was fired the next moment. At this there was a strange alarm and confusion in the convention; and in the midst of this state of things there was a loud demand for the dissolution of the committee of twelve, and the arrest of all the Girondist leaders. A long contention followed, Vergniaud and other Girondists denouncing the jacobins as the assassins of liberty. Robespierre rose, and demanded a decree against all the accomplices of the traitor Dumouriez. At ten o'clock at night this motion was carried, being seconded by Barrère.

It was Friday night: all Saturday Marat was going to and fro between the Hôtel de Ville, the Evêché, and the Tuileries, where the convention now sate, like a fiend, rousing them to action, and to the entire seizure and destruction of the Girondists. On the Sunday morning—Sundays were always the great days for massacre—Marat rushed to the belfry of the Hôtel de Ville, and began violently sounding the tocsin. This set all the alarm-bells of Paris in motion. The streets were quickly thronged with armed mobs, and bands of national guards. The Mountain met in force at the convention, and voted the arrest of twenty-seven Girondists by name. Hassenfratz, a doctor of medicine, and a savage, declared that every one of them must fall under the guillotine, without any consideration—"They must all bite the dust!"

Lanjuinais, Barbaroux, Isnard, Fauchet, Lanthenas, and one or two other Girondists, now ventured from their hiding-places, and dared to oppose this bloody proscription of their party. Lanjuinais mounted the tribune, and protested against the Mountain, which was setting itself above all authority, and seeking to deluge the country in blood; but he was laid hold of amidst the most infuriate cries, and his very clothes torn from his back. Whilst he still held firm by the iron railing, and continued his indignant harangue, he was interrupted by the entrance of a deputation from the republican union, demanding no more talk, but instant action. Amidst scenes of the wildest disorder the decree was carried, and Henriot, at the head of the guards and the mob, surrounded the Tuileries, as that palace had been surrounded on the 10th of August, to secure the victims. The decree being passed, Henriot appeared in the hall at the head of his soldiers, and was received with acclamations. Being informed that the accused were to be considered as under arrest in their own houses, until the convention should otherwise determine, he marched away with his soldiers and the crowd, singing "*Ça ira!*"

This decree was the open signal for the reign of the guillotine. The Mountain declared itself in the act of commencing the massacre of the Girondists. They fled, such as were not too well guarded in their houses. Petion, Salles, Louvet, and a number of others, escaped into the country, and repaired, in the first place, to Caen; there they were joined by some of the insurgents from Brittany, and, making a sort of hollow truce with the royalists, determined there to make a stand against the convention. They styled themselves the "assembly of the departments reunited at Caen." But they received news of the rapid approach of troops from the convention and seeing no sufficient support against them, they again fled to Bourdeaux.

But their sojourn at Caen had one great result: it insured the death of the monster Marat. There was living there at that time Charlotte Corday, a young lady, the daughter of one of the old and now abolished noblesse. Living in the Calvados, she had early imbibed the same republican sentiments as madame Roland, and from the same sources—the study of the Roman and Greek histories, and the revolutionary writers of the preceding age. Glowing with all the enthusiasm of youth for liberty and the regeneration of mankind, she was, like madame Roland, instantly and intensely enamoured of the revolution. She had left the residence of her father in the country to live with a relative or friend, madame de Bretville, in Caen. She was handsome, witty, and of great ability. Her education had been received in a convent; but the perusal of freer writers than penetrate usually into convents had excited her imagination vividly on the subject of freedom. She was, in particular, a great admirer of the writings of the abbé Raynal. She had many youthful worshippers and offers of marriage, and was attached to a young officer, M. Belzunce, major of the regiment of Bourbon. Marat had denounced major Belzunce repeatedly in his journal as a counter-revolutionist; and hence, probably, he became particularly marked out by Charlotte Corday, from amongst the hideous group of the Mountain, as an object of pre-eminent abhorrence. The arrival of the persecuted Girondists in Caen was an event calculated to excite a deep interest in the heart of this ardent young republican of twenty-five. They seemed to her the apostles of the very political creed

she had adopted; that they sought the establishment of a pure republic, in which virtue and freedom might flourish together; and where men might embody all the ideal excellencies of a purified society. To her the jacobins were, on the contrary, monsters of anarchy and diabolic cruelty, whose ascendancy would be the reign of infernals—the destruction of human happiness and progress.

Charlotte Corday became acquainted with the leaders of the Girondist party, and deeply sympathised in their plans and misfortunes. She had many conversations with Petion, Barbaroux, and others. These conversations roused all the fire of her nature. She saw war commencing in the Calvados; she heard of it raging in La Vendée; she heard with indignation the accounts of the atrocities of the jacobins, and especially of the sanguinary, murderous nature of Marat. She conceived the idea of ridding France of this monster. In her inexperience, she trusted that, if he were removed, the greatest spring of popular instigation would be annihilated; there would be an end of the blasting, imolating fire that he was perpetually scattering from his journal all over France. She trusted that the terror of such an example would awe the rest of the jacobins, who had always been as notorious for their personal cowardice as for their inhuman ferocity. She resolved, therefore, to sacrifice herself for her country. She wrote to her father to say that, as the troubles of France were daily becoming more alarming, and as war and its many terrors were now threatening the Calvados, she was setting off to England, where she purposed to remain till better times in France.

She informed Barbaroux and Petion that she was going to Paris to endeavour to obtain some papers from Garat, the minister of the interior, for a friend of hers, Alexandine Forbin, who had been a canoness of the Calvados, which were of consequence to her. Barbaroux gave her a letter to M. Duperret, a Girondist deputy, who had escaped the attacks of the Mountain, and who would introduce her to the minister.

On the 9th of July Charlotte took her place in the diligence for Paris, and, arriving on the 11th, she took up her quarters at the Hôtel La Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins. The next morning she delivered Barbaroux's letter to Duperret, who, as well as his friends, were greatly struck with the beauty and intelligence of the young devotee, and Duperret at once accompanied her to the minister. Having executed her mission for her friend, she next entered on the discharge of her own great design. She wrote a letter to Marat, saying that she was just come from Calvados, and could give him important information regarding the movements of the fugitive Girondists there. She then proceeded, on the morning of the 13th, to a shop in the Palais Royal, where she purchased a large sheath-knife, with which she entered a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive her to the Rue de l'École de Médécine, in which Marat lived, in a miserable third storey. She was there informed that he was ill, and could not be seen. She drove back to her hotel, and there wrote another note, which she intended to deliver herself. In this note she said, "I hope to-morrow you will grant me an interview. I repeat to you that I have just arrived from Caen. I have to reveal to you secrets the most important to the salvation of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and this should suffice to give me a right to your protection."

At half-past seven in the evening she presented herself again at the door of Marat, and asked for an answer to the note she had already delivered. The same woman whom she had seen before reappeared, and repeated that citizen Marat was ill, and could not be seen; that he was, at that moment, in his bath. But Marat, who was within hearing, as soon as he understood that it was the young woman who had written to him, ordered her to be immediately admitted. She was conducted into the room where he sate in his bath, having by its side a stool, on which he had ink and papers. Being left alone with him, he inquired eagerly about affairs at Caen. She told him what she had seen, and during this time took a steady survey of the hideous and diseased wretch who had contrived to raise himself to so terrible an influence in the country. He asked which of the Girondists were at Caen; and, as she named them one by one, he wrote down their names. "Very good," said he; "they shall all go to the guillotine!" "To the guillotine!" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, drawing the knife from her bosom and plunging it into his side. It passed right through the lungs; he had only time to exclaim, "Help, my dear!" and fell dead, bathed in his blood.

At his cry, in rushed the woman who had admitted Charlotte, who was his housekeeper (or rather his mistress), followed by a man who was then folding Marat's journal for circulation. They saw the great agitator dead, and the young stranger standing calmly surveying her victim. The man knocked her down with the stool; the woman, like a fury, trampled upon her. The tumult and shrieking of the woman brought in fresh persons. The young assassin was assailed, and in danger of being torn to pieces; but these people were quickly followed by police, who beat them back and secured Charlotte, who, undismayed by the treatment she had received, continued calm, exhibiting a quiet satisfaction in her accomplished object. The police and a number of national guards conducted her through the infuriated crowds, which ran together at the rumour, to the Abbaye. Even the enraged people could not help being struck by her beauty, and the dignified calm of her demeanour, as she replied to those who upbraided her with her deed, "I have done it for the salvation of my country, and for the suppression of the civil war that is breaking out."

She was lodged in the cell which had been lately occupied by Brissot, but who had escaped thence, had been recaptured, and put into another prison. She immediately sate down and wrote to Barbaroux, to inform him of what she had done, for she seems to have kept locked in her bosom her design, even from the Girondists. She declared, in this letter, that she meant to kill Marat on the very summit of the Mountain, but that his illness had prevented the carrying out her plan. She declared that she sacrificed her own life without regret, because a lively imagination and a too sensitive heart were productive only of a stormy existence. She complained that she was kept in view, both day and night, by gendarmes, and that such indecent conduct could only be the invention of Chabot, for nobody but a Capuchin could be so indelicate.

She added that she endeavoured to beguile the time by writing patriotic songs; and that she had given the two last couplets of the charming song Valazé composed at Caen, to all who would accept them.

No sooner was it known that Duperret had introduced her to the minister, than he was arrested, as well as Fauchet, from something which fell from those who had seen Charlotte before her arrest. After one or two examinations by the committee of public safety, she was removed from the Abbaye to the Conciergerie, which was the next regular step to the guillotine. On the 16th of July, the very day before her death, she concluded her long letter to Barbaroux, in which she informed him of the minute examination that she had undergone; that probably she should die the next day. She also wrote to her father, entreating his pardon for having disposed of her life without his consent; that she had avenged many victims, and that the service she had rendered her country would one day be acknowledged. She said that, for his sake, she wished to have preserved her incognito, but that it was impossible, and she yet hoped that her act would not bring any injury to him. She concluded by begging him to remember the line of Corneille, his great ancestor—"It is not the scaffold, but crime, which makes the shame."

The next morning she was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. Fouquier-Tourville, destined to leave a terrible memory, read the act of accusation, and then Marat's *chère amie* was called in. Before she could say many words, Charlotte Corday interrupted her, saying, "It was I who killed Marat!" The president asked what induced her to commit that act. She replied, "It was his crimes that induced me." When asked what crimes, she replied, "The miseries he has caused since the revolution." "But who are your instigators?" "I have none," she replied; "it was my own idea." As the witnesses proceeded, she continued to say, "That is true; that is very true." But when it was deposed that she had been at the Mairie the night before she killed Marat, and that it was believed that she meant to kill mayor Pache, she said that was wholly false; she had never been at the Mairie in her life, and did not know where it was. She made the same denial of having seen Fauchet as well as Duperret, and was indignant when they charged her with being the mistress of Barbaroux. The president asked her how she could imagine Marat such a wretch when he so readily admitted her on her plea that she was unhappy; but she replied, "What would it have mattered had he been kind to me when he was a monster to others?" "But," added the president, "do you think that you have killed all the Marats?" "No!" she replied, regretfully; "no, certainly not!"

Fauchet and Duperret were called in and interrogated in her presence. Fauchet said that he had never seen Charlotte Corday at any time. Duperret said that she had confided no single idea of her intentions to him, and that he had perceived nothing in her conversation unworthy of a good citizeness. They showed her the knife; she at once owned that it was the one she had killed Marat with. Throughout the whole time of the trial she preserved the utmost calmness and self-possession. She observed some artists attempting to take her portrait, and she immediately altered her position, to give them a better chance.

She had singularly, when told that she could appoint an advocate to plead for her, named Montegnard, and said, in a letter to Barbaroux, that she thought, for a moment, of naming Robespierre or Chabot, so well did she know that an advocate was useless, and she therefore treated the matter satirically. M. Chaveau—a man of reputation and honour—was then named by the tribunal, and he came forward boldly, and did all that he could, which was to say that the political fanaticism of the young woman seemed to amount to a species of insanity, and he entreated the jury to bear that in mind. Of course, she was at once condemned. She heard the sentence with a smile, and was conducted back to the Conciergerie. A priest offered his services, but she declined them, saying she knew how to die. At seven o'clock that evening she was summoned to attend the executioner to the scaffold. She was at the moment writing a note to the advocate who had been appointed to defend her, but who had not appeared, in which she upbraided him with his cowardice. She finished the note, and sealed it, and then followed the executioner. She was led through the streets in an open cart, clad in a red shirt, as a condemned criminal; yet her calm demeanour and her beauty moved even the savage mob. Arrived at the scaffold, she laid herself down voluntarily under the guillotine, placed her head right, and it was severed from the body in a moment. Legros, one of the executioners, as he held up the head to the populace, gave it several cuffs on the cheeks. This excited a general murmur: it offended the politeness of the French at the moment of gratifying their love of blood. It could not be said to offend their delicacy, or their real respect to woman, for they had, in Charlotte's own case, shown none; and their general conduct towards ladies during the whole revolution was the most brutish imaginable. There were individuals who were at once struck by the grace and heroism of this young disciple of Brutus; and one of them, Adam Luxe, a deputy extraordinary from Mayence, composed a poem in her honour, in which he declared her greater than Brutus, and demanded a statue in her honour. Such language, addressed to the French nation in the midst of its rabies for blood, was inevitably fatal. He was seized and guillotined himself.

The jacobins did not fail to propagate the rumour that Charlotte Corday had been instigated to this murder by the Girondists at Caen. General Wimpfen, who, at that time, was employed by the insurgent Girondists at Caen, but who soon turned against them, declared that Petion, Barbaroux, and the other Girondist leaders there were at the bottom of this plot; but Charlotte Corday declared that it was solely her own conception, and there does not appear any satisfactory evidence to the contrary. The rumour served its end to whet on the rancour of the people against the Gironde.

Marat's body was laid in state in the church of the Cordeliers, and then it was carried in procession to the garden of the Cordeliers' convent, and buried under a tree. The body had been first embalmed—it had great need of it, for it was a mass of disgusting disease, the result of as disgusting vice.

His heart was contended for by several churches, but that of the Cordeliers retained the worthless prize. Women strewed flowers on the coffin as it passed, and the convention attended the funeral in a body, and the president made a flowery discourse over the grave. A pension was voted to his mistress, whom the convention dignified by the sacred title of wife. The Rue de Cordeliers was changed into the Rue de la Marat, and the square near it into the Place de l'Ami du Peuple, in his honour. Marat was about fifty years old, and, notwithstanding the charges of greed made against him by madame Roland and others, no money was found after his death. His printing presses were purchased by order of the convention, and his journal continued by some of his coadjutors. Busts were ordered in vast quantities, and of all sizes and qualities; and so this monster was honoured by a nation in whom he had so effectually evoked the passion for wholesale murder! That murder was now fully inaugurated. Blood flowed in torrents, not soon to be stayed, as if in honour of this modern Moloch. It flowed everywhere, and at the command of all parties. On the day following that on which Charlotte Corday perished by the guillotine in Paris by the hands of the jacobins, Chalier, the president of the jacobin club at Lyons, had his head lopped off by the Girondists in that city, along with the head of his jacobin friend, Riard.

These executions seemed to be the signal for the rush of the jacobin forces on the city of Lyons. It was speedily invested by numerous troops, under the command of Dubois-Crancé, one of the commissioners of the convention. On the 21st of August he summoned the place to surrender, but the Lyonese held out till the 2nd of October, when Couthon, one of the most ruthless of the jacobin deputies, arrived, with twenty-eight thousand armed peasants, from Auvergne. He demanded that the city should be instantly bombarded, and, if necessary, reduced to ruins. Dubois-Crancé said there was no need for this merciless alternative, as the place must very soon yield from famine. Couthon thereupon obtained an order from the convention to supersede

CHARLOTTE CORDAY. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Dubois-Crancé, as devoid of proper republican zeal; and, on the 7th of October, commenced a terrible bombardment. The inhabitants came to a parley with Couthon, and Precy took that opportunity to get out of the city at an opposite gate, with two thousand Sardinians and royalists, who endeavoured to escape to Switzerland, but were attacked on all sides, and cut down to about eighty men before they reached the mountains.

As these fugitives rushed out of Lyons, the republicans rushed in, and then commenced such a scene of butcherings, wholesale drownings, murders, and tortures of all imaginable kinds, as only Hell and France have ever witnessed. Couthon immediately appointed a committee to try all rebels, and he sent his opinion of the population at large to the convention, describing the people as of three kinds—the wicked rich, the proud rich, and the ignorant poor, who were too stupid to be good republicans. He proposed to guillotine the first class, to seize all the property of the second, and to remove all the last into different quarters of France. The convention adopted his views cordially, and passed a decree that Lyons should be destroyed; that nothing should be left but the houses of the poor, the manufactories, the hospitals, the school of arts, the public schools, and public monuments; that the name of Lyons should be buried for ever, and that on its ruins should be erected a monument bearing this inscription:—"Lyons made war against liberty: Lyons is no more!" The name of the spot ever after was to be the Liberated Commune.

To carry out the will of the convention and of Couthon, eight hundred workmen, attended by crowds of the most imbrued of the Paris mob, were dispatched to the doomed city; and whilst the committee of terror sent the inhabitants to the guillotine one after another with wonderful dispatch, these fellows pulled down their houses. Couthon was soon called away, but he left behind three spirits like his own to complete the work—namely, Collot D'Herbois, Maribon-Montaut, and Fouché, a native of Nantes, hitherto little heard of, but destined to achieve his own share of the national infamy. Collot D'Herbois is said to have never forgiven the Lyonese for hissing him off the stage when he acted there. He now took an ample revenge. From fifty to sixty persons were sent daily to the guillotine; but, as this did not keep pace with the desire of the commissioners, the people were brought out in masses, and shot down with musketry and grape-shot. Two hundred and sixty-nine were thus dispatched in one day, and the carnage was continued for nearly five months, with some pauses. From five to six thousand people were thus destroyed, and by other means, Collot D'Herbois superintending the massacre, and often killing them with his own hand. When they had slaughtered their human hecatombs to the manes of Chalier, the jacobin, and his friend Riard, these commissioners went in state, preceded by a movable guillotine, and executioners carrying swords dipped in blood, to take up the remains of these jacobin martyrs, and transport them to more honourable sepulchres, with all the usual ceremonies of music, speeches, and scattering of flowers!

The same scenes, but on a still larger scale, were exhibiting in the capital. The Reign of Terror was fully inaugurated, and rapidly extending itself. At first, on the expulsion of the Girondists—that is, in June—the guillotinings were only fourteen. In July it was about the same; but in August Robespierre became a member of the committee of public safety, and then the work went on swimmingly. Moloch was on his throne: the incorruptible had come out of his hiding-place, and stood publicly displayed as the genius of human destruction. From the moment that Robespierre took his place in the committee, the stream of blood flowed freely and steadily. His friend—if such monsters can be said to have any friends—Barrère, who belonged to the timid Plain till the Girondists were overthrown, now became his active agent. He proposed, on the 7th of August, that William Pitt should be proclaimed the enemy of the whole human race, and that a decree should be passed that every man had a right to assassinate him. On the 9th it was announced that the republic was completed; that Herault de Sechelles had produced a new and perfect constitution, which was at once adopted by the convention. It was a constitution containing all the doctrines of the Mountain, in the florid bombast of that truculent faction. As it was quickly again set aside, we need not detail its principles. Then this prodigy of a constitution was celebrated on the 10th of August, the anniversary of the day sacred to the downfall of monarchy. Sechelles and the painter David were the most prominent personages in all the ridiculous and blasphemous tomfoolery of the day. A plaster statue of Nature was erected on the Place de la Bastille, having two streams of water spouting from her breasts. In front of the pedestal of this statue was inscribed, "We are all her children;" and all around it were other mottoes, such as "Hell vomited kings;" "Hell vomited priests!" To this female Pan the members of the convention, of the commune, and of the committee of public safety kneeled; and Sechelles made a grand address, commencing, "Oh, Nature, sovereign of the savage and of enlightened nations!" and praying her to receive the expression of the eternal attachment of the French. There was the usual firing of cannon, scattering of flowers, and embracing and kissing. The authorities of all kinds mingled miscellaneously amongst the mobs, to show that Nature had no distinctions. The nurses of the great foundling hospital carried the infants of that establishment in their arms, to show that Nature was the mother of them all. There were numerous other fooleries, such as addressing and crowning with wreaths the dames de la Halle, or market women. Then they marched to the Place de la Revolution, where, on or near the spot where Louis XVI. had lately been executed, David had erected a statue of Liberty, still larger than that of Nature at the Place de la Bastille. This statue was surrounded by a very forest of poles, bearing red caps; and here Sechelles made another pompous harangue, and then three thousand birds were let loose, having each a label round its neck, inscribed, "Imitate us; we are free!" This time, not a tree, but a mountain of the emblems of feudalism was set fire to; and, when these silly sentimentalities were ended, the crowd turned again to the scent of blood.

The very next day Robespierre, in the jacobin club, denounced a whole bevy of generals—placing poor old Custine foremost of them—as urgently requiring the operation of the guillotine. From this moment the guillotine became the

punishment for almost all offences—the sequel to every law. Atheism was boldly avowed, even by children, and the convention was asked to put an end to the practice of praying to a God, and to command instead the teaching of the Rights of Man. On the 5th of September Merlin carried a decree of death against all who trafficked in or discredited the assignats. Any one thenceforward who refused to take one of these pieces of paper for its nominal value—three times or more its real value—could be dragged to the guillotine. The convention at once abolished all payments to the clergy, postmaster Drouet declaring that, since their virtue, their moderation, and their philosophical ideas were of no use to them, they had better at once become brigands for the happiness of the people! They had been brigands long, but they now redoubled their brigandage, seizing on the revenues of colleges, hospitals, and other charitable institutions without scruple. Barrère also proposed, in the name of the committee of public safety, a new Parisian guard, to be called expressly the Revolutionary Army, which should enable the authorities to sweep away all the enemies of the republic—or, in other words, massacre all who differed in opinion from them, or had property to seize. The tales about the intrigues of Pitt with the royalists were revived, and it was declared that a nephew of his had been discovered concealed in a château at Dinan. The convention shouted in triumph at this seizure—which, we believe, was a perfect myth, invented for the occasion—and decreed the revolutionary army. It was also decreed that the members of the revolutionary committee should receive three livres per day per man. As these committees were established all over France, the sum requisite for the pay of all the members was large, and in consequence whetted still more the desire to seize all moneys and properties possible. Every day now developed more fully the machinery of the jacobin reign of terror. On the 17th of September the convention passed the *Loi des Suspects*, which enabled the committees to seize and condemn any one that had anything, and trump up some charge against him. It was next determined to deal with all young men of property who had not complied with the levy *en masse*, and it was decreed that all those who did not join the army, when called upon, should be deemed and treated as emigrants. It was next proposed by Barrère to transport to French Guiana all such persons as should be convicted by the revolutionary committee of spreading reports to the injury of the country; but though that was, from the malignant nature of the climate, nearly tantamount to a sentence of death, Collot d'Herbois—who was, in fact, destined to perish there himself—said that was no punishment at all; that they must transport no more, they must kill all conspirators. Thus every day drew closer the meshes of this infernal net of a government which was to sweep up and destroy every man who had any power or property to make him worthy of notice. Nor did all these regulations suffice: Herault de Sechelles' new constitution was declared an obstacle to the free exercise of the authority necessary thoroughly to purge the republic, and it was suspended on the 10th of October, and the government, it was decreed, should be considered *revolutionary* till there was a general peace. Moreover, the government being declared revolutionary, any remissness in executing its decrees were to be held to be treason. It is in vain to look through history, even where it describes the sway of the most dreadful tyrants, to discover a system so perfectly and awfully demonised as this. The apparatus for death was ready, and it was now put into full action.

It was now the turn of the unhappy Marie Antoinette to feel its force. On the 14th of October she was summoned before the revolutionary tribunal. The lives of the queen and her family, her two children, and her sister-in-law, madame Elizabeth, during the eight months which had passed since the execution of Louis XVI. had been made as bitter to them as human (?)—nay, as the most inhuman—the most devilish ingenuity could make them! For a brief period they were allowed a greater degree of liberty; were permitted to walk more often in the Temple garden. They were even flattered with the idea of being eventually liberated, and permitted to retire from France. But this seems only to have been in order to make them feel more keenly the after cruelties inflicted on them. No treatment, however, for a moment ever deceived the clear judgment of Marie Antoinette. She looked forward to nothing but death; and her mind never for an instant seemed to lose the torturing sense of the fate of her children. Her daughter, afterwards duchess of Angoulême, the only one of these unhappy captives who was left alive, says, in her memoirs, "No hope could touch my mother's heart; life and death were equally indifferent to her. She sometimes looked at us with an air of pity which made us shudder."

These hapless prisoners were placed in the custody of a man whose ineffable baseness even marks itself out amid the monstrous cruelties of that sanguinary people and time. This was Hèbert, the so-called Père Duchesne, the deputy of Chaumette, and who had originally been a check-taker at the door of a theatre. This most despicable of wretches, who had not a single human feeling or quality, who outdid the most infamous of inquisitors, exerted himself to invent every possible means of insulting, oppressing, degrading, and maligning these afflicted women and suffering children. He declared that they ought not to be treated better than any sans-culotte family, and the worst of criminals, the worst galley-slaves. He sent away the faithful Clery, whom the king had so tenderly implored to continue to attend the dauphin. He sent away all servants except the cook, two girls, and an old laundry-woman. He procured an order to have the few remaining little luxuries of their table reduced. They were no longer to be allowed either poultry or pastry. They were confined to one kind of aliment for breakfast; to soup, and a single dish for dinner; to two dishes for supper, and half a bottle of wine a-piece. The wax candles were withdrawn, and tallow candles substituted. China gave way to common earthenware, and silver spoons and forks to iron or plated ones. The few servants left were forbidden to enter their room; only the wood and water carriers could do this, and then only in the presence of two commissioners. Their food was introduced by a turning-box, and thus they were cut off almost wholly from mankind. Th[illegible]nly such individuals who came as spies, and remorseless gaolers.

Armed with this order, Hèbert went to the Temple, and deprived the captives of every little thing to which they

could attach a melancholy value from the remembrance of the giver. He took away from madame Elizabeth eighty louis in gold, which the princess de Lamballe gave her a few days before her death. But this devil incarnate was yet far from the end of his torments. He determined to remove the little dauphin from his mother, his sister, and his aunt; and that on a plea which made the separation an atrocity more lacerating to the feelings of the captives, and more monstrous than had ever before entered into the imagination of a devil in human shape. He accused the queen of incest with her son—with a child of only eight years old! He extended the vile charge to the aunt. He went beyond this, and declared that these ladies had taught him practices of self-abuse, hoping, by this means, to destroy his constitution, and thus reign in his name. To the horrible pollution of the idea, and the charges of a wretch like this, were the afflicted women subject; and on this plea he tore away the child, and placed him under the management—care it was said—of Simon the shoemaker, who had already so frequently insulted the child's parents. He compelled the poor boy, who was subdued by the utmost terror of his keeper, to sign a paper against his mother, containing these charges. The princess royal, his sister, says, that the poor dauphin, who did not comprehend the nature of these charges, yet felt that they were meant to inculpate his mother; and that after signing them, he never spoke again! As for Marie Antoinette, the agonies which rent her soul at the tearing away of her child from her were so terrible, that the very gaolers who witnessed them, hardened as they were, could not refrain from tears.

Simon, to whom this poor child was intrusted, treated him in the most detestable manner. He used to lock him up alone, whilst he went down and took his own exercise in the garden. "Unexampled barbarity," exclaims the child's sister, the duchess d'Angoulême, "to leave an unhappy and sickly child, eight years old, in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him. He preferred wanting everything to the sight of his persecutors. His bed had not been touched for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and person were covered with them. For more than a year he had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate in his room. His window was never opened, and the infectious smell of this horrid apartment was so dreadful that no one could bear it. He passed his days wholly without occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and he fell into a frightful atrophy."

It was on the 3rd of July that the unhappy child was taken from his mother, sister, and aunt, and put into the power of this vulgar monster. Soon after, his sister and aunt Elizabeth were removed also; and on the night between the 1st and 2nd of August, the stripped and isolated queen, more agonised for the fate of her children and sister-in-law than for her own, was conveyed to the Conciergerie, the anti-chamber to that of death. She was confined in what was called the council-chamber, said to be the most damp and unwholesome apartment of this most notoriously unwholesome prison. It was poisoned with the fœtid effluvia of sewers. Under pretence of giving her a person to wait upon her, they gave her a spy—a man of horrible countenance, and hollow, sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the chosen attendant of the queen of France! A few days before her trial this wretch was removed, and a gendarme placed in her chamber, who watched over her day and night, and from whom she was only separated when in bed by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend every day, and she was entirely destitute of shoes.

The pretence for this unnecessary and indecent surveillance was that there were attempts on foot to rescue her, and convey her out of France. Such attempts, no doubt, were contemplated; but none were of a nature to succeed. The Austrian minister, count Merci, is said to have endeavoured to bribe Danton to an exertion for her escape; Danton professed his willingness; and Danton, no doubt, was fond enough of money to have done it, if it had been possible, and he had felt secure of his own neck. But he knew too well the espionage on every side, and the certain death, from the slightest suspicion on this head, to engage in anything of the kind. The hope of succour was, indeed, in one instance, conveyed to her by an ingenious plan. Michonnis, a member of the municipality, one of the very few who felt pity for the fallen queen, was induced to admit to her presence a disguised emigrant, who presented her with a carnation, amongst the petals of which was concealed a small slip of thin paper, on which was written, "Your friends are ready!" But this stratagem was discovered by her vigilant keeper, and only sent the two men to the guillotine, without giving the queen more than a tantalising hope. The watch over her was rendered more severe; gendarmes were constantly posted at her door, who were ordered not to answer if she spoke to them, on pain of death.

For about ten weeks Marie Antoinette was confined in this pestilent place—namely, from the 2nd of August to the 14th of October. This was not by the goodwill of Fouquier-Tinville, the accuser-general, who complained to the convention of the delay; but on the 13th of October, on a Sunday evening, she was presented with the indictment against her, and the next morning was taken before the revolutionary tribunal. There, everything which had been charged against Louis was also charged against her, with the addition that she had guided and influenced him; that she had always been inspired with a savage hatred to the people of France; had incited her husband to their slaughter on the 10th of August, and of having never ceased to plot, even in the Temple, against the republic.

Marie Antoinette, only thirty-eight years of age, but looking sixty from the agonies and terrible anxieties of the last three years, and with hair white as snow, heard all the charges with apparent indifference, knowing that her doom was fixed, and that nothing would alter it. She had determined, at first, to say nothing in reply to questions from her judges, except, "You can assassinate me, as you have already

assassinated my husband;" but she changed her mind, and replied by simple denials of the charges.

Amongst the witnesses summoned against her were Lecointre, deputy of Versailles, who had seen what had passed on the 5th and 6th of October; Hèbert, who had been her gaoler in the Temple; and various clerks of the ministerial offices, and domestics of the old court. There were, too, D'Estaing, formerly one of the admirals in the American war, and then commandant of the guard at Versailles; Manuel, the ex-procureur of the commune; the venerable Bailly; and, lastly, Valazé, a Girondist. Nearly all these were prisoners, with the certainty of the guillotine before them, yet they made no important disclosures. Some declared that the queen appeared highly delighted when the life-guards gave their banquet—a circumstance well known, and natural enough; others observed that she was dejected or vexed while being conducted from Versailles to Paris, and on her return from Varennes—equally natural, and by no means criminal; others deposed that there had been splendid and very costly entertainments at the palace; that the queen was averse to the decrees; and an old waiting-woman had heard the duke de Coigny, in 1788, say that the emperor had received two hundred millions from France to make war on the Turks.

To all these charges the queen paid little attention, being observed to beat with her fingers on the arm of her chair, as if playing on a piano, and as if her thoughts were quite away in other times and scenes. But at length the infamous Hebert came forward with his monstrous charges, wrung from the poor child, the dauphin. Robespierre had strongly denounced the production of these charges, so totally unnatural, improbable, and revolting, and forced on a child too young to be brought into court as a witness. In law, therefore, he was no witness at all; and Robespierre declared that the charges were so foully absurd, that Hèbert would only arouse a sympathy for the queen by them. Prudhomme himself declared them "a most infernal invention, intended to prejudice the women and destroy their sympathy for the queen, but only calculated to disgust all parties." No matter: Hèbert stood forward and delivered in the charges, which he had made the poor boy sign in presence of Pache, the mayor, and Chaumette, the procureur of the commune. They were that Charles Capet—meaning the dauphin—had given Simon an account of the journey to Varennes, and assured him that La Fayette and Bailly had co-operated in it. Then followed the other abominable fictions. When the queen was called upon to answer these charges, she remained silent; but being again urged to reply, she answered, with much indignation, "I have not answered, because nature refuses to answer such a charge against a mother. I appeal to all the mothers that are here." This noble answer affected even the persons present at that vile tribunal.

With the rest of the witnesses there was an evident reluctance to inculpate her, though they knew the malignity they should excite by their conduct. D'Estaing, though she had been his enemy, instead of criminating her, spoke of the courage she had shown on the 5th and 6th of October, and of the noble resolution which she had expressed to die with her husband rather than to fly. Manuel, notwithstanding his former enmity to the court, declared that he had nothing to charge her with. Bailly, when brought forward, appeared much affected, and when asked if he knew the wife of Capet, bowed respectfully towards her, and said, "Yes, I have known madame." He had often warned the court, whilst he was in office, of its imprudence, and of the consequences it would produce; but he now declared that he knew nothing against Marie Antoinette, and that the declarations extorted from the young prince regarding the journey to Varennes were false. In consequence of this honourable conduct, Bailly, once the idol of the people, was violently insulted and menaced, and the consequences of his independent integrity were made to stare him in the face.

The only two facts of any weight advanced against her were those attested to by Latour-Dupin and Valazé. Dupin stated that Marie Antoinette had applied to him, when minister of war, for an accurate statement of the armies; and Valazé, that he had seen amongst the papers of Septeuil, the treasurer of the civil list, bonds for various sums signed by Marie Antoinette—which was very natural; and that he had seen a letter of the minister to Louis, requesting him to hand a copy of the plan of the campaign to the queen. These were immediately declared to have a most criminal aspect—as though the queen would not naturally be anxious to inform herself of the real position of affairs in such eventful times. Such were the paltry charges on which it was deemed necessary to try and seek the life of the late queen. Her calmness appeared to excite her judges only the more, and the president exclaimed, in fury, "You persist in denial, then? You deny everything?"

"Yes," said the queen; "I have told the truth, and I persist in that." "How is it," demanded the president, "that you, who promised to bring up your children in the principles of the revolution, have continued to teach them erroneous, royalistic principles, and to treat your son as if he were yet one day to succeed to the throne of the *ci-devant* king, his father?" "My son," replied Marie Antoinette, impressively, "was too young to be talked to about such things. I merely placed him at the end of the table, at dinner, that I might help him to the food he wanted." When asked if she had anything more to say, she added, "Yesterday I did not so much as know the names of the witnesses who were to be brought against me. I was quite as ignorant of the charges it was intended to make; yet there has not been alleged against me so much as one positive fact. I finish by observing, that I was never a queen regnant; that I was never anything but the wife of your late king; and that, as the wife, I was bound to conform to the will, the interests, and the wishes of my husband."

In any other place and country, that must have been a triumphant defence; but Fouquier-Tinville declared that there were the most ample causes for her condemnation. In reply, Chauveau—who had been counsel for Charlotte Corday—and Tronçon-Ducoudray, who had been named by the tribunal as her advocates, made bold and earnest speeches in her behalf. But all these statements, speeches and defences were perfectly useless: that tribunal sate only to condemn; and, accordingly, Marie Antoinette was declared guilty of conspiring against the republic, and of endeavouring to involve the country in civil war, and

FEAST OF NATURE IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

condemned to die; and the president, Herman, was so elated by the event, that he declared that they were setting a grand example to the nations of the universe by thus crushing this helpless and long-hated woman, whose only offence was that she had married the king of that heaven-abandoned country. She left the court without saying a word, without any apparent emotion, or casting a single look at the judges, the jury, or the crowd.

It was already four o'clock of the morning of Wednesday, the 16th of August, the trial having lasted two days and a night, when she again reached her cell in the Conciergerie. Knowing that much time would not be allowed her, she prepared herself for the last solemn act of her life; cut off her own hair, threw off her mourning dress, and put on one of white muslin. This done, amid the thunder of drums already calling together the sections in arms for the execution, she threw herself on the bed, and slept so soundly, that the officers coming to attend her to the scaffold had to awake her. It was about eleven o'clock. She was conveyed in a cart, with her hands bound behind her, like the commonest criminal; she was led through the crowds, all shouting—"Down with tyranny! Long live the republic!" Through the whole she passed observant and calm, with only one tremor of emotion when she caught sight of the Tuileries. Recovering herself, however, she advanced with a firm and dignified step to the scaffold, and, after a few words with her confessor, who attended her, but not in the unpopular clerical costume, she placed herself under the axe, and was beheaded in an instant. As in the case of her husband, her head was held up to the expectant people, and then her remains were hurried away to the grave, which was filled in with quicklime. The jacobins were exultant, as though they had accomplished a noble instead of a contemptible action. "Let the news fly," they said, "to Austria. The Romans sold the ground occupied by Hannibal; we strike off the heads dearest to the sovereigns who have invaded our territory!"

M. DAVID. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

The stream of blood now flowed in full freedom. No sooner had the convention dispatched the queen, than they proceeded to the trial of the Girondists. Twenty-two of the leading persons of this party, who were in custody, were put upon their trial on the 24th of October, except Gorsas, who, having escaped, and been retaken, was guillotined on the previous 9th of the month. Amongst the twenty-one remaining were Vergniaud, the great orator of the party, Gensonné, Brissot, Carra, Duperret, to whom Charlotte Corday had brought the fatal letter of introduction, Valazé, Sillery, the husband of madame Genlis, the abbé Fauchet, Boyer-Fonfrède, Lehardy, &c. Chauveau, who had defended Charlotte Corday and the queen, was also the advo-

cate for the Girondists. They were accused of being sworn enemies of liberty; some of them were accused of being in league with Pitt; of being concerned with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat; and some asserted that they had intended to murder Marat at the artists' festival, where Dumouriez treated the friend of the people with so much contempt. The Girondists defended themselves chiefly by retorting the accusations on the jacobins. Vigée, Gardien, and Boileau, who had been on the committee of twelve, displayed a contemptible selfishness, by condemning their own actions, and throwing the blame on the party at large. On the contrary, Lehardy, Duchâtel, and Vergniaud spoke in the most honourable terms of their colleagues; and Vergniaud several times used such a stirring eloquence as greatly alarmed the jacobins. Danton and Robespierre did not appear at the trial against their old opponents; but they closely watched the proceedings, and when the trial had lasted three days Robespierre hurried to the convention, and proposed a decree, that when any trial had lasted three days the court might declare itself satisfied, and send the prisoners to execution. This atrocious decree was instantly passed, and sent down to the revolutionary tribunal. The prisoners, as they proceeded to the court the next morning, were closely searched for any sharp instrument about them. This satisfied them that they were about to be hurried to the guillotine. Valazé pulled out a pair of scissors, and, handing them to Riouffe, a political prisoner, but not one of the condemned, said, "Keep them, my friend; we must not think of suicide." This was a ruse to deceive the searchers, and it succeeded: they did not examine him. When they were placed at the bar, Fouquier-Tinville demanded that the new law should be put in execution against them. Upon this, Herman, the president, demanded of the jury, which, by the way, was a standing jury, composing a permanent part of the tribunal, whether their consciences were satisfied as to the guilt of the prisoners. This facile jury declared that their consciences were satisfied, and thereupon Herman pronounced the prisoners all condemned to death!

The unfortunate men made a clamorous protest against this summary proceeding, contrary to all principles of just law; but it was useless. They were removed to the Conciergerie till morning, for it was now late, and Brissot and some others retired, appearing already half dead with terror. They passed the night, however, in singing patriotic songs, and conversing on the destinies of men. One of them, Valazé, did not wait for the guillotine; he had secreted a dagger when he gave up his scissors, and, in returning to the prison, he stabbed himself. The tribunal ordered that his body should be carried to the scaffold, when the other condemned men went there. Some of the others, in returning to prison, had thrown assignats to the people, and had called on them to help them, as they were innocent. No one stirred; so the next morning, as they went to the guillotine, they made no appeals to the spectators, but sang the Marseillais hymn. They were conveyed in open carts, with their hands tied behind them, like felons—such was the manner in which the French treated their chief parliament men and reformers—and they were beheaded before the Salle de Manège, the old place of the assembly, where they had made so many speeches in favour of the revolution. In five and thirty minutes the whole of them were dispatched!

This, however, was but a beginning, although it was one which indicated what copious torrents of gore would mark the era of the Robespierrean ascendancy. There was already another batch of seventy-three more ready, and they were only reprieved for a short time, not to startle the people with too wholesale a butchery of their senators and leaders. But every day some celebrity of the Girondist party was brought up to the political shambles called a tribunal. On the last day of October perished these twenty leading Girondists; on the 2nd of November, two others, Olympe de Gouges and Adam Luxe, deputy of Mayence. On the 6th came the turn of the duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité. His fate was richly deserved, for his baseness and selfishness. He appears to have set out as a revolutionist, in the hope of superseding his cousin Louis XVI. on the throne. Disappointed in that expectation, and led on by his fears and his licentious passions, he went deeper and deeper into the abominations of the revolution. He voted for the death of his royal relative, and descended to the participation of all the crimes and murders of the jacobins. But his motives were too transparent: he acquired the confidence of no party, but the execrations of all. The vices of his private life were only exceeded by his public infamy. When his sons entered into the conspiracy of Dumouriez, he was arrested and sent to the prison of Marseilles. He was soon brought back, and placed at the bar. He was accused of being concerned in the conspiracy with his sons; of having intrigued with the Girondists; of having spent vast sums of money to corrupt the people, and serve his own ends; of having permitted himself, in opposition to the decrees of the assembly, to be called prince. It was useless to answer: he was condemned. It is said, by some authorities, that he requested a reprieve of twenty-four hours, which was refused him. By others, that he refused this reprieve, though it was offered to him. In returning, however, to his prison, he ordered a rich supper to be prepared, and sate down to it with all the appetite of a man who loved the table, and considered this the last enjoyment of it. He appeared to have arrived at the most perfect disbelief of all future existence, and at the most complete disgust with this. As he was led to the place of execution, the procession stopped in front of his own palace, the Palais Royal, for a whole quarter of an hour. This delay was by order of Robespierre, who had in vain demanded the hand of Egalité's daughter; and he had promised him that, if he would relent, a force should interpose and carry him off. But, base as the man was, he would not thus sacrifice his child to this monster; and the cart moved on. He is said, during this trying pause, to have surveyed the palace steadily, but without a visible emotion. The mob shouted at his appearance on the scaffold, and at the usual exhibition of his head by Samson, the executioner. He was only forty-five at his death.

Two days afterwards, a very different victim appeared on the scaffold—madame Roland. When her husband fled from Paris, it would have been easy for her to have escaped too, but she disdained to fly, was arrested, and conducted to the Abbaye. On the 27th of June she was released, but

had scarcely reached her own house, when she was arrested on a fresh charge, and conducted to Sainte Pelagie—a very wretched prison. After the execution of the Girondists, she was transferred to the Conciergerie—the certain prelude to death. Knowing that her time would be short, she earnestly prayed that she might be permitted to see her only child—her daughter; but the jacobins were not accustomed to such courtesies; it was refused. On the 8th of November she was brought before the tribunal. She was in her forty-ninth year; tall, of a beautiful figure, and with a countenance, if not beautiful from contour, more than beautiful from expression. She was charged with being not only an accomplice of the Girondists, but a leader and originator of their plots. She was treated with rudeness which would have cast the deepest infamy on any other men; but her judges were beyond all common infamy. Her honour was attacked as well as her principles. She defended herself with a dignity and eloquence which, if they did not move that depraved tribunal, have excited the admiration of all who have read her speech, composed by her the night before her trial. With the faults of a Frenchwoman, madame Roland had the genuine love of freedom which the study of the ancients had inspired, and, could she have infused into her party the boldness of those ancients, she would have saved, probably, both them and the republic.

As she was conducted to the place of execution, she appeared neatly arrayed in white muslin, and with her black hair flowing in waves to her waist. In the same cart with her was another Girondist, Lamarche, who had been the director of the printing of the assignats. He was terribly dejected, and madame Roland exerted herself to inspire him with firmness, and that with so much simplicity and effect as frequently to bring a faint smile to the face of the wretched man. On arriving at the scaffold, she begged that Lamarche might be permitted to die first, that he might be spared the sight of her blood; but it was refused. The scaffold was still clotted with the gore of the many Girondists who had so recently been executed. On looking around on this Aceldama, she exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are they committing in thy name!" She died with the utmost courage.

M. Roland, the late minister, the husband of madame Roland, on hearing of her death, determined not to survive her. He had fled to Rouen, and was living in concealment at the house of a friend. He immediately quitted the house, and set out on the Paris road, as if with the intention of giving himself up, but he sate down at the road-side, above five leagues from that city, and ran himself through with his cane-sword. In his pocket was found a paper, drawn up by him, vindicating his conduct as revolutionist and as minister. The commissioners, who were sent by the convention to identify the body, buried him by the road-side, where they found him.

On the same day as madame Roland, died also Bailly, the astronomer, and so long the mayor of Paris. From the moment that he and La Fayette had fired on the jacobins in the Champ de Mars, and dispersed the sans culottes, he might have considered himself a doomed man. This was now brought against him as his blackest crime; but the bold manner in which he refused to criminate the queen, on her trial, hastened his doom. He was condemned to be executed in the Champ de Mars, where he had unfurled the red flag against the ultras; and he was led forth, on the 11th of November, to walk all the way from the Conciergerie to that place, amid the intense cold, and the shouting and hooting rabble. He demeaned himself with meekness and patience, which his enemies endeavoured to disturb by fluttering the red flag in his face. On arriving at the Champ de Mars, a fellow exclaimed that the sacred field of federation ought not to be polluted by his blood. The mob, therefore, rushed to the guillotine, tore it down, and conveyed it to the banks of the Seine, opposite to the quarter of Chaillot, where Bailly had passed his life and composed his works. All this occupied several hours, during which time the gendarmes marched Bailly bare-headed round and round the Champ de Mars, with his hands pinioned behind him. The rain and cold benumbed him till he shivered. "Thou tremblest?" said a soldier. "My friend," replied the unfortunate man, "it is from cold." The people crowded on him, kicked and cuffed him, till he fell exhausted. At length, the guillotine was ready; he was dragged thither, the red flag was burned before his face, and the axe terminated his sufferings. A late historian has heaped unmerited calumny on Bailly. True, he was an advocate of the revolution, but he restrained its licence as long as he could, and he afterwards retired from its crimes with abhorrence. Like many others, he did not foresee to what diabolical excesses it would proceed—when he saw these, he execrated them. The revolution had not a victim whose death stamped it with more infamy.

But, if France had long resembled a hell, it now bore a likeness only to its very lowest regions. In the words of Hazlitt, "The whole country seemed one vast conflagration of revolt and vengeance. The shrieks of death were blended with the yell of the assassin and the laughter of buffoons. Never were the finest affections more warmly excited, or pierced with more cruel wounds. Whole families were led to the scaffold for no other crime than their relationship; sisters for shedding tears for the death of their brothers in the emigrant armies; wives for lamenting the fate of their husbands; innocent peasant girls for dancing with the Prussian soldiers; and a woman, giving suck, whose milk spirted in the face of the executioner at the fatal stroke, for merely saying, as a group were being conducted to slaughter, "Here is much bloodshed for a trifling cause!"

During the months of November and December, no less than a hundred and twenty-six persons perished by the guillotine. Such was the state of France, that the place of execution was almost the only one where people dared to appear; almost the only one which afforded this sanguinary people any amusement. The goddess of Nature had been set up—the goddess of Reason was about to be set up; but Terror was the only real deity of the French. Terror reigned universally over town, and village, and field. Terror conducted the only trade that was left. Trade was not carried on: it was driven by terror, and terror alone. The continual upturning of everything—the continual seizures on property and proscriptions of people of any substance, were such that both trade and agriculture were ruined. The consequent excessive price of all articles of life had made the mob furious

against bakers, butchers, and shopkeepers, and had led the government to decree a maximum rate of all such articles. The retailers were not to charge more than a certain sum fixed by tariff for any article; but, as there was no tariff for the wholesale dealers of whom they purchased, they were soon ruined, or hastened to shut their shops to avoid ruin. Then it was made death to shut up shops; people must trade and be ruined, or go to the guillotine. Then the tariff was extended to the wholesale dealer, the merchant, and manufacturer; then to the producer of the raw material. But all these regulations did not mend matters. The assignats were fallen to only one-fifth of their original value; people hoarded their coin; then it was made death to hoard coin; so people paid it in to government for taxes, and the assignats, left alone in the field, acquired a fictitious value nearly equal to their original one. But the bankers and the stock-jobbers were nearly all ruined. The bankers were declared friends and agents of the emigrants; and, as all dealings in paper securities were suspected, and foreign paper was branded with reprobation, the stock-jobbers were deprived of their trade, or carried it on under terror of death. There was nothing going on but supplying the people with the necessary food, and this was carried on by force and compulsorily. To make any profit, every article that possibly could be adulterated was so, and then adulteration was made death. The bread being still most fearfully adulterated, a law was passed that there should be but one kind, consisting of three-fourths of wheaten flour, and one-fourth of rye. None was even then to be sold till after it had been inspected by government commissioners, nor could be purchased except by tickets issued by the commune. The process caused such delays, that the doors of bakers were besieged by the crowds awaiting their turn, and many had to wait all night. Spite of all this, every possible thing was adulterated. The butchers and porkmen bought up diseased cattle, and cattle which had died accidentally. Drugs, wine, everything was adulterated, spite of the guillotine. Such was the condition which this people had reduced themselves to by their reckless destruction of all former government, instead of carrying rational reforms. They had put themselves under a tyranny ten times worse than the one they had put down—the tyranny of a grossly ignorant, uneducated, and brutal mob. The dregs of society, stirred up from the very bottom, were poisoning the whole community. Even their own historian, Thiers, is compelled to declare, that, "to threaten all lives, to decimate all fortunes, to fix compulsorily the standard of exchanges, to give new names to all things, to abolish the ceremonies of religion, is indisputably the most atrocious of tyrannies."

On the 10th of August, Manuel, who had been procureur-general of the commune, and had gone great lengths himself, was executed on the charge of having favoured the massacres of September; on the 25th, general Brunet was guillotined for not having sent off part of his army from Nice to Toulon, according to instructions; and on the following day general Houchard, for not having managed to capture the army of the duke of York, before Dunkirk. To these followed rapidly a number of other generals: Custine the younger, Beauharnais, the husband of Josephine, and Barnave, and the ex-minister Duport-Dutertré, suffered on the 29th of November. Clavières, late minister of finance, only escaped the same fate by committing suicide in prison, and his wife poisoned herself. Lebrun, who had been minister of foreign affairs, was beheaded on the 27th of December; Kersaint, who had spoken so boldly against the death of Louis, fell at the same time; and old madame Dubarry, the last mistress of Louis XV., a vulgar and most immoral woman, was dragged shrieking and struggling to the fatal machine. Besides these were a host of ex-legislators, lawyers, journalists, and men of letters, perishing from day to day. As the property of all the condemned was confiscated Barrère said, gaily, "The guillotine is an excellent mint; we are coining money bravely in the Place de la Revolution!"

A still more melancholy fate befell most of the leading Girondists who had fled to Caen. Some of them had returned to hide themselves in Paris, but one after another they were dragged from their concealment and put to death. Amongst these was Rabaut St. Etienne, the descendant of a Camisard chief. The rest set out with some battalions of Bretons, and others who were returning home. They marched in the ranks of these as privates, to escape detection. When the Bretons filed off towards their own country, they then marched with the battalion of Cape Finisterre. But this battalion was attacked by the armed jacobins of the south, and refused any longer to protect the deputies. The Girondists, therefore, quitted the battalion at Dinan, and set out to reach Brest, where they hoped to escape by ship abroad. They were Louvet, Petion, Barbaroux, Salles, Brizot, Cussy, Lesage, Bergoing, Girey-Dupré, Riouffe, and some others. Theirs is a long and melancholy story of hiding in barns and caves, of constant terror, and rejection by friends from fear of complication. Barbaroux shot himself on the road; Petion and Brizot were found dead near St. Emilion; Gaudet, Salles, and Valady, who had joined them, were caught and guillotined. Condorcet, who had gone off in another direction, was thrown into prison at Bourg-la-Reine, and there poisoned himself in the spring of 1794. Louvet managed to get back to Paris, and to hide himself; but all except himself, Lesage, and about four others, perished after many months of the most terrible wanderings and concealments, in hunger, rags, filth, and daily terrors worse than death.

Whilst blood was thus flowing by the guillotine, not only in Paris, but, under the management of jacobin commissioners, in nearly all the large towns of France, especially Lyons, Bourdeaux, and Nantes, a terrible work of extermination was going on against the royalists of La Vendée. The simple people of that province, derived from an origin different from the French in general, primitive in their habits and sincere in their faith, desired no republic. Their aristocracy, for the most part, of only moderate possessions, lived amongst them rather like a race of kindly country squires than great lords, and the people were accordingly cordially attached to them. They wanted, therefore, no republic, no sans-culotteism, no atheism, no goddess of Nature or of Reason. But the jacobins determined that they should possess all these blessings, and they sent first missionaries of the new doctrines, and then commissioners to enforce them. When the decree passed ordering all priests to take

the civic oaths, and all who did not to be superseded, they paid no attention to the decree. When their pastors were turned out of their churches and livings, they followed them to the fields and hills, and supported them from their own stores. When the convention ordered them to pay no more feudal dues to their seigneurs, and made it death to do it, they still paid them; and when they were ordered to form national guards, they would have none but their seigneurs for their officers. The country was placed in exactly the same situation as Scotland under the Stuarts—their ancient loyalty to God and king was attacked, and, like the Covenanters, the Vendeans flew to arms to defend their opinions, their pastors, and their rights. There were many local battles when the soldiers of the convention came to drive out the pastors and put in the new-sworn priests, many of whom, like their patrons in Paris, were men of the loosest lives and principles. But the great event which called out the Vendeans *en masse*, was the seizure of the king on the 10th of August, and his deposition and imprisonment. There were two young Vendean noblemen present at the assault on the Tuileries on the 10th of August, who narrowly escaped with their lives. These were the marquis de Lescure and count Charles D'Antichamp. They returned to their native province, and D'Antichamp remained with Lescure at his house at Clisson. Hither the other loyal nobles flocked, and amongst them the count Henri de la Roche-Jaquelein, only just arrived at his majority, and overflowing with patriotism, but not of the kind so called by the jacobins. The nobles became immediately the objects of the vengeance of the republican government; several of them were arrested and thrown into prison at Bressuire. In March of the year 1793, the convention called for a conscription of three hundred thousand, and the Vendeans, to a man, refused to serve under a government which had persecuted both their priests and their seigneurs. This was the certain signal of civil war. Troops were ordered to march into La Vendée, and compel obedience. Then the peasants flew to arms, and called on the nobles and priests to join them. Amongst the first who took the field were the inhabitants of St. Florent, on the banks of the Loire. The republican commander had fired on the young men who refused to serve; but these, headed by Jacques Cathelinau, a wool-dealer, rushed on the republicans, dispersed them, and seized their gun. They were soon joined by Nicolas Stofflet, a German, who was huntsman to the marquis de Maulevrier, and these united forces marched on Chollet, and took it from the republicans. They then elected MM. D'Elbée and De Bonchamp as their generals. In another quarter a barber, named Gaston, headed a body of insurgents against Challans and Machecoul, and, taking these places, inflicted a bloody vengeance on the republicans. Gaston was soon killed, and the insurgents chose M. Charette de la Couterie as their commander.

Meantime, the republican general, Quetineau, had seized the marquis de Lescure and some others of the insurgent chiefs at Clisson, and put them in prison at Bressuire. La Roche-Jaquelein mustered the peasants from the neighbourhood of his estate near Châtillon, marched to their rescue, and effected it. The leaders, Lescure, Jaquelein, Bonchamps, Cathelinau, and Stofflet, now united their forces, amounting to about thirty thousand men, and marched on Thouars, where Quetineau had posted himself. They speedily compelled his surrender, destroyed the tree of liberty, and burnt the official papers of the administration, towards which the Vendean peasantry always evinced a bitter hatred. The republican troops and civil authorities at this defeat raised the wildest cries of alarm. They sent to all the departments round for help, and dispatched letters to the convention, describing the country in general insurrection, and no republican life safe. The convention issued some terrible decrees against the Vendeans, recalled Berruyer, the commander-in-chief of the department, and sent Biron in his place. But Biron found it no easy matter to make head in such a country, and against such a population. The country called the Bocage, or woody district, constitutes more than three-fourths of Vendée. It is a country of low hills and narrow valleys, intersected by perpetual streams and thick hedge-rows. All the peasants were admirable marksmen, for there were no game laws in La Vendée, and every one carried a gun at pleasure, and joined in the sports of the gentry. Accordingly, the Vendeans formed ambushes in the narrow woody passes, and, hemming in the republican troops, poured down upon them the most deadly fire from their concealed positions. In the open fields they attacked them from behind the thick hedges, and when driven from one hedge by overwhelming numbers, retired to another. Between the Bocage and the sea lay the Marais—or, as its name indicates, a district of marshes—intersected by dykes and canals. In such a country, the republican troops, for a time, suffered the most terrible losses. La Roche-Jaquelein drove the republican generals Sandos and Chalbos out of Fontenay into Niort, capturing all their artillery and ammunition. Charette, about the same time, defeated the republican general, Boulard, and Constant and Berthier were driven with severe loss from Saumur to Angers. The Vendeans next marched on Nantes, thirty thousand strong, Cathelinau commanding this force on the right bank of the Loire, and Charette coming up with another army, and posting himself opposite the town on the left bank. He forced his way over the bridge into the town, whilst Cathelinau was attacking it on the other side. The united attack continued fiercely for eighteen hours, for the republicans had great force there. Cathelinau, however, was killed as he led on his troops; and his followers, panic-stricken by his loss, carried him away, and retreated in confusion towards the Bocage. They were pursued by Westermann, who burned the châteaux and villages, laid waste the country, and massacred man, woman, and child as he advanced. But he was soon stopped by the nature of the country and the fury of the peasantry, excited by his barbarity. They waylaid him, defeated him, and now, inspired by fury at his cruelties, showed no quarter to his troops, but cut to pieces all but about three hundred horse, with which Westermann managed to escape. These conflicts took place in June. The Vendeans gave the republicans another terrific defeat soon after near Vihiers, where Santerre, the brewer, was in the battle, whom the peasants made desperate efforts to capture. He managed, however, to make his escape by the speed of his horse, and was only

too glad to reach Paris again. By the end of July La Vendée was cleared of the troops of the convention, and in the hands of its own people.

But the convention determined to bear the Vendeans down by numbers. Vast armies were collected on all their frontiers, which advanced steadily and simultaneously upon them. Amongst these republicans were twenty thousand regular troops, who had capitulated to the king of Prussia at Mayence, and who had engaged not to serve again, but were marched directly here. A hundred thousand volunteers, national guards, and other armed men, swelled this invading host. Amongst these were several detachments known as the "infernal columns," from their unsparing barbarity, murdering all before them, even children at the breasts.

MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO EXECUTION.

The Vendeans were thus gradually pressed back towards the centre of their country, with their families, their flocks, and herds, the republicans destroying the country by fire as they advanced. Yet they did not do this with impunity. The Vendeans defeated them repeatedly with great slaughter, followed by massacres as savage as their own; for, independent of the brutality of the republican forces, the Vendeans found many amongst them whom they had before liberated on their oath not to fight against them again. They now gave no quarter. They defeated Kléber twice, and also Beysser, capturing his baggage and artillery. Their general, Lescure, however, was killed, and, attacking Kléber a third time at Chollet, Bonchamps and D'Elbée suffered the same fate. Most of their other leaders were severely wounded. Kléber here triumphed over them by his weight of artillery, and they now fled to the Loire. Amongst a number of royalist nobles who had joined them from the army of the prince of Condé on the Rhine, was prince de Talmont, a Breton noble, formerly of vast property in Brittany, and now of much influence there. He advised them, for the present, to abandon their country, and take refuge amongst his countrymen, the Bretons. The whole of the miserable and miscellaneous population, nearly a hundred thousand in number, crowded to the edge of the Loire, impatient, from terror and despair, to cross. Old men, children, and women were mingled with half-armed soldiery, caravans, crowded baggage-wagons, and teams of oxen. Behind were the smoke of burning villages, and the thunder of the hostile artillery; before, was the broad Loire, divided by a low, long island, also crowded with fugitives. There were only twenty boats to carry over all this multitude, and such was the terror and confusion of the scene, that the marchioness La Roche-Jaquelein, who was amongst them with an infant of nine months old, declared that it looked like the day of judgment. Lescure, mortally wounded, but not yet dead, was borne along in a carriage till he died; his wife having an infant in her arms screaming for food, till the nurse was compelled to go amongst the burning villages to seek a drop of milk for it. La Roche-Jaquelein had the command of the Vendeans at this trying moment; but the enemy, not having good information of their situation, did not come up till the whole miserable and famished multitude was over.

On their way to Laval, they were attacked both by Westermann and Lechelle; but being now joined by nearly seven thousand Bretons, they beat both those generals; and Lechelle, from mortification and terror of the guillotine—now the certain punisher of defeated generals—died.

The Vendeans for a time, aided by the Bretons, appeared victorious. They had two courses open before them: one, to retire into the farthest part of Bretagne, where there was a population strongly inspired by their own sentiments, having a country hilly and easy of defence, with the advan-

MARIE ANTOINETTE SUMMONED TO EXECUTION.

tage of being open to the coast, and the assistance of the English; the other, to advance into Normandy, where they might open up communication with the English through the port of Cherbourg. They took the latter route, though their commander, La Roche-Jaquelein, was strongly opposed to it. Stofflet commanded under Jaquelein. The army marched on in great confusion, having the women and children and the wagons in the centre. They were extremely ill-informed of the condition of the towns which they approached. They might have taken Rennes and St. Malo, which would have greatly encouraged the Bretons; but they were informed that the republican troops were overpowering there. They did not approach Cherbourg from the same cause, being told that it was well defended on the land side; they therefore proceeded by Dol and Avranches to Granville, where they arrived on the 14th of November. This place would have given them open communication with the English, and, at the worst, an easy escape to the Channel Islands; but they failed in their attempts to take it; and, great suspicion now having seized the people, that their officers only wanted to get into a seaport to desert them and escape to England, they one and all protested that they would return to the Loire. In vain did La Roche-Jaquelein demonstrate to them the fatality of such a proceeding, and how much better it would be to make themselves strong in Normandy and Brittany for the present; only about a thousand men remained with him; the rest retraced their long and weary way towards the Loire, though the republicans had now accumulated very numerous forces to bar their way. Fighting every now and then on the road, and seeing their wives and children daily drop from hunger and fatigue, they returned through Dol and Port Orson to Angers. There, they were repulsed by the republicans. They then retreated to Mons, where they again were attacked and defeated, many of their women, who had concealed themselves in the houses, being dragged out and shot down by whole platoons. At Ancenis, Stofflet managed to cross the Loire; but the republicans got between him and his army, which, wedged in at Savenay, between the Loire, the Vilain, and the sea, were attacked by Kléber and Westermann, and, after maintaining a desperate fight against overwhelming numbers and a terrible artillery, were literally, with the exception of a few hundreds who effected their escape, cut to pieces, and the women and children all massacred by the merciless jacobins. Such was the miserable fate of this brave but ill-informed body of fugitives. Kléber and Westermann announced, in triumphant letters to the convention, that La Vendée was not merely quieted—it was no more! Time showed that there was yet life, and much sturdy life, in that gallant but unhappy country.

But whilst this sad host of Vendeans had been thus in process of extermination, those at home had been perishing, if possible, in a still more horrible manner. In the early part of October arrived in Nantes, Carrier, the commissioner of the convention, to purge that city in the same style as Collot D'Herbois had purged Lyons; as Tallien was purging Bourdeaux; Frèron and Barras, Toulon; Maignet, Orange, in Vaucluse; and Lebon, Arras, St. Pol, and many other places in the north. Perhaps, of these monsters, Carrier is the most monstrous. After wading through the unexampled horrors of this revolution, we stand appalled at the insatiate frenzy of destruction which distinguished this man, who had been a petty lawyer in some small town of Auvergne. On arriving, he commenced a rapid murder of those who had favoured the Girondists. He established the guillotine in permanence, and seemed to have no idea but of cutting off all the heads that he could. He declared that they would turn all France into a graveyard, but they would regenerate it according to their notions. He then commenced decapitating the Vendean prisoners, who had surrendered on condition of pardon; and when the magistrates reminded him of this, he called them fools, bade them mind their own business, or he would send them all to the guillotine. One day, as the authorities came to consult him about provisions, he told them he had no time to attend to their fooleries, and the first blackguard who talked to him of provisions, should lose his head! The municipality were terrified at him.

The unfortunates who had escaped the massacres of Mons and Savenay were now coming in daily in crowds. He thrust them all into the prisons of Nantes, till he had ten thousand there. He then commenced dispatching them daily by shooting and guillotining, but he found this process too slow, and their unburied bodies began to infect the air of the town; he therefore adopted a new plan. Recollecting the *noyades*, or drownings, of the fourteenth century, he had boats prepared with movable bottoms, so that the victims could be dropped through without admitting water enough to sink the vessel. He first tried the experiment by night on ninety priests, who were told that they were going on board to convey them to some other place. The experiment succeeded so well, that Carrier, on the 14th of December, drowned a hundred and thirty-eight more persons in the same manner. Pleased with this expeditious way of getting rid of his victims, he now sent them on board the fatal vessels in the day-time. If, aware of their destiny, they refused to go, they were driven on board at the point of the bayonet, and then driven into the water in the same manner, whilst soldiers stood ready in boats to shoot or kill with the sword any that attempted to swim away. Carrier did not trouble himself to try the prisoners, but sent them to the guillotine or the death-boats in batches. The executioner, after remonstrating in vain against the numbers sent to him to execute, died in two or three days of horror at his own deeds. French mirth and obscenity were not omitted in these horrors. Men and women were stripped naked, tied together, and thrown into the water. In one night above three hundred infants were thus drowned; in another night three hundred young women, who had nothing whatever to do with politics, but were chiefly what are termed unfortunate women, were drowned. On another occasion, five hundred children of both sexes, the eldest not fourteen years of age, were taken out to be shot. The shortness of their stature caused the soldiers to shoot over their heads. The little victims then ran and clasped the knees of their executioners, praying for mercy, but they prayed in vain. Such diabolic savagery exceeds anything ever imagined of devils.

Carrier, exulting in his unexampled cruelty, wrote to the convention an account of his slaughters, adding, "What a

revolutionary river this Loire is!" and the convention commended his zeal. But nature was preparing her revenge. The dead bodies began to float; the river was covered with them, and the same process of putridity which he hoped to avoid by these drownings, renewed itself. Vessels heaving their anchors occasionally raised boats which had been sunk full of people. The birds of prey flocked to the river to gorge themselves on human flesh. Pestilence, added to dearth, again swept the city. Still Carrier threatened with death any one who dared to intercede for any of the victims. Fortunately, this monster of monsters was superseded in the succeeding January, but not before he had dispatched by musketry, drowning, famine, and disease, fifteen thousand people; but the total number of victims of the reign of terror in Nantes was thirty thousand!

These godless atrocities, these enormous murders, beyond all historic precedent, proclaimed a people which had renounced God as well as humanity; and they soon proceeded to avow this fact, and to establish it by formal decree. In their rage for destroying everything old, there was nothing that escaped them. They altered the mode of computing time, and no longer used the Gregorian calendar, but dated all deeds from the first year of liberty, which they declared to have commenced on the 22nd of September, 1792. They made the decimal system the system of weights and measures, the very best thing which they introduced, taking for the unit of weights and the unit of measures, natural and invariable quanties of matter in every country. Thus, distilled water was taken as the unity of weight, and a certain part of the meridian for the unity of measures. These units, multiplied or divided by ten, *ad infinitum*, formed the decimal system.

In endeavouring to reduce everything to this system, however, they found nature too strong for them. They could not reduce the year to ten months, because the moon would persist in making twelve of them; but they reduced the number of days to decimal regularity, by making each consist of thirty. As this left a surplus of five days, these were appointed to be held as popular festivals, called Sans-Culottides, or days of the unbreached. The first of these sans-culottides was dedicated to *genius*, the second to *labour*, the third to *noble actions*, the fourth to *rewards*, the fifth to *opinion*—which last M. Thiers seems to think very beautiful and French. On this last and very French festival—that of opinion—they imitated the Romans, who allowed the soldiers, on the day of the ovation of their general, to express their opinion freely of their commander's actions. Beautiful as Thiers thinks it, nothing is more certain than that any one employing that liberty of opinion against the jacobin authorities would very quickly have lost his head. As every four years brought a leap-year, there was provided a sixth festival for that year—the festival of the *Revolution*—on which they were to celebrate its triumphs, if they could not its mercy or its amenities. They, moreover, abolished all the old pagan names of the months, fond as they were of pagan references; and, beginning the year with September, they called that month Vendémiaire, or the vintage month; the second, Brumaire, or month of fogs; the third, Frimaire, or frost month: these were the autumn months. The winter ones were Nivose, Pluviose, and Ventose, or the snowy, rainy, and windy months. The three spring months were Germinal, Floréal, and Prairial, or the budding, flowering, and meadow months. The three summer months were Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor, or reaping, hot, and fruit months. If these were meant to apply universally to all countries, they were as equally opposed to nature as ten months would have been in the year. These names were originated by Fabre D'Eglantine, the player, and had an eglantine-like fancifulness about them. They had a longer duration than many of these republican inventions, for they continued till 1806.

The next and greatest achievement was to dethrone the Almighty, and erect the goddess of Reason in his place. Under the auspices of the goddess of Reason they did a very unreasonable thing: they deprived all working people and all working animals of one rest-day in every month. Instead of having the four weeks and four Sundays in a month, they decimalised the months, dividing them each into three decades, or terms of ten days each, so that there were only three rest-days, instead of four, in the month.

Robespierre, St. Just, and some other revolutionary leaders, stopped short of atheism. Robespierre was such a coward, that he probably dared not to deny a God, lest it should turn out a truth, and he should suffer for it in the next world. On this account, the atheists, since then, have said that they were the deists, and not the atheists, who committed the dreadful atrocities in France. This is not true; both atheists and deists combined heartily in the work. Robespierre certainly was unsurpassed in fiendish cruelties, but Chaumette, Hèbert, Anacharsis Clootz, Fouché, and other atheists, were the colleagues of Robespierre, and, at this moment, the prominent actors in all these abominations. These men, moreover, could have done nothing, had not the nation at large been indoctrinated with atheism. They could not have overthrown Christianity, all public worship, all recognition of a God, and of the immortality of the soul, had they not previously brought the population at large to the pitch of atheism. The nation was atheised, and determined, in the words of Anacharsis Clootz, "to destroy all the pretended sovereigns of earth and heaven!" It was atheism which inspired and performed the dreadful atrocities of the French revolution, and the few deists, like Robespierre and St. Just, went fully along with it and its devotees in the race of blood.

Chaumette, Hèbert, and L'Huillier, the principal officials of the commune, assisted by the majority of their colleagues, by the members of the Cordelier club, by the journalists and pamphleteers, nearly all atheists of the wickedest character—atheists whose fanaticism was far more fierce and malignant than the fanaticism of religion—in conjunction with Anacharsis Clootz, commenced the war on Christianity and on God in the commune. They first obtained a decree that no worship should be allowed outside the churches appropriated to it. This was passed on the 14th of October. All external signs of religion, or of belief in immortality, must be suppressed, and Chaumette took upon himself to suppress, in the streets, "all kinds of jugglery, St. Veronica's handkerchiefs, Ecce Homos, crosses, Agnus Deis, virgins, bodies and rings of St. Hubert," &c. Everywhere the madonnas were

hurled from of their niches, and the busts of Marat and Lepelletier were put in their places. Chaumette carried the same iconoclastic reform into the cemeteries. There were to be no ceremonies or prayers over the graves at funerals. All crosses, and Christian emblems, and inscriptions, were to be stripped or erased from tombs. Instead of cypresses and gloomy shrubs, roses and fragrant and gay flowers were to be planted. "I would fain," said Chaumette, "if it were possible, inhale, in the scent of the rose, the spirit of my father." Fouché, when commissioner in the department of Allier, had set up over the cemeteries there an image of Sleep, and this was quickly adopted generally; and inscriptions of "Death is eternal Sleep," and the like, were placed far and wide over the gates of burying places. Chaumette introduced it at Paris, and recommended it to all France, and France was only too ready to embrace the materialist dogma. To a people so sunk in murder, in villany, and in every species of uncleanness, nothing could be so desirable as to persuade themselves that there was no hereafter, and therefore no avenger in it.

Anacharsis Clootz, more mad than ever, appeared before the convention, and told it that it was high time to assert that "there was no other God but Nature, no other sovereign but the human race, the people-god. The people is sufficient for itself. It will subsist for ever. Nature kneels not before herself." He kindly informed them that the getting rid of "the pretended sovereigns of earth and heaven" would supersede any necessity for public officers, taxes, or executioners. Reason would unite all people in harmony; religion was the only obstacle to this utopia. Clootz proceeded from the convention to Gobel, the archbishop of Paris, and assured him that the time was come for him to set an example to the clergy of publicly renouncing the ancient superstitions. Whilst Gobel hesitated at this bold step, one Parens, a country curé, wrote to the convention, saying that he was ashamed of preaching a lie, and, therefore, he renounced his cure, but trusted the government would give him a pension instead of his stipend. The letter was well received, so that it was clear to Gobel that the act of renunciation of Christianity was by no means hazardous, and that, if he delayed, some one might snatch this honour from him. Accordingly, on the 7th of November, he appeared in his pontificals at the bar of the convention, attended by many of his clergy, and also by mayor Pache, Chaumette, L'Huillier, Momoro, the printer, and others. Chaumette announced that the bishop and clergy of Paris had come to strip themselves of the badges of superstition, and to do a sincere homage to Reason.

On this, Gobel stepped forward, with a red nightcap on his head, his mitre and crozier in his hand, and said, "Born a plebeian, curé of Porentruy, sent by my clergy to the first assembly, then raised to the archbishopric of Paris, I have never ceased to obey the people. I suffered myself to be made a bishop, when the people wanted bishops; I cease to be so now, when the people no longer desire them." "Here," says Thiers, "Gobel stripped himself of his mitre, his crozier, and his ring, and laid them down on the table of the house. He had not," says this historian, "abjured either the priesthood or catholicism. He had not dared to declare himself an impostor who had come to confess his lies." But this is not true. Gobel did not close his speech where it suits M. Thiers to close it. He went on: "Now, when the revolution is advancing to its happy end, and bringing all opinions round one political centre, I think there can be no public and national worship but that of liberty and holy equality; because the sovereign people have so willed it." If that be not an avowal that he had been living in imposture, and that he was an atheist, there is no truth in language.

Then his vicars, and canons, and other priests, followed his example, laid down their letters of ordination, their clerical titles and insignia, declaring that henceforth they would always worship liberty, equality, and reason. They then flung away their clerical hats, and put on red nightcaps. The president praised the conduct of Gobel and the priests, and gave the fraternal embrace to the ex-bishop. Chaumette was in ecstasies, and led the renegade priests in procession through the hall. In the midst of this scene, Gregoire, bishop of Blois, came in, and, informed of what had been done, he refused to abandon his faith. "Is it," he asked, "the income attached to the episcopal functions that you wish me to resign? I resign it without regret. Is it my quality of priest and bishop? I cannot strip myself of that; my religion forbids me. I appeal to the freedom of religion." Gregoire stood like Abdiel—

"Amid the faithless, faithful only found."

He stood firm amid the roar of execration at his conduct, and Thuriot said, "Let citizen Gregoire be left to consult his conscience, in order to discover whether superstition, the parent of despotism, could be favourable to the progress of liberty and equality." Gregoire was left in a small minority of the bishops and clergy; for the most part, they hastened, both in town and country, to renounce Christianity. Sièyes was amongst these, and even a Calvinistic dissenting minister, Julien of Toulouse.

The commune adopted the example of the clergy, renounced the Christian religion, and adopted that of reason. The different sections of Paris voted every worship but that of Reason and Liberty absurd, and ordered bonfires to be made of confessionals, and church books, and the churches to be shut up, or to remain open only that the people might pay homage to the busts of Marat, Lepelletier, and Mutius Scævola, elevated to the places where those of the saints had been.

It was decreed by the council of the commune, at the suggestion of Chaumette, that a public festival should be celebrated on the 10th of November, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, in honour of the goddesses of Liberty and Reason. This was accordingly attended by the municipal officers and national guards, when a ballet-girl from the opera represented the goddess of Liberty, and the wife of Momoro the printer, the goddess of Reason. Then, one after another, Liberty and Reason were enthroned and worshipped, and hymns were sung in their honour, and they were worshipped by troops of opera girls and other young women dressed in white, crowned with oak-leaves, and bearing torches—the torches of Truth—in their hands. It was a genuine theatrical scene, burlesquing scandalously the rites of worship.

From the cathedral this pagan rout marched to the convention, bearing the goddess of Reason aloft on their

shoulders; they carried her to the very front of the president's chair, and then Chaumette addressed the president thus:—"Sir, fanaticism has given way to reason. Its bleared eyes could not endure the brilliancy of the light. This day an immense concourse has assembled beneath those gothic vaults, which, for the first time, re-echoed the truth. There the French have celebrated the only true worship, that of Liberty, that of Reason. There we have formed wishes for the prosperity of the arms of the republic. There we have abandoned inanimate idols for that animate image, that master piece of Nature;" pointing, as he spoke, to the goddess of Reason, madame Momoro.

At these words the lady descended from her seat, advanced to the president, and gave him the fraternal kiss, amid loud shouts of "The republic for ever!" "Reason for ever!" "Down with fanaticism!" It was then voted that Notre Dame should be the temple of Reason; that every decade her worship should be solemnised there by the reading of the Rights of Man, and by the publication of the news from the army, or other important public intelligence. There was to be a box kept, called the mouth of Truth, in imitation of the terrible lion's mouth at Venice, into which any one might put denunciations against false patriots, or advice for the better management of the affairs of the city and the republic. These were to be taken out and read, and then the *worship!* was to be concluded with music and republican songs. Such was the *religion* of France at the close of the year 1793.

The last restraint being now removed, that plunder of the churches, which had been carried pretty far before, was now everywhere completed. Hébert, indeed, demanded that all church towers and spires should be pulled down, as inconsistent with the principles of equality, which he would have carried even into buildings. But the interiors of the churches were now ransacked, and everything of value was carried off or destroyed. The rich vessels, and reliquaries, and costly shrines, were seized, and deposited in carts. Only one bell was left in each church to ring the tocsin. The most beautiful statues of bronze and silver were melted down; those of marble were mutilated or destroyed, or were appropriated, with the valuable pictures, by the authorities of the neighbourhood. Cart loads of these articles arrived in Paris, and were driven to the convention, and men wearing surplices and copes entered, singing hallelujahs, and dancing the Carmagnole, in contempt of the exploded rites of catholicism. They deposited the host, the boxes in which it was kept, with statues of gold and silver; made satirical speeches; and a deputation with such articles from St. Denis, exclaimed, apostrophising the images, "Oh, you! instruments of fanaticism, blessed saints of all kinds, be at length patriots; rise *en masse*, serve the country by going to the mint to be melted, and thus give us in this world the felicity you promised us in the other!"

The tombs of ancient kings and warriors were everywhere broken up, and their remains desecrated. Those in the abbey of St. Denis, the burying-place of the kings of France, suffered an especial tempest of destruction. The royal remains were thrown out and kicked about; whether the bones of good kings or bad ones, they had perfect equality dealt out to them. The remains of marshal Turenne now suffered a singular nemesis for the desecration of the German kings, whose bones his soldiers formerly flung about at Speir, making bowls and ninepins of their skulls! Petrarch's Laura, at Avignon, suffered the same indignities. Such was the infernal bacchanal which the French now rioted in! The whole country appeared one great madhouse of bloody and raving maniacs. It was, indeed, a lunatic and devil-inspired nation; the fair advent of liberty being converted into the wild orgie of besotted licence. Instead of the images of the Madonna, you now saw the hideous busts of Marat. Everything Christian was swept away from the names of their towns, streets, and public buildings; and the people now only named their children after the great pagans of Rome and Greece: Solons, Brutuses, Catos, Mutius Scævolas, and the like.

CHAPTER IV.

REIGN OF GEORGE III. (Continued.)

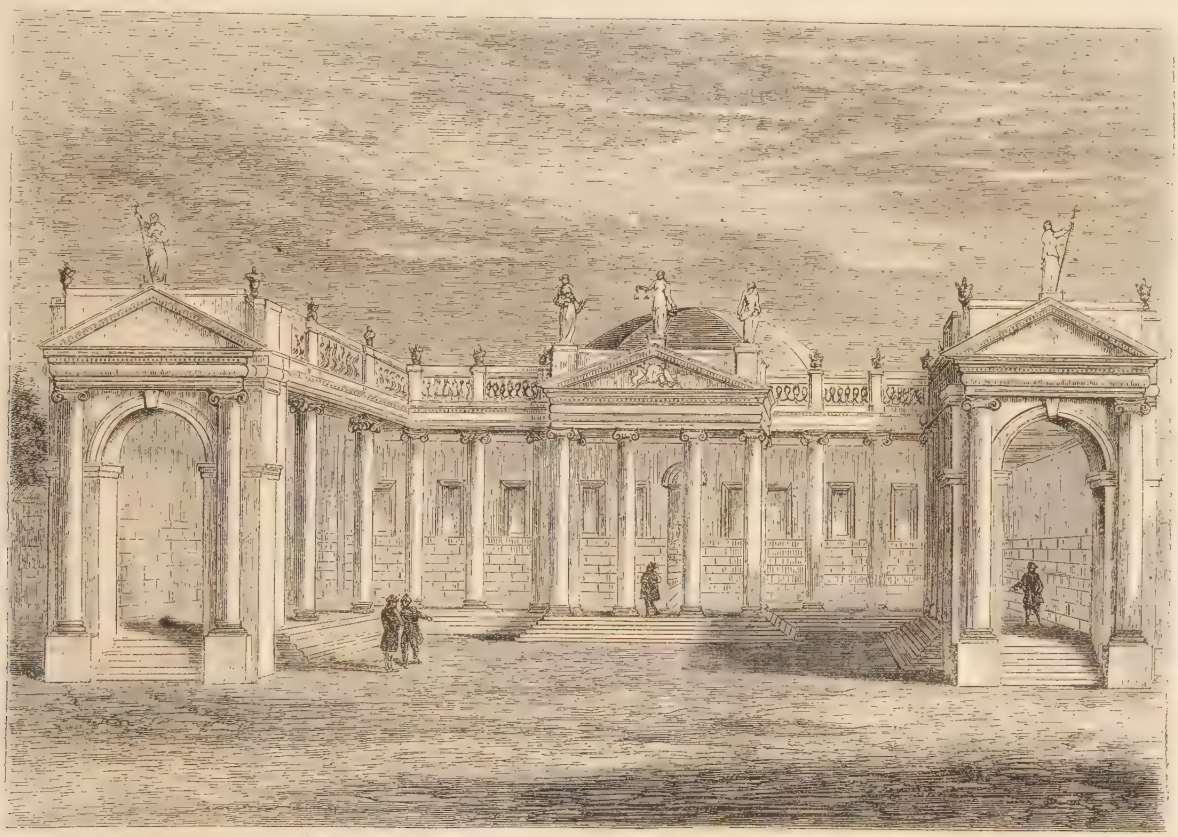
Proceedings in the British Parliament—Trials of Muir, Palmer, Margarott, Skirving, and other Reformers—Arrest of Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke—Howe's Victory at Sea: Capture of various French West India Islands—Corsica annexed to Great Britain—Subsidy to Prussia—Campaign of 1794 betwixt the Allies and French in all Parts of Europe—Feud betwixt Robespierre and the Hébertists—Arrest of Hébert and his Colleagues—Nineteen Executions, including those of Hebert and Clootz—Executions of Danton, Desmoulins, with Seventeen others—A fresh Batch of Nineteen, including Gobel, Chaumette, and the Widows of Desmoulins and Hébert—Sixty-four more Victims, including Malesherbes and Lavoisier—Twenty-five more, including the Princess Elizabeth—Fifty-four more, including Madlle. Renault—Festival of the Supreme—Eleven Hundred and Eight more Victims—Catherine Theot—Overthrow and Execution of Robespierre—Deaths of Couthon, St. Just, &c.—A new Batch of Eighty-four Victims—The Thermidoriens—The Jacobin Club shut up—The Remains of Mirabeau and Marat thrown out of their Graves—Execution of Carrier—Liberation of many Senators and other Prisoners—Final Subjection of Poland—Acquittal of Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy, &c.—Execution of Watt, the Spy—Business of Parliament—1795 opens with large Demands for Army and Navy in England—Marriage of the Duke of Sussex—Declared Null—Marriage of the Prince of Wales—Miserable Commissariat of our Army in Holland—Successes of Pichegru—Flight of the Stadtholder—French in Possession of Holland—War on the Dutch Settlements—Capture of Cape of Good Hope—Prussia makes Peace with France; followed by Spain and Tuscany—Eng[illegible] Treaties with Russia and Germany—Sea Fight off Corsica between Hotham and the French—French take St. Eustatius and St. Lucie from us—Campaign of 1798 on the Continent—War in La Vendée, aided by the English Fleet—Reaction of the Girondists—Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes transported—Triumph of the Thermidoriens—Death of the Dauphin—A New Constitution—Insurrection against it—Insurgents dispersed by Buonaparte—Directors of the Republic appointed—Bread Riots in London—The King shot at—Calls for Peace—Dutch West India Islands captured in 1796—Naval Affairs—Campaign on the Continent—Buonaparte's Victories in Italy—Terrible Increase of National Debt—Difficulties of the Bank of England—Mutiny in the Navy—Second Mutiny at the Nore—Victory of Duncan at Camperdown—French land in Wales—Continental Campaign of 1797—Victories of Buonaparte—Austria makes Peace with France—Buonapartist Coup-d'Etat in Paris—Rebellion in Ireland—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, and Wolfe Tone—Capture of Minorca—Invasion of Switzerland by the French—Entry of Rome by them—Seizure of the Pope—Buonaparte's Expedition to Egypt—Battle of the Nile, August 1st, 1798—French seize Naples—Campaign of the Austrians and Russians in Italy—Naples recovered—Duke of York in Holland—The Siege of Acre—Buonaparte made First Consul of France—Death of Tippoo Sahib, and Seizure of his Territories by England and her Allies, in May, 1799—The UNION with Ireland carried in February, 1800—French Campaign in Italy—Battle of Marengo—Naples makes Peace with France—Resignation of Pitt—The Addington Administration—The Battle of Copenhagen—Assassination of the Czar Paul—Convention betwixt England, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden—Battle of Alexandria—Death of Abercrombie—Flight of Buonaparte—Surrender of the French Army in Egypt—Buonaparte invades Portugal—The Peace of Amiens, March, 1802.

CHÂTEAUDUN, ON THE LOIRE.

The British parliament met on the 21st of January, 1794. The opposition, on the question of the address, made a strong remonstrance against the prosecution of the war. They urged the miserable conduct of it, and the failures of the allies, as strong arguments for peace. They did not discourage the maintenance of a proper system of self-defence, and therefore acceded to the demands of ministers for raising the navy to eighty-five thousand. The production of the budget by Pitt, on the 2nd of February, gave additional force to their appeals for peace. He stated that the military force of England, including fencibles and volunteers, amounted to a hundred and forty thousand men, and he called for nineteen million nine hundred and thirty-nine thousand pounds for the maintenance of this force, and for the payment of sixty thousand German troops. Besides this, he asked for a loan of eleven million pounds, as well as for the imposition of new taxes. This was an advance of annual expenditure of fifteen million pounds more than only two years ago; and when the manner in which the money was spent was inquired into, the objections became far more serious. It thus appeared that we were not only fighting for Holland and Belgium, but that we were subsidising German princes to fight their own battles. There had been a large subsidy to the king of Prussia, to assist him, in reality, to destroy Poland. We were, in fact, in the commencement of that stupendous system of Pitt's, by which England was engaged to do battle all over Europe by money as well as men—as if the nations of Europe were not bound to take care of themselves. But all remonstrance was in vain. Fox, Grey, and Sheridan, and their party in the commons, the marquis of Lansdowne, the duke of Bedford, and the whigs in the peers, made amendment after amendment on these heads, but were overwhelmed by Pitt's majorities. Burke, in the commons, was frantic in advocacy of war, because France was revolutionary and impious—as if it were our duty to fight all the battles of the world against them.

The anti-Gallic spirit was at the same time made violent use of to crush opinion at home. It is true that there was a foolish zeal on behalf of the French revolution in a certain portion of the English public, which ought, by this time, to have been cooled by the too obvious nature and tendency of that revolution; but this might readily have been prevented doing any harm, by a fair exposure of the folly of the admirers of so bloody and dishonest a system as that of the French jacobins. But it was more in accordance with the spirit of government at that time to endeavour to crush the freedom of the press and of speech, under cover of the repression of a Gallic tendency. The attempt to crush these Anglo-jacobins, and their societies and clubs, began in Scotland.

The first indictment was preferred against James Tytler,



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.

a chemist, of Edinburgh, for having published a address to the people and their friends, complaining of the great body of the people being wholly unrepresented, and, in consequence, being robbed and enslaved; demanding universal suffrage, and refusing to pay taxes till this was granted. However strange such a charge would appear now, when the truth of all this has long been admitted, it was then held by government and the magistracy as next to high treason. Tytler did not venture to appear, and his bail, two booksellers, were compelled to pay the amount of his bond and penalty, six hundred merks Scots. He himself was outlawed, and his goods were sold off. Three days after, namely, on the 8th of January, 1793, John Morton, a printer's apprentice, and John Anderson and Malcolm Craig, journeymen printers, were put upon their trial for more questionable conduct. They were charged with endeavouring to seduce the soldiers in the castle of Edinburgh from their duty, urging them to drink, as a toast, "George the Third and *last*, and damnation to all crowned heads;" and of endeavouring to persuade them to join the "Society of the Friends of the People," or a "club of equality and freedom." They were condemned to nine months' imprisonment, and to give security in one thousand merks Scots for their good behaviour for three years. Next came the trials of William Stewart, merchant, and John Elder, bookseller, of Edinburgh, for writing and publishing a pamphlet on the "Rights of Man and the Origin of Government." Stewart absconded, and the proceedings were dropped against the bookseller. To these succeeded a number of similar trials, amongst them those of James Smith, John Mennings, James Callender, Walter Berry, and James Robinson, of Edinburgh, tradesmen of different descriptions, on the charges of corresponding with reform societies, or advocating the representation of the people, and full and equal rights, declaring the then constitution a conspiracy of the rich against the poor. One or two absented themselves, and were outlawed; the rest were imprisoned in different towns. These violent proceedings against poor men, merely for demanding reforms only too much needed, excited but little attention; but now a more conspicuous class were aimed at, and the outrageously arbitrary proceedings at once excited public attention, and, on the part of reformers, intense indignation.

The persons now indicted were Thomas Muir, esq., and the reverend Thomas Fyshe Palmer. Muir was a young advocate, only eight-and-twenty years of age. He was brought to trial at Edinburgh, on the 30th of August, 1793. He was charged with inciting people to read the works of Paine, and "A Dialogue between the Governors and the Governed," and with having caused to be received and answered, by the convention of delegates, a seditious address from the society of united Irishmen in Dublin, to the delegates for promoting reform in Scotland. He was also charged with having absconded from the pursuit of justice, and with having been over to France, and with having returned in a clandestine manner by way of Ireland. To these charges Muir replied, that he had gone to France after publicly avowing his object, both in Edinburgh and London, that object being to endeavour to persuade the French convention not to execute Louis XVI. That when in Paris he urged this both on the ground of humanity and good policy, as tending to make constitutional reform easier, as well as the keeping of peace with England. That the sudden declaration of hostilities whilst there had warned him to return, but had closed up the direct way. That was the reason of his taking a vessel from Havre to Ireland. That he had, however, returned publicly, and surrendered himself for trial at the earliest opportunity.

The most respectable witnesses testified in his favour, that he had always argued that the monarchy of the country was good; the government far superior to that of France; that many opinions of Paine were unsound and untenable; that an equal division of property was a chimera, and that we here wanted no revolution, but only moderate reform. The chief witness against him was a woman-servant, who had lived in his father's family, who deposed to his telling people to read the "Rights of Man;" to giving an organ-man something to play "*Ça ira!*" and the like. It is clear that Mr. Muir was what would now be considered a very moderate reformer indeed. But the lord-advocate treated him with the most scurrilous indignity, calling him "that unfortunate wretch at the bar;" "that demon of mischief;" "that pest of Scotland." The very proofs of Muir's moderation were turned by the lord-justice-clerk into crimes; it was only "policy;" and he proceeded to pass on him the monstrous sentence of *transportation for fourteen years!*

This base and disproportionate sentence startled the people of England. In Scotland then party spirit ran furiously high. As there were clubs for advocating thorough reform, so there were others for discouraging and crushing it. The tory arbitrary principle was rampant, and Muir was the victim of it. The English government, however, ought to have interfered, and mitigated the sentence; we shall see that it did not, but left the modern Jeffreyses of Scotland to perpetrate still more abominations of the kind.

Mr. Fyshe Palmer was not tried till the 12th of September. He was then brought before the circuit court of justiciary at Perth, and charged with writing and publishing an "Address to the People," which had been issued by the society of the friends of liberty, at Dundee. Palmer was an Englishman of good family, in Bedfordshire. He had taken his degree at Cambridge, and obtained a fellowship at Queen's College; but he had afterwards joined the unitarians, and had resided and preached some time at Montrose and Dundee, and had delivered lectures on unitarianism in Edinburgh and Forfar. It appeared that Palmer was not the author of the address, but had only been asked to correct the proof of it, and that he had, whilst so doing, struck out some of the strongest passages. One Mealmaker, a weaver, acknowledged himself the author of the address; but Palmer was a unitarian, and this, to the bigoted presbyterianism of his judges, was rank poison. His advocate pleaded that he was not quite sane, but neither did this avail; the jury brought in an instant and unanimous verdict of guilty, and the judges condemned him to be *transported for seven years!* This was a still more outrageous sentence than that of Muir, for Palmer had corresponded with no French or reforming societies whatever; he had simply *corrected a proof!*

Not at all dismayed by this unrighteous severity, the Scotch friends of the people met in convention, in Edin-

burgh, on the 9th of October. At this convention delegates appeared, not only from most of the large towns of Scotland, but also from London, Sheffield, and Dublin. Letters were also received from the societies in England. Mr. William Skirving, a friend of Muir and Palmer, as secretary to the convention, read these letters, and other papers, demanding annual parliaments and universal suffrage. As the British parliament was considered, and truly, merely a corrupt clique of the representatives of borough-mongers, they proposed to apply directly to the king, that he might urge those necessary reforms on the legislature. In Scotch fashion, these reformers opened and closed their sittings with prayer, presenting a striking contrast to the French revolutionists. On the 6th of November delegates Hamilton, Rowan, and Butler appeared from the society of united Irishmen, and Margarott and Gerald from the society of friends of the people in London. Margarott stated that five hundred constables had beset the meeting in London, to prevent any delegates getting away to this convention, but that the manufacturing towns of England were almost to a man reformers; that in Sheffield alone there were fifty thousand; that a general union of the reformers of the United Kingdom would strike terror into their enemies, and compel them to grant annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

The Irish delegates described the condition of Ireland as most deplorable. That the government interest, through the landed aristocracy, was omnipotent; that the manufacturers were unemployed; that an infamous coalition had taken place between the Irish opposition and ministry; that catholics and all had been bought up—a truth which we shall presently have to demonstrate—and that all these parties were united to crush reform; that the united Irishmen were everywhere fiercely persecuted, and that one of them had only just escaped from a six months' imprisonment.

Amongst these, for the most part working men, sate a number of gentlemen, and even one lord, lord Dacre, who had lived in Paris, and was a regular revolutionist. The convention sate unmolested till the 5th of December, arranging for a future meeting in England, and organising committees and correspondents in different towns. They also recommended to all reform clubs and societies to invoke divine aid on their endeavours for just reform. On meeting on the morning of the 5th, the president, Paterson, announced that himself, Margarott, and the delegates, had been arrested, and were only out on bail. Immediately after this, the lord provost appeared with a force to disperse the meeting, and though Skirving informed him that the place of meeting was his own hired house, and therefore constitutional, and that it met for a purely constitutional purpose, the provost by force broke up the meeting, and drove out the members. That evening they met again at another place, but only to be turned out again. Still they did not disperse before Gerald had offered up a fervent prayer for the success of reform. Mr. Skirving then issued a circular inviting the delegates to meet in his private house, and for this he was arrested on the 6th of January, 1794, brought before the court of justiciary, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. On the 13th Margarott received the same sentence; and, in the month of March, Gerald likewise.

Muir and Palmer, on the 19th of December, had been conveyed on board the hulks at Woolwich, preparatory to their being shipped to the antipodes, and were put in irons; but, before they were sent off, the matter was brought before parliament. It was introduced by Mr. Adams, on the 14th of February, moving for leave to bring in a bill to alter the enactment for allowing appeals from the Scotch court of justiciary in matters of law. This was refused, and he then gave notice of a motion for the revision of the trials of Muir and Palmer. Sheridan, on the 24th, presented a petition from Palmer, complaining of his sentence as unwarranted by law. Pitt protested against the reception of the petition, and Dundas declared that all such motions were too late; the warrant for Palmer's transportation was already signed and issued. Wilberforce moved that Palmer's being sent off should be delayed till the case was reconsidered, but this was also rejected by a large majority. Such was the determined spirit of Pitt and his parliamentary majority against all reform, or justice to reformers. On the 10th of March Mr. Adams again moved for a revision of the trials of Muir and Palmer, declaring that "leasing-making," their crime by the law of Scotland, was punishable by fine, imprisonment, or banishment, but not by transportation, and that their sentence was clearly illegal. Fox exposed the violent and rancorous spirit with which the trials had been conducted, and to which the judges had most indecently made themselves parties; that the lord-justice clerk, on Muir's trial, had said, "A government in every country should be just like a corporation; and, in this country, it is made up of the landed interest, *which alone has a right to be represented.* As for the rabble, who have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation on them? They may pack up all their property on their backs, and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye!" Lord Swinton said, "If punishment adequate to the crime of sedition were to be sought for, it could not be found in our law, now that torture is happily abolished." The lord-advocate was in his place to defend his conduct and doctrine in court, and Pitt and Dundas supported these odious opinions. The house also sanctioned them by a large majority, and Adams's motion was rejected. In the upper house, similar motions, introduced by earls Lansdowne and Stanhope, were similarly treated.

Muir and Palmer, having been detained till Skirving and Margarott could be brought up from Scotland, they were all put on board the same convict ship, the Surprise, and it sailed with them, towards the end of April. The fate of some of these unjustly-sentenced men was extraordinary. Skirving died soon after their arrival at Sydney, as did Gerald, who had been sent after them. Muir made his escape to South America, and thence to France, where he died at Bourdeaux. Palmer had a still more adventurous voyage. He served out his term of transportation, and then embarked for New Zealand with the intention of getting thence to the Cape of Good Hope. He afterwards changed his route, and made for China. Driven by want of provisions and danger of wreck into the island of Guam, Palmer died there, in 1802, of dysentery. The only one of them who regained England was Margarott, who appears to have been a very indifferent character. On the voyage out

he had made a plot against Palmer and Skirving, as intending to seize the ship. This was to ingratiate himself with the captain, by whom, accordingly, he was treated with great favour, whilst his victims were closely imprisoned below deck, and severely handled. His conduct in the colony appears to have been profligate and abandoned; yet this black sheep survived his term of sentence, and had his passage paid home by subscription. He died, however, soon after his arrival in London.

The success of the Scotch courts in sentencing reformers encouraged the ministers to try the experiment in England; but here it did not succeed so well. First, one Eaton, a bookseller, of Bishopsgate, was indicted for selling a seditious libel, called, "Politics for the People; or, Hog's-wash." On the 2nd of April Thomas Walker, a merchant, of Manchester—a much more turbulent man than any of the Scotch reformers, a leader of political societies, and who, with his brother Richard, had been in correspondence with the jacobins of France—was, with six others, indicted at the Lancaster assizes; but both Eaton, in London, and these Manchester men, were all acquitted. Rather irritated than discouraged by these failures, Pitt and Dundas made a swoop at the leaders of the corresponding society, and the society for constitutional information in London; and, in the month of May, Horne Tooke, John Thelwall—a celebrated political lecturer—Thomas Hardy, Daniel Adams, and the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce—private secretary to the earl of Stanhope, and tutor to his son, lord Mahon — were arrested and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason. No sooner was this done, than, on the 12th of May, Dundas announced to the house of commons that, in consequence of the government having been informed of seditious practices being carried on by the above-named societies, they had seized their papers, and he now demanded that a committee of secrecy should be appointed to examine these papers. This was agreed to; and, on the 16th, Pitt brought up the report of this committee, which was so absurd in its results, that nothing but the most blind political desperation could have induced the government to make it known. The committee found nothing amongst these papers but the reports of the societies since the year 1791, which had been annually published and made known to every one. Yet, on this miserable evidence, Pitt called for the suspension of the habeas corpus act, and it was accordingly granted, Burke—who now seems to have grown quite politically mad by dwelling on the horrors of the French revolution—believing it the only measure to insure the safety of the country. Windham and others asserted that the mere suspension of the habeas corpus act was hardly sufficient: there required yet more stringent measures. Similar language was held in the lords, but did not pass without severe comments from the duke of Bedford, and the earls Stanhope, Lauderdale, and Albemarle, who declared that ministers, instead of suppressing, were creating a veritable reign of terror. The bill was, notwithstanding, readily passed; and, on the 13th of June, an address was carried to his majesty, expressing the determination of their lordships to punish the men who had been concerned in the so-called conspiracy. Fox and Lambton condemned this course energetically in the commons, declaring that, if there were any conspiracy, the ordinary laws and tribunals were amply sufficient for their punishment. Fox moved that all that part of the address which expressed a conviction of the existence of a conspiracy should be struck out, but it was carried entire; and such was the alarm of the country at the reverses of the allies on the continent and the successes of France, that far more violent measures would have been as readily assented to.

The only other business of the session worth note was a vote of thanks to Burke in the commons for his share in the management of the trial of Warren Hastings, which only now terminated; and the passing of a bill of Wilberforce's, for abolishing that part of the slave trade by which we supplied foreign countries. This bill, however, was thrown out in the lords, and the king prorogued parliament on the 11th of July, on which occasion he congratulated the houses on the great naval victory of lord Howe over the French on the 1st of June.

His lordship had been on the look-out some time for the French fleet, which, it was understood, was about to leave Brest, in order to meet a convoy of merchant ships from the West Indies, and aid it in bringing that trade fleet into port. On reaching Brest, however, he discovered that the French fleet had sailed, and it was not till the 28th of May that he caught sight of it out at sea, opposite the coast of Brittany. The French fleet, commanded by admiral Villaret Joyeuse, was greatly superior to Howe's, both in ships, number of seamen, and weight of metal. Howe had twenty-five sail of the line and five frigates, carrying two thousand and ninety-eight guns, in weight of metal twenty-one thousand five hundred and nineteen pounds, and sixteen thousand six hundred and forty-seven men. Joyeuse, now joined by admiral Neilly, had twenty-six line-of-battle ships and smaller vessels, carrying two thousand one hundred and fifty-eight guns, in weight of metal twenty-five thousand five hundred and twenty-one pounds, and nineteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight men. After some skirmishing, owing to prevalence of fog and want of wind, on the 1st of June Howe came to close quarters with the enemy. He ordered his fleet to follow his ship, the Charlotte, in cutting right through the enemy's line. Only five ships, however, accomplished this so as to engage the French to the leeward, and prevent them escaping. Howe afterwards complained that some of his captains had not obeyed his orders, and threatened them with a court-martial; but some of them replied that their ships were in such bad sailing condition that they could not effect this movement, and others that they did not understand the signal, but thought that they were to engage every man the ship opposite to him. Thus, five vessels fighting to the leeward, and the rest to the windward, the battle raged furiously from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, when the French admiral sheered off for Brest, leaving behind seven of his finest vessels in the hands of the English. The English lost in the action two hundred and seventy-nine men, and had eight hundred and seventy-seven wounded. The French lost in the six captured ships alone six hundred and ninety men, and had five hundred and eighty wounded. The seventh, the Vengeur, went down almost as soon as the English flag was hoisted on her, with, it is supposed, three

hundred men in her. Altogether, it is likely that the French did not lose less than fifteen hundred men, besides wounded, and two thousand three hundred prisoners. The English lost a number of officers, who were either killed in the battle, or died afterwards of their injuries. Amongst these were Sir Andrew Douglas, second captain of Howe's own ship; captains Montagu of the Montagu, Hutt of the Queen, and Harvey of the Brunswick; rear-admirals Pasley of the Bellerophon, and Bowyer of the Barfleur. Admiral Graves and captain Berkeley were severely wounded.

Howe made every effort to pursue and bring again to action the French admiral; but, owing to the bad sailing qualities of English ships at that time, and the shattered state of many of them, he could not overtake Villaret, who made the best of his way to Brest. Yet Jean Bon Saint-André, the jacobin commissioner, who was on board to threaten with the guillotine all who failed in their duty, and who hid himself in the hold during the whole action, announced it as a most splendid victory to the convention, declaring that the Vengeur went down, all the men shouting, "*Vive la Republique! Vive la France!*" and continuing these cries even at the bottom of the ocean! This amusing fiction was, moreover, put into verse by Chénier, the revolution poet:—

"Les voix des braves expirans
Qui chantent au fond des abîmes!"

Barrère, also, announced to the convention the victory in still more glowing terms, declaring that the Vengeur had never surrendered, but fought to the very moment that the waves engulphed her; the fact being that the unfortunate officers and crew were shrieking for help to their enemies, and crowding so to the side, as to threaten to swamp, by their numbers, the boats that generously rushed to their aid. Notwithstanding that these facts were witnessed by thousands, the French have continued to maintain this impudent falsehood. The shattered condition of the English fleet, however, enabled the French convoy to gain Brest. During the remainder of the year there were various engagements betwixt small squadrons in different quarters, in which the advantage generally remained with the English, besides the training thus afforded to the officers and sailors for the mighty victories which awaited them.

During the spring of 1794 the English, under lieutenant-general Sir Charles Grey, took the French island of Martinique, in which attempt the duke of Kent, father of her present majesty, distinguished himself. They also took St. Lucie, Guadaloupe, and its dependencies, Marie-Galante, Desceada, and the Saintes. But they were not so successful in assisting the French royalists in St. Domingo in expelling the republicans. They beat the French in three successive battles, but our troops were then attacked by the yellow fever. General Whyte made himself master of the French capital, Port-au-Prince; but general Dundas, who was appointed governor, was carried off by the fever, as also were numbers of the troops. The French general also fell a victim to the fever; but at this juncture arrived the jacobin commissioner, Victor Hugues, with a reinforcement of from fifteen hundred to two thousand men. He immediately assumed the command, proclaimed freedom to all the blacks, and the plunder of the royalists. The royalists, terrified, submitted, or feebly supported their English allies, whereupon the English were compelled to yield them to their fate. Hugues, one of the bloodiest of the French revolutionists, set the guillotine to work in the hands of the negroes. The royalists were beheaded or fusilladed in troops, their houses burnt, and their estates ravaged. Before the end of the year, this monster had reduced the island to a dreadful desert. In his ferocious fury, he had caused the very sick and wounded in the hospitals to be massacred, and the dead to be thrown out of their graves. Amongst these were the remains of general Dundas, and the other dead British officers, which were flung into the river. Hugues managed also to recover Guadaloupe, and perpetrated the same cruelties and abominations there, leaving a name of horror in the West Indies to this day.

During this summer the island of Corsica fell into our hands, and that by a conduct as brilliant on the part of Nelson and the troops and seamen under him, as was at the time the formal inefficiency of our generals there. At the outbreak of the French revolution, the Corsicans had hoped, like many other people, wonderful things from the promises of liberty, fraternity, and equality. Their great patriot, general Paoli, who had been living for twenty years in England on terms of great intimacy with its leading political and literary characters, went over to Paris, and was presented to the national assembly and the king. He swore to the new constitution of 1789, was fêted by all parties, and was made lieutenant-governor and military commandant of his native island. He proceeded thither, and Corsica remained firm to France till its republicans had murdered Louis XVI., and committed those atrocities which horrified the world. The Corsicans soon experienced the insolence and rapacity of the godless French republicans, and rose in general insurrection. Paoli was the first to advise them to renounce all connection with such a race of fiends, and was, in consequence, proscribed by the convention, but at the same time appointed general-in-chief and president of the council of government by his own people. As he well knew that little Corsica was no match for France, he applied to the English for assistance. Lord Hood was then engaged in the defence of Toulon, but he sent a few ships and troops during the summer and autumn to Paoli's aid, and by this assistance the French were driven out of every part of the island except San Fiorenzo, Calvi, and Bastia. The mother of Buonaparte, and part of the family, who were living at Ajaccio, fled to France, imploring the aid of the convention for her native island. Lord Hood, however, having evacuated Toulon, made haste to be beforehand with them. By the 7th of February, 1794, he had blockaded the three ports still in the hands of the French, and had landed five regiments, under the command of general Dundas, at San Fiorenzo. The French were soon compelled to evacuate the place, but they retreated to Bastia, without almost any attempt on the part of Dundas to injure or molest them. Lord Hood now urged the immediate reduction of Bastia, but Dundas, an incompetent officer, and tied up by all the old, formal rules of warfare, declared that he could not attempt to carry the town till the arrival of two thousand fresh troops from Gibraltar. But there was a man of very different metal and notions serving there, namely, Nelson, who was indig-

nant at this timid conduct. He declared that if he had five hundred men and the Agamemnon ship-of-war, he could take the place. Lord Hood was resolved that he should try, whilst he himself blockaded the harbour. Nelson, who declared his own seamen of the Agamemnon were of the right sort, and cared no more for bullets than for peas, had one thousand one hundred and eighty-three soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, with two hundred and fifty sailors, put under his command, with the title of brigadier. They landed on the 4th of April, dragged their cannon up to the tops of the rocks overhanging Bastia, to the astonishment of French, Corsicans, and the timid Dundas. On the 10th Nelson was aloft with his whole force, and with all his cannon in position. A body of Corsicans rather kept guard, than gave any active assistance, on another side of the town; for they had no cannon, or could not drag them up precipices like British seamen. On the 11th lord Hood summoned the town to surrender; but the French commander and commissioner, Lacombe-Saint-Michel, replied that he had red-hot shot for the ships and bayonets for the English soldiers, and should not think of yielding till he had two-thirds of his garrison killed. But Nelson, ably seconded by colonel Vilettes, plied his artillery to such purpose, that, on the 10th of May, Lacombe-Saint-Michel made offer of surrender, and, on the 19th, the capitulation was completed. The French forces and the Corsicans in their interest were shipped off to Toulon, after the signing of the capitulation on the 21st; and now general D'Aubant, who had succeeded general Dundas, but who had continued

HORNE TOOKE. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

lying at San Fiorenzo, instead of assisting at the siege, came up with his troops and took possession of Bastia. The whole loss of the English in this brilliant affair was only fourteen men killed and thirty-four wounded.

Calvi, the most strongly-situated and fortified place, still remained to be taken. By the middle of June it was thoroughly invested, both by sea and land, and Nelson again serving on shore, assisted by captains Hallowell and Serecold, was pouring shells and red-hot shot into the fort. Captain Serecold was killed at the very outset; but Nelson and Hallowell, chiefly with the sailors and marines, continued the bombardment through the terrible heat of the dog-days, and the enervating effects of malaria from pestilential bogs

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH FLEET BY LORD HOWE.

and stagnant ponds in the hollows of the hills, and compelled the surrender on the 10th of August, but not before one-half of the two thousand men engaged were prostrated by sickness. Nelson himself lost the sight of one eye by gravel driven into it by a shot which fell near him.

The island was now, by the advice of Paoli, offered to the British crown, and accepted; but a gross blunder was made in not appointing Paoli governor, as was expected both by himself and his compatriots. Instead of this most proper and conciliatory measure, sir Gilbert Eliot was appointed governor, to the universal disappointment and disgust of the Corsicans. Sir Gilbert attempted to gratify the islanders by framing a new constitution for them, and granting them trial by jury; but neither of these institutions were adapted to their ideas, and they failed to heal the wound which the passing over their great patriot occasioned. No sooner had we secured the island than the Genoese laid claim to it, though they had formerly made it fully over to the French. The claim, of course, was treated with the deserved inattention; but orders were given to the Corsicans to respect the Genoese flag.

But this little episode of the war presented but one bright spot amid the vast picture of miserable mismanagement, want of concert, and of activity, amongst the allies engaged against France. The campaign of 1794 was most disgraceful and discouraging. The plan still was for the different armies of the allies to advance from the different frontiers, north, west, east, and south, and concentrate themselves in Paris; but all the activity and concentration were on the side of the French. In the very commencement of it, it was observed that Prussia was not bringing, by any means, the stipulated amount of forces into the field. We have seen that the duke of Brunswick, dissatisfied at once with Prussia and Austria, had retired from the command of the Prussian army. The king of Prussia, thinking much more of securing his Polish robberies than of co-operating against France, continued in Poland, and was even discovered to be secretly negotiating with the French convention for peace. England, who had no direct interest in the war, and was in the Netherlands only ostensibly to defend the Dutch frontiers, according to treaty, was alarmed at this symptom of Prussian defection, and made strong remonstrances. Frederick William coolly replied that it was impossible for him to go on without a large sum of money. This ought to have acted as a sufficient warning to England to confine herself to the point to which she was bound—the defence of Holland—and leave the Prussians and Austrians to defend their own possessions. But she had now got the idea that it depended alone on England to conquer the French, and that the business of all the wars of the world was her business. The hint of Prussia was not lost; money was promised, and, in April of this year, a subsidy of two millions two hundred thousand pounds was paid to Prussia to secure her more active operation, and on condition that she brought into the field sixty thousand men. The bulk of this money was paid by England, a small fraction by Holland; and what was the result? The king of Prussia sent very few troops into the field, but employed the money in paying and maintaining armies to keep down the invaded provinces of Poland, and to invade more! Thus, England was duped into the disgraceful business of riveting the fetters of unhappy Poland; and it would have been well had this taught the English government wisdom. But it was now intent on that astonishing career of subsidising almost all the nations of Europe against France; of purchasing useless German soldiers at astounding prices; of pouring out the wealth and blood of England like water to enable the Germans and Russians to defend their own hearths and homes, and in vain. The results of this subsidy ought to have satisfied England, and would have satisfied any other nation; for it did not long retain Prussia as an ally, even in name.

Belgium, this summer, was the great battle-ground. In it were Austrians, Dutch, English, and Hanoverians. At the opening of the campaign, the allies had, probably, two hundred thousand men scattered along the frontiers, and the French upwards of three hundred thousand. But whilst the French were united in one object, and the convention kept pouring fresh masses of men in, the allies were slow and disunited. The duke of York, who commanded the English and Hanoverians, about thirty thousand men, was completely tired of the sluggish formality of the Austrian general, Clairfayt, and refused to serve under him. To remove the difficulty, the emperor of Austria agreed to take the command of his forces in the Netherlands in person, so that the duke of York would serve under him. Francis II. arrived in April, and great expectations were excited by his presence. The royalists of Brussels received him with great exultation, putting over their gate the inscription, "*Cæsar adest, trement Galli!*" ("Cæsar is come, the Gauls tremble!")

But there was nothing to tremble at in Francis: he was no general. In fact, the French had revolutionised the whole system of war as well as of government, and turned adrift all the old theories of attack and defence, whilst the Germans remained enslaved to them many a day, and, in consequence, were beaten over and over without learning any better from it. Instead of urging all the different divisions of the allied armies to concentrate in large masses against the able generals, Pichegru and Jourdan, Francis sate down before the secondary fortress of Landrecies, though the allies already held those of Valenciennes, Condé, and Quesnay. This enabled Pichegru to advance on West Flanders, and take Courtrai and Menin in the very face of Clairfayt. At the same time, Jourdan had entered the country of Luxembourg with a large force, and whilst the Austrians were wasting their time before Landrecies, he was still further reinforced from the army of the Rhine, which the absence of the king of Prussia left at leisure, and he now fell upon the Austrian general, Beaulieu; and though Beaulieu fought bravely for two days, he overwhelmed him by successive columns of fresh troops, and drove him from his lines. Jourdan then advanced upon the Moselle, where the Prussians ought to have been, and were not, spite of the subsidy.

Pichegru, on his part, having driven back Clairfayt, turned round on the duke of York, who lay at Tournay. There he met with a severe repulse, and fell back with heavy loss; but Clairfayt having again advanced to regain Courtrai, Pichegru once more engaged and defeated him.

Clairfayt then fell back into Flanders, to cover Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend. Pichegru, urged on against his better judgment by St. Just, who was the commissioner from the convention, sent Kléber and Marceau across the Sambre to attack the general Kaunitz; but Kaunitz gave the French a severe defeat, killing four thousand of them; and, had the Austrians been as rapid as they were brave, they might have nearly exterminated the whole of the French division. This success inspirited the allies to advance actively, but the duke of York, not taking into account the habitual slowness of German troops, shot ahead, expecting to fall in with Clairfayt's columns at Turcoing; but there he only found the French, under Souham and Bonnaud, who well nigh enveloped him by their vast numbers, totally defeated, and nearly took him prisoner. This gave such a panic to the Austrians, that the entire army fell back, and Francis II., thoroughly discouraged, withdrew from the command, and left it to the prince of Coburg. The duke of York rallied, and maintained his ground at Tournay against Pichegru, and Kaunitz followed up his advantage against Kléber and Moreau, driving them across the Sambre; but these were but temporary successes. Jourdan, finding no Prussians in the Moselle, drew nearer to the camp of Pichegru. There were various conflicts at Ypres, Charleroi, and on the plains of Fleurus. The allies drove the French three times across the Sambre, but they returned with fresh and never-ending forces, and compelled the allies to a general retreat. Bruges opened its gates to the French; Pichegru, aided by Moreau, compelled the duke of York to retire successively on Oudenarde, Tournay, and Antwerp, places filled with the fame of Marlborough. At Antwerp, the duke of York was joined by lord Moira, with ten thousand men, intended originally for La Vendée, but too late to prevent the massacre of Savenay. The English garrison quitted Ostend, and came round to Antwerp; and the English occupied that town, whilst Clairfayt lay at Louvain, and the two armies, unitedly, protected Mechlin.

The French allowed the retreating allies no rest. There was no want of men. The convention, by the menace of the guillotine at home, and the promises of plunder and license abroad, could raise any number of thousands of men, could raise millions of money, and they had not a single feeling of humanity, as the streaming axes of the executioners all over the country showed. They could also fight and daunt their enemies by the same unhesitating ferocity. They had long published to all their armies that no quarter was to be given to English or Hanoverians—they were to be massacred to a man; and they now sent word to the fortresses of Valenciennes, Condé, Quesnoi, and Landrecies, that, unless the garrisons surrendered, every soul, on their being taken, should be butchered. The fortresses were immediately surrendered, for the menace was backed by one hundred and fifty thousand men—the united troops of Pichegru and Jourdan. Besides, the fortresses in the hands of the allies were so badly supplied both with ammunition and stores, that they were but dens of famine and impotence. On the 5th of July Ghent opened its gates to the French; on the 9th the French entered Brussels, having driven the duke of Coburg out of his entrenchments in the wood of Soignies, near which the battle of Waterloo has since been fought. They next attacked the duke of York and lord Moira at Mechlin, and, after a sharp conflict, drove them thence. The very next day, Clairfayt was defeated, and obliged to abandon both Louvain and Liege. General Beaulieu was driven out of Namur, solely because he had no provisions there for his army, though, otherwise, the place could have made a long defence. The duke of York was compelled to abandon the strong and important citadel of Antwerp from the same cause, and to cross the Scheldt into the Dutch territory, leaving the French to make their triumphant entry into Antwerp on the 23rd of July.

Such was the brilliant campaign of the French in the Netherlands in the summer of 1794—such the ignominious defeat of the allies, with an army of two hundred thousand men. All Belgium was lost; and the duke of Coburg, who had made a brave resistance, called loudly on the Germans to rise *en masse* for the defence of their own country; to put forth every energy for the recovery and maintenance of their national honour, and coin the silver and gold of their churches into pay for the necessary armies. The appeal fell dead: the day was yet far distant when the German monarchs—themselves despots, to a man—would echo that appeal, and put arms into the hands of a people smarting under the deepest political thraldom. When, after having been trodden and beaten by the French for years, they at last did make that appeal, they were obliged to accompany it by sacred promises of free constitutions. The people then rose, and drove out the French; and then the false monarchs did not give the constitutions. Years of national degradation, with the foot of France on the neck of Germany, had yet to pass even before this took place. Monarchs and people remained quiescent, and the duke of Coburg surrendered his command.

Then the emperor Francis gave intimations that he was about to treat with France for peace. It was not that he wanted peace, but a large sum of money, such as Prussia had obtained from England. That transaction had awaked the cupidity of all the German states. They were not aroused by patriotism to defend their own country, but their princes were all alive to the prospect of being paid by England to defend it. What England should have done, having seen the wretched material and still more wretched command of the German armies, was to have said, "By all means make peace; we can defend our own shores." But Pitt fell at once into the snare. He had become insane on the idea that England was the political Atlas that must support the world. He again complied, and again fed the vulture of German rapacity, which, the more it was indulged, was sure to become the more insatiable. A loan of four million pounds was granted to Austria—a loan, like hundreds of other millions, never to be repaid. At the same time, in addition to the Hessian soldiers engaged, the duke of Brunswick, the king's relative, was to furnish two thousand two hundred and eighty-nine men on the same liberal terms, and was himself to have an annual allowance of sixteen thousand pounds sterling.

As we are now entering on the history of the most tremendous war that the world has yet seen, it is necessary that we should do so with a clear idea of our own particular

business in it as a nation. We will, therefore, revert to the causes of our participation in it, and review its progress and consequences. The original root of all this warfare on our part was the bargain, which we have detailed in its place, betwixt Charles II. and the whig aristocracy for his return to the throne. By this bargain, the aristocracy threw off all their feudal obligations, and transferred the system of taxation to the nation at large. From that moment it became the interest of the aristocracy to have foreign wars, because they would employ themselves and their sons. Till then there had been no national debt, because the aristocracy would have had to pay it. From that moment the debt began to accumulate, wars became incessant, and William III., a Dutchman, involved us in the whole continental system of quarrel. We have since been almost always fighting on the continent, at one time for, and at another against, the same princes; and mark the consequences. From this apparently distant source came our loss of America; from this, our stupendous war against France, now to be related. We fought a long time against Frederick, called the "great," because he was a great robber; and then we fought in the Seven Years' War for him against our former allies, the Austrians. We enabled him not only to pare down Austria, but Saxony also. We sent him soldiers, and subsidised him at the rate of six hundred and seventy thousand pounds per annum. In this war, which terminated in 1763, we spent a hundred and twelve millions of money—"a sum," says Sir John Sinclair, in his "History of the Revenue," "which would have maintained the whole peace establishment, at the then rate of expenditure, for a hundred and thirty years!"

But this was not all. By this proceeding and alliance we brought upon us Austria, Russia, Spain, and France; and, by taking the French colony of Canada, so exasperated the latter power, that it seized the first opportunity of retribution, and succeeded in enabling the Americans, backed by Spain and Holland, to wrest our great North American states from us, at a direct cost of one hundred and thirty-six millions sterling! Such were the astounding and disastrous consequences of our intermeddling with continental politics and warfare—a proceeding in direct violation of the compact by which the house of Hanover was admitted to the British throne, which declared that England should not be drawn into any wars on account of the king's foreign possessions. Well might Sir Philip Francis declare in parliament, in 1792, that "all German alliances were to be particularly dreaded, as being always attended with endless and impossible expense." Well might he protest—and which, indeed, every sensible man might from the first have done—that "the balance of power in Europe was not so much our affair as it was that of the continental powers." Well might Fox, in the same debate, indignantly exclaim, that "we *stand forward the principal in every quarrel, the Quixotes of every enterprise*, the agitators in all the plots, intrigues, and disturbances throughout Europe."

The consequences of this meddling, of this quixotism, went still further. So far, we had begun with defending Hanover, and ended by losing America. Well would it have been *had we thus ended;* but our bitterness over the interference of France, and the consequent loss of the United States, made us eager to leap in, and to take up arms against France on the first occasion of internal discord. She had freed America from our despotism; we would not suffer her to be freed from her own. When the oppressed people arose, and put down the monarchy and aristocracy which had ruined and demoralised the nation, we banded with the despots of the continent, not merely to defend themselves, but to force back upon the French the same besotted and imbecile dynasty. It was a most unjustifiable interference with the internal affairs of an independent people, and we paid for it in the most dreadful struggle that the world has yet seen—a twenty-one years of inconceivable deluges of blood, and of the expenditure of the incredible sum of *three thousand three hundred and eighty-three millions of money!*

Many and splendid have been the pens which have been zealously employed on behalf of toryism to defend this monstrous war—this banding of a free nation with a host of despots to quell the efforts of an oppressed people for its emancipation—and to represent this horrible blood-bath, into which all Europe was plunged, not only as just, but as glorious. It has been represented as the cause of religion—but certainly not the religion of Christ, the Prince of Peace—of morals and sound government, of humanity, and even of freedom. There is no limit to what will be said by paid advocates in the very worst of causes; but, spite of the multitude of eloquent articles which have issued forth in *this* cause, in books and reviews, in journals and newspapers, the international maxim, that no nation has a right to interfere with the internal proceedings of another, has only grown, and become more and more widely established. Now, bloody, cruel, atheistical, and insolent as the French revolutionists were, so long as they only wreaked their fury on their oppressive government, and even on themselves, neither we nor any other people had a right to interfere. But it is unquestionable that the Austrians and Prussians, with the Prussian king, William Frederick, and the duke of Brunswick, did first proclaim war on France, and threatened "to lay her as flat as a field." They received their overthrow at Jemappe. After this, there is nothing to be said in defence of this war on our part. We banded with these aggressors to force back on the people of France a government, which, in characters of blood, they had denounced on the walls of Paris as odious to them.

Then, however, comes the second argument in favour of our coalition. Napoleon, as we are just going to relate, began a career of conquest which threatened to lay all Europe at his feet. He was lawless, faithless, and incapable of being treated with, for he could not be bound by any treaty. There was nothing for it but force, and combined force, to put him down. True, in our attempt on the liberties of a great though impious nation, we had raised a power—a spirit, and, out of the midst of this spirit, an atmosphere of enthusiastic and patriotic defence, an apparition that rose towering above our heads, and threatened to destroy all that resisted. He broke down all obstacles to his ascension to supreme power, and trod scornfully under his feet all the nations of the continent and their despots. Napoleon was, indeed, possessed of a spirit of insatiable conquest, and of haughty, insolent domination, which justly demanded re-

pulse and humiliation. But here comes the all-important question—a question most commonly lost sight of—whose business was it to do this? Was it for England, quixotically, to take upon herself almost the whole giant contest? Was she to stand in all parts and places, with money-bags, with men, with arms, with ships, to defend, not merely herself, but the whole world? Was it proper, or demanded by sound reason, by common sense—nay, even by interest, by sympathy, or humanity, the most urgent and god-like reason of all—that England should waste her energies, impoverish her people, and mortgage her property for countless generations to come, to rescue all other people? If we would understand the full answer, let us ask those people to pay their fair share of the consequent burden left upon us; let us ask the unborn generations, what business had Pitt and his borough-monger majority with them? Why should they pay the onerous penalty of his reckless and rabid quixotism?

But first we must inquire whether these people were rescuable by any such means, and by such stupendous sacrifices, on our part; whether they were, at the time, and for a long time afterwards, rescuable *by any means?* We admit that England acted a great and generous part, when those nations were, in their turn, assailed; that, in the terrible contest, her strength, her resources, her bravery and indomitable spirit, developed themselves in a magnificent degree; but, still comes the question, was our conduct as wise and business-like as it was generous? Was our unbounded aid actually necessary, and prudently applied? We answer, that our conduct, taken in the best light, was that of a generous madman. As well might a man, to liberate a friend, have attempted, with his bare hand, to beat down the walls of Newgate.

It is a great truth—one which should be written large on the walls of the council chambers and parliaments of every people—that A NATION WHICH CANNOT DEFEND ITS OWN INSTITUTIONS IS NOT WORTHY OF THEM, FAR LESS WORTHY OF BEING DEFENDED BY OTHERS. It is another truth, equally sure, that no nation *can* maintain the liberties of another, which is not capable of defending its own. But here was not a single nation, but a whole continent, impotent against a single nation. Here was a mighty constellation of nations—Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Italy—nations of some hundred millions of inhabitants—all, unitedly, incapable of defending themselves against France—a nation of some forty millions of people.

There must have been a cause for all this, far deeper than the genius of the French commanders or the rapid masterships of French military tactics could fathom. There was! It was the effeminacy and degradation of those nations, the consequence of despotic government and aristocratic disintegration. At the precise moment at which we are now arrived—the autumn of 1794—the German diet, acting on the appeal made by the duke of Coburg, agreed to a *conclusum* for the arming of the whole mass of the people of the empire, burghers and peasantry; but what did the king of Prussia, whom we had subsidised, for the very support of this cause? He declared that, unless the *conclusum* was withdrawn, he would at once secede from the Bund. He knew too well that his own enslaved people, and the provinces which he and his father had so violently seized upon, would no sooner have arms in their hands, than they would demand their national rights—their constitutional freedom. Had this *conclusum* been carried out, Germany would have been spared twenty years' humiliation, ravage, and oppression; for the Germans had a deep hatred of the French, and would, inspired by liberty, have done what they did at last—join the march of peoples into France, and put down the Gallic invaders.

A writer, who has, perhaps, more than any other, contended for the justice and necessity of this war—the writer of "Knight's History"—yet says, "In reflecting on the power, the decision, and undoubted military genius of Buonaparte, people have left too much out of consideration the miserable folly and wickedness of the continental governments, who made up his game for him, and played into his hands; who put the knife into his grasp, nor complained, nor attempted to wrest it from him, till they found it at their own throats. Russia was a great horde of barbarous serfs; Poland had been first unnationed by its aristocrats, and then dismembered by its vulture neighbours; Germany was carved by the usurpations of the aristocracy into *two thousand* small states. The rest of the nations were equally enslaved and emasculated, and they fell an easy prey."

Now, under such circumstances, the English government should have asked, and might soon have learned, from actual observation, was it possible to help such people? The rapid ascendency of France was a lesson from Heaven on the necessity of keeping alive in a nation the popular spirit, and a manly spirit of active union. "God," says the adage, "helps those who help themselves." It is a sublime truism, and no mortal, or immortal, power can help them who cannot help themselves. The nation that cannot maintain its freedom against its own government, cannot maintain it against its external foes.

Before those nations could be rescued, and the career of Napoleon be stopped, it was absolutely necessary that they should pass through the baptism of bloody and cruel regeneration. They must be beaten, trodden on, insulted, robbed, and tortured in body, mind, honour, and estate—in every feeling of manly pride and spirit, till they rose in the rekindled wrath of actual men; and *then*, and not till then, would the foe retreat before them. "You may depend upon it," said the gallant Blücher, in 1806, to Bourrienne, the French minister at Hamburg, "that when once a whole nation is determined to shake off a humiliating yoke, it will succeed. I rely on the future. It is impossible but that the time will come when all Europe, humbled by your emperor's exactions, and impatient of his depredations, will rise up against him. *The more he enslaves nations*, the more terrible will be the reaction when they break their chains." If our insane ministers had but had the knowledge which this wise and brave man possessed, and if they *had relied on the future;* had they waited till the nations were scourged by Gallic insolence into the true chain-breaking temper, instead of throwing our money by handfuls amongst effeminate slaves and selfish despots; had they waited for the moment of the rising of the real spirit of independence, they might have

spared us our national debt, and yet have come in at the rescue of Europe. For Blücher's words were a prophecy; and in vain did Buonaparte, for nearly twenty years, goad, tread upon, and insult the spiritless dreamers of Germany; they awoke not to a sense of their national degradation, and all our wealth and arms were thrown away upon them.

Regardless or ignorant of this great truth, our ministers went on, from year to year, putting arms into hands that, at the first sight of an enemy, ran away and left them. We some of the most infamous princes of Germany. It went to pay the debts and mistresses of men who were loathed by their own people, as monsters of sensual filth; and grovelling petty princes, who had not a soldier to bring into the field—such was the ignorance or the criminal carelessness of our government—received large sums, with which they satisfied greedy concubines and long-waiting creditors, and then plunged into still deeper sensual mire, in reliance on the lavish, unscrutinising, and exhaustless subsidies of

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subsidised monarchs with our annual millions, to raise troops and fight *for their own hearths and homes*, and the French came and levied this very money in contribution. We actually maintained the war *for the French*, and furnished them with arms and money to fight against our soulless allies and ourselves!

If the history of our continental subsidies and their application could be written in its naked reality, and as it is ridiculed on the continent, it would present a revolting and humiliating scene. The hard-earned money, wrung from our brave and industrious people, till they rose in their misery, and even threatened king and government with destruction, went to be divided amongst a host of despots and harem slaves. It went to pamper the lust and sloth of England. The stories of such facts which are circulated in Germany, and which, during the years that I resided there, I was frequently hearing, are painful to English minds.

Those princes that did bring men into the field, such as the Hessians, Brunswickers, &c., the Menschen-Verkaüfer, or man-sellers, as they are styled by their own people, were rapacious beyond example. During the American war we had employed these Hessians, Brunswickers, and the like, at a cost that excited general indignation. Besides paying seven pounds ten shillings and a penny for every man, the duke of Brunswick, who furnished only four thousand and eighty-four men, had had an annual subsidy of fifteen thousand five hundred and nineteen pounds. The landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who furnished twelve thousand men, had ten thousand

two hundred and eighty-one pounds a year. The hereditary prince of Hesse, for his miserable quota of six hundred and eighty-eight men, had his six thousand pounds a year! And besides this, we were bound to defend their territories from all attack! Nay, besides their annual subsidies, Brunswick was to receive double subsidies for two years after his troops were dismissed; and the others, like advantages. In short, these man-sellers had sold their slaves, were, perhaps, the most honest in the cause of the Germans, and fought very doggedly, but with little judgment and less success. We find it recorded by Buonaparte himself, in the transactions of his wars, published by the present emperor of the French, that when he first came across the Austrians, they had flung themselves in so absurd a way before him, that he thought they had some stratagem in it, and, for a while, he was cautious in attacking them; but he became

VIEW IN THE ALPS—SPLUGEN.

the offscouring of their population, not raised, as now, by conscription, but raked together by any means—something dear—about seventeen thousand mercenaries costing us a million-and-a-half yearly! In the French war, our bargains with these people were equally absurd. The Hessians had the like proportion of pay and subsidy; the duke of Brunswick, for his wretched knot of two thousand two hundred and eighty-nine men, his sixteen thousand a year subsidy! But, as we have said, this was not all. We paid the great powers, so called, but more properly the great weaknesses, to our own actual mischief. The Austrians aware that it was sheer stupidity, and then he fell on them, and put them to flight; but that through all their campaigns they learned nothing by experience. They were so slow, that they were actually useless in any attempts to co-operate with them. We have seen the duke of York complaining of them; and a far greater man, Nelson, who was sent to assist the south of Italy in conjunction with them, in the present year, 1794, was driven almost frantic by them. "This army," he wrote, "is slow beyond all conception; and I begin to think that the emperor is anxious to touch another five millions of English money. As for these

German generals, war is their trade, and peace is ruin to them: therefore, we cannot expect that they shall have any wish to finish the war."—*Southey's Life of Nelson.*

The subsidising of Austria continued up to 1797, in which year we find, in April, a vote of two millions to the emperor, one million two hundred thousand pounds having been sent to him only in November previous; and in the following October he made peace with Buonaparte at Campo Formio, and his states became subject to French levies, which our money went to pay. Again, encouraged by promises of money, the emperor Francis declared war in 1809, on Buonaparte. This was done in May, and in October of the same year, that is, in about five months, Buonaparte was in the emperor's capital, and levied three millions, English money, on him, for the expenses of the war.

Russia was subsidised at the rate of from two to three millions a year. In 1799 we were paying to the emperor Paul one hundred and twelve thousand pounds a month, with which money he built and repaired men-of-war, and, in the following year, swept with them our merchantmen out of the Baltic and Northern seas; and we find the king of England announcing to his parliament, in April, 1801, that his late subsidised ally "had already committed great outrages on the ships, persons, and property of his subjects," having made a league with our enemies of Sweden and Denmark, to do all possible mischief to our trade and people in the north, and to cut off from us all necessary supplies of corn thence!

This was madness enough on the part of our ministers, but was far from being the worst madness. We were not only subsidising all, even the smallest powers of Europe, such as Sardinia, at four hundred thousand pounds a year, but we were actually in league with all the most confirmed villains in it, and out of it, down to the very Dey of Algiers, who was, in fact, licensed by us to practise his corsair atrocities on Christian nations. At the very announcement of our coalition against France, who were our allies? Prussia, Russia, and Austria, the very powers that for years we had so vehemently taunted with the violent dismemberment of Poland. In 1793, when we had issued high-sounding manifestoes, that we and our allies were going to chastise the French for their crimes and their robberies, and our duke of York had advanced into the Netherlands to meet them, where were they? Busy in robbing and dividing Poland amongst themselves. "The arguments used by the spoilers," says Knight, "throws ridicule and discredit on our manifestoes, and made the French believe that the coalition meant only to plunder and partition France."

It was a melancholy farce. We were pretending to enforce justice on a great nation, in company with the most notorious robbers in all Europe. This unfortunately, however, was but one occasion of this kind; a still worse occurred in the present year, 1794. The allies were again preparing to make a great stand against the French in the Netherlands. The king of Prussia, who had, in reality, been tampering with the enemy for a separate peace, declared that, unless he had an immediate grant of two millions two hundred thousand pounds, he would march off. The money was granted, as money always was, if asked for, even under such suspicious or absurd circumstances as the present; and he did march off still, and to some purpose. He did not appear in the field at the time appointed with the allies, and it was found that he was gone into a still more disgraceful one. Kosciusko, the brave Polish patriot, had roused his countrymen for a last effort against their oppressors, and our dear allies, and with our money Frederick had marched off, joined the Russians, and, defeating Kosciusko, made the third and final partition of Poland! In the meantime, our army in the Netherlands, in consequence of this desertion of Prussia, suffered great slaughter and repulse. We had, indeed, not only paid our two millions two hundred thousand pounds for the extinction of Poland, but for the slaughter of our own troops! Few, when they lament the fate of Poland, and denounce in terms of deepest contempt both Russia and Prussia, its violators, are aware that we were the unremonstrating allies of these caitiff powers, and that our money (the troops being raised and paid by us, which, without this money, could not have stirred a foot) went to do this infamous work, making England an active and efficient partisan in it—nay, the most efficient of all—for, without our pay, the spoilers could not have effected it. *Having* effected it, the king of Prussia, who, as we have said, was at the very moment we paid him this two millions two hundred thousand pounds, tampering with the enemy, immediately made peace with him. Such was the manner in which our reckless ministers, with their eyes open, caused us to be duped out of our money for purposes most disgraceful to our name; and such were the men whom they were morally trying, from year to year, to bribe to the deliverance of themselves.

Thus, in every point of view, criminal and odious was that war, whose monstrous cost, Fox well said, we paid, "because we had no real representation." There is yet one more argument that has been advanced in favour of it on mercantile grounds. It has been said that it was our duty and interest to put down the French, and to defend our continental customers. But it is now too well known that trade is not conducted on principles of preference, far less of gratitude, but of interest; and that, so long as our goods are best and cheapest, and no longer, will they continue to be bought in spite of all impediments. The commercial accounts of this period strikingly confirm this theory. At the commencement of 1792 our exports were £24,905,200; our imports, £19,659,358; or the total produce of our foreign commerce, £44,564,558; and this steadily advanced till the peace of 1815, spite of all Napoleon's continental or anti-English system, when our exports alone were £56,624,550! our imports, £32,987,390; the total of our foreign commerce, £91,611,926: thus exhibiting an increase of more than cent. per cent.! Nay, so imperative are the necessities of man, that British goods excluded from the ports of Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, &c., entered Europe through Turkey and Russia, and, traversing the whole continent, were sold and worn in those very ports!

On the other hand, where is the gratitude of the nations, especially of Germany, for all our subsidies, and our gigantic efforts in their behalf? Is it shown in a preference to us

and our trade? Does it say, "Never let us forget what the English did for us during the war, and our days of calamity. Let us buy all we can from them; let us encourage their commerce; for we owe them a mighty obligation, and they have covered themselves with debt for our rescue, and their children for generations must groan under it?"

We hear not a word of all this. We hear only of "the proud English—the haughty nation of shopkeepers." That very Prussia whom we so shamefully subsidised, insults us, by its public officers, as a nation of blackguards; as guilty of "*Anmassung, Unverschämtheit, und Lümmelei.*" We are hated by the whole continent for our greatness, and hated the more, that we never were conquered, but were the witnesses of their humiliating subjection. Nay, we are not only hated and envied, but the very nation for which we did so much, and suffered so much, and must continue to suffer—Prussia—has long been zealously carrying out and enforcing the continental and anti-English system of Napoleon—that man that we put down and destroyed for them, at the cost of such legions of our men, and so many hundred millions of our money. Under the eager guidance of Prussia, Germany has established the Zollverein, or League Customs, to shut us out of the midst of Europe; and, not content with this, she had laboured hard to bring America to the same mind. Prussia has made a crusade against our trade in Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, the Hanse Towns, Russia, Brazil, and the United States, and with more or less success, to shut us out there; and, in a word, in return for the war which we carried on for them by men and millions of money, Prussia and Germany made upon us a war of tariffs, which threatened a far more practical annihilation of our commerce than ever entered into the fertile brain of Napoleon. Finally, the war which we are about to detail was carried on at a rate of one hundred millions a year, and by a property tax of ten per cent., yielding ten millions a year; was carried on to support regal and aristocratic despotism—not by the nation, but by a junto in our country of a hundred and fifty-six borough proprietors, who had usurped the house of commons, and sold it to the aristocracy. Such was the nature of that war; such, as we have demonstrated, is the gratitude of corrupt nations, numerous enough to defend themselves. It is necessary for us, when wading through twenty years of bloodshed, in which we bore the most conspicuous part, thus to bear in mind the principles on which our government proceeded; the merits of that conflict, so far as we were concerned, for which we are still loaded with Eight Hundred Millions of Debt, and Twenty-eight Millions of annual interest on it. Can there possibly be a more solemn homily on the nature of war—a more solemn warning against its future perpetration?

At the moment that we were now subsidising Prussia and Austria, their forces, even in their own country, were flying before the French. They had no unity amongst themselves, whilst the French advanced their outposts on the Rhine, and took from them, early in the year, Kaiserslautern and Speir. It was towards the end of May before marshal Möllendorf, the Prussian general, began the campaign. He then attacked the French, and drove them out of their entrenchments at Kaiserslautern with great slaughter. There, however, his activity seemed to cease; and, on the 12th of July, the French again fell upon him. He fought bravely for four whole days, supported by the Austrians; but both these powers were compelled to retreat down the Rhine, the Prussians retiring on Mayence, and the Austrians crossing the river for more safety. The French marched briskly after the Prussians, took Treves, and then sent strong detachments to help their countrymen to make a complete clearance of the Netherlands, and to invade Holland. Clairfayt, who was still hovering in Dutch Flanders, was attacked by overwhelming numbers, beaten repeatedly, and compelled to evacuate Juliers, Aix-la-Chapelle, and finally Cologne. The French were so close at his heels at Cologne, that they shouted after him, that "that was not the way to Paris." Coblentz, where the royalist emigrants had so long made their headquarters, though strongly fortified, soon after surrendered. The strong fortress of Venloo, on the Maes, and Boi-le-Duc, as promptly surrendered, and the French marched on Nimeguen, near which the duke of York lay, hoping, in vain, to cover the frontiers of Holland. The people of Holland, like those of Belgium, were extensively jacobinised, the army was deeply infected by French principles, and to attempt to defend such a country with a mere handful of English, was literally to throw away the lives of our men. Yet the duke stood stoutly in this hopeless defence, where half Holland ought to have been collected to defend itself.

On the 19th of October the French attacked the duke with sixty thousand men; and, though his little army fought with its usual dogged bravery, it was compelled to give way. It did this, however, only to assume a fresh position, still covering Nimeguen, where, on the 27th, the French again attacked him, and compelled him to retire from the hopeless contest. He led the wreck of his army across the Waal and the Rhine, and posted himself at Arnheim, in Guelderland, to throw some impediment in the path of Pichegru, who was advancing, at the command of the convention, to reduce Holland. Nimeguen, full of Dutch traitors, soon opened its gates; Maestricht did the same to Kléber; and, at the end of the campaign, the gloomiest prospects hung over Holland.

In the South, the two Spanish armies fought bravely, but on unequal terms against the numerous republican forces. In Roussillon, the gallant Ricardos was dead, and the army was now commanded by the count de la Union. On the 1st of May he was attacked in his headquarters—a fortified camp at Boulon—and compelled to retire to Figueras. The Spaniards, in the different forts of St. Elme, Portvendre, and fort Collioure, in Roussillon, were also, after determined resistance, taken. Dugommier, the French general, then invested Bellegarde; and, though La Union made repeated attacks on him to compel him to raise the siege, he forced the place to surrender on the 18th of September, after a close blockade of nearly five months. Dugommier then poured his swarming troops into Catalonia, and, about the middle of October, made a general attack on the Spanish forts. He was killed in this attempt, and was succeeded by general Perignon, who, supported by Augereau, succeeded in driving La Union from all his lines. The French then pushed on to Figueiras, and, though this place was naturally strong—

had two hundred cannon on its walls, and a garrison of ten thousand—either through treason or panic, it surrendered, after a very few days, leaving all Catalonia open to invasion, and furnishing the French, not only with admirable winter quarters, but with an abundance of military stores.

In the Western Pyrenees, defending the Biscayan provinces, the Spaniards fought bravely against shoals of French rabid republicans, under general Muller, who, attended by Pinet, as commissioner of the convention, had burst into the valley of Bastan, conquered Fuenterabia, and advanced against the powerful fortress of San Sebastian. The Spaniards might have made a successful stand there, but Pinet managed to communicate with the disaffected within the walls, and Michelena, the alcalde, threw open the gates to the French, who rewarded him by hanging him and his colleagues as rebels. The inhabitants of Tolosa, the capital of Guipuscoa, seized with panic, abandoned the place, and fled to unite themselves with the people in Biscay and Navarre, where they made a desperate resistance. Muller, being now succeeded by general Moncey, who was reinforced by troops and artillery which had been engaged in La Vendée, and, amongst these forces, those called the "infernal columns," which had shown themselves worthy of their name in that country, the convention ordered Moncey to invade Navarre, seize Pampeluna, and advance his headquarters to the banks of the Ebro. Moncey saw the imprudence of the order; but the commissioners insisted, and the guillotine would have been the result of independent action, and the army set forward and entered the celebrated defile of Roncesvalles, between St. Jean-Pié-de-Port and Pampeluna, where Charlemagne suffered so terrible a defeat. On the 16th and 17th of October the French troops maintained a desperate fight against general Colomera, and obtained a momentary advantage. Upon this the French commissioners, Baudot and Garant, wrote, in their usual fustian style, that they had avenged the losses of Charlemagne, knocked down the pyramid which had perpetuated the dishonour of France, and set up, amid triumphant music, the tree of liberty in its place. But, on the 26th of November, in resuming the attack on Colomera, they were thoroughly routed, and poured down the pass of Roncesvalles under cover of night, leaving behind their sick and wounded. Nor did the Spaniards leave them at rest there; they followed them briskly and drove them from all their newly-gained posts, and compelled them to winter, not on the banks of the Ebro, but near St. Jean Pié-de-Port.

A most formidable attack was made this year on the territories of the king of Sardinia. Vittor Amadeo had prepared for the reception of the French on the side on which he expected them—namely, by fortifying the passes of the Alps leading from Savoy and Nice, of which they were already in possession; but the wily and unprincipled republicans had a plan in contemplation which he little anticipated. They were under a treaty of neutrality with the state of Genoa, notwithstanding which, they determined to march through it, and thus take the Sardinians by surprise. They therefore issued a manifesto, which they had printed at Nice, pretending that they knew that the tyrant kings were meditating the seizure of the states of the Genoese republic, to hand them over to the king of Sardinia, so that he might be able, through them, to invade France. This manifesto was signed by the commissioners of what was now called the army of Italy, the younger Robespierre, Saliceti, a Corsican, and Ricord. It was in vain for the Genoese to remonstrate; they had already been fiercely menaced by the convention themselves, which vowed to lay Genoa in ashes, because the English had been allowed to seize French ships on the coasts and in the harbours of the Genoese republic—a circumstance which the Genoese had no power to prevent. They had only been excused by the payment of four millions of livres, which thus furnished a fund for the army about to invade Italy.

Accordingly, in the beginning of April, whilst the Sardinians were expecting the French to attack the passes of the Savoy and Alps, sixteen thousand of them appeared at Mentone—a town in the little state of Monaco, on the western frontier of Genoa. Dumorbion, who was in command, sent forward general Arena, a Corsican, to inform count Spinola, the governor of Ventimiglia, that he was at hand, and demanded a free passage through that town. Spinola protested, as he was bound to do, but he could do no more, and, on the morning of the 6th of April, Dumorbion's army marched in, led by Arena, and followed by Massena. So far from the Genoese garrison showing any hostility, the soldiers mounted the tricolor cockade. By possession of this frontier of the Genoese state, the French had not only a free descent upon the Piedmontese territory, but they had thus turned some of the king of Sardinia's most important positions in the Alps. The plan of this manœuvre is attributed to Napoleon Buonaparte, who was already raised to the rank of brigadier of artillery, and was serving with this army. From this point the invaders divided into three sections: one wheeling to the left, seized the marquisate of Dolceaqua, driving out the feeble Piedmontese garrison; the second struck through the heart of the mountains, drove the astonished Piedmontese garrison from the Col delle Forche, opening a direct way to the most important of all the king of Sardinia's fortresses, Saorgio, and which he had so long maintained against all their efforts; the third division, under Massena, took the way along the sea-coast, seized the little port of San Remo, which really belonged to the Genoese, and then fell upon Oneglia, which they had nearly reduced to a heap of ruins in 1792. This was the only seaport by which the Sardinians could keep open a communication with the Mediterranean, and, consequently, with their allies, the English. The inhabitants, who had been busily employed in rebuilding their town, notwithstanding the horrors committed there by the French two years before, resolved to defend it. The Piedmontese garrison was small, but the inhabitants and the sailors from the ships in the harbour joined them; they manned the walls, and made a gallant resistance. But Massena, though at a frightful loss, succeeded in forcing an entrance. The inhabitants fled to the mountains, rather than endure again the tender mercies of the French, and Massena took possession of the deserted town. He thence marched on Loano, and was proceeding towards Ormea, when he was stopped at the bridge of Nava by the garrison of Oneglia, which had again posted itself

there, and was supported by fifteen hundred Austrians. The artillery of Massena tore open a passage for him, and he advanced to Garresio and Bagnasco, being thus in possession of the whole valley of the Tanaro, the great highway into Piedmont, with the exception of the single fortress of Ceva. Massena then issued manifestoes, denouncing the most terrible treatment to all who should attempt to obstruct his progress, and making equal promises of favour to such as should abandon their king, and put themselves under the protection of the amiable French republic.

At the same time that these movements were being executed, other strong bodies of the French were advancing through the mountains from Nice and Savoy to co-operate. That from Nice carried the Piedmontese forts on the Col de Tende, as well as the strong mountain fortress of Raus, which had repulsed them the year before, and were now approaching Saorgio, whither, also, was converging the division which had made its way by the Col delle Forche; and, to complete the isolation of this important fort, Massena also advanced with a column by another way which his march had opened. When these various armies approached Saorgio, they drove back the Piedmontese general Colli, and commenced a regular blockade. Colli left word to the commandant, Sant Amore, to defend the fortress till he could bring up fresh forces from Turin, which, from its strong position, might easily be done. But Sant Amore, either struck with panic, or bribed by the French, capitulated at the beginning of May, and thus left another great road open to Turin. The French, who were in possession of Saorgio, soon made themselves masters of the whole of the Col de Tende, the loftiest region of those maritime Alps. Vittor Amadeo had thus lost one half of his territories and mountain passes. Sant Amore and some other officers were tried for treason and shot, and he summoned his people to arm *en masse*, to resist the invaders. He called on Naples, on Austria, and Venetia, to aid him to repel the jacobin French, who would otherwise overrun and republicanise all Italy. Unfortunately, Austria and Naples felt themselves equally menaced by the French without, and their principles of sans-culottcism within; and Venice was at this moment amused by the hollow courtesies and promises of the French, through their ambassador, Lallemand. The king of Sardinia called in vain; even his own subjects in the towns were seduced, to a great degree, by the French ideas. He mustered all the forces that he could to resist the republican army, called the army of the Alps, which was approaching by Mont Cenis and St. Bernard. This army had already driven back the Piedmontese and Austrian garrisons that lay in their way, and were in full march through the valley of Aosta leading directly down upon Piedmont, when it was met by the Sardinian troops, under command of the king's eldest son, the duke of Montferrat, who beat it back into the hills.

But another division of these French, who seemed as numerous as the frogs which invaded Egypt, and who marched on as imperturbably as so many fiends to demonise the whole earth, descended from the loftiest summits of the Alps, by fort Mirabocca, which they took, and passed on through the valley of Lucerna to Bobbio, and were approaching the strong fortress of Pinerol, when they were met by other regiments of Piedmontese, and repulsed and chased back into the mountains.

It was the month of May when general Dumas, with the army of the Alps, had forced his way through the defiles of Mont Cenis. The Piedmontese garrisons of the forts there had fled without much resistance, astonished and confounded at seeing the French appear on the loftiest heights around them. The French pursued their retreating troops as far as Susa, led on by jacobinised Savoyards, who hated the Piedmontese. But Dumas, finding that strong forces of Piedmontese and Austrians, under the king of Sardinia, and the Austrian general Wallis, were drawn up at the foot of the Alps, did not venture to descend into the plains. Another body of the army of Italy were delayed some time in the Genoese territory, whilst Buonaparte was employed in sounding the condition and intentions of the people of Genoa. This division, however, in September, crossed the Appenines into Piedmont, and attacked the allies at Cairo, where they were strongly posted. The commanders of the French in this action were Dumorbion, Massena, Laharpe, and Buonaparte, attended by the commissioners Saliceti, Albitte, and Buonaroti, a descendant of Michael Angelo, but a thoroughly jacobinised republican. The French were bravely resisted, and forced back to the foot of the Appenines. From some cause, however, whether of false intelligence of another army of French approaching, or from a belief that they should be cut off by the autumnal floods from the Arqui, on the other side of the Bormida, where their magazines were, in the night the allies had retreated across the river, to the great amazement of the French the next day. Finding the country as far as Cairo and all around it left open, the republicans gave loose to all their usual lust and cruelty. They plundered the towns and villages, ravaged the country, burnt and trod down the vineyards, and treated the peasantry and their wives and daughters with the most horrible license. Having reduced the district to a desert, they retreated across the Appenines, and took up their quarters at Vado, for the winter; ready next spring to pour down from all quarters again on the plains of Italy. All the alpine passes were in their hands, and Italy was doomed to drink the cup of misery from these apostles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, who seemed inspired at once with the incessant activity and malignity of the hosts of hell.

Whilst the French armies had been carrying bloodshed and misery into all the countries around them, their brethren at home had been equally busy in pushing forward those mutual hatreds which appeared likely to end in the extermination of the whole race of revolutionists. The Girondists being destroyed, new divisions showed themselves in those who had hitherto been allies—Robespierre and his coadjutors. Hébert, Chaumette, Clootz, Ronsin, and others, began to raise their heels against their chief, and their chief doomed every one of them to the guillotine. Robespierre, a nice calculator, believed that there was a majority of the republicans who thought they had gone too far in abolishing the Deity and setting up the goddess of Reason, whose temples had already become the temples of Venus. Robespierre, therefore, declared in the jacobin club, that if the Divinity did not exist, a wise legislator would have invented one, to keep the people in some degree of restraint. Perceiving that

this assertion found an echo, he proceeded to denounce Hèbert and his associates, who were acting in secret concert with Pitt, and the other foreign enemies of France, to bring the country into odium with the whole civilised world by their odious atheism, the root of the severance of society. He was supported in these views by Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Philippeaux, and others of the Cordeliers. Marat at the expense of Robespierre, declaring that that great man had never favoured aristocrats and traitors, and, if living, would at once have put down this detestable moderatism. Hèbert had a great majority in the Cordelier club, and in the commune. Chaumette was procureur-general, Hèbert was his deputy, and mayor Pache was on his farm. Rousin's revolutionary army, of whom four thousand still

KUFSTEIN, IN THE TYROL.

Danton joined them against Hèbert, and Desmoulins commenced a new journal called "The Old Cordelier," to show that these new Cordeliers, Hèbert, Chaumette, Momoro, &c., had departed from all the true principles of the club. He represented them as converting France into precisely the same condition that Rome was in under Tiberias, when every prominent or worthy man was denominated as *suspect*, and that such denunciation was equivalent to death. This immediately produced a fierce recrimination from Hèbert and his coadjutors, who accused Robespierre, Desmoulins, Danton, and their adherents, of *moderatism*, an accusation which had hitherto been tantamount to destruction. They eulogised remained in Paris, were Hèbertists; and every exertion was made by Hèbert and his party to rouse the faubourgs against Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins. Their agents, conspicuous amongst whom was printer Momoro, whose wife had acted the goddess of Reason, were busy in the faubourgs, and in the Cordelier club, where they covered up the tablet of the Rights of Man with crape. So formidable appeared the Hèbertist party, that Robespierre, Couthon, and others of that party, as usual, hid themselves, pretending to be ill. In the meantime, the Hèbertists and the Dantonists were furious against each other, and Robespierre watched them secretly from his con-

DANTON DEFENDING HIMSELF BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.

cealment, seeing in their disunion the means of crushing them all at the fitting moment.

All the time the guillotine was actively at work. In the month of January of this year it severed eighty-three heads in Paris alone. The committals of leaders of the two factions of Hèbertists and Dantonists went on mutually. Fabre d'Eglantine committed Marnel, a Hèbertist, to prison, on a charge of forgery; the Hèbertists of the committee of public safety released him, and imprisoned Fabre d'Eglantine himself on the same charge, with the additional one of being an agent of Pitt. The father-in-law of Camille Desmoulins was also arrested as suspect. The Dantonists repaid the obligation by imprisoning Ronsin, Vincent, and other Hèbertists. Danton, however, interceded for these two, and they were released, but D'Eglantine was retained in custody.

On the 5th of February Robespierre reappeared in the convention, thinking it time to strike a blow at both these contending factions. He declared that both moderates and ultra-revolutionists were equally bad, equally traitors. The convention—which might be to-day for Hèbertists, to-morrow for Dantonists, and the next day Robespierreists, but was always for blood—immediately applauded Robespierre's speech, and ordered it to be printed and circulated, not only through France, but in all languages throughout the world. This was a note that was sure to arouse all the sans-culotte, blood-thirsty leeches throughout the country. Innumerable denunciations of both Hèbertists and Dantonists poured in from the country and the Paris sections. Danton, in alarm, sought out Robespierre, and endeavoured to conciliate him, but in vain. He represented how impolitic it was going on spilling the blood of both innocent and guilty. "Eh?" growled out Robespierre, "innocent with the guilty! Who told you that a single innocent person has perished?" "Do you hear that?" said Danton to his friends. "Not one innocent person has perished!" He withdrew with no slight foreboding, yet still incredulous that any one would dare to attack a man who had been so prominent a revolutionist as himself. There was yet time for his party to coalesce with the equally menaced Hèbertists, and to overwhelm Robespierre; but these two parties were too mortally hostile to each other to unite and ward off the common danger. Their principles of perfect freedom and of perfect purgation were driving them irresistibly on to mutual destruction.

St. Just, who had returned from his commissionership, on the 26th of February, took up Robespierre's game in the convention, and denounced as suspects the most extensive varieties of men and women. He declared that the idea of a republic included the destruction of every one who was not altogether for it; that the number of suspects was yet infinite; that there could not be too much suspicion; that Hèbertists and Dantonists were all alike traitors. He declared that they were engaged alike in selling France to the foreign powers. He shouted to Danton, "Your last hour is approaching!—all! all! I say, all!" He ridiculed the idea that the French revolution was inhuman. What was cutting off the heads of three or four hundred scoundrels? it was nothing to the Spanish inquisition. He denounced England for having transported the virtuous Margarott, and declared that they would have him from Botany Bay. This sanguinary fanatic, who would have liked to sacrifice every one but himself in France, demanded powers for the committee of public safety, and that an inquest should be made amongst the five thousand suspects in the prisons of Paris; that if any patriots should be found amongst them, they should be liberated, but all the rest should be detained till peace, and then sent out of France for ever. Meantime, all their property should be seized and sold, and divided amongst indigent patriots. All this was decreed as a matter of course.

The Hèbertists, in alarm, endeavoured to raise the faubourgs in their support, but they failed. The execrations of St. Just daunted them, and made mayor Pache, and even the four thousand soldiers of Ronsin, give up the cause. Then St. Just, on the 13th of March, Robespierre and Couthon being present, denounced, in savage terms, both Hèbertists and Dantonists, as well as the neutral followers of Chabot, and demanded first the arrest of the Hèbertists and the insignificant party of Chabot. At once Fouquier-Tinville seized Hèbert, Ronsin, Vincent, Momoro, Kook, a Dutch banker, and fourteen others of that party. The same night he secured also Chabot, Bazire, and Baron de Batz, another foreign banker, on the plea that they had been agents of treason. The next day seizures were made of Chaumette, Clootz, archbishop Gobel, and others. Nineteen of these, including Hèbert, Clootz, Ronsin, and Vincent, were beheaded on the 24th of March. Chaumette, Gobel, and some others were reserved for another occasion.

These having fallen, the friends of Danton warned him that his turn would come next. Herault de Sechelles, the author of the short-lived constitution of 1793, an especial friend of Desmoulins and Danton, was arrested; but Danton could not be persuaded that Robespierre would dare to touch him—Robespierre, who had long marked him for the axe. His friends advised him to fly, but he truly asked where he could fly to. There was no part of France where there were not plenty of people who had seen him, and would point him out to the authorities. Abroad, his long and prominent connection with the revolution would send him to a dungeon. He declared that he was tired of life, and had rather be guillotined than guillotine any one else. Had he had the courage yet to draw his party around him, and seize the monster who was dooming all within his reach, it is possible that he might have sent Robespierre to his death first; but he and his party appeared paralysed, like animals under the eye of the boa-constrictor. On the 30th of March, but six days after the execution of the Hèbertists, one of the jurymen of the revolutionary committee gave him certain information that his warrant was made out. But still he refused to fly, declaring that they dared not touch him; that Robespierre would have his house rased to the ground, and be execrated as a tyrant, if he touched him. In this half confidence, half stupor of terror, Danton went that night to bed, and, before morning, found himself, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux, Lacroix, his fellow-commissioner in the Netherlands, and a number more, arrested and conveyed to the Luxembourg. There they found Paine, who had been persecuted by Robespierre ever since he dared to write his letter to save, if possible, Louis XVI. He had caused him to be ejected from the convention as a foreigner, though he had

been long naturalised, and thrust in here, where he was now writing his "Age of Reason." If anything could have disenchanted Paine of his ideas of the beauty of republics and the odiousness of Christianity, it was the scenes that now surrounded him. Daily he saw the very men who had laboured with him to build up the system of man's self-sufficiency paying the forfeit of their empty speculations with their lives. When Paine and the other prisoners crowded around Danton in wonder, he said, "Ah, messieurs! I hoped to have brought you all out of this place, and now I am here myself, and I cannot see the end of it." If he could not see the end, he was the only man who did not. From the Luxembourg to the block was only a step.

The rest of the prisoners appeared more astonished at the audacity of Robespierre in arresting them than Danton himself. "Arrest us!" exclaimed Lacroix; "I never should have thought it!" "Thou shouldst never have thought it!" replied Danton; "I knew it; I had been warned of it." "And, knowing this, thou hast not acted!" exclaimed Lacroix. "This is the effect of thine accustomed indolence; it has undone us!" "I did not believe," replied Danton, "they would ever dare to execute their design."

When Danton saw Paine, he said, "What thou hast done for the liberty and happiness of thy country, I have attempted in vain for mine. I have been less fortunate, but not more guilty. They are sending me to the scaffold. Well, my friends, we must go to it gaily!" He added, "At length I perceive that, in revolutions, the supreme power ultimately rests with the most abandoned!" Had that truth never been demonstrated before, certainly the French revolution would have left no uncertainty about it.

The act of accusation was sent the next day, the 12th, to the Luxembourg, and the prisoners were removed to the Conciergerie. Danton was lodged in the room which had so lately been occupied by Hèbert. Lacroix appeared astonished at the number and wretched state of the prisoners. "What!" said one of them to him, "did not cart-loads of victims teach you what was passing in Paris?" The prisoners were equally astonished and indignant when they read the act of accusation. Danton, Desmoulins, Sechelles, and others, were mixed up with Bazire, Fabre, Delauny, Chabot, and others accused of the infamous transactions connected with the abolition of the French East India Company, though they had nothing to do with it; but this was to insult and humiliate them. This transaction was, in short, as follows:—

It was determined by the convention to put an end to this company. Baron de Batz, in company with Julien of Thoulouse, Delauny of Angers, and Chabot, had been making fortunes by causing, through means which their connection with government gave them, the shares to fall extremely, by then buying them up, and then, by similar stratagems, causing them to rise, and selling out. When it was decided to put an end to this monstrous jobbing, by abolishing the company, Delauny and Julien promised the directors, for a sum of five hundred thousand francs, to procure them a decree which should leave the winding up of the company's affairs to itself, so that it might prolong its existence as long as it suited them. This bargain was struck, and the sum was to be divided betwixt Delauny, Julien, Chabot, and Bazire. A decree was accordingly introduced to the convention, and passed, compelling the company to close its books, and to refund to the state the sums it owed. But after the decree was passed, these men and Fabre d'Eglantine, whom they had bribed by one hundred thousand francs, caused certain phrases to be privately inserted in the decree before it was regularly copied out and signed by the commissioners. They managed to get it signed without discovery, and thus published, when it was found that the decree really allowed the company what time it pleased to wind up. The conspirators divided the half million of francs amongst them all, except Bazire, who was not informed till the thing was done, and who refused to have anything to do with it. On the contrary, Chabot had launched out into such extravagance with his share of the one hundred thousand francs as drew violent suspicion on him, and the rest of the conspirators were in mortal terror lest he should betray them. They were all justly arrested for this crime, Bazire alone being unjustly included amongst them. After Robespierre's death, amongst his papers were found all the documents implicating Chabot and his colleagues in this transaction. Well might Danton and his friends resent the being jumbled up with such company.

When the arrest of Danton was announced in the convention, there was a general terror; no man deemed himself safe when even this Titan of the revolution was struck down. Butcher Legendre alone had the courage to spring up and speak in his behalf. He declared that Danton was as pure and honest a republican as himself, and he thought no one dare call his thorough republicanism in question. He demanded that he, Desmoulins, and their friends should be tried by the convention, and the convention only. To this Robespierre—who knew that if the accused were brought to the convention, they would create a dangerous sympathy in their favour—vehemently objected. Why, he asked, should Danton be treated differently to the Girondists, Hèbert, and the rest? There must be no partialities; the law must be alike for all. As to what had been said of former services of Danton to the republic, they did not want to hear what men had done, but what they were now doing. It was thought that there was a privilege attached to the name of Danton; but they had done with privileges; they had done with idols. Then the cowardly, trembling senators applauded, in hope of conciliating the tyrant whom no mortal, no consideration, could conciliate, and St. Just read the act of accusation. After making heavy charges against Philippeaux, Desmoulins, and Sechelles, it charged Danton with being greedy, indolent, a liar, and even a coward; that he had sold himself to Mirabeau, and then to the Lameths; had co-operated with Brissot in preparing the fusillade in the Champ de Mars; that he had then retired to Arcis-sur-Aube to enjoy with impunity the produce of his perfidies; that he had concealed himself on the 10th of August, and then got himself made a minister; that he had successively leagued with the Orleans party, with Dumouriez, with the Girondists, and, finally, with the party which wanted to set up Louis XVII.; that he had accepted money from Orleans, the Bourbons, from foreigners and aristocrats; that he had mixed himself up with all kinds of conspiracies and traitors; had, in fact, been a real Cataline—rapacious.

debauched, slothful, a corrupter of public morals, again retiring to Arcis-sur-Aube to revel in the fruits of his treasons, and only coming out to unite with Hèbert and his accomplices.

The decree for his trial and that of his friends was passed, not only without opposition, but amid acclamations. On the 2nd of April the trials began, under the management of Fouquier-Tinville. Fifteen were placed in one batch—Danton, Herault-de-Sechelles, Camille, Philippeaux, Lacroix, Chabot, Bazire, Delauny, Fabre-d'Eglantine, Chabot's two brothers-in-law, Julius and Emanuel Frey, D'Espagnac, the contractor Westermann, charged with having participated in the plots of Danton, Gusman the Spaniard, and Diederichs the Dane. To humiliate Danton and his friends the more, Chabot, Bazire, and the fraudulent stock-jobbers, were tried first. They were all condemned: it availed Bazire nothing that he had refused to participate in the fraud; he was condemned as a friend of the others, being scarcely heard. When Danton was asked his name, place of abode, &c., he replied that his name was George Jaques Danton; that his abode would soon be in nothingness, but that his name would remain in the Pantheon of history. Camille replied that he was the same age as the good sans-culotte Jesus Christ at his death, thirty-three—an age fatal to revolutionists. It is curious that few of his comrades, on this occasion, were more; some were not thirty, the oldest was not forty.

When Danton arose to defend himself, the most profound silence prevailed. The crowd collected to see him was immense, and the sight of him seemed for a moment to rekindle the old enthusiasm. Fouquier-Tinville, the judges and jurors, all of whom had been made what they were by him, seemed to cower under his eye. His haughtiness and assurance seemed to confound them; he appeared rather the accuser than the accused. When told that he was accused of having conspired with Mirabeau, with Dumouriez, with Orleans, with the Girondists, with foreigners and the faction that wanted to restore Louis XVII., he burst out indignantly, "I accused of having conspired with these men!—of having crawled at the feet of vile despots! Let the cowards who say so show their faces, and I will cover them with infamy; let the committee come forward, I will only answer in their presence; I need them for accusers and for witnesses. For you, I care nothing for your judgment. Life is a burden to me; take it from me; I long to be delivered from it." He called especially for St. Just, Couthon, and Lebas. "Let them appear," he said, "and I will crush them into the nothingness out of which they ought never to have risen."

The president interrupted him, telling him that audacity was the characteristic of guilt; that innocence was calm. "Audacity!" thundered Danton; "mine is a national audacity, which I have employed for the republic against the cowards that accuse me. It is not from a revolutionist such as I that you must expect tameness!" He then ran through the catalogue of his services to the republic, and asked, "Where were they who in all days of danger had hidden themselves?" The president tried to silence him by ringing his bell; Danton thereupon raised his sonorous voice, and cried, "The voice of a man pleading for his honour and his life may well drown your miserable bell." The tribunal, was struck with terror at the audacity, and the demands of Danton to see his accusers, and was still more alarmed at the evidence of their effect on the spectators. They remanded the prisoners, and Herman, the president, and Fouquier-Tinville, hurried to the committee of public safety, and there informed St. Just and Billaud-Varennes of these alarming circumstances. It was rumoured, moreover, that there was great excitement out of doors, on account of Danton and Camille Desmoulins. It was stated that the wife of Camille was scattering money in the faubourgs to arouse them to the rescue. These tools of Robespierre, and Robespierre himself, were in dreadful alarm. At this moment, Laflotte, a prisoner, who had been employed by some of the revolutionary parties, thought it a good opportunity to save himself by accusing others. He informed the jailor of the Luxembourg, that he had discovered from general Dillon, who was in the same prison, and, when drunk, freely cursed Robespierre and his bloody agents, that there was a plot to murder Robespierre and the members of the governing committee; that the wife of Camille Desmoulins was labouring to this end in the city. This was his reward to the general for condescending to play tric-trac with him. The story was too opportune to be lost. The trial being impeded on the second day, by the daring conduct of Danton, on the morning of the 3rd St. Just appeared before the convention, and declared that, unless it showed instant resolution, all was lost. "Danton," he said, "and the other accused, defy and threaten the judges. They are exciting the people; and, still worse, there is a plot. The wife of Camille has received money to create an insurrection. General Dillon is to be liberated, and to head the people; to butcher the patriots, and liberate the Dantonists." He demanded a decree authorising the judges to condemn Danton before they arose, and condemn all such, without trial, who should insult the tribunal. This detestable decree was instantly passed, and Vadier and Vouland, two members of the committee of public safety, hurried away with it to the court. They found the prisoners more bold than ever, demanding their accusers, and saw that the judges were confounded. "What is to be done?" said Tinville. "Here," replied Vadier, "is your rescue; you have the villains fast." He produced the decree. Fouquier sprang up in delight, and read it aloud. Danton, on hearing it, denied indignantly that they had insulted the tribunal, and several voices in the hall shouted that that was true. There appeared a strong sensation of disgust amongst the spectators at these arbitrary proceedings, and the judges again shrank in terror. Danton still insisted on seeing his accusers; demanded that the convention should appoint a commission to receive their denunciations of certain men, who, he said, were preparing a dictatorship for the country. "The truth," he exclaimed, "will one day be known. I see horrible calamities bursting upon France. There is a dictatorship; it exhibits itself without disguise!"

Camille Desmoulins, on hearing what was said concerning the Luxembourg, Dillon, and his wife, exclaimed in agony, "The villains! not content with murdering me, they are determined to murder my wife." Danton, perceiving Vadier and Vouland at the end of the hall, shook his fist at them,

and cried, "Look at the cowardly assassins! They follow us; they will not leave us so long as we are alive!" The wretches sneaked out of the hall; and the judges made haste to break up the sitting.

The next morning the court would not run the hazard of bringing the prisoners again to the bar. They ordered the jury to find their verdict according to the new decree, and the trembling jurors did not dare to disobey. The prisoners were all condemned to the axe, and the sentence was read to them in the prison. They are said to have seized the paper, and stamped it under their feet. Some of them, especially Sechelles, affected great gaiety. Danton, so excited before, became quite calm; poor Camille Desmoulins wept for the danger menacing his wife. As they were carted to the Place de la Revolution, the rabble, who had for so many years pretended to worship them, now insulted them. Camille became so excited, that, in addressing them, he tore his shirt from his shoulders, as he poured forth imprecations on Robespierre. Danton bade him be calm, and take no notice of so vile a rabble. Chabot, to escape the public executioner, had taken a dose of corrosive sublimate, but it had only filled him with excruciating agony, and, before it had killed him, he was dragged to the guillotine and dispatched. Danton, on the scaffold, opened his arms to embrace Sechelles, but the executioner thrust himself between them. Danton said to him, "Thou canst not prevent our heads embracing in the bottom of the basket." Thus died, on the 5th of April, 1794, these fifteen victims of the great destroying monster Robespierre; and Samson held up their heads in succession to the mob, which hurrahed as if they had never been their heroes.

Danton and Desmoulins had been amongst the very earliest revolutionists, and had continued the most unwavering. Little did they, or thousands of others, dream, in their early jubilant exultation in this renovation of the race, what it would produce for them. Neither of these two leaders could be said to be the worst of their genus, yet, in any other country, they would have passed for terrible monsters. Danton had been concerned deeply in the horrors of the September massacres; Camille, by his journal, as well as in the assembly, had urged on many a terrible deed. By this time, however, they appear to have been satiated with blood, and would gladly have seen an end of these horrors. They had both married handsome, agreeable wives. They were both become rich, and inclined to enjoy a luxurious domestic life; but, like the magician's apprentice, they had evoked a demon that they could not lay, and must all perish in his grip. "Thus," says Mignet, "perished the tardy but last defenders of humanity, of moderation; the last who wished for peace between the conquerors of the revolution, and for mercy to the vanquished. After them, no voice was heard for some time against the dictatorship of terror. It struck its silent and reiterated blows from one end of France to the other. The Girondists had wished to prevent this violent reign, the Dantonists to stop it: all perished, and the more enemies the victors counted, the more victims they had to dispatch."

The leaders of the two great parties which Robespierre resolved to annihilate being destroyed, the others, who had been imprisoned with them, were brought up, went through their mock trial, and were then led to the guillotine. They were twenty-four in number, and included Chaumette and Gobel, general Dillon, general Beysser, and the widows of Hèbert and Desmoulins. Gobel, the impious archbishop who had renounced Christianity, and even Deity, for France, now called lustily for a confessor. Laflotte managed to murder Dillon and the widow of Desmoulins by his pretended plot—a plot invented to save his own neck. He appeared on the trial and followed up the charge unblushingly. Hèbert's widow, who had been a nun before the revolution, sitting on the same bench with the widow of Desmoulins, said, "You, at least, are fortunate; against you there is no charge." But Laflotte soon produced one. The widow of Desmoulins was only twenty-three, and distinguished by her great beauty, gracefulness, and amiability. Her only crime was her affection for her husband. She had been constantly visiting the prison to point out their father to her children. "Young, amiable, and well informed," says Du Broca, "the widow of Camille Desmoulins, during the mock process which condemned her to death as an accomplice of her husband, loathing life, and anxious to follow him, displayed a firmness of mind that was seen with admiration, even by her judges. When she heard the sentence pronounced, she exclaimed, 'Then, in a few hours, I shall again meet my husband!' and, turning to the judges, she added, 'In departing from this world, where nothing now remains to engage my affections, I am far less an object of pity than you are.' She went to execution with unaffected pleasure, dressing herself for the occasion with particular care, and striking every one by her beauty and resignation."

Robespierre had now cut down all the enemies that he most dreaded. "One only power," says Alison, very expressively, "now remained—alone, terrible, irresistible. This was the power of DEATH, wielded by a faction steeled against every feeling of humanity, dead to every principle of justice. In their iron hands order resumed its sway from the influence of terror, obedience became universal from the extinction of life. Silent and unresisted they led their victims to the scaffold, dreaded alike by the soldiers who crushed, the people who trembled, and the victims who suffered. The history of the world has no parallel to the horrors of that long night of suffering." As for Robespierre, cowardly as he was ferocious, he was ready to shrink from the very terrors which he inspired; but that gloomy fanatic of hell, St. Just, urged him on, saying, "The vessel of the revolution can only arrive safely in port by ploughing its way boldly through a red sea of blood!"

The boldest assassins hastened to submit to the now victorious Moloch, Robespierre. Even butcher Legendre, who had ventured to speak for Danton in the convention, now crawled at the minister's feet, and declared that he had been deceived in Danton and others: he was convinced of their guilt. He declared that he had received anonymous letters, urging him to assassinate Robespierre, but that he would bring all such letters to the committee of public safety. All hastened to follow his example, and crouch before the relentless tyrant. To strengthen the hands of the police, the names of all ministerial offices were abolished, and twelve commissions were created instead, the commissioners being chosen from the most servile and unques-

tioning of slaves. Herman, who had shown himself so resolute a tool at Danton's trial, was made chief commissioner of police and tribunals, and all the commissioners were made dependent on the committee of public safety. And so the work of destruction went on. One hundred and twenty-three heads fell in the month of March, nearly three hundred in the month of April! Amongst these were D'Espremenil, who figured in the early revolution; Malesherbes, the brave old advocate of Louis XVI., who never could be forgiven even that professional act. He was executed with nearly all his family; his daughter and granddaughter; his sons and grandsons; and his sons-in-law, the Lamoignons, and Châteaubriand, the celebrated author of that name, escaping only by being abroad in America. These brutes spared no genius or science. The great chemist, Lavoisier, was dragged out of his laboratory, and when he begged for a few days' respite, saying that he was on the very verge of a discovery which would benefit mankind, Tinville told him the republic did not want chemists and savans.

From the wealthy and distinguished, the reign of terror now descended to the very lowest and most obscure. They who had exulted in the murder of all that was elevated, now felt the axe every day coming nearer their own necks, and it must soon be a question whether Robespierre should annihilate all France, or his beloved sans culottes should put an end to him. In the month of May three hundred and twenty-four heads fell in the Place de la Revolution. Seven thousand prisoners were in the dungeons of Paris, and the number throughout France exceeded two hundred thousand! The whole country was a nation of cannibals, one devouring another. We have no description of hell, even by the most imaginative poets, which is half so terrible as France at this moment. Of all the conceivable antics of demons, Dante himself could present none like those of French regenerated citizens. There men used to go through the prisons frequently at night to terrify the captives by the expectation that they were coming for fresh batches for the scaffold. Thus they were tortured by want of sleep, or a moment's repose. Fresh crowds of prisoners were daily driven in from the provinces, and sixty or seventy a day were marched to the guillotine. The revolutionary army of Ronsin was disbanded, and these ruffians took up the trade of informers and victim-catchers. They were everywhere, and a most profitable trade they made of it, for they extorted all they could by terror, and then plundered the poor wretches of their last penny, or last piece of decent clothing, before they carried them off. These villains were in the coffee-houses, the promenades, the theatres; every one fancied himself overheard and watched; they penetrated into the obscurest streets and faubourgs, and poverty was no longer a protection. Driven to desperation by their fears, people now committed suicide in shoals. The following statement of Alison's is by no means overcharged:—

"Before the fall of Robespierre put a stop to the murders, arrangements had been made for increasing the daily victims from eighty to one hundred and fifty. An immense aqueduct to remove the gore had been dug as far as the Place de St. Antoine, and four men were daily employed in emptying the blood of the victims into that reservoir. It was three in the afternoon when the melancholy procession usually set out from the Conciergerie. The higher orders, in general, behaved with firmness and serenity, and silently marched to death. The pity of the spectators was in a particular manner excited by the bands of females led out together to execution. Fourteen young women of Verdun, of the most attractive forms, were cut off together. 'The day after their execution,' says Riouffe, 'the court of the prison looked like a garden bereaved of its flowers by a tempest.' On another occasion, twenty women of Poitou, chiefly the wives of peasants, were placed together on the chariot; some died on the way, and the wretches guillotined their lifeless remains. One kept her infant in her bosom till she reached the foot of the scaffold; the executioner tore the baby from her breast, as she suckled it for the last time, and the screams of maternal agony were only stifled with her life. In removing the prisoners from the gaol of the Maison Lazare, one of the women declared herself on the point of being delivered of a child. The hard-hearted gaoler compelled her to move on; she did so, uttering piercing shrieks, and at length fell on the ground, and was delivered of a child in the presence of her persecutors! Such accumulated horrors annihilated all the charities and intercourse of life. Passengers hesitated to address their most intimate friends on meeting. The extent of the calamity rendered men suspicious even of those they loved most. Every one assumed the coarsest dress and the most squalid appearance. An elegant exterior would have been the certain forerunner of destruction. Night came, but with it no diminution of the anxiety of the people. Every family early assembled its members. With trembling looks they gazed around the room, fearful that the very walls might harbour traitors. The sound of a foot, the stroke of a hammer, a voice in the street, froze all hearts with terror. If a knock was heard at the door, every one in agonising suspense expected his fate. Unable to endure such protracted misery, numbers committed suicide." Such was the climax of this revolution, which was to make all earth a paradise!

Amongst the victims of this frightful period was the amiable princess Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. She was found to correspond with her brothers abroad, and was brought up on the 9th of May. On being asked her name and rank, she boldly replied, "I am Elizabeth of France, and the aunt of your king." Though she was compelled to witness the execution of twenty-four victims before they gave her her turn, she met her fate with heroic firmness. The class now going daily to the guillotine were chiefly tailors, shoemakers, hairdressers, butchers, farmers, publicans; the axe had about cleared off all of superior rank. Yet, now and then, a more prominent victim still was found. Two attempts were made at this moment to get rid of Robespierre by assassination. On the 21st of May, one Ladmiral—who had been a lottery commissioner at Brussels, and who was about fifty years of age—lay in wait all day for Robespierre in the gallery of the committee of public welfare; but not meeting with him, he returned home, and watched for Collot d'Herbois, who lodged in the same house with him. Collot coming home at midnight, Ladmiral fired at him on the staircase with a pistol, but missed him. He was secured, but not before he had fired again and severely wounded one Geffroy, a locksmith. When ques-

tioned as to his accomplices, he denied that he had any, and only regretted not having killed one or other of these scoundrels, as, then, he should have the admiration of all France, and his name would have lived in history. Barrère made a fine speech in the convention, declaring Ladmiral instigated by Pitt.

The next day, Robespierre's life was attempted by a woman; it was evident that his time was coming. Robespierre lodged at the house of a carpenter, named Duplaix, in the Rue St. Honoré. This carpenter, or, more probably, cabinet-maker, had three daughters, one the mistress of Robespierre, another the wife, or mistress, of Lebas, one of Robespierre's creatures, and the third was married to, or lived with, another of Duplaix, and demanded to see Robespierre. Being told that he was not in, she did not seem to believe the answer, and insisted on her right to see a representative of the people. Her importunity excited the suspicions of the woman Duplaix. They had her secured by some of the *Tappent-Durs*, or Strike-hards—a species of guards that the tyrant had always about his door, armed with clubs, and guarding him through the streets. They could find nothing on her person, but they soon discovered that she had left a parcel at a seller of lemonade, a door or two distant, before she called, and in this was a change of linen and two knives. She was carried before the committee of general safety, and there declared that she was the daughter of a paper-maker of Paris, and

FESTIVAL OF THE SUPREME BEING CELEBRATED IN PARIS, 1794.

member of the convention. Both the mother and daughters were of a blood-thirsty nature worthy of such connection. The mother was conspicuous amongst the *tricoteuses de la guillotine*, or knitters of the guillotine, because these women sate daily to witness the executions whilst they knitted! The daughters of Duplaix, if they did not go to the guillotine, enjoyed themselves by watching the trains of victims as they passed along the street to execution. Robespierre spent all his spare time in this family, along with one Nicolas, a printer, Arthur, a stationer, and others of a like grade, all dependent upon him.

On the 22nd of May a young woman, of very pleasing appearance, and well dressed, presented herself at the door that her name was Aimée Cecile Renault, twenty years of age. When asked what she meant to do with the knives, she replied, "nothing." She never designed injury to any living being—she only wanted to see how a tyrant looked. Questioned as to the change of linen, she replied that she brought them for use in the place she was going to. When asked what place she meant, she said, "Why, of course, to prison, and thence to the guillotine." Fouquier-Tinville, to mortify her, took away her handsome clothes, and clad her in filthy rags; but in coming into court in them, she only rallied the accuser on the pettiness of his proceeding; but she was much affected at seeing her father and aunt brought up and accused as accomplices. She embraced them, however, and

exhorted them to die with constancy. On being asked if she had not said that she would shed her life's blood to have a king again, she replied that she had, because she preferred one king to fifty thousand tyrants. She refused to answer any other questions, and demanded to be led to execution. She was soon gratified. She was put into a batch of fifty-four, amongst whom were Ladmiral, her own father, and aunt, Michonis, the municipal who had shown some feeling for the queen during her imprisonment, and several poor people who had been heard to say that it was a pity Ladmiral and Cecile Renault had not rid the country of the two tyrants.

The avengers being slain, Robespierre went, surrounded by his Strike-hards, first to the jacobin club, and then to the convention, to receive their congratulations. The whole trembling crowd of slaves were vociferous in their pretended joy at his delivery; and none so loud as butcher Legendre, who still dreaded Robespierre's vengeance for his defence of Danton. He declared that the God of free men had thrown his shield over Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois. It was intimated that the Supreme Being had saved Robespierre, out of gratitude for his having acknowledged his existence! From this moment the prostration of the republic at the feet of this wretch was complete. It was no longer said the committee wills it, but Robespierre wills it. Tinville now menaced men, not with the committee, but with Robespierre. The people in the crowded prisons recognised now only one tyrant and oppressor—Robespierre. The foreign potentates called the French soldiers "Robespierre's soldiers!" and this name occurs in a proclamation of the duke of York's. Robespierre was now the acknowledged dictator of France: his merciless butcheries and his fiendish cunning had made him the king of terrors; he had actually usurped that name from Death. He was surrounded by a crowd of women, who paid him the most sickening adulations, and he seemed to live in an actual delirium of vanity. A peer of France has left us a most curious picture of him at this time, when about twenty heads per day were flying off at his command. He used to meet this nobleman at night in the gardens of the Tuileries, and insist on chatting with him on literature, carefully avoiding any political topic, and showing the utmost anger when such topics were alluded to. "The reader," says the nobleman, "may figure to himself what I must have felt, when, *tête-à-tête* with him after the horrors of the day, I was obliged to talk with him about Homer, Tasso, or Rousseau, or to analyse Cicero, Montaigne, or Rabelais, with this man whose hands were drenched with blood!"

He was enamoured of Ossian, and at the same time delighted in the buffooneries of Scarron, which he quoted amid peals of maniac laughter; his terrified listener shuddered at this laughter, which seemed that of a fiend. This writer gives also a portrait of the personal appearance of this sanguinary tyrant, and of the terror in which he was all his life. "He was particular about his linen being very fine and white. The woman who took care of it was frequently scolded on this account, and I have witnessed some curious scenes between him and his laundress. He would have his frills plaited with extreme neatness; he wore waistcoats of delicate colours—pink, light blue, chamois, elegantly embroidered. The dressing of his hair took him a deal of time; and he was very difficult about the colour and cut of his coats. He had two watches; wore several costly rings on his fingers, and had a valuable collection of snuff-boxes. His elegant appearance formed a singular contrast with the studied squalidness of the other jacobins. But bold as he was in speech, he trembled with fear at the least danger. He did not like to be left alone in the dark. The slightest noise made him quake, and terror was expressed in his eyes. I had in my room a skull, which I used for the study of anatomy; it was so disagreeable to him that he made me put it away, that he might never see it again. I was confounded at such a proof of weakness, which occasioned me profound reflections."

It was probably this excessive cowardice, this tormenting of a terrible conscience, that made him dread to deny the existence of God; for he certainly paid no regard to God's laws. But he, no doubt, looked forward to his fate, if there should be one, and he determined, whilst he was every day destroying His creatures, to propitiate God, and so resolved to restore the recognition and worship of the Supreme Being.

Accordingly, on the 7th of May, he had appeared in the tribune, with a speech carefully prepared on the subject. He declared that the republic was virtue; the anti-republicans were vices, instigated by kings. Anarchists, corrupt men, and atheists, were the agents of Pitt. He did not assert the existence of God as a fact not to be denied, but as a useful political theorem, which had been maintained by Zeno and the stoics, by Cicero, Cato, and other great Romans. The Encyclopédists, he said, denied God, because they were pensioned despots, whilst declaiming against despotism. He said that a nation ought to discourage atheism and encourage deism, not as authors of systems, "but as legislators, seeking what principles are most suitable to man in a state of society." He then launched, says Thiers, "into ideas truly grand and moral. 'What signify to you, O legislators! the various hypotheses by which certain philosophers explain the philosophy of nature? You can leave all these subjects to their everlasting disputes. Neither is it as metaphysicians nor as theologians that you ought to view them. In the eyes of the legislator, all that is beneficial to the world, and good in practice, is truth. The idea of the Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual recal to justice; it is, therefore, social and republican."

Such were the grounds on which Robespierre condescended to allow the Supreme Being to be readmitted to his own world. He did, indeed, ask his hearers what advantage the theory of atheism and annihilation had over this theory, but he did no more than state it as a good political theory; he did not pretend that it must be admitted because it was an eternal truth. He assured them that the acknowledgment of a Deity need not encourage priestcraft, because the priests were but quacks, and very different was the God of Nature from the God of the priests. His proposal was received with acclamations, as it would have been, by this creeping and affrighted crew, had it been just the opposite of what it was. A decree was immediately passed acknowledging the Supreme Being; and these noble senators evidently thought that God was very much obliged to them for

acknowledging his existence, and transferring to him the homage they had lately been paying to courtezans dressed up as the goddesses of Nature, Reason, and Liberty!

Robespierre then declared that the people needed festivals, and immediately it was decreed that every decade should be celebrated as a festival. The Supreme Being had the honour of leading off, and he was to be followed by the human race, the French people, the love of country, agriculture, necessity, misfortune, posterity, and various other qualities and sentiments; each had one decade in the year, and the Supreme Being had one dedicated to him amongst them. It hardly seemed a restoration, after all, but the erection of a pantheon of worshipable things, with the Supreme Being at the head of them. His first festival was fixed for the 20th of Prairial, or 8th of June. The painter David, who had designed the imagery of the festivals of Reason, of Nature, and Liberty, was commissioned to prepare the scenes and ceremonies of the festival of the Supreme Being. This was enacted in the gardens of the Tuileries. Robespierre, in his sky-blue coat and most showy waistcoat, and carrying in his hand a grand bouquet of flowers mixed with ears of wheat, led the procession. He appeared beside himself with vanity and with the intoxication of power. David had erected an artificial mount, on the top of which Robespierre, as high priest of the restored Deity, and the whole of the convention, were to stand; but he had made it too small, and there was much crowding and cursing amongst those who could not get a place. There stood the statues of Atheism and Deism, as well as the veiled statue of Wisdom, and a torch was handed to Robespierre to burn the statues of Atheism and Deism at the moment that the statue of Wisdom was unveiled; but, unfortunately, the smoke from the burning of the two images of the repudiated qualities blackened Wisdom, so that she looked more like a demon than a divine creature. The whole appeared rather like a burlesque on the Deity than a festival in his honour, and all around Robespierre were Couthon, Billaud-Varennes, and almost all his colleagues, fanatics in atheism, jesting at his folly, or denouncing his festival as the restoration of superstition and slavery. But the multitude which had rushed to congratulate the national assembly on the abolition of the Supreme Being, now rushed to the convention to congratulate it on the *sublime* idea of his restoration. The Jacobin club went in procession for the same purpose, and now proposed that it should be made banishment to deny the existence of God; but this was opposed. There was again a general embracing and kissing amongst the members of the convention, the jacobins, and the mob in the galleries, just as there was at the proclamation of atheism. Addresses flowed in from all parts; the section of Marat appeared at the bar of the convention, and its leader addressed it as follows:—O beneficent mountain! protecting Sinai! accept our expressions of gratitude and congratulation for all the sublime decrees which thou art daily issuing for the happiness of mankind. From thy boiling bosom darted the salutary thunderbolt which, in crushing atheism, gives us genuine republicans the consolatory idea of living free in the sight of the Supreme Being, and in expectation of the immortality of the soul! The convention for ever!" Many in their addresses thanked the convention for restoring the Supreme Being, and hope to man, as if that miserable body could really either depose or reinstate God, extinguish or rekindle the hope of immortality! "From that day," says Thiers, "the words Virtue and Supreme Being were in every mouth. Instead of the inscription to Reason, placed on the fronts of all churches, there was now inscribed, 'To the Supreme Being.' The remains of Rousseau (as the advocate of the Deity) were placed in the Pantheon, his widow presented to the convention, and a pension bestowed on her."

But though Robespierre had proclaimed the reign of the Supreme Being, he had not the least intention that it should on that account be any the more a reign of mercy. In his speech at the festival of the Supreme Being, he declared that the republic must be still further purged—that they must remain inexorable. On this point he and all his colleagues were agreed, but they were agreed in nothing else. They immediately broke into fresh schisms, as would necessarily be the case with such men, who must go on exterminating one another to the last. Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon, still hung together; but Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, and most of the other members of the committees of public welfare and public safety, were in the very act of rushing into opposition, and commencing a struggle with the triumvirate, Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just to the death. Fear alone restrained them; but this fear was soon expelled by another, the fear that, if they did not exterminate these men, these men would speedily exterminate them. They saw preparations already in progress for it. The last remaining defences of the liberty of the citizen were being knocked down by them. Couthon, at the instigation of Robespierre, introduced a decree, on the 10th of June, but two days after the festival, dividing the revolutionary tribunal into four tribunals, each having its president, vice-president, judges, and jury; or, in other words, the decree erected four tribunals instead of one, so as to do four times the work. The new public accusers, officers, and jurymen, were all named. Duplaix, the carpenter, Robespierre's host and friend, was continued in his profitable post as juryman. Coffinhal, Sellier, and Naulin, were the additional accusers. The jurymen who were to dispose formally of the lives of their fellow-citizens, were tradesmen of the most ordinary grade,—shoe-makers, hatters, and clerks in public offices. It was declared that the object of this multiplied machinery was to punish the enemies of the republic. The power of sending the accused to these tribunals was to reside in the two committees of public safety and public welfare, to the individuals on public missions, and to the accusers. To complete the revolting audacity of the decree, it proposed that where the tribunals possessed material or *moral* proof of guilt, they should not require witnesses. This was to put every man at the mercy of his enemies, and to cut away the last fragment of defence. There was a profound silence as Couthon read the draft of this decree; numbers were horrified, but afraid of expressing dissent, lest they should be charged with *moderatism*, a charge of fatal import. Ruamps, a low scoundrel, however, declared, that if this decree passed, he would blow out his brains. There was an attempt, on the part of Barrère, Lecointre of Versailles, and some others, to procure an adjournment, but Robespierre protested violently against it,

telling the members it was what they had been clamouring for for months, and it was carried. Such was the terror created by this new law, that more than sixty members of the convention ceased to sleep at their own houses.

Robespierre and Couthon called for the heads of Tallien, Bourdon of the Oise, Thuriot, Rovère, Lecointre, Panis, Monestier, Legendre, Frèron, Barras, and a number of others. It was necessary to combine for mutual defence. At this conjuncture they discovered that Robespierre was held in great repute by a small sect of fanatics, at the head of whom was one Catherine Theot, a French Johanna Southcote, who imagined that she was going to give birth to a new Messiah. Her worshippers, who had, probably, through one of their number, an ex-Carthusian monk, named Dom Gerle, discovered that *Théos*, in Greek, meant God, had changed the *t* at the end of the name into an *s*, thus making her Catherine Theós, or Catherine God. She was familiarly called the Mother of God.

Vadier, Vouland, and others, who were amongst the proscribed, sent a spy into the society of these fanatics, arrested Catherine and Dom Gerle, and found on the monk a certificate of civism given him by Robespierre, and in Catherine's bed a letter purporting to be written by her to her beloved son and chief prophet, Robespierre. This last was probably forged, for Catherine could not write at all, but it served its purpose, and Robespierre gave new force to the charge by opposing the prosecution of the so-called Mother of God and the monk. Barrère drew up the report against the accused, in which he ridiculed the poor deranged woman by many satirical touches, much to the amusement of the convention. The report was read by Vadier, and it proceeded to make many charges against Dom Gerle besides that of his worship of this crazy woman. Robespierre resisted the printing of the report. He represented the insane reveries of these fanatics as matters not of laughter and ridicule, but of serious condemnation, as calculated to demoralise; and that, to print the report containing so much allusion to their fallacies, and in such a flippant strain, was only to spread the mischief by encouraging atheism. But the convention ordered the report to be printed and disseminated, and the accused to be handed over to the tribunal. Robespierre, mortified at the resistance to his will, retired from the convention and the committee of public welfare, and brooded on his revenge in secret. He, no doubt, calculated that, by allowing Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois to take the lead in the copious bloodshedding that still went on, he should, in a while, be able to turn upon them with a fierce charge, and destroy them. Couthon was therefore left alone to contend with this host of enemies, and he found them too much for him, for every day they were growing bolder, and more determined to rid themselves of Robespierre and his colleagues. They were active in spreading about all sorts of calumnies in secret against Robespierre. They represented that the son of God to be born meant really Robespierre himself, whom the woman Theot had called her beloved son in the letter ascribed to her; and that his restoration of the Supreme Being was only a cover for his own assumption of a dictatorship. The pretence was too absurd for any but a nation of sanguinary atheists, but it served to excite wild and undefinable suspicions.

Whilst his enemies were thus labouring with indefatigable energy to prepare his destruction, Robespierre was living as if he had abandoned all further thoughts of public life. He shut himself up in the house and park which had belonged to one of his victims, and, surrounded by women of the most degraded class, he gave himself up to the most abandoned sensuality. He received daily numbers of letters, filled with the wildest adoration, but these were mingled with others uttering the most direful imprecations, the most terrible threats. He was assured that the writers were watching him, night and day, though he thought himself thus shut up secure from them, and that their vengeance was certain. All this time, Robespierre's agents, Fouquier-Tinville and Dumas, the president of the tribunal, were executing the decree of the 10th of June with horrible energy. Never had the terror been so great in Paris, in the prisons, and throughout France. From fifty to sixty heads a-day had fallen since the passing of the decree. "That goes well," said Tinville; "heads fall like tiles; but it must go better next decade. I must have four hundred and fifty at least!"

At this moment Guffroy, a deputy from Arras, denounced, in the committees of public safety and welfare, the atrocities of Joseph Lebon, who was one of the pro-consuls of the north of France, and, who, like Carrier at Nantes, had been rioting in the blood of the people of Arras, St. Pol, St. Omer, and other towns. He had acted more like a mad devil than a man. He had held the most extravagant orgies with the judges and members of the club during the executions, inviting the headsman to his table, and doing him great honour. He had stood in his balcony to witness the executions that he had ordered, and caused *Ça ira* to be played during the time. When the Austrians were approaching Cambray, he had hastened there and beheaded the chief inhabitants of the town as aristocrats, and so boasted that he had saved Cambray. It was in vain that the inhabitants of Arras, to whom Robespierre owed great obligations, endeavoured to gain admittance to him, to induce him to stop the demoniac cruelties of Lebon. Guffroy, therefore, insisted on his being called to account. Guffroy, defeated in his endeavours with the committees, appealed to the convention, but it decided that Lebon had deserved well of the republic; that he had used forms somewhat harsh, but that he had saved Cambray, and much was to be forgiven to a zealous servant of the republic. The only result was that Lebon was confirmed in his murderous proceedings, and Guffroy was set down for a troublesome fellow. The fact was that Robespierre, Couthon, Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and the rest of them, however much they might hate each other, were all on a par in sanguinary ferocity.

Both of the present antagonistic factions had their spies on each other, and it was reported that Robespierre's hair-dresser had accidentally seen a list of his proscribed enemies, amounting to forty, prepared for Fouquier-Tinville. No time was to be lost. Barrère and his faction determined to strike a decisive blow at Robespierre; and the mistress of Tallien, a madame Fontinai, having been arrested, and thrown into the Luxembourg, he volunteered to commence the attack on Robespierre in the convention. On the other hand, Robespierre's adherents saw that they must be prepared to prevent this attack, by at once striking down their

enemies. Henriot, originally a footman, but who, for his ruthless conduct in the September massacres, had been made commandant of the national guard, told Robespierre that they must destroy the opposing faction or be destroyed, and that he was ready, with his guards, to support the attempt. Robespierre hesitated, but St. Just arriving from his mission to the army in the north, said the only word for the occasion was—"Dare!" Meantime, Barrère, Fouché, Collot d'Herbois, and that faction, had won over the Plain—or as it was now called the *Maraies*, or Marsh, with *Grenouilles* and *Crapauds*, or Frogs and Toads—to their party, and Tallien was urged to make his charge. As he did not act quickly enough for the impatience of the faction, Lecointre, of Versailles, seeing Robespierre, at length, once more in his place in the convention, on the 26th of July commenced the attack. Robespierre had made a long speech, complaining of the calumnies circulated against him during his six weeks' retirement, indulging the feelings of nature. Lecointre rose, and moved that the speech be printed. This was the signal for a fierce onslaught upon him, and a denunciation of his crimes. Barrère, Vadier, Bourdon de l'Oise, and others, broke out upon him; and Cambon, the chief of the committee of finance, whom Robespierre, in his speech, had called a rogue, exclaimed, "The day is at length come for pulling off masks, and speaking the truth!" This was followed by a terrible cannonade of accusations from one after another of the Barrère and Collot d'Herbois faction. Charlier moved that the speech of Robespierre should be referred to the committees of public safety and welfare. "What!" cried Robespierre, "to the very men that I have accused as enemies of their country?" There was a loud cry of "Name! name those you have accused!" The uproar became tremendous, and amidst its hurly-burly Robespierre and Couthon stole away, and hastened to the jacobin club. There they were received with acclamations. Robespierre read them his speech, and declared that his enemies were become so strong that he could not escape them—he must die. "You shall not die!" shouted the jacobins. "I will die with thee," exclaimed David the painter; "I will drink hemlock with thee!" Henriot counselled that they should at once seize their enemies as they were in the council-chamber of the committee, and said he was ready. This advice was strongly seconded by Payan, procureur of the commune, and Duplaix, Robespierre's host, but Robespierre himself again hesitated, and thought himself and party in the convention yet strong enough to send them all to the guillotine, as they had done the Girondists.

The next morning, the 27th of July, there was a strong muster of the antagonists in the convention. St. Just had secured the tribune on pretence of reading a report on the army of the north, and its victories; but he was interrupted by Tallien, who, in a fiery speech, declared that the convention was in danger, and that it was time that the veil which concealed the horrid mystery should be torn down. This was followed by deafening applause from both the right and the Plain, and Billaud-Varenne started up and stated what had taken place in the jacobin club over-night; that that society had avowed its determination to butcher the whole convention! "I see," he cried, "one of them sitting there on the mountain!". There was a fierce cry of "Turn him out," and the man was kicked out of the place. The majority of the convention were on their feet whirling their hats round their heads, and bellowing "Long live the convention! Long live the committee of public welfare!" In vain did Robespierre rush to the tribune and shriek to be heard. Collot d'Herbois, who was that day president, rang his bell violently in his ears, and the furious shouting of "Down with the tyrant!" drowned his voice. Tallien rushed to the tribune, and, flourishing a dagger in the face of Robespierre, shouted—"If the convention will not strike the tyrant, I will!" Robespierre, beside himself, and now treated as he had treated so many others, ran frantically about, foaming at the mouth, and trying to get a hearing; but Collot d'Herbois kept up the deafening clamour of his bell, and the deputies their shouting, "Down with the tyrant! Death to the triumvirs!" At length Barrère came forward—Barrère, who, on returning from the convention a few days before, threw himself into a chair, exclaiming—"This Robespierre is insatiable; he will not be satisfied with less than all our heads!" Barrère now called for the arrest of Henriot, and that Fleuriot, the mayor, and Payan, the procureur, should be called to the bar to render an account of the state of the capital. His motions were carried at once; and then a number of the members of the committees charged Robespierre one after another with sacrificing his colleagues, Danton and the rest. Vadier would have charged him with favouring Catherine Theot, and her impious vagaries; but Tallien cried, "Keep to the question"—and again Robespierre rushed to the tribune, saying, "I will bring you to the question!" Collot d'Herbois, being worn out with his exertions, Thuriot seized the bell, and rang it with fresh force. Robespierre was nearly choked with his rage. "It is the blood of Danton that is choking him!" shouted Garnier. "Danton!" exclaimed Robespierre, "is it Danton? Then, cowards, why did you not defend him?" Here the younger Robespierre demanded to be associated with his brother. "Yes," cried Frèron, who had been fellow-student with Robespierre at the College of Louis Quinze, "vote! vote! arrest them both!" Thuriot put the question, and it was carried by acclamation. The members whirled their hats, and shouted—"Long live liberty! Long live the republic! The tyrant is no more!" On hearing this, Robespierre said, "The brigands have triumphed! the republic is lost!" These were the last words of the monster in the convention. A decree was immediately added for the arrest of Couthon, Lebas, and St. Just, and they were hurried out of the hall to the committee rooms, and thence to five different prisons.

Whilst this fierce contest had been going on, Robespierre's last batch of victims went to the guillotine. Amongst them were a son and daughter of the great naturalist, Buffon; Roucher and Chenier, the especial poets of the revolution, the latter of whom promised to become its historian. These two poets went to the scaffold reciting the verses of Racine; and, on mounting it, Roucher struck his forehead, exclaiming "To die so young! There was something there!" A few weeks more would have swept off all the literary talent of France.

It was five o'clock in the evening when the convention adjourned to dine. It met again at seven. It then learned

that Henriot and Payan had refused to surrender to their messenger; that Henriot was on horseback galloping through the faubourgs to raise them against the convention, and to effect the rescue of Robespierre and the other accused; but that he had been seized, and conveyed to the hall of the committee of general safety. There, Coffinhal, vice-president of the jacobins, rushing in, sword in hand, at the head of some companies, liberated him. Once more on horseback, Henriot prepared to muster forces and surround the Tuileries, in which the convention was sitting. Then came in front, but they soon decided for the convention. When Henriot rushed out to harangue them, they cried, "The convention for ever!" and the drunken brute, Henriot, hearing this, said, "What! do rascally gunners, who saved me a few hours ago, desert me now?" When he reported this to the conspirators, Coffinhal, in a rage, exclaimed—"This is all through thy cowardice, villain!" and, seizing him, he threw him headlong out of the window. He fell upon a heap of dirt, or, as some say, into an open sewer, and was taken up with the younger Robespierre, who had

KOSCIUSKO, THE POLISH PATRIOT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

the news that the prisoners were all liberated, and assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, guarded by a great force of the sections. Barras was at once appointed to command the forces in the interest of the convention; to seize again the accused and Henriot, who were all outlawed. Seven other deputies were put under Barras's command, and he immediately went out to collect guards and post them around the Tuileries, whilst the other deputies went to arouse the sections on behalf of the convention. Barras succeeded in posting guards around the palace, and Leonard Bourdon, one of the seven appointed deputies, then led a number of battalions against the Hôtel de Ville. He found a vast crowd of guards, gendarmes, and artillerymen drawn up

thrown himself out of a window, and was, apparently, dead. Before Bourdon could force his way into the Hôtel de Ville, the accused tried to kill themselves. Lebas succeeded in shooting himself; Couthon, who had crept under a table, stabbed himself, but so faint-heartedly as only to make a slight wound; St. Just was even more tender of himself, though he had never spared others; he held a knife in his hand, but made no use of it; Robespierre put a pistol to his mouth and fired, but the bullet only broke his jaw, but did not kill him. When Bourdon broke into the room he was found sitting bleeding in a chair. The municipal officers were bustling to take off their scarfs, but they were commanded to leave them where they were. Payan, Dumas,

THE LAST HOURS OF ROBESPIERRE IN THE HALL OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

Fleuriot, Coffinhal, and others were secured, and they were all conveyed in triumph to the convention; the wounded stretched on hand-barrows. Loud cries of "Liberty for ever! Down with the tyrants!" resounded through the hall, when it was announced that Robespierre and the rest were at the door. They were not brought in, but ordered for execution, no trial being necessary, on account of their outlawry. It was about three o'clock of a splendid July morning as they were conveyed to the Conciergerie. They were taken first, however, to the hall of the committee of public welfare, where Robespierre was laid on a table, and his head propped up with some pieces of paste-board. He had on the same sky-blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, and nankeen breeches which he wore at the festival of the Supreme Being. He preserved a dogged silence; and as the blood flowed from his shattered face he continued to stanch it with the canvas bag which had contained his pistol bullets. When the surgeon entered to dress his wound, he slid from the table, and staggered to a chair, in which he seated himself. He underwent the dressing without a groan.

The next day an immense crowd assembled to see the prisoners carried to the guillotine. It had lately been erected in the Place de la Bastille, but it was now ordered again to the Place de la Revolution, where the king and queen, and so many of Robespierre's own victims, had suffered. As they went along, throngs crowded about the cart to see the fallen tyrant, and the gendarmes pointed him out with their swords. He was pursued by the howling mob, who had formerly yelled as fiercely at his victims, and now charged him with the blood of them all. Troops of women who had danced at the deaths of those that he had sent to the scaffold, now danced the Carmagnole round the cart as it paused before the house of Duplaix, where he had lived. A woman, breaking from the crowd, rushed close to him, exclaiming, "Murderer of all my kindred, your agony fills me with transport! Descend to hell, pursued by the curses of every mother in France!" When they reached the place of execution, Robespierre was first shown to the people, and then laid down on the scaffold with the bloody and nearly dead bodies of his brother and Henriot. The batch consisted of twenty-one, and Robespierre was executed last of all. When he was raised up to be led to the guillotine, he presented a most ghastly figure—his sky-blue coat covered with blood and dirt, his stockings slipped down about his heels, his face livid as death, and tied up in a bandage. The executioner plucked the bandage away, and let the jaw fall. He gave a dreadful yell, which struck every heart with horror, and the next moment was put under the axe. Samson held up the hideous head to the people, who shouted with delight, and then went away singing. One poor man, as he gazed on that head, said, "Yes, Robespierre, you said true—there *is* a God!"

Amongst those who perished with this human tiger, this vampire insatiable of blood, and whose name represents all that is smooth, hypocritical, and terrible in history, fell Fleuriot, the mayor, Payan, the procureur, St. Just, Couthon, and last, though not least of a villain, Simon, the shoemaker, who had so barbarously treated the poor little dauphin, having not only reduced him to idiocy by his unheard-of atrocities, but who had taken a delight in making him pronounced the most horrible oaths and obscene expressions, as becoming a sans culotte, to which class he told him he belonged.

At the announcement that Robespierre had fallen, a wild joy flew through Paris, which penetrated into the prisons, where the thousands immured there danced in their chains and sang in exultation. People embraced each other in the streets, and such was the rush for newspapers containing an account of the execution, that as much as thirty francs were paid for a copy. Robespierre had so concentrated in himself the horrors of the reign of terror, that it was fondly hoped that it had now closed; but this was not yet true.

No sooner had Collot d'Herbois, Barrère, and that party triumphed over Robespierre than they summoned the members of the tribunal to their bar—ay, on the very morning of the day of his execution—and voted them honours amid much applause. The tribunal replied, that though a few traitors like Coffinhal and Dumas had found their way into the tribunal, the majority of them were sound and devoted to the convention. Accordingly, the next day the convention handed over to Fouquier-Tinville and his colleagues a list of fresh proscriptions of sixty-nine municipals, and a few days afterwards—namely, the 12th of Thermidor, being the 30th of July—they added twelve more, completing eighty-one victims! These were all executed within twenty-four hours. The convention then fell into new divisions, some members contending for its being time to cease these tragedies, others insisting on maintaining them. Billaud-Varennes, Barrère, and Collot d'Herbois, defeaded the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville, but the greater number of the enemies of Robespierre, including Tallien, Legendre, Lecointre, Fréron, Thuriot, Bourdon de l'Oise, Barras, &c., denounced them, declared themselves the overthrowers of Robespierre, and assumed the name of Thermidorians, in honour of the month in which they had destroyed him. On the 1st of August they arrested Tinville, and on the 10th they appointed a new batch of judges, accusers, and jurymen for the tribunal. They took care, moreover, to put themselves into the places of those they had murdered. Tallien, Thuriot, and others, took their posts in the committee of public welfare; Legendre, Dumont, Goupilleau, and others, in the committee of public safety. They turned out David, the painter, without ceremony, though this wretch declared now how dreadfully he had been deceived by Robespierre. His sudden enlightenment did not, however, save him from the sharpest reminders of his creeping servility to that insatiable horse-leech, and his so recently boasting that he would drink the hemlock with him.

But the Thermidorians saw that the better part of the public was become sick of blood, and they set about contracting the reign of terror. They reduced the powers of the two governing committees; they decreed that one-fourth of the members should go out every month; they reduced the revolutionary sections of Paris from forty-eight to twelve, and abolished the forty sous per diem to the sans-culotte patriots for their attendance—a certain means of diminishing the attendance. A month after the execution of Robespierre, Tallien made a fierce onslaught on the terrorist system, and declared that there were numbers yet living who had been

equally merciless with Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just; and the next day Lecointre denounced by name Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois. They did not succeed in securing at once the condemnation of this triumvirate, but the time being arrived for the monthly change of one-fourth of the committees, they were removed, and Vadier and Vouland, another of the Thermidorians, stepped into their places. They now also began to call to account Carrier, Lebon, and other proconsuls, though this required nice management, for Tallien and other Thermidorians had been nearly as truculent in the provinces as any of them. Carrier had sent one hundred and thirty-two Nantese republicans for trial before the revolutionary tribunal. These were now brought up and acquitted—at least, such of them as remained alive after their terrible treatment. There were only ninety-four. Their evidence was fully gone into, because it told frightful stories of wholesale drownings and fusilladings, and prepared Carrier's fate. The jacobins, seeing their enemies in the ascendant, armed themselves with clubs, which they carried in their pockets for self-defence, and Frèron, in his journal *L'Orateur du Peuple*, advised the young men of the Thermidorian faction to arm themselves in like manner. Those who followed his advice were called Frèron's *Jeunesse Dorée*, or the Golden Youth of Frèron. Frequent combats took place betwixt these *clubbists* in the streets, one party crying, "*Vive la Montagne!*" the other, "*Vive la Convention!*" When Carrier was accused in the convention, great numbers of jacobin ladies, as well as men, assembled in the galleries of the convention. As they went out at the close of the debate, the golden youth fell on the women, and publicly and most indecently whipped them in the streets. Others turned the very members down from their own mountain. To put an end to the jacobin resistance, the convention sent and closed the jacobin club altogether, which had thus only survived the fall of Robespierre about four months. Hereupon the jacobins began to denounce the Thermidorians as anti-republicans, but they retorted that they were republicans of the purest school—that of Marat.

Amid these tolerably harmless conflicts, Carrier was accused before the convention. He defended himself by declaring that he had done nothing but what was ordered by the convention; and he asked hardily whether the convention meant to condemn itself. In reply, Rewbell brought up a report on the acts of the jacobins, which asked, "Who covered France with mourning, carried despair into families, peopled the republic with Bastilles, rendered the republican régime so odious, that a slave, bending under the weight of his chains, would have refused to live under it?—The jacobins! Who regret the loss of the frightful régime under which we have been living?—The jacobins! If you have not the courage to pronounce their condemnation at this moment," it added, "you will have no republic, for a republic cannot exist with jacobins!" Carrier was condemned, as well as two members of the revolutionary committee of Nantes, and were executed on the 16th of December. The rest of the committee, though condemned too, were soon after set at liberty, as only having acted under the terror of Carrier's guillotine and threats.

On the 1st of December Dulaux, one of the seventy-three members who had been imprisoned on the 31st of May, 1793, for protesting against the expulsion of the Girondists, addressed a letter to the convention, demanding a trial. They were liberated and restored to their seats by acclamation; but when, in their turn, they demanded the restoration of the surviving Girondists, this was refused; but it was decreed that neither Louvet, Lanjuinais, Isnard, nor any other remaining Girondist, should be henceforth molested on account of their principles or past conduct. Amongst the liberated members was Thomas Paine, who had, on one occasion, only escaped the guillotine by a very slight accident. When the turnkey, with the list of the condemned in his hand, had made the usual chalk-mark on the doors of their cells, the cell of Paine having two doors, only the inner one was closed. On this the turnkey left his mark; but the outer door being soon after closed, it was not seen when the men came in the morning to bring out the victims. The remains of his friend Marat did not fare so well. The golden youth of Frèron burst into his tomb in the Pantheon, dragged out his body, and flung it into an open sewer, as the jacobins had done the remains of Mirabeau before.

Such were the deeds which closed the year 1794 in Paris; and, as the bloodiest part of the French revolution, so far as the interior of France is concerned, may now be regarded as over, we may present to view the sum total of the destruction of human life which had attended it to this point. We have it ready summed up by Prudhomme to our hands:—

Nobles	1,278	
Noblewomen	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans	1,467	
Religieuses	350	
Priests	1,135	
Persons not noble	13,623	
	[illegible]	
Guillotined by sentence of the revolutionary tribunal		18,603
Women who died of premature childbirth		3,400
Ditto in childbirth, from grief		348
Women killed in La Vendée		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée		22,000
Men killed in La Vendée		300,000
Victims of Carrier, at Nantes		32,000
Of whom were Children shot	500	
" " Children drowned	1,500	
" " Women shot	264	
" " Women drowned	500	
" " Priests shot	300	
" " Priests drowned	460	
" " Nobles drowned	1,400	
" " Artisans drowned	5,300	
Victims at Lyons		31,000
Total		422,351

But this awful account does not include those massacred at Versailles, at the Abbaye, the Carmelites, and other prisons, on the 2nd of September; the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those of Toulon and Marseilles, nor the whole population of the little town of Bedoin, which was massacred.

Whilst we have been detailing the horrors of this greatest outbreak of hell that ever took place on earth, Russia, Prussia, and Austria had been completing the extinction of Poland. An ill-advised attempt by the Poles for the recovery of their country had precipitated this event. The Russian minister in Poland had ordered the reduction of the

little army of that country, under its now almost nominal king, Stanislaus Augustus, from thirty thousand to fifteen thousand. The Poles resented this, without considering that they were unable, at the moment, to resist it. Considering the flat and open nature of their country, that the few strong places in it were in the hands of their invaders, and that their oppressors could pour down almost innumerable hordes of soldiers upon them, nothing could warrant a resistance but a deliberate and well-organised preparation for it. To have the smallest chance of success, it was necessary to rouse the whole population by careful and secret means; to prepare ample stores of arms and ammunition in quarters where they could be brought into the country at a short notice, and to look whether they could be aided by money or men from other nations. Of such aid, indeed, there was little prospect. England was subsidising their very oppressors, Prussia and Austria, and dared not even express disapprobation of their flagrant conduct, lest they should lose their really worthless alliance; no money was to be expected from that quarter; and France was too busy cutting off the heads of her senators and generals, or planning nearer conquests, to afford them a thought.

Yet, under these hopeless circumstances, the patriots at Warsaw commenced erecting revolutionary clubs, and rousing the people to insurrection, both in the capital and, by similar machinery, throughout the country. This could not escape the observation of their vigilant oppressors, whilst it alarmed other nations, from the obvious imitation of the French system, now so sanguinarily terrible to all Europe. Kosciusko, who had retired with other patriots to Dresden, came back, and, with Madalinski, Dzialinski, and some other generals, resolved on an outbreak. When Madalinski received the order, in March, to disband his brigade of seven hundred cavalry, he rode out of Pultusk, near Warsaw, where he was quartered, and, traversing the provinces awarded to Prussia in the partition, he called on the people to arm, and displayed the standard of revolt at Cracow. Kosciusko was appointed commander-in-chief, and he issued an order for the rising of the people in every quarter of Poland, and for their hastening to his flag. But, to make war, he must have the means of war, and he therefore immediately imposed a property-tax. This at once disgusted the Polish nobles, who, as a body, were extremely corrupt, and by no means patriotic. His next step was to proclaim the enfranchisement of the serfs throughout the kingdom—another step still more irritating to the aristocracy. This class, there is little doubt, would much have preferred the yoke of Prussia or Russia, so that they might keep their own yoke on the necks of the rural population; they therefore became openly lukewarm, and inwardly inimical to the insurrectionary movement. On the other hand, the mass of the people, degraded by long slavery, were not the material for the formation of a successful patriot army. They were at once ignorant, impetuous, and undisciplined. As for a middle class of intelligent and substantial citizens, it had only the shadow of an existence.

At first, the enthusiasm of the call to liberty and to the rescue of the common country gave some brilliant successes. Kosciusko, on his march from Cracow to Warsaw, at the head of only four thousand men, encountered a Russian army of upwards of twelve thousand, and defeated it with a slaughter of three thousand of the enemy. The Russian general Ivestrom wrote to Petersburg in affright, that his only hope lay in *God and his sovereign!* On the 17th of the same month the Polish troops in Warsaw attacked the Russian garrison, eight thousand strong, and, slaughtering more than half of them, drove the rest out of the city, and Kosciusko marched in soon after. Only a week later, the population of Lithuania, Kosciusko's native province, rose, and drove the Russians with much slaughter from Wilna, its capital. But at this moment Frederick William of Prussia, flush of English money paid him to do service against France, marched forty thousand men upon Cracow, and was there joined by a strong body of Russians. Kosciusko left Warsaw to relieve Cracow, and, with sixteen thousand regular troops, and forty thousand volunteers, fell on this combined army on the 5th of June, at Szezekociny, and was defeated by it with a loss of one thousand men. Only three days after, another Polish force was defeated at Chelm, and, on the 15th, Cracow surrendered to the king of Prussia. Kosciusko retreated towards Warsaw, and encamped at Pracka-Wola, about three leagues from that city; but, before his arrival, the patriots of Warsaw, too much infected with French ideas, had declared that their reverses were owing to traitors amongst them. They had set up a revolutionary tribunal, and had begun beheading the supposed traitors. They had dispatched eight citizens, before Zakrzewski, the president of the city, could interfere. When the news reached Kosciusko in his camp, he was greatly confounded, and declared that the revolution had suffered an injury which would be felt throughout Europe, and remain an indelible blot on the nation. He insisted that the perpetrators of it should be summarily punished, and, accordingly, seven of the leaders of this proceeding were hanged on gibbets.

But this could not save Poland: its three mighty oppressors were pouring down their multitudinous legions on every portion of the doomed country. The emperor of Austria marched an army into Little Poland, at the end of June, and an army of fifty thousand Russians and Prussians were in full march on Warsaw. For a time, Kosciusko repulsed them, and committed great havoc upon them on the 27th of July; again, on the 1st and 3rd of August. At the same time, generals Dombrowski, prince Joseph Poniatowski, and other Polish generals, were victorious in different quarters, and the king of Prussia was compelled to draw off his army, forty thousand strong, from Warsaw, in order to recover Great Poland. This gleam of success on the part of the Poles, however, was but momentary. Their army in Lithuania, commanded by corrupt gambling and gormandizing nobles, was beaten at all points by the Russians, and driven out of Wilna on the 12th of August. At the same time, the savage Suvaroff, the man who had cried "Glory to God and the empress!" over the ruthless massacre of Ismail, was marching down on Warsaw. Kosciusko had unwisely weakened his army by sending a strong detachment under Dombrowski into Great Poland, and attacking a Russian force under count Fersen, at Macziewice, about fifty miles from Warsaw, on the 17th of September, he was utterly

routed. He had only about twenty thousand men, whilst Fersen had at least sixty thousand. But Kosciusko was anxious to prevent the arrival of Suvaroff before the engagement, and thus rushed into battle with this fatal inequality of strength. He was left for dead on the field, but was discovered to be alive, and was sent prisoner to St. Petersburg, where he was confined till the accession of the emperor Paul, who set him at liberty. He afterwards retired to America, and returned to France in 1798, when Buonaparte repeatedly endeavoured to engage him in his scheme of conquering Poland; but he refused the insidious offers, and died in Switzerland, in 1817.

The fall of Kosciusko was the fall of Poland. Not even Kosciusko could have saved it; but this catastrophe made the fatal end obvious and speedy. Still the Poles struggled on bravely against such overwhelming forces for some months. On the 26th of October they attacked the advanced division of Fersen, but were defeated, and driven back into Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, which is separated from the main city by the Vistula. This they had strongly fortified, and planted on its batteries a hundred cannon, and the very *élite* of the Polish army was collected there for its defence. When Suvaroff arrived, and sate down before it, they made a stout resistance. But immediately that Suvaroff heard that the king of Prussia had defeated the insurgents in Great Poland, and was in full march for Warsaw, he determined to carry the place at whatever cost. If the king of Prussia should arrive and carry Warsaw before him, he might claim that capital for himself, instead of its becoming the Polish head-quarters of Russia. On the 4th of November, therefore, he determined to storm Praga. He called out all his force, and commenced a general attack. The Poles stood gallantly to their guns, and mowed down his assaulting troops in thousands. But Suvaroff, on such occasions, did not care for any amount of destruction of his men; he continued to precipitate his dense masses of soldiery on the walls from one end to the other, and, after four hours of a most desperate and sanguinary struggle, he forced his way, and put all who fell in his path to the sword. The inhabitants were butchered without regard to age or sex, and no quarter was given to the brave defenders. Twelve thousand of the people were murdered by the ruthless Russians, and eight thousand soldiers, many of them after they had lain down their arms. The Russians were enabled to perpetrate this monstrous carnage the more effectually, because they had seized the bridge leading over the Vistula into Prague, and burnt it during the battle, so that many of the Poles while attempting to swim across it were drowned. Warsaw, horrified at this inhuman brutality, and seeing the whole suburb of Praga set fire to, and consuming in the flames (for it was chiefly built of wood), capitulated that very day; and Suvaroff and his barbarous hordes entered Warsaw in triumph on the 6th. At the news of this catastrophe the Poles everywhere laid down their arms, and then the three robber powers commenced a ruthless persecution and destruction of those who had been in arms, and especially of the leaders. In this base work Prussia showed the most implacable severity, exceeding even the empress Catherine, who sent some of the Polish nobles into Siberia. There then remained only for these three powers finally to complete the division of the spoil amongst them, which was not effected without considerable difficulties and differences amongst them. The ultimate partition treaty was at length signed on the 24th of October, 1795; some particulars regarding Cracow, however, not being settled between Prussia and Austria till the 21st of October, 1796. Stanislaus Augustus was compelled to abdicate, and he retired, after the death of Catherine, to Petersburg, with a pension of two hundred thousand ducats a-year. He died there in the month of February, 1798, only about fifteen months after his former mistress, the czarina. And thus Poland was blotted out of the map of nations.

In England there had been a coalition of what was called the Portland section of the whigs, with Pitt's ministry. These whigs had not only separated from Fox and his friends, but they had, from the first outbreak of the French revolution, followed the lead of Burke, and supported all Pitt's measures. The duke of Portland, therefore, was, in July, made third secretary of state; lord Fitzwilliam, president of the council, and, in December, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; earl Spencer was made, at the same time, lord privy seal, and, in December, first lord of the admiralty; Pitt's elder brother, lord Chatham, being removed for him, and made privy seal; and Windham became secretary of war in place of Sir George Yonge.

But this large infusion of whiggery did not render the administration any the more liberal. It was determined to bring the politically accused, now out on bail, to trial. On the 6th of October true bills were found by the grand jury of Middlesex against Thomas Hardy, the secretary of the corresponding society, John Horne Tooke, John Augustus Bonney, Stewart Kyd, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwall, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter, for high treason.

Hardy was put upon his trial first at the Old Bailey, October 29th, before chief-justice Eyre, a judge of noted severity, chief-baron Macdonald, baron Hotham, Mr. Justice Buller, and Mr. Justice Grose, with other judges. John Scott, afterwards lord Eldon, as attorney-general, opened the case against him in a speech of nine hours. In this he laboured to represent the corresponding society, and Hardy as its secretary, as guilty of a treasonable intercourse with the French revolutionists, and read numbers of documents expressing great admiration of the French institutions. But these were merely the documents which had long and openly been published by the society, and were well known through insertion in the newspapers. There was nothing clandestine, nothing looking like a concealed and dangerous conspiracy. The great gist and burthen, then, was a thorough reform of parliament, and the utter disfranchisement of the rotten boroughs, by which the whole representation of the country was transferred to the aristocracy. There was next a strong attempt made to connect the secretary of the society with the men lately condemned in Scotland, especially Margarot, with whom, as all undoubtedly engaged in the same object, reform, Hardy, as secretary, had considerable correspondence. The whole failed to impress an English jury, and Hardy was acquitted after a trial of eight days.

The next who took his trial was Horne Tooke. The

evidence was much the same, but the man was different. Tooke was one of the keenest intellects of the time, full of wit and causticity, by which he had worsted even Junius. He summoned as witnesses the prime minister himself, the duke of Richmond, master-general of the ordnance, and others of the cabinet, who had all, in their time, been ardent reformers, and cross-questioned them in a style which, if he were guilty, showed that they had once been as much so. Tooke's trial was very damaging to the government, and he was also acquitted after a trial of six days, during the whole of which the jury had not been allowed to separate, that they was hopeless to expect verdicts of guilty from English juries for mere demands of reform, the rest of the accused were discharged. To the honour of the nation, people of all parties appeared to rejoice at the independent conduct of the juries. This noble independence was, in truth, in bright contrast to that of Scotch juries. In this very autumn, fresh trials of accused seditionists had taken place at Edinburgh, in which the conduct of government and the servility of the Scotch juries were equally reprehensible. One Robert Watt, a ruined tradesman of that city, was put upon his trial, on the 14th of August, charged with eighteen overt acts of high

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might not receive any popular impressions from without—a course which was not calculated to put them in a particularly good humour with the prosecutors.

On the 1st of December Bonney, Joyce, Kyd, and Holcroft were brought up, but the evidence was precisely the same against them as against Tooke; they were discharged without trial. Holcroft would have made a speech condemnatory of these prosecutions, but was not allowed. As these gentlemen were removed from the bar, John Thelwall, the well-known elocutionist and political lecturer, was brought up. As the government thought there were some other charges against him, the trial went on, and lasted four days, but with the same result; and, as it was found that it treason—in exciting many individuals to arm themselves, and to meet in convention to concoct plans for the overthrow of the government. But it appeared on the trial that Watt had long been a government spy, employed to instigate people to these courses, by direct orders from Mr. Secretary Dundas and the lord advocate of Scotland. Letters from these gentlemen, containing these orders, and proofs of Watt being in the pay of government for these purposes, were produced by Mr. Henry Erskine, the prisoner's counsel. It was shown unanswerably that he had been encouraged to have arms made and distributed, and to tempt the soldiers in Edinburgh. He had been thus employed to mislead and ensnare unsuspecting persons from August, 1792, to October,

SUVAROFF AND THE RUSSIAN TROOPS ENTERING WARSAW.

1793—more than twelve months; and it was shown that after this the government had abandoned him, and that he had then joined the reformers in earnest. Notwithstanding this display of the infamous conduct of the government, Watt was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

One Samuel Downie was next arraigned on the same charges, on the 5th of September, as an accomplice of Watt. But it appeared that he had been rather the dupe of Watt and the spy-employing government than anything else; and, though the jury pronounced him guilty, they recommended him to mercy. He was respited, and, eventually, pardoned; but Watt underwent his sentence, so far as being hanged and beheaded—a warning to spies how they trusted a government equally faithless to the people and to the tools by which they sought to betray them.

The last act of this year, 1794, was the opening of parliament, on the 30th of December. The king, in his speech, was compelled to confess the deplorable defeat of our allies, and of our own army under the duke of York. He had to admit that, Robespierre having fallen, there might possibly be a more pacific spirit in France; that Holland, the only ally for whom we were verbally bound to take up arms, was negotiating a peace with the French; that the United States of America had refused to coalesce with the French against us, and had, on the contrary, made a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation with us. Here, then, was an end of all real causes for anything more than a mere defensive war on our part. Yet the speech breathed a most warlike spirit, and made a great deal of the secession of the island of Corsica from France, and its adhesion to England. In the same spirit were the addresses from both houses carried by overwhelming ministerial majorities.

Canning, now rising into note, and Windham, declared that there were no motives for peace, but everything to necessitate the active prosecution of the war; and Windham could not help severely condemning the acquittal of Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, and the rest of the accused reformers. He was called to order for thus impugning the conduct of independent juries, and reminded that no legal proofs of the guilt of the prisoners had been produced—on which he replied that they ought to have been condemned, then, on moral proofs.

Sheridan marked the opening of the year 1795 by moving, on the 5th of January, for the repeal of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act. He showed that the very grounds on which this suspension had been based had miserably given way on the trials of Tooke, Hardy, and the rest; that the whole amount of arms and money on which the so-called "formidable" conspiracy had rested, had been shown to be one pike, nine rusty muskets, and a fund of nine pounds and one bad shilling! He said that the great thing proved was the shameful conspiracy of the government against the people, and their infamous employment of spies for that end; that eight thousand pounds had been spent on the crown lawyers, and a hundred witnesses examined, only to expose the guilt of the ministry. Windham defended the measures of government, and charged the juries with ignorance and incapacity, for which Erskine severely reprimanded him. But the standing majorities of Pitt were inaccessible to argument, and the continuance of the suspension was voted by a majority of two hundred and thirty-nine against fifty-three. There was a similar debate, with a similar result, in the lords, where, however, the dukes of Norfolk and Bedford, the marquis of Lansdowne, and the earls of Lauderdale and Guildford strongly opposed it.

These debates were immediately followed by the opening of the budget on the 23rd of February—an opening which was enough to have made any men but such as were then at the head of English affairs pause in their ruinous career. There was a call for one hundred thousand seamen, for one hundred and sixty thousand regulars, and fifty-six thousand militia—total, two hundred and sixteen thousand soldiers, besides volunteers, fencibles, and foreign troops in British pay, amounting, by land and sea, to at least four hundred thousand men! For their support there was demanded sixteen millions and twenty-seven thousand pounds, with other taxes and deficiencies, including interest on debt; the whole revenue demanded was twenty-seven millions five hundred thousand pounds. Besides this there was an annual subsidy to the king of Sardinia of two hundred thousand pounds, although there was no prospect whatever of saving him. To raise all this, new duties had to be laid on tea, coffee, raisins, foreign groceries and fruits, foreign timber, insurances, writs, affidavits, hair-powder, licences, &c., and to increase the revenue from the post-office, the privilege of franking was somewhat abridged. The only tax that the compliant aristocracy protested against was that on the powdered pates of their menials; but the country cried lustily, but in vain, against the increase of taxation, which, gross as it was, was but the beginning of their burdens, and of the burden of all posterity.

The reformers made repeated and strenuous efforts to obtain a parliamentary expression of the desirableness of this country refraining from interfering with the internal affairs of France, and of making pacific arrangements with that country. Earl Stanhope made such a motion in the lords on the 6th of January, and the duke of Bedford made a similar one on the 27th of February. Lord Grey had moved the same thing on the day before, but all these endeavours were rendered abortive by Pitt's standing majority. It was replied that France had no government that could properly be treated with, and lord Mansfield boldly asserted that we had a right to interfere in the internal affairs of any country which acted on principles dangerous to its neighbour. Fox, on the 24th of March, moved for a committee of the whole house to inquire into the state of the nation, but this was rejected on the ground that the times were too critical, and Canning actually adduced the disturbed condition of Ireland, just on the verge of rebellion, as a sufficient cause for not ascertaining our actual condition.

The only attempts at reform were in the commissariat and discipline of the army. The soldiers were allowed an extra quantity of bread and meat, and the militia regiments were permitted to have artillery, and to increase their force and improve their staffs. But even these reforms were made unconstitutionally by the dictum of the ministers, without seeking the authority of parliament, and occasioned smart but ineffectual remonstrances from the house. Every motion for inquiry or censure was borne down by the ministerial majority.

The remainder of the parliamentary session was occupied with royal marriages and settlements. George III. and his queen, though pious and decorous in their own lives, had the misfortune to have amongst their sons some of the most dissolute and debauched men that ever figured in the corrupt atmosphere of courts. "The histories of all courts and all princes," says an author, too well acquainted with that of the regency of England, "show them full of corruption and vices;" but this corruption and these vices never were ranker than amongst some of the sons of George and Charlotte. The prince of Wales was become a very by-word for his profligacy and wild expenditure. No woman, of however high rank, was safe from his attempts on her honour. The duke of York, the next brother, was but little better, so far as his means allowed him, and he was the willing panderer and procurer for the prince of Wales, as is but too fully recorded in the memoir of the poetess and actress—Mary Robinson. The duke of York had no children by the princess of Prussia, whom he had married; and the duke of Sussex, wishing to marry a woman to whom he was really attached, found his father's royal marriage act standing in his way. This unnatural act, the political purposes of which could have been just as well attained by an act excluding the issue of all marriages with subjects from any claim on the throne, was prolific, as it was predicted to be, of vast licence, and open violation of it by George's own sons. The duke of Sussex fell in love with lady Augusta Murray, a daughter of the earl of Dunmore, and married her in Italy, where he went with her in 1792. The lady soon proving *enciente*, on their return to England they were again married, on the 15th of December, 1793, at St. George's, Hanover-square. The duke of Sussex had not quite reached his majority on his second marriage in London; but, independent of this, the king immediately brought the parties before the ecclesiastical court, and, by its dictum, declared the marriage null and void. The young couple, nevertheless, continued to live together till after the birth of a second child.

The marriage of the prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert was equally notorious; but, as it was not openly avowed by the prince, no steps were taken to dissolve it. But, in 1794, the prince had got a new favourite, the lady Jersey, already a grandmother, but a young one. For her Mrs. Fitzherbert was dismissed, showing how little the prince thought of the reality of the marriage with that fair lady, and he now lived openly and ostentatiously with lady Jersey, lord Jersey being well contented with the arrangement for the sake of the good things he hoped to gain by it, being at once appointed master of the horse to the prince. But the prince's extravagance and gambling, by the practice of which, notwithstanding his own losses, he reduced his friends, one after another, as the earl of Moira, Sir Wallace Porter, and others, to beggary, had now brought him into extreme difficulties. His debts, after having been more than once paid off by parliament, now again amounted to six hundred and thirty thousand pounds! Another appeal to parliament was absolutely necessary, for his creditors were grown excessively clamorous. The king seized the opportunity to induce the prince to marry a foreign princess, representing it as the only plan on which they could apply to parliament for such an increase of means as would enable him to liquidate his debts. But here, instead of allowing the prince to go abroad and make his own selection, so that there might be, possibly, some degree of nature and choice in the connection, the queen was anxious to have her own niece, the Princess Louisa Augusta Amelia of Mecklenburg selected for him. This princess, afterwards the popular queen of Prussia, was a good creature, and might, possibly, have wrought some favourable change even in so depraved a nature as that of the prince of Wales. But the king was equally determined to secure the unenviable post for *his* own niece, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, the second daughter of the duke of Brunswick, who was one of the petty princes of Germany, whom we were subsidising at a high rate for the use of a few indifferent soldiers. To effect this arrangement, an attachment betwixt the crown prince of Prussia and this princess Caroline had to be rent asunder. Such outrages, however, seldom form any obstacles in royal eyes; and they seem to have formed none in the eyes of George III. The prince was ready to fall in with any such bargain, on condition that he was liberated from his debts. It was certain, from his past career, that he would please himself as to the lady or ladies with whom he would really live. All obstacles of nature or of nearness of consanguinity—one of the worst sources of misery to the issue of such marriages—or of private attachments by the parties, were soon overborne by diplomacy, and by the promise of the discharge of the prince's debts. The princess Caroline of Brunswick was selected—a young lady of not unpleasing person in her youth, according to the descriptions of the time, but of defective education, and coming to this country with the repugnance of a prior and rudely-disrupted attachment. She landed at Greenwich on Sunday, the 5th of April, 1795, and the marriage ceremony was performed at St. James's, by the archbishop of Canterbury, on the 8th. The princess had not been ignorant of the dissolute character of her appointed husband, and his mode of receiving her was not calculated to inspire any brilliant hopes of his improvement. He had sent his mistress, the lady Jersey, to meet her on landing, and he made no disguise of his connection with her before or after the marriage. The memoirs of the time assert that lady Jersey omitted no arts to render the princess ridiculous and even disgusting to the prince; but what chagrined him far more deeply was the breach of the promises held out to him of the discharge of his debts by a parliamentary grant or grants.

On the 27th of April Pitt introduced a message from the king, recommending the settlement of a suitable provision on the prince of Wales, on his marriage. The prince expected that Pitt would propose and carry, by means of his compliant majority, which had facilely voted away millions to foreign monarchs, a vote for the immediate discharge of his debts. His astonishment may therefore be imagined, when he now proposed that parliament should grant him such an income as should enable him, by decent economy, to defray these debts by instalments through a course of years. Having stated these debts at six hundred and thirty thousand pounds, he proposed to increase the prince's allowance from seventy-five thousand pounds to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, by an augmentation of sixty-five thousand pounds. He proposed that twenty-five thousand pounds of this should be set apart for the liquidation of the

debts in the course of *twenty-seven* years. This was, in fact, only giving him an increase on his marriage of forty thousand pounds per annum; and no one at all acquainted with the prince's character could believe that any such sum would prevent a far greater accumulation of debt in the course of those twenty-seven years, rather than any diminution of it. The question was warmly debated during two months, and it was not till the 27th of June that it was finally settled in still worse terms for the prince, namely, that his allowance should be one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum, with the income of the duchy of Cornwall, about fifteen thousand pounds more, thus making up the one hundred and forty thousand pounds; but out of this appropriating seventy-five thousand pounds per annum to the payment of his debts, leaving him only sixty-seven thousand pounds per annum clear for his own expenditure, or eight thousand pounds per annum less than his previous allowance. The duke of Clarence, who, like the prince his brother, was living in open adultery, was, during the debate, extremely violent on this parsimony of the nation; and there were not wanting plenty of courtiers, and other members of parliament, to represent the breach of all moral obligations in princes as most venial offences, as if in princes these defiances of all the Christian virtues are not the most prolific means of spreading moral corruption throughout society. With the grant to the prince this session closed, namely, on the 27th of June.

The first transactions of the campaign of 1795, which demand our attention, are those of Holland. To the English army these were most disastrous, and came to an end before the winter closed. The duke of York had returned to England early in December, 1794, leaving the chief command to general Walmoden, a Hanoverian, second to whom was general Dundas. Walmoden had gone quietly into winter quarters in the isle of Bommel, forgetting that the firmness of the ice would soon leave him exposed with his small force to the overwhelming swarms of the French, under Pichegru, who, in the middle of December, crossed the Waal with two hundred thousand men, and drove in his lines. General Dundas advanced against him with eight thousand men, and, for the time, drove the French back, on the 30th of December, across the Waal. But this could not last with such disproportioned forces, especially as our troops were left with the most wretched commissariat, and an equally wretched medical staff; in fact, there were neither surgeons to attend the greater part of the wounded, nor medicines for the sick. On the 4th of January, 1795, the French came back with their overpowering numbers, and, on the 6th, the English were compelled to retire across the Leek, and continue their retreat, suffering indescribable miseries from the want of food, tents, and proper clothes, in the horrors of a Dutch winter. Notwithstanding this, the English repeatedly turned, and drove back the enemy with heavy slaughter. But, on the 11th of January, Pichegru attacked them in a defile betwixt Arnheim and Nimeguen, with a condensed force of seventy thousand men, and made himself sure of destroying or compelling the surrender of the whole British army. They, however, fought their way through, and continued their march for the Elbe, the only quarter open to them. During this retreat they were less harassed by the French, who fell off to occupy Utrecht and Rotterdam, than by the fury of the winter and the hostility of the jacobinised Dutch, who cursed them as the cause of all the sufferings of their country. Nothing, besides the French retreat from Moscow, or the calamities of our soldiers in the Crimean winter, bears any resemblance to the horrors of a two months' march of these English troops ere they reached the port of Bremen, where they embarked for England. An eye-witness, whose account is quoted in the "Annual Register," describes the sufferings of the army in frightful terms:—"During the 16th and 17th of January they were struggling through the sandy deserts betwixt Utrecht and the towns of Deventer and Zutphen, amid bewildering hurricanes of wind and snow. Many famished soldiers fell down and perished. The sick and wounded were carried in open wagons, without proper clothing, and numbers were frozen to death." On the 21st of January, after this terrible time, the writer describes the scene as follows:—"Removing the sick in wagons without clothing sufficient to keep them warm in this rigorous season, has sent some hundreds to their eternal home; and the shameful neglect that prevails throughout all the departments makes our hospitals mere slaughtering-houses. Without covering, without attendance, and even without clean straw, and sufficient shelter from the weather, they are thrown together in heaps, unpitied, unprotected, to perish by contagion, while legions of vultures, down to the stewards, nurses, and numberless dependents, pamper their bodies and fill their coffers with the nation's treasure, and, like beasts of prey, feed on the blood and carcases of their unhappy fellow-creatures, of whom not one in a hundred survives, but perishes under the infernal claws of those harpies, still thirsting for more blood, and rioting in the jaws of death." Numbers of these harpies, thus enriching themselves by the miseries of the poor soldiers, were Germans, and emigrant French, who had become commissary agents, and surgeons to the forces, but many more were their own unnatural fellow-countrymen. Such was the finale of our campaign for the defence of our Dutch allies. It is the general tale of the treatment of the English soldier from ministers ready to send them to fight for foreigners, and to commit them to the tender mercies of ruthless, grasping contractors and commissary officers. It required all the stern energies and high principle of Wellington to create an exception to this state of things in the armies under his command.

Meantime, the duke of York was warm in London, whither he was speedily followed by the stadtholder of Holland; the towns were everywhere opening their gates to the French, and the jacobinised Dutch hailing them as friends and deliverers. These deliverers, however, immediately levied a contribution of a million and a half sterling on them for the support of their army. Holland was proclaimed a free republic under the protection of France, and England immediately commenced operations for indemnifying herself, by seizing the ships and colonies of her late ally in every quarter of the globe. They intercepted the home-bound Dutch Indiamen, and when the council of government sent over deputies to London to reclaim them, lord Grenville, the foreign minister, asked them in what character they came. They replied, as representatives of the sovereign people of Batavia. The

foreign minister replied, that he knew of no such power, and declined to receive them. No time was lost in ordering the seizure of the Dutch colonies and factories. On the 14th of July admiral Sir G. Keith Elphinstone appeared in Table Bay, and landed a considerable force, under command of major-general Craig. They possessed themselves of Simon's Town and the strong fort of Muyzenberg, and, in the beginning of September being reinforced by another body of troops, under major-general Alured Clarke, on the 23rd of that month they were in possession of Cape Town. A similar activity was displayed in the East Indies; and in the course of the year, or early in 1796, all the Dutch possessions in Ceylon, Malacca, Cochin, Amboyna, Banda, and other places were surrendered to the English. The same seizures were in course of execution on the settlements of the Dutch in the West Indies, and on the coast of South America—destined to leave Holland stripped of all the colonial sources of her wealth and commerce.

But though we punished the Dutch for their French predilections, the tide of French success was rolling on in various quarters, and presenting a prospect of a single-handed conflict with France. The powers on whose behalf we had armed were fast, one after another, making terms with the republicans. Holland was in their hands, and the king of Prussia, on the 5th of April, concluded a peace with them at Basle, in which he agreed to surrender to France all his possessions on the left bank of the Rhine, on condition of retaining those on the right. There was a mutual exchange of prisoners, including the troops of such other German states as had served with Prussia. Spain hastened to follow the example of Prussia. A peace was concluded at the same place—Basle—on the 22nd of July, by which she gave up all the Spanish part of San Domingo. To purchase the French evacuation, the ministers of Spain itself recognised the Batavian republic—which was become, in reality, a province of France—and promised to intercede with Portugal, Naples, Parma, and Sardinia. The grand duke of Tuscany followed with a proclamation of a treaty of neutrality with France, on the 1st of March. Sweden and the protestant cantons recognised the French republic and the Batavian one, its ally; and the duke of Hesse Cassel, and even George III., as elector of Hanover, were compelled to an agreement to furnish no more troops to the emperor of Germany. Whilst England's allies were thus falling away in rapid succession before the powers of republican France, England, instead of taking warning, and resolving to mind only her own business, went madly into fresh treaties with continental powers. Russia and Austria were received into fresh treaties of mutual defence. Russia we were to assist with ships, and Austria with twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse, or to pay each month ten thousand florins for every thousand infantry, and thirty thousand florins for every thousand of cavalry. To complete the ruinous circle of treaties, Sir Gilbert Elliot, British governor of Corsica, entered into a treaty with the dey of Algiers, by which, on payment of a hundred and seventy-nine thousand piastres, he was to restore all the Corsicans captured and enslaved by him, and was to enjoy the strange privilege of carrying all his piratical prizes into the ports of Corsica, and to sell them there—which was, in fact, licensing this chief of sea-robbers to plunder all the other Italian states.

At the moment that this treaty was signing, the French were on their way with a strong fleet to seize and recover Corsica, if possible. On the 2nd of March a strong fleet appeared off Corsica, under command of admiral Martin. On the 8th admiral Hotham sailed out of Leghorn Roads to meet it, and, spite of contrary winds, on the 12th came in sight of it. Hotham had thirteen sail of the line, four frigates, and two sloops, besides a Neapolitan seventy-four gun ship and two frigates, under the command of chavalier Caraccioli. The French admiral had fifteen sail of the line, six frigates, and three corvettes, and, to keep him well to his duty, which was to take Corsica, he had on board with him a convention commissioner, Letourneur. Nelson was on board the Agamemnon, and, on the 13th, they came into action. Nelson, as usual, showed the utmost courage and ability, and the combat being renewed the next day at half-past six in the morning, continued till two in the afternoon, when the French put about and fled. In the course of the action, the Ça Ira of eighty guns, and the Centaur seventy-four, being greatly damaged, struck to Nelson. When the French gave way, Nelson urged that the British fleet should give chase; but Hotham said, "No, we must be content; we have done very well." On this Nelson, in great disgust, observed to his officers, "Had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape, I should not have said we had done very well." The time was coming for his genius to throw all the old school of go-easy and formalist admirals into the background. As it was, the total loss of the English was seventy-four killed and two hundred and eighty-four wounded; two French ships taken, and much damage done to the Sans Culotte of one hundred and twenty guns, and two other vessels. The French did much damage to the Captain, our best ship, and some others, but they lost a great many more men. Had Nelson been in chief command, very few of their ships would have seen Toulon again. The English fleet put into San Fiorenza Bay, in Corsica, to refit.

In this action of the 13th and 14th of March, the French, contrary to all rules of maritime warfare, had fired red-hot balls. The convention, with the rabid cruelty which characterised the French revolutionists, had ordered, through Carnot, the minister of marine, that not only should red-hot balls be used, so as, if possible, to blow up the English ships with all in them, but they had sent aboard certain combustible materials which liquefied as they were discharged, and were supposed, like the Greek fire, to be unquenchable by water. These infernal practices, so in keeping with the rest of the French remorseless doings at this period, however, only enraged the English seamen, and soon became more dangerous to the French themselves than to us.

Both the French and English fleets received reinforcements in the Mediterranean; so that, by the middle of July, Hotham had twenty-one sail of the line; and with this imposing force he came in sight of the French fleet of seventeen sail of the line, six frigates and corvettes, near Cape Roux. The English gave chase, but the French made off as fast as possible, so that only a few of the English vessels were able to come up with them. They managed,

however, to capture the Alcide of seventy-four guns, but, before they could take possession of it, a box of their infernal combustibles ignited in the foretop, and, in spite of all their exertions to put it out, the flame spread all over the ship, and before the English could rescue half of the crew, which amounted to nearly seven hundred, the vessel was blown into the air with upwards of three hundred miserable men.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Besides various encounters of detached vessels in different quarters of the globe, the French fleet, under admiral Villaret, had a narrow escape off the French coast, near Port l'Orient, on the 23rd of June. Villaret had twelve ships of the line and eleven frigates, when he was descried by admiral lord Bridport, with a considerably stronger force. Bridport gave chase, and managed to capture three sail of the line before the French could escape into harbour. The least creditable part of our campaign, next to that in Holland, was in the West Indies. We have related the loss of St. Lucia and St. Eustatia after their capture from the French and Dutch; but, besides this, Victor Hugues, the commissioner for the West Indies, who was filled with all the demon fire and unscrupulous energy of the revolutionist, roused all the population, white and black, in many of the British islands, by preaching the Rights of Man. He had his emissaries everywhere, calling on them to massacre the English, and the insurrection was trodden out with the utmost difficulty in Grenada, Dominica, and St. Vincent. In the latter island, the Carib insurgents retired to the mountains, and made a long and desperate stand. The Maroons, in Jamaica, also waged a fierce and desperate war on the planters. Our ministers were too much occupied in assisting the Dutch and such faithless allies as Prussia and Austria to send proper reinforcements to defend our colonial territories.

On the Rhine there was a good deal of sharp fighting betwixt the French and Austrians. General Bender had

LANDING OF THE PRINCESS CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK AT GREENWICH.

been compelled to surrender Luxembourg, on the 7th of July, and allowed to retire with his army of ten thousand men into Germany, on condition of not serving again till exchanged. There then remained little on either bank of the Rhine to restrain the advance of the French, except Mayence on the left bank, and Manheim and Düsseldorf on the right. Pichegru, in August, made himself master of both Düsseldorf and Manheim, and was advancing to the reduction of Mayence when he was met by old general Wurmser, and driven back to Manheim. Jourdan, who was advancing in another direction to co-operate with Pichegru in the reduction of Mayence, was encountered by Clairfayt, and driven back to Düsseldorf. Clairfayt then attacked the French forces already investing Mayence, and the garrison making a sally at the same time, the French were completely dispersed, and part retreated north and part south. Wurmser then invested Manheim, and compelled its surrender on the 22nd of November. Clairfayt, set at liberty by the repulse of the French at Mayence, joined him before the fall of Manheim, and, together, they drove the republicans out of the palatinate and of the country betwixt the Rhine and the Moselle. They then contemplated the recovery of Luxembourg, but Jourdan and Pichegru had once more united their scattered forces and withstood them, so that no further progress was made in that direction before winter.

In Italy, nothing was done till late in the year. Both parties kept their ground; the French were unable to issue from the passes of the Alps into the plains, through the united forces of Austrians, Sardinians, and other Italians, collected to resist them. Nelson, who was detached with a few ships to co-operate with the Austrian general, Devins, recommended him to push his forces betwixt the different French divisions which occupied the territory of Nice and part of the western Riviera, or coast of Genoa, taking those on the side of Nice in the rear, and blockading the city and port of Nice. But Nelson was equally harassed in his [illegible] by the Austrians and his own superiors. He declared the German generals so slow, that it was maddening to witness it; that he believed they cared for nothing but to get another four millions of English money. At length, Devins said he would follow Nelson's plan, and send ten thousand men to take the town and bay of St. Remo, if admiral Hotham would find the necessary ships to convey the troops. Hotham refused. Nelson was kept watching the port of Genoa, which, since the proclaimed neutrality, was become a regular haunt of French privateers, which infested the Mediterranean. The French, in spite of the pretended neutrality, were allowed to march troops into the state and into the very neighbourhood of Genoa. Nelson implored admiral Sir Hyde Parker to send him a few more ships, and, with these, he engaged to enter the port of Genoa, and destroy the whole fleet of above one hundred sail of transports, store-ships, gun-boats, and other vessels which the French had collected there for their future operations. But Parker contended that it was impossible, as the Corsicans were now driven into insurrection by the maladministration of Sir Gilbert Eliot, and were all on fire to welcome the French again. A commissary of general Devins having been plundered at Voltri by the French, he demanded satisfaction of the Genoese authorities, and pushed forward his troops to the very vicinity of Genoa itself. He entreated Nelson to remain watching the port, to prevent the French vessels getting out and conveying troops to his rear, to cut off his retreat, if necessary, by the Bochetta pass. Devins was soon incapacitated by the gout, and surrendered his command to general Wallis.

Towards the end of November, the French army, under Massena, commenced operations in earnest. Massena was supported by a number of young officers, soon to become famous under the great military genius of France—Laharpe, Charlet, Victor, Suchet, and others. The Austrians and Piedmontese being scattered over a wide extent of country, defending various passes, the French attacked and beat them from different points. The right and centre of the allies was, ere long, completely routed; and the left, posted on the shores of the bay St. Pier d'Arena, near Genoa, was attacked, both from the land and from the water, by gun-boats, which Nelson had no means of coping with, except by letting loose a far greater number of armed vessels, and was also compelled to flight. Nelson managed to keep open the Bochetta pass for them, or from eight thousand to ten thousand prisoners would have been made, including general Devins himself, who was laid up at Novi, at the foot of the Appennines. The French were then in possession of all the Rivière de Ponente, and thus in a position to open the campaign against Italy in the spring, with every prospect of success. They had made themselves masters of all the artillery, baggage, and ammunition of the allies, and they now retired to winter in Vado and Savona. All communication was cut off betwixt the allies and the British fleet; and Nelson, now of no further use, withdrew to repair the damages of the Agamemnon, which was almost riddled by shot.

The massacre of Savenay had not settled La Vendée. There was spirit and strength enough left to rise again in fury at the barbarities of Carrier, Rosignol, and the ravages of the infernal columns. In the spring of 1794 armed parties were again on foot. The largest body was that under Charette, posted on the Isle Noirmoutier, to which many of the fugitives who escaped from the massacre of Savenay betook themselves. Amongst these was the wounded general D'Elbée, with his wife, and a brother of Cathelinau. Charette quitted the isle to make an attack on some of the republican troops left in small bodies in the country, consigning the care of the sick and wounded to the protection of a garrison of one thousand eight hundred men. This garrison was soon corrupted by the republican general, Turreau; it surrendered, and D'Elbée and his wife were both shot, and the sick and wounded treated with merciless cruelty. This was about the only place of any strength left the Vendéans; but a worse misfortune was at hand. The young and chivalrous Henri La Roche-Jaquelein, marching, at the head of a body of his own peasantry, betwixt Trementine and Nouaillé, met two republican soldiers. The count generously offered them quarter; but, instead of accepting it, one of them instantly levelled his musket, and shot him through the head. The two soldiers were immediately dispatched by his followers, and, supposing that a republican column must be at hand, they buried the three hastily in one grave, and fled. The young count was only

in his twenty-first year, and with him died the hopes and confidence of his peasantry. Stofflet succeeded him in the command of his people, but Charette might be considered the commander-in-chief of the Vendéans.

The fall of Robespierre produced a marked change in the policy of the convention towards the royalists of this district, and they were promised, on laying down their arms, that they should enjoy their country and their religion in peace. On this assurance, Charette signed a treaty of pacification with the agents of the government at Nantes, in February, 1795.

But scarcely was the peace signed, when Charette received a letter from Monseigneur—brother of the late king, and now appointed regent, by the royalist party, to the dauphin, now styled by them Louis XVII.—assuring him of his confidence, declaring him the second founder of the monarchy, and appointing him his lieutenant-general. Charette wrote back to inform him that he had been compelled to sign a peace, but that his submission was only apparent, and, when the royalist affairs were somewhat reinstated, he should be ready to take up arms and die in the service of his prince. The young general Hoche, who was sent to reduce the insurgents of Bretagne, whilst Canclaux reduced those of La Vendée, did not for a moment believe in the sincerity of the peace. He was aware that Puisaye, the chief of the insurgents in Bretagne, was gone to England, to endeavour to induce Pitt to do what all the efforts and importunities of the Bourbon princes and emigrant nobles had failed to do—to send an expedition to the coast of Bretagne, with another to the coast of La Vendée, in which the English fleets should support the bodies of emigrants who had, in England and the Channel Islands, formed themselves into regiments for the purpose. Aware of this, he still did all he could to reconcile the peasantry to the peace, and very soon they would have been pacified by this judicious treatment, and averse to rise again, with a prospect of re-experiencing their former sufferings; but the Bourbon princes and the tribes of emigrants now driven from the Rhine did not allow them that chance. They had been busy in England, in Spain, and in Russia, entreating for assistance. The count d'Artois had gone to Petersburg with a gay train of followers, and was well received by the empress Catherine, who presented him with a fine sword and a million of livres in cash, as well as a frigate to carry them away. In truth, she was glad to be rid of them, for the retainers of these royalists had begun to preach jacobinism amongst the common people of Petersburg, and Catherine had them arrested, conveyed to an asylum as lunatics, and their heads shaved and well blistered.

Puisaye's mission to London had been successful. Pitt was imbecile enough to fall into the plan of sending over the emigrants in our ships—as if any such force could do more against the republican armies than create fresh miseries to all parties, and bring down worse vengeance on the unfortunate Vendeans and Bretons. Puisaye, with the aid of the counts d'Hervilly, d'Hector, du Dresnay, colonel Routhalier, and other royalist officers, had mustered a most miscellaneous body of three thousand emigrants, most of whom had been soldiers, and who were accompanied by four hundred artillerymen of Toulon, commanded by Routhalier. Besides these men, of whom the count d'Artois, for the time, gave the command to Puisaye, intending himself to follow, Puisaye carried over ten thousand pounds, furnished by the count d'Artois from the Russian money, twenty-seven thousand muskets, six hundred barrels of gunpowder, uniforms for seventeen thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, as well as provisions for three months. These troops and stores were conveyed in a little squadron of three ships of the line and six frigates, attended by transports, and commanded by Sir John Borlace Warren. They sailed from the Isle of Wight in the beginning of June, another squadron being sent to take up the emigrant troops in the Channel Islands, and land them at St. Malo, where they were to co-operate with bodies of Chouans. These Chouans were smugglers and bandits, who had led a life of plunder, and had been easily collected into a sort of guerilla force, where their mode of warfare still bore a strong resemblance to their old habits. These men, under their different chiefs, had been excited by Puisaye to combine for a strong resistance to the republicans. They were dressed in green coats and pantaloons, with red waistcoats. During his absence, Puisaye had deputed the chief command of the Chouan bands to the so-called baron Cormartin, or Sieur Dessotheux, who had assumed the title of baron de Cormartin from a small estate of his wife's. Cormartin was a vain, weak man, and by no means reliable, being ready, at any moment, to supersede his chief, Puisaye, and act for himself. If the expedition against St. Malo did not succeed, it was to join Puisaye and his detachment in the bay of Quiberon; and transports were also sent to the mouth of the Elbe, to fetch thence the emigrant regiments with the black cockade, and bring them to join Puisaye. If all went well, the count d'Artois was to follow with English troops. The grand error of the whole was, that the French prince did not put himself at once at the head of the expedition, and see the different squadrons united in the bay of Quiberon before making the descent, though, even then, it could have effected no great success.

On the passage, the squadron of Sir John Warren came in sight of the French fleet of Villeret-Joyeuse, of nine ships of the line, but it bore away, and left them to pursue their course. They entered the bay of Quiberon on the 25th of June, and, after much wrangling as to the best situation for landing, they put the troops ashore at the village of Carnac. There they were immediately joined by Georges Cadoudal, d'Allègre, Dubois-Berthollet, and other Chouan chiefs, with about four thousand or five thousand of their wild and bandit-looking soldiers. Along with the Chouans came troops of peasants, crying "*Vive le Roi!*" and bringing in abundance of fresh eggs, poultry, and other provisions. Puisaye was delighted, and felt confident that all Brittany was ready to rise. But this delusion was soon dissipated. The emigrants, accustomed to regular armies, looked with contempt on this wild and ragged band, and they, on their part, were not restrained, on the landing of the arms and uniforms, from seizing and carrying them off, without much exertion on the part of Puisaye. There was danger of bloodshed. At length, in about a couple of days, ten thousand of them were put into red coats, and furnished with muskets. But fatal dissensions prevented all operations. Puisaye proposed to march up the country, seize different towns, such as Vannes and Rennes, and take up

their position behind the Mayenne; but d'Hervilly refused to march till the troops were formed into regular regiments, and the emigrants joined him in despising the Chouans, and in complaining that they had not been taken to La Vendée to join Charette. Puisaye and d'Hervilly also disputed the supreme command, and Puisaye had to dispatch letters to London, to count d'Artois, on the subject. At length, when five days had been wasted in this contention, Puisaye proposed that they should endeavour to carry Fort Penthièvre, which stood on a small peninsula on Quiberon Bay, and was united to the main land by a sandy isthmus. To this d'Hervilly consented, and Sir John Warren agreed to support him in the attempt. On the 1st of July Warren began to bombard the fort, and on the 3rd, the place being warmly assailed by both the English and the Chouans, the republicans surrendered. Meantime, Puisaye had sent off emissaries all over Bretagne, to rouse Scépeaux, Charette, Stofflet, and the rest of the insurgent chiefs. The news of the landing had flown all over Bretagne in a few days, and the royalists were full of joy.

But the convention sent to Hoche two extraordinary commissioners, Blad and Tallien, to stimulate him to the utmost activity. Hoche immediately wrote to the committee of public welfare to assure them that nothing was wanting to his success but for government to support him with "provisions, of which we are in want, and the twelve thousand men, whom you promised me so long ago." He posted his generals on every frontier, and in every strong place: Chabot, between Brest and L'Orient, with four thousand men; fresh detachments at St. Malo and on the coast; and, sending to Canclaux for reinforcements from La Vendée, posted his troops strong about Rennes, Ploermel, and Vannes; and by the 2nd of July he was already at Auray with from three to four thousand men. Thus he had enveloped Bretagne on all sides; instead of the Bretons rising *en masse*, as was expected, they kept quiet, and only the Chouans appeared in arms. Even they demanded that the count d'Artois should come and put himself at their head; and the emigrants demanded to be re-embarked, and taken to La Vendée to support Charette. On their part, the able arrangements of Hoche and Canclaux prevented the Vendeans operating in favour of the Bretons, and thus Puisaye saw himself paralysed by the vigour of his opponents and the dissensions of his followers. The different bodies of Chouans were repulsed by the republicans as they advanced towards Quiberon Bay, and they complained that d'Hervilly had withdrawn the four hundred men of the line who had been ordered to support them. D'Hervilly replied that he had recalled them to assist at the taking of Penthièvre. Thus favoured by the wranglings of the royalists, Hoche, on the 5th of July, found himself established on the heights of St. Barbe, commanding the Isthmus of Falaise. On the 7th d'Hervilly, supported by all his regulars and by two hundred English marines, endeavoured to drive him thence, but was repulsed with great slaughter. Hoche then bore down from the heights, and drove all the miscellaneous forces of emigrants and Chouans, mingled with women and children, to the promontory, and under the guns of fort Penthièvre. But for the well-directed fire from Warren's boats the mass, nearly twenty thousand fugitives, must have surrendered at once, having no outlet of escape. There, however, for some days, they stoutly defended themselves.

On the 15th the English squadron brought in the emigrant troops from the Elbe, under the young and gallant count de Sombreuil; but they amounted only to eleven thousand men. Puisaye now ordered the count de Vauban to advance against Hoche with twelve thousand Chouans, and, whilst they attacked on the right, he himself attacked his lines in front. After some desperate fighting they were driven back, and lost most of their cannon in the deep sand of the isthmus. Their misfortunes were completed on the 20th, by the garrison of the fort of Penthièvre going over to the enemy, surrendering the fort to them, and helping to massacre such of their officers and comrades as refused to follow their example. The English admiral exerted himself to receive the remainder of the troops who remained true on board his ships; but the storminess of the weather and the impatience of the fugitives rendered this a most difficult task. About fourteen thousand regulars and two thousand four hundred Chouans were got on board; but Sombreuil, exposed to the murderous fire from the enemy whilst waiting on the beach, surrendered on promise of life. No sooner, however, were they in the hands of the republicans than Sombreuil, the bishop of Dôl, who had accompanied the expedition as the pope's legate, and all the officers and gentlemen, were led out and shot; and the common men enrolled in Hoche's regiments.

Sir John Warren put the two thousand four hundred Chouans on shore near L'Orient, and left them to return to their own predatory mode of warfare. He then located himself on two small neighbouring islands, and waited for a fresh squadron carrying four thousand British troops, which arriving in September, he bore away with them for La Vendée, and thus terminated the miserable descent on the coast of Brittany. The descent on the coast of La Vendée was still more unsatisfactory. On arriving there, it was found that fifteen thousand republicans were in possession of the Isle Noirmoutier, formerly the stronghold of Charette. The English, therefore, disembarked on the little desolate island of d'Yeu, about five leagues from Noirmoutier, and there awaited the arrival of count d'Artois, who did not come till the 10th of October, and then, alarmed at the fusilading of the officers at Quiberon, declined to land. On hearing this, Charette exclaimed—"We are lost! To-day I have fifteen thousand men about me; to-morrow I shall not have five hundred!" And, in fact, chagrined at the pusillanimous conduct of the prince, and the approach of Hoche with his victorious troops from Brittany, his followers rapidly dispersed, and at the end of the year the English armament returned home, having done nothing. From this day may be dated the extinction of the war in La Vendée. Stofflet, in January, 1796, was defeated, and, in February, was betrayed to the enemy, and, on the 26th of that month, was executed at Angers with four of his companions. Charette was captured a month afterwards, and was shot at Nantes on the 29th of March. With him died the last Vendéan general of much mark. By this time, the spring of 1796, not a fifth part of the male population of La Vendée remained alive; and Hoche himself calculates that the Vendéan war had cost France a hundred thousand men.

Whilst blood had thus been flowing in Brittany and La Vendée, it had been poured out amid still greater horrors all over France, and especially in the south. No sooner were the jacobins overthrown, than the so-called moderates rose to take their revenge. The Thermidorians, including royalists, Girondists, and even jacobins, who immediately turned against their own party, at once filled the prisons of Paris with the late dominant faction. Within five days after the execution of Robespierre, ten thousand fresh arrests were made, and the like took place in the departments. The prisons of Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Tarrascon, and Toulon, were no sooner filled with jacobins, than they were broken open by what were called the "gilded youth," and the prisoners massacred. Others were assassinated in the streets and in their houses, and the carnage and butchery were so terrible, that they would form a whole volume of deeds incredible in any other country. Isnard, the Girondist orator, smarting under the memory of the guillotining of his whole party, being at Aix, amid such a slaughter, cried out, "Citizens! if you have no arms, no muskets, dig up the bones of your fathers, and use them to exterminate all the jacobin brigands!"

In Paris the Thermidorians permitted the return of the Girondists to their seats in the convention, and twenty-two, the sole remainder of them, again resumed their places. But this gave offence, or alarm, to a number of those who had formerly acted with the jacobins, but had united with the Thermidorians for the overthrow of Robespierre. Thuriot, Lecointre, Ruamps, and a number of others, denounced the measure; still more, when it was determined to bring Collot d'Herbois, Barrère, Vadier, and Billaud-Varennes to justice; these men and their compeers roused the faubourgs, declared that the Thermidorian committees were bringing in a famine, and would next bring in the aristocrats. The old sans-culotte mobs were once more a-foot, and surrounded the Tuileries by thousands, crying, "Bread! bread! and liberty to the imprisoned patriots!" Notwithstanding, on the 23rd of March, Collot d'Herbois and his colleagues were placed at the bar of the convention. The mob, which had been dispersed on the 20th, now assembled in still vaster numbers, burst into the very hall of the convention, and deafened the members with shouts of "Bread! bread! and the constitution of '93!" But the formidable Pichegru, who happened to be in Paris, was put at the head of the national guards and the troops of Fréron's "gilded youth," and soon cleared the hall and the vicinity of the palace of these intruders. The four jacobins, Collot d'Herbois, Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Vadier, who had sent such troops to the guillotine, were condemned, not to their favourite instrument, but to be transported for life to French Guiana. Besides this, Ruamps, Lecointre, Couthon, and sixteen others of the most violent Montagnards, were condemned to imprisonment in the fortress of Ham.

Vadier, however, though nominally brought to the bar and condemned, had managed to secrete himself. There was another determined attempt to rescue the prisoners as they quitted Paris, but Pichegru was at hand with his troops, and dispersed the mob. For some reason, Barrère was left behind at Oleron, when Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois were shipped off. Billaud managed to escape from Cayenne, and, after many wanderings and adventures, died at Philadelphia in 1819. Collot d'Herbois died a miserable death in Cayenne, being left on the road by a party of negroes, in the hot sun, in a raging fever. He expired vomiting froth and blood, and calling upon that God whom he had so often renounced. Barrère, who, before the revolution, had been the wealthy marquis de Vousac, lived to be employed by Napoleon in obscure situations; and at Brussels, where he was living in great poverty in 1831, it was his favourite maxim, that no human being, under any circumstances, had the right to take the life of another. He had learned a great lesson, since he used to say that liberty could not flourish till watered by the blood of a king, and since he so amply supplied the guillotine with the heads of his fellow-citizens.

The Thermidorians, once in power, showed a pre-eminent love of money and the good things of office. They became openly reactionary, surrounded themselves strongly with troops, and declared the constitution of '93 a thing dictated by terror and unfit for France. They ridiculed the famous declaration of the Rights of Man. The faubourgs again flew to arms, and, shouting "Bread and the Constitution!" they burst into the convention on the 20th of May. There was a terrible scene; the gendarmes, called in, fired on the mob in the galleries; but the mob returned the salute, and drove out the Thermidorians. They seized deputy Feraud, and, sticking his head on a pole, held it up before Boissy d'Anglas, the president, who had not been able to escape. The mountain then took possession of the house, passed decrees appointing a new government, and recalling the members of their faction who had been sent to Ham. One fellow continued shouting, "I demand the arrest of all the rogues and cowards!" The Thermidorians, however, soon came back upon them with a strong force, and expelled them; but the next day the jacobins and the faubourgs reappeared, and resumed the contest, bringing up cannon to storm the Tuileries, but they were repelled by the artillery of the guards and driven back. Then those who had been the ringleaders in the insurrection endeavoured to escape the guillotine by killing themselves. Ruhl blew out his brains; Romme, the mathematician, Goujon, Duquesnay, and others, were tried and condemned. On hearing the sentence, Goujon drew out a knife, and, stabbing himself, handed it to Romme, who did the same, and handed it on to Duquesnay. These three fell dead; but the other prisoners did not strike hard enough, and were dragged bleeding to the guillotine. These were Bourbotte, Duroi, and Soubrany. The Thermidorians and Girondists then uniting, formed a military and sanguinary despotism, and sate, surrounded by troops, at the same time taking a severe vengeance on the fallen jacobins, executing some, banishing and imprisoning others. A Thermidorian reign of terror was, in fact, erected.

On the 10th of June died the unhappy dauphin, in the twelfth year of his age. His was a happy escape from the most frightful childhood that had ever fallen to any poor lad, much less one born in the lap of luxury, and with the prospect of succeeding to the throne of a great empire. All his family but his sister—those, at least, that had shared his captivity—had died a bloody death. Since his tormentors

had compelled him to utter charges against his mother, which he did not understand, but which he perceived were meant to injure her, he had scarcely spoken again. When he was seized by fever in February, and three deputies from the committee of public safety were sent to him, they spoke kindly to him, but could obtain no answer. His infernal keeper, Simon, had fallen by the guillotine, but not until he had destroyed the dauphin's health and intellect. It was reported that he died of a tumour on the knee; by others, he was said to have been poisoned: he was, in simple truth, killed by a long course of the most heartless barbarity ever practised on a tender child. Surgeons were sent to make

VIEW OF MEISSEN, ON THE ELBE.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE III. ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

a *post-mortem* examination, who left his mangled remains naked on the table in his prison-room, when they were thrown into a wooden shell by those sent to bury him, who performed their office in the dark in the cemetery of St. Margaret, in the faubourg St. Antoine, with the same indifference with which they would have buried a dog, and no more ceremony or farewell prayer. This, it should be remembered, was not done by the bloody jacobins, but by the *soi-disant* mild Thermidorians and philosophical man-perfecting Girondists. The poor boy's uncle, Monsieur, now took the title of Louis XVIII.

Having successfully resisted the so-called patriots of the faubourgs, the convention determined to proceed to the abolition of the constitution of '93, and to the establishment of one more accordant with their own tendencies. In 1793 the revolutionists were as violent against aristocracy as against monarchy, and had allowed only one legislative body. The precipitate acts of the last three years had now persuaded them that at least a second, if not an aristocratic, chamber might be useful, as a balance against legislation under violent impulses. They proposed, then, to have two chambers—one called the Council of Five Hundred, composed of that number of members, of at least thirty years of age, having exclusively the right of proposing laws, of whom one-third should be renewed every year; the second, called the Council of the Ancients, to consist of two hundred and fifty members, of at least forty years of age, all either widowers or married, having the sanctioning of the law, and also to be annually renewed by one-third.

These bodies were to be elected as follows:—In May, all citizens, of twenty-one years of age, met in primary assemblies, and nominated electoral assemblies. These electoral assemblies met in June, who nominated the two councils, and the councils then nominated the executive body, which was to consist of five directors, who were to possess merely the promulgation and execution of the laws, not the voting of war, but its management; the negotiation, but not the ratification of peace. The persons of the directors, like those of the deputies, were to be inviolable. Abbé Sièyes proposed a constitution of his own, but this was adopted.* It was received with enthusiasm by a large class, the youth especially of the citizen class, or bourgeoisie—young tradesmen, young lawyers and journalists, poor but aspiring men, who longed to distinguish themselves, and had hitherto recoiled from the dangers of prominence too proximate to the guillotine. But the convention, when determining its political death, remembered too well the folly of the constituent assembly which gave birth to it. It therefore passed two supplementary decrees—one, that two-thirds of its members should remain as such, and thus only one-third have to be elected. The second decree provided, that in case the electoral assemblies did not choose this one-third within a certain time, the remaining two-thirds should elect them themselves.

No sooner were these decrees passed, than there was a violent outburst of discontent. All the young aspirants were in a vehement ferment at the doors of the council being thus nearly closed against them; the ultra-jacobins, the class of Romme, Ruhl, and Bourbotte, were equally indignant, and numbers of aristocrats and royalists, who had nothing in common with either party, appeared in the background, urging them on, in the same resentment of exclusion, and in the hope of some yet greater advance towards a government more reactionary. The sections were all in commotion; and the section Lepelletier, under the influence of Richter-Serizy, La Harpe, Lacratelle, jun., Vaublanc, Fievée, general Miranda, and others, excited the other sections, and became the centre of the movement. All the sections of Paris, except the Quinze-Vingts, accepted the constitution but rejected the decrees, maintaining two-thirds of the members of the convention in the council of five hundred. Not so the provinces; they adopted the decrees as well as the constitution. The army accepted it on the scene of its victories by the Rhine. The convention then ordered the elections to be completed, in Paris, on the 21st of October, and that the new legislative body should meet on the 6th of November. Riots had taken place, in various towns of the departments, in opposition to the decrees, but had been put down, notwithstanding the sections resolved to resist them in Paris. A meeting took place in the Odéon theatre, on the 3rd of October, under protection of some battalions of national guards. The duke of Nivernois presided. The committees of public safety and welfare gave the alarm to the convention, and the convention sent a force to disperse the meeting, but it had already dissolved itself. The sections had committed the mistake of refusing to allow the ultra-jacobins to vote, and the convention now embodied and armed one thousand eight hundred of these, ready, in their indignation, to do anything. On the 4th, the section Lepelletier beat to arms, and the committee held its meeting in the convent of Filles St. Thomas, in the Rue Vivienne. General Menou was summoned from the camp at Sablons, and ordered to disperse the meeting. He proceeded to the convent, found the committee of the section armed, and, instead of dispersing them, agreed to retire on a promise that they would withdraw of themselves. The convention immediately arrested Menou as a traitor, and deprived him of his command. They forthwith appointed Barras general of the interior in place of Menou, and ordered him to clear the streets, and place troops in a position to insure the safety of the convention. Barras was a general of brigade, and had taken the command of the troops on the night when Robespierre and his associates had been seized in the Hôtel de Ville, but he was not too fond of exposing himself, and, fortunately for him and for another, he had his eye on one who would execute the orders of the convention without shrinking. This was Napoleon Buonaparte.

Buonaparte and his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, had been ultra-jacobins, and supporters of Robespierre. After his success at Toulon, his brothers had both been put into comfortable offices in the commissariat department. Lucien had been prominent at St. Maximin, near Marseilles, in the severities towards the moderates. But on the fall of Robespierre, Buonaparte, notwithstanding his distinguished part in the Italian campaign, had been dismissed, with other jacobins, by general Aubry. He had returned to Paris, and was living there in great poverty and dejection. His mother, and the younger branches of the family, Louis, Jerome, and the daughters, Elise, Pauline, and Caroline, had fled from Corsica on the transfer of it to England, and they were living in great difficulty.

The duke of Abrantes gives the following curious picture of his life and appearance at this time:—"On Buonaparte's return to Paris he was in very destitute circumstances. From time to time he received remittances, I suspect, from his brother Joseph; but, with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. He was, therefore, in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of six months they thus passed together in Paris. When they took an evening stroll on the boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxuries which they were permitted to show at that time, Buonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt of the dandies who, as they rode past, would eulogise in ecstacy the singing of madame Scio. 'And is it on such beings as these,' he would say, 'that Fortune confers her favours? Heavens! how contemptible is human nature!' His friend Junot used sometimes to resort to the gaming-table; he was often successful, and, on these occasions, he and Buonaparte used to make money, and pay off their most pressing debts. Buonaparte was at that time attired in the costume that he almost always wore afterwards. He had on a grey great-coat, very plainly made, buttoned up to his chin; a round hat, which was either drawn over his forehead, so as almost to conceal his eyes, or stuck upon the back of his head, so that it appeared in danger of falling off; and a black cravat, very clumsily tied."

He had made the acquaintance of madame Tallien; he attended her saloons, and, though his figure was slender, and below the ordinary height, his cheeks hollow and livid, yet his fine features, his fixed and piercing eyes, and his firm and original language, drew attention. Tallien is supposed to have pointed him out to Barras. He was engaged to write dispatches connected with the direction of military operations. He was always, at this period, studying maps, and talking of the wonders to be done for the republic by the conquest of Italy. He was sitting in a box at the theatre Feydeau, when some of his friends came to tell him of the arrest of Menou, and he hastened to the gallery of the convention to see what was doing. Barras cast his eyes upon him, and, on being appointed to the command of the troops, said, "I have the very man we want for this business; it is that little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony." He insisted that he should be made second in command. He was immediately called, and the appointment granted. "When he appeared before the committee, he displayed," says Mignet, "none of those astonishing qualities which distinguished him afterwards." Little of a party man, and summoned, for the first time, on this great scene, his countenance wore an expression of timidity and bashfulness, which, however, disappeared in the bustle of preparation and the ardour of battle. Probably the fact of his being called on to put down the people, with whom he had professed to act and think, might add to his embarrassment, but that soon passed. He conceived his plan of action with lightning rapidity, and hastened away to put it in operation.

It was too late to march on the section of Lepelletier; the whole bourgeoisie of Paris was in arms. The convention had about five thousand troops; the sections about forty thousand; but the decision of the conflict must depend on the cannon. These had all been given up by the sections, and were in the camp at Sablons. Buonaparte instantly dispatched a young officer of his acquaintance to secure them. This was the turning point of the fortunes of Murat as of Napoleon. Murat was the son of an insignificant country innkeeper, who had been steward to the family of Talleyrand. His character, as drawn by Napoleon himself, is described in a few words. He was a dashing military dandy. "A good soldier," said Napoleon; "one of the most brilliant men I ever saw on the field of battle. Of no superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations; but the moment he saw the enemy all that vanished—his eye was the most sure and the most rapid, his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover, he is a fine man, tall, and well dressed, though, at times, rather fantastically—in short, a magnificent lazzaroni. It was really a splendid sight to see him in battle, heading the cavalry."

This day's work was to make him brother-in-law of Buonaparte and king of Naples. He dashed away with a party of three hundred horse, and seized the cannon, at the very moment that a body of troops from the section Lepelletier had arrived to take possession of them. We may take Napoleon's own account of what followed as being as correct, and more concise, than any other:—"At six, in the Tuileries. From six to nine, Napoleon visited all the posts, and arranged the positions of his cannon. All the matches were lighted, and the whole of the little army, consisting of only five thousand men, was distributed at the different posts, or in reserve at the garden and the Place Carrousel. The *generale* beat through Paris, and the national guards formed at all the debouches, thus surrounding the palace and gardens. The danger was imminent. Forty thousand national guards, well armed and trained, presented themselves as the enemies of the convention, which, in order to increase its forces, armed fifteen hundred individuals, called the patriots of 1789. These men fought with the greatest valour, and were of the greatest importance to the success of the day. General Cartaux, who had been stationed at the Pont Neuf with four hundred men and four pieces of cannon, with orders to defend the two sides of the bridge, abandoned his post, and fell back under the wickets. At the same time, the national guard occupied the garden of the infanta. They professed to be well affected towards the convention, and, nevertheless, seized on this post without orders. The sectionaries every moment sent women, or themselves advanced unarmed, to fraternise with the troops of the line. On the 13th of Vendemiaire (5th of October) Danican, general of the sections, sent a flag of truce to summon the convention to dismiss the troops, and disarm the terrorists. This messenger traversed the posts blindfolded, with all the forms of war. He was then introduced into the committee of forty, in which he caused a great sensation by his threats. He was sent back towards four o'clock. About the same time, seven hundred muskets, belts, and cartridge-boxes were brought into the hall of the convention, for the members to arm themselves as a *corps de reserve*. At a quarter after four some muskets were discharged from the hotel de Noailles, into which the sectionaries had introduced themselves: the balls reached the steps of the Tuileries. At the same instant Lafond's

column debouched by the Quai Voltaire, marching even to the Pont Royal. The batteries were then ordered to fire. After several charges, the church of St. Roch was carried, and Lafond's column routed. The Rue St. Honoré, the Rue St. Florentin, and the adjacent places were swept by the guns. About a hundred men attempted to make a stand at the Theatre de la République, but a few shells from the howitzers dislodged them in an instant. At six all was over. There were about two hundred killed and wounded on the part of the sectionaries, and about as many on the side of the convention. The faubourgs, if they did not rise in favour of the convention, certainly did not act against it. It is untrue that, in the commencement of the action, the troops were ordered to fire with powder only; but it is a fact that, when once engaged, and success ceased to be doubtful, they fired without ball. On the 14th of Vendemiaire some assemblages continued to take place in the section Lepelletier; they were, however, promptly dislodged, and the rest of the day was employed in going over the city, visiting the houses of sections, gathering in arms, and reading proclamations. In the evening, order was completely established, and Paris once more was perfectly quiet."

The grape-shot of Buonaparte, sternly and unhesitatingly applied to sweep the streets, had shown that, if Louis XVI. had just used the same remedy, there would have been no revolution. The sections hastened to dissolve themselves; the ringleaders effected their escape for the most part, except young Lafond, who had made himself very conspicuous, and who was arrested and shot. The convention then sent for Barras and Buonaparte, and thanked them publicly for their decisive services. Barras was confirmed as general-in-chief of the army of the interior, and Buonaparte as his second. The young Corsican, no longer in distress, took a fine house in the Rue des Capucines, set up a handsome carriage, and paid more attention to his dress. He always, however, professed to regret that day. "He told me," says Bourrienne, "that he would give years of his life to blot it out from the page of his history." It had been well if he had never had more sanguinary and unjustifiable massacres to answer for.

The convention now dissolved itself, or, rather, assumed the shape of two councils; proceeding to elect such of the one-third of the members as the sections had not elected. They then published an amnesty for political offences, and changed the name of the Place de la Revolution to Place de la Concorde. On the 30th of September they decreed the Austrian Netherlands incorporated for ever with the republic. The directory also offered to give up the only remaining individual of the family of the late king, still in the Temple, his daughter, the princess-royal, in exchange for the commissioners of the convention whom Dumouriez had surrendered to Austria. The terms were accepted by the emperor, and this unfortunate girl, who had passed through such horrors, and such bereavements of all that were dear to her, was released from the Temple on the 19th of December, and made all possible haste out of France. She arrived in Vienna on the 9th of January, 1796, carrying with her only some relics, such as miniatures, and some hair of her murdered parents, aunt, and brother — the latter murdered by slow and unheard-of barbarities.

During this time England was suffering severely from the effects of the insane war into which its ministers had plunged it. The nation was indignant under the disgrace of the complete defeat of its army on the continent, at the defection of those very allies who had been so profusely subsidised, at the perfidy by which these despot powers had made England the efficient party in the dismemberment of Poland, and at the heavy taxes imposed here in consequence. Political meetings were held in most large towns, and in the metropolis, expressing the most decided disapprobation of the policy of ministers and at the refusal of all reforms. At the end of June a monster meeting had been held in St. George's Fields, and, on the 26th of October, another, of fifty thousand people, near Copenhagen House, at which the lately prosecuted but acquitted agitators, Thelwall, Gale Jones, and others, were the speakers. The numbers and tone of these meetings, which were accompanied with loud cries of "Bread! Bread!" and "Down with Pitt!" greatly alarmed government, and there was a summons of parliament at the unusually early date of October 29th, only three days after the meeting in Copenhagen Fields. On going to the house to open the session, the king—who had become very unpopular from his eager support of the war, and his going about saying, "The French won't leave a single crowned head in Europe!"—was shot at by an air-gun in Margaret Street, opposite to the ordnance office, the ball from which passed through the windows of the carriage, betwixt his majesty and the earl of Westmoreland. The king appeared greatly alarmed, and, on entering the house, exclaimed to the lord chancellor, "My lord, I have been shot at!" In the speech from the throne, the reverses in the Netherlands were passed over as quickly as possible, and much said of the check which the French had experienced on the Rhine. It was now, too, for the first time, declared that government was disposed to treat for peace with France, though that country was as revolutionary, as unsettled, and as destitute of a government, according to the notions of the English ministers, as ever.

As the king returned, he was again furiously hissed; there was the same vociferous shouting of "Bread! Bread!" and "No Pitt!" Stones were thrown at the royal carriage; and, in the haste and confusion to escape into the palace of St. James's, one of the royal grooms was thrown to the ground, and had his thigh broken. The king got into a private coach to regain Buckingham House, where his family was; but he was recognised, and pursued by the same cries of "Bread! Bread!" and "Peace!" To show himself where the mob would not be the majority, and where the popular effect of applause might be enjoyed, that evening the king accompanied the queen and three of his daughters to Covent Garden Theatre, where he was received with zealous acclamations; the actors sang "God save the king!" three times over. Some of the people in the gallery were, however, pretty vehement in their hisses, but were attacked and turned out. Nothing could have been done so effectually to restore the royal popularity as an attempt so atrocious as the murder of the sovereign.

The ministers, instead of making rational concessions to the demands of the people for reform, proceeded without delay to fresh aggressions on their liberties. Not contented

with the existing suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and with introducing into the lords a bill for the protection of the king's person and government, they passed a bill prohibiting all political meetings; they re-commenced arrests and prosecutions, and sent out shoals of spies and informers, so that all the safeguards of the public liberty were completely annihilated. These despotic measures did not pass without energetic opposition; but all remonstrance was useless against Pitt's standing and purchased majority. Still the alarm of government was not allayed. On the 8th of December the king sent a message to both houses, reiterating his assurances of an earnest desire to negotiate a peace with France. The opposition very properly pointed out that, so far as France was concerned, victorious in its armies, and as anti-monarchical in its government as ever, there were less hopes of any consent on its part to peace, than when the opposition had so repeatedly urged the same measure. In this unsatisfactory state closed the year 1795.

Mr. Grey seized the professed desire of peace by government, so soon as parliament met after the Christmas recess, to bind them to it by a resolution. He complained that, so far from any intentions of peace, ministers were making fresh preparations for the prosecution of the war. Pitt denied this, and asserted that the government was really anxious for peace, but could not consent to it unless France agreed to yield up its conquests of Belgium, Holland, Savoy, and Nice. On the 10th of March, Mr. Grey moved for an inquiry into the state of the kingdom, and the facts which he brought forward were enough to have made any prudent nation recoil from the course which it was pursuing. He showed that this contest, so unsuccessful, had already, in three years, added seventy-seven millions to the national debt; more than the whole expense for the American war, which had cost sixty-three millions. He commented severely on the wasteful manner in which this money had been thrown away on monarchs who had badly served the cause, or had perfidiously betrayed it; and on the plunder of the country by jobbers, contractors, commissaries, and other vampires, who had left the poor soldiers to neglect, starvation, and death amid the horror of winter, and inhospitable, pretended friends, for whom they had been sent to fight. Grey and Fox followed this up by fresh resolutions and motions condemning ministers for their misconduct of the war, and enormous waste of the public money; but all these were triumphantly got rid of by overwhelming majorities; and in the face of this just but ineffectual exposure, Pitt introduced his budget, calling for fresh loans, amounting to no less than twenty-five millions five hundred thousand pounds, and for supplies to the amount of upwards of forty-five millions. The items of this enormous sum were—navy, seven millions five hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-two pounds; army, eleven millions nine hundred and eleven thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine pounds; ordnance, one million nine hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and sixty-five pounds; miscellaneous and extraordinary, thirteen millions eight hundred and twenty-one thousand, four hundred and thirty pounds The last item *alone* amounted to more than the whole national expenditure before the commencement of this war; yet the whole of these startling sums were readily voted away by the ministerial majority; and, with these funds in hand for fresh prosecution of the war, the session was closed, on the 19th of May, with a speech from the throne, congratulating the country on its subjection to measures which must render it incapable of resisting this torrent of expense, that is, on the success of the measure to suppress what it called sedition and principles subversive of order—that meant, of the destruction of all reform.

In the course of the summer, Mr. Wickham, the English envoy to Switzerland, asked of M. Barthelemy, by direction of Pitt, whether the French directory were desirous of entertaining the question of peace. Barthelemy replied that the directory would enter into negotiations on the basis of France retaining all the Netherlands won from Austria, which were now annexed to the republic, and which France would never restore. This was sufficiently plain to have prevented England, in common prudence, proceeding further in that direction, unless she meant to treat without her allies, which she did not. But, besides this, France was as busy as ever by her emissaries undermining the loyalty of all the populations around her on pretence of *liberating* them. She had sans-culotted the Swiss, so that it was evident that they would soon fall into her net. She had entered into a treaty with the disaffected in Ireland, namely, lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor, and their fellow-conspirators, and the treaty was already signed, and a large fleet and force preparing for the invasion of Ireland. Now, if Pitt, who has been so much praised for his sagacity, did not know of these facts, his government must have been grossly negligent; if he did know of them, nothing but the most consummate folly could have led him to the step which he adopted, namely, to demand passports to Paris for an envoy extraordinary to treat for peace. This overture was received with exultation by the directory, at the head of which was Carnot, for it afforded the certain opportunity of insulting England, with which France never had had less intention to make peace. Not only was France on the very eve of invading Ireland, but she had issued a decree prohibiting all English manufactures into Holland, Belgium, and the German states on the Rhine, as well as into any of the French colonies, on the severest penalties. Yet, in the face of all these hostile demonstrations, did Pitt, who had hitherto refused all conciliation towards France, send over lord Malmesbury to endeavour to negotiate a peace. It looked as though he would put the opposition to shame by following their suggestions, and, at the same time, add fresh matter for the prosecution of the war. If this was his policy, it was entirely successful. Lord Malmesbury arrived in Paris, on the 22nd of October, with a splendid retinue. The directory received him haughtily, and commissioned M. Delacroix to discuss the matter with him. Lord Malmesbury insisted on the restoration of the Netherlands to Austria, a point on which the French government had declared there could be no treaty, and which rendered the embassy, from the first moment, utterly absurd. Delacroix communicated the proposal to the directory, and the directory immediately published it, contrary to all the rules of diplomacy, in the *Moniteur*. Instead of proceeding further with England, the directory immediately dispatched general Clarke, an officer of Irish extraction, and afterwards made

duke of Feltre, under Buonaparte, to Vienna, to treat separately with Austria. This failed, and, of course, with it all failed; though there was much talk betwixt Malmesbury and the directory on the subject of England restoring the French colonies in the East and West Indies, since the restoration of Belgium and Holland was a *sine quâ non*. Thus, as might have been seen from the first, the negotiation was at a dead lock. The king of Sardinia was already in negotiation for peace for himself; and therefore English ministers did not add to his difficulties by demanding the restoration of Savoy and Nice.

stop the mouths of the opposition, and to inflame the spirit of the nation, and make war more inevitable.

During the present year strong forces were sent to the West Indies, and the island of Grenada was recovered by general Nichols; St. Lucia, by general Abercrombie, whilst general Whyte conquered the Dutch settlements of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo; but some of these possessions were dearly purchased by the numbers of our troops who perished from the unhealthiness of their climate. The Dutch made an effort to recover the Cape of Good Hope. They were to have been assisted by the French in this enterprise, but

VIEW OF FLUMET, SAVOY.

At the very moment that these strange negotiations on the part of England were going on, Buonaparte, who had been appointed to the command of the army of Italy, was achieving there victory after victory. Genoa had shut her ports against our ships, Naples had concluded peace with France, Spain had been induced to proclaim war against us, and Hoche had sailed for Ireland with twenty-five thousand troops. There remained nothing to make our position more ridiculous and humiliating than the message that lord Malmesbury received, on the 19th of December, to quit Paris within forty-eight hours; with the additional assurance, that whenever Great Britain was prepared to accept the terms of France, an ordinary courier would answer the purpose as well as a lord. This was, probably, the result which Pitt had foreseen, which at once might be used to

their allies not keeping their engagement, they sailed alone, and reached Saldonha Bay on the 3rd of August, when rear-admiral sir George Elphinstone surprised and captured the whole of their vessels, consisting of two sixty-four-gun ships, one fifty-four, five frigates and sloops, and a store-ship. A squadron then proceeded from the cape to Madagascar, and destroyed a French settlement there, seizing five merchant vessels.

Commodore Nelson was employed on the coast of Italy to assist the Austrians against the French, but he could do them little good, both because they were not capable of helping themselves or of being helped, and because the orders from the English ministers were so contradictory that he exclaimed, "Do ministers know their own minds?" He still lay off Genoa, till the battle of Montenotte rendered

SISTINE CHAPEL IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

it of no further use. Several months afterwards he discovered six vessels, betwixt Toulon and Genoa, laden with cannon and stores for the French before Mantua, and drove them under a battery and seized them. On board these vessels he discovered maps and books of former campaigns in Italy, for the guidance of Buonaparte. Nelson next blockaded Leghorn, which the French had seized, and then took possession of Elba and Caprera. He was next called to enable our troops to evacuate Corsica, where sir Gilbert Eliot had managed completely to alienate the minds of the Corsicans. He had expelled the venerable Paoli; he had allowed his own officers at Ajaccio, Buonaparte's native place, to remove the bust of the illustrious patriot from the town-hall, on occasion of a ball given by them to himself, and fling it into a lumber-room and break it; and had altogether so incensed the natives by his proud, foolish, and unconciliatory conduct, that they determined to call in the French. Their countryman, Buonaparte, was now victorious in Italy, and a strong force was shipped from Leghorn, to drive us from the island. Had not Nelson kept the insulted nation in check, and enabled the viceroy to get on board his squadron, he would soon have been a French prisoner. On the 14th of October the stores, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds, were all on board, and Nelson sailed away. He was the man who had won the island, and he was the man to save the troops and property when it was lost. The very next day the French landed at Cape Corso, and took possession of the island. He was then ordered, with only two frigates, the Blanche and the Minerve, to bring away the troops from Porto Ferrajo, in Elba, and on the way captured two Spanish prizes, the Sabina and the Ceres; but he was attacked by a much superior force, and compelled to abandon them. The only wonder was, that he was not blockaded, in Porto Ferrajo, by the Spanish fleet under admiral Juan de Langara, for our Mediterranean fleet was so divided and scattered in different directions, by the orders from home, that any one division of it was in daily jeopardy of being overpowered. De Langara had sailed with nineteen ships of the line, and ten frigates, up the Mediterranean, to cover the French troops at their landing in Corsica, and then sailed, tacked, and joined the French fleet in Toulon. Notwithstanding that this formidable squadron was in the Mediterranean, Nelson managed to convey the troops safely from Elba to Gibraltar.

During the summer, the French rear-admiral stretched away across the Atlantic with six sail of the line, and, finding our Newfoundland coasts almost wholly unprotected, destroyed and plundered our fishermen's huts and fishing stages, as well as their vessels, and then, returning, picked up a considerable number of our merchantmen at sea, and was lucky enough to make his retreat, by favour of a fog, through our watching squadrons, into Brest. He was ready, after this adroit exploit, to join the great Brest fleet, which sailed for Ireland on the 17th of December. This consisted of no fewer than forty-three sail, seventeen of them of the line, four frigates, six corvettes and brigs, with six transports. On board the transports were twenty-five thousand men, who had been well tried in the war of La Vendée, and abundance of arms and ammunition, as well as extra arms to put into the hands of the disaffected Irish, for to Ireland the armament was bound. General Hoche, who had terminated the Vendéan war, was appointed to terminate all the woes of Ireland, and convert that sacred island into another French paradise. Besides Hoche, generals Grouchy, Hombert, and Bruix were attached to the expedition.

Sir Edward Pellew, who was watching the motions of this fleet, in the Indefatigable frigate, made haste to inform admiral Colpoys, who should have been lying eight leagues west of Ushant with a large channel fleet, but could not find him. Such was the carelessness of an admiral at this critical moment, when every vigilance should have been used. The fleet sailed out, and anchored in Camaret Bay, but still no English fleet was visible to intercept them; and, had Providence had no more care of England than its admiral, it might have been severely punished. But no sooner did the armament put out to sea again, the next day, than it was assailed by a tempest, and the ships were driven different ways. One of them was forced immediately on the Grand Stenet rock, and wrecked—out of one thousand four hundred souls on board only sixty were rescued. Seven ships of the line, and ten of the vessels commanded by rear-admiral Bouvet, managed to reach Bantry Bay on the 24th of December, but there the storms continued to batter them, and no other part of the fleet appearing, they sailed back, and reached Brest on the 1st of January, 1797. When they were gone, another portion of the fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, but only to be tossed and driven about without rest, to lose several of the ships, and to put back again. As for Hoche, he never saw Ireland; the greater part of the fleet being driven about and swamped in the channel. Of the forty-three sail, thirty-one only returned, and thousands of the soldiers were drowned in the foundering transports. Sir Edward Pellew, in the Indefatigable, of forty-four guns, and Captain Reynolds, in the Amazon, of thirty-six guns, fell in with the Droits de l'Homme, of seventy-four guns, and, after a severe fight, close in Audierne Bay, south of Ushant, left her a wreck a-ground, where, of the one thousand eight hundred men aboard, scarcely more than three hundred were saved, notwithstanding the greatest exertions of the English seamen to rescue them.

The directory began its campaigns of 1796 with much spirit and ability. The plans which had been repeatedly pointed out by Dumouriez, Pichegru, Moreau, and more recently by Buonaparte, of attacking the Austrians in Germany and Italy simultaneously, and then, on the conquest of Italy, combining their armies, and marching them direct on the Austrian capital, was now adopted. Pichegru, who had lost the favour of the directory, was superseded by Moreau, and that general and Jourdan were sent to the Rhine. Jourdan, full of confidence from his victories over Clairfayt the previous year, took the command of sixty-three thousand foot and eleven thousand horse, at Coblentz, and immediately invested the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the opposite bank of the river. Moreau was sent to head the army at Strasburg, consisting of seventy-two thousand foot and nearly seven thousand horse. Jourdan found himself soon menaced by the archduke Charles, the emperor's brother, the ablest and most alert general that the Austrians possessed at this period. He advanced rapidly on Jourdan's position with seventy thousand foot and twenty

thousand horse, defeated a division of Jourdan's army under general Lefevre, and compelled Jourdan himself to raise the siege. But the archduke, out of too much anxiety for Wurmser, who was opposed to Moreau with much inferior forces, ascended the Rhine to support him, and Jourdan immediately availed himself of his absence to advance and seize Frankfort on the Maine, Würtzburg, and other towns. Moreau advanced to drive back Wurmser and the archduke, till a union with Jourdan would enable them to fall conjointly on the Austrians. But the archduke perceived that, in consequence of the orders of the directory, Moreau was spreading his army too wide, and he retreated so as to enable Wurmser to join him, and then to make a sudden attack on the French lines, weakened by too much extension, so as to prevent the Austrians turning his flanks. This retrograde movement was mistaken, both by friends and enemies, for a sign of weakness; and, whilst Moreau advanced with increased confidence, many of the raw contingents of the archduke's army deserted, and several of the petty states of Germany sued to the directory for peace. But the moment for the action of the archduke had now arrived. Whilst Moreau was extending his lines into Bavaria, and had seized Ulm and Donauwerth, and was preparing to occupy the defiles of the Tyrol, the archduke Charles made a rapid detour, and, on the 24th of August, fell on Jourdan at Amberg, and completely defeated him. He then followed him to Würtzburg, and, on the 3rd of September, routed him again. With a velocity extraordinary in an Austrian, the archduke pushed on after Jourdan's flying battalions, and, on the 16th of September, gave him a third defeat at Aschaffenburg, and drove his army over the Rhine.

Moreau—left in a critical position, so far from the frontiers of France, and hopeless of any aid from Jourdan, who had lost twenty thousand men, and nearly all his artillery and baggage—made haste to retrace his steps. He commenced his retreat, on the 25th of September, through the Black Forest, and chastised general Latour, who pressed on his rear with about twenty-four thousand men, on the 2nd of October, at Biberach; but he only reached the Rhine to encounter the archduke, who gave him two terrible defeats —the one on the 19th of October, at Emmendingen, and the other, on the following day, at Schliengen. Thus both of the French armies were beaten back to the left bank of the Rhine, and Germany was saved.

But, meantime, in Italy, the French had been completely successful. Buonaparte had married Marie-Joseph Rose Detacher de la Pagérie Beauharnais, the widow of general, and formerly viscount Beauharnais, who was one of the victims of Robespierre, having been beheaded only four days before that monster's own execution. Madame Beauharnais, better known as Josephine, was a Creole, of much beauty, and more goodness. She was herself imprisoned under the reign of terror, and only liberated on the triumph of the Thermidoriens. She was a friend of madame Tallien, at whose house Buonaparte met her, and married her on the 9th of March, 1796, three days before his setting out for the Italian army, to the command of which he was promoted by the interest of Tallien—or, rather, of madame Tallien—though both Barras and Carnot, after his splendid success, claimed the honour of the appointment. As we have seen, Buonaparte had been assiduously studying the map of Italy during his interval of neglect in Paris, and enthusiastically pointing out the conquests to be made in Italy. He was now called to realise his views. He reached the French head-quarters at Nice on the 26th of March, and immediately set himself to organise and energise the forces, which he found in great disorder; he found the commissariat, also, in a deplorable condition. The troops amounted to fifty thousand; the Austrians, under the veteran general Beaulieu, to considerably more.

The united army of the Sardinians and Austrians, general Beaulieu on the left, d'Argenteau in the centre, and Colli, with the Piedmontese division, on the right, hastened to descend from the Appenines, to which they had retreated at the end of the last campaign against Buonaparte. Beaulieu met his advanced guard at Voltri, near Genoa, on the 11th of April, and drove it back. But d'Argenteau had been stopped in the mountains by the resistance of a body of French, who occupied the old redoubt of Montelegino. Buonaparte, apprised of this, hastened additional forces to that point, and defeated d'Argenteau before Beaulieu or Colli could succour him. Having now divided the army of the allies, Buonaparte defeated a strong body of Austrians under general Wukassowich; and, having left Colli and the Piedmontese isolated from their allies, debouched by the valley of Bormida into the plains of Piedmont. Beaulieu retreated to the Po, to stop the way to Milan; and Buonaparte, relieved of his presence, turned against Colli, who was compelled to retreat to Carignan, near Turin. Trembling for his capital, and with his means exhausted, Victor Amadeus made overtures for peace, which were accepted; the terms being the surrender of all the Piedmontese fortresses and all the passes of the Alps into the hands of the French, and the perpetual alienation of Nice and Savoy. This humiliation broke the heart of the poor old king, who died on the 16th of October. Buonaparte, however, did not wait for the conclusion of this peace; the truce being signed, he hastened on after Beaulieu, whom he defeated and drove across the Po. Beaulieu next posted himself at Lodi, on the Adda; but Buonaparte, after a fierce contest, drove him from the bridge over the Adda on the 10th of May, and, with little further opposition, pursued him to Milan. Beaulieu still retreated, and threw himself into the fastnesses of the Tyrol. On the 15th Buonaparte made a triumphal entry into Milan. He sent troops to blockade Mantua, and now set himself to levy those rapacious contributions of which the French commissioners had set the example in Belgium, but whose lawless oppression the young Corsican, and the equally unprincipled commissioner, Salicetti, now cast far into the shade. The directors at Paris stimulated that plunder of the natives, which was now so fully inaugurated, by constant demands of money. These new governors had no idea that France should support her marauding armies, but that they should support France; and not only money was demanded, but the generals had orders to secure and transfer to Paris all the masterpieces of art. Buonaparte tells us himself that, during this his first Italian campaign, he not only fed and clothed his whole army, but transmitted fifty million francs to the directory. In Lombardy he first

levied twenty million francs on the nobility and clergy, besides seizing their horses and carriages. In fact, he made his commissioners seize anything they wanted—horses, wagons, provisions, and stores. He was severe in punishing plunder by his soldiers, that there might be all the more for the commissioners. These facts are candidly stated in the memoirs of his campaigns, recently published, from official documents, by his nephew, the present emperor. Of course, he made prize of whatever property belonged to the Austrians or their government. At Milan and at Piacenza they rifled the Monti de Pietà, the government loan depositories of the poor. Even the smaller provinces, which had never made war, were compelled to pay heavy contributions, on the plea of purchasing peace. The duke of Parma was charged a million and a half of francs, compelled to furnish clothing for the army, and to surrender twenty of his most valuable pictures. The duke of Modena was mulcted in six millions of francs in cash, two millions more in horses, cattle, and provisions for the army, and fifteen of his finest paintings. Not satisfied with this, they formally appropriated his whole territory a few months later. Examples were made of Binasco and Pavia for resisting the outrages on their property and their women; they were given up to massacre and pillage. Lucien Buonaparte himself is a voluntary witness of these bandit-like deeds of his brother. He says:—"The village of Binasco was delivered up to the flames, to expiate the assassination of some of our straggling soldiers. I traversed the burning ruins. Pavia presented me with a spectacle still more deplorable. That great city had been delivered up to pillage; the traces of blood had not been effaced; the bodies of the peasants who had refused to surrender were not carried away; funerals were going on on all sides; and the conquerors were publicly selling their spoils to hideous speculators."

Such was the system this great and remorseless robber had already inaugurated, and which he continued in all parts of Europe, except England, for twenty years.

At Leghorn he was particularly delighted to lay hands on the property of the English and of the Portugese merchants, their allies. He ordered the Italian merchants and commission-agents to deliver all such goods up; and to avoid that, they agreed to pay five millions of francs. He next advanced into the papal states, rifling the Monti de Pietà at Bologna and Ferrara. Everywhere contributions were demanded at the point of the bayonet, and French authorities superseded the native ones. Pius VI. made haste to sue for peace, and it was granted on the most exorbitant terms, precisely such as a successful bandit would impose. Fifteen millions of francs must be paid down in cash, six millions in horses and other requisites for the army. A great number of paintings and statues were to be selected from the galleries of art, and five hundred manuscripts from the library of the Vatican. The provinces of Ferrara and Bologna must be ceded; the port and citadel of Ancona, and all the papal ports, must be closed against the English. This most costly peace was signed on the 23rd of June, and Buonaparte hastened northward to stop the advance of the army of Wurmser, which had been sent through the Tyrol to compete with the rising Corsican.

VIEW OF MANTUA.

Wurmser advanced down the valley of Trento with fifty thousand men, which, by the scattered remains of the army of Beaulieu, was augmented to sixty thousand. With such a force well conducted, the Austrians might have worsted Buonaparte, whose troops were not more than forty-five thousand, and already greatly harassed by rapid marches. But there was no comparison betwixt the genius of the commanders. The conduct of the Austrians was a series of fatal blunders, which, as it seems, no experience can teach the generals of that nation to avoid. Had the archduke Charles been there it might have been different; but the first thing which Wurmser did, was to weaken himself by dividing his forces, and sending one detachment under Quosnodowich along the western shore of the lake of Guarda, and marching along the eastern bank himself with

the other. The quick eye of Buonaparte instantly saw his advantage; neither of the divisions were now equal to his own, and he beat them both in detail. He raised the blockade of Mantua, defeated Quosnodowich at Lonato, chased him back into the mountains, and then engaged and routed him twice near Castiglione, on the 3rd and 5th of August. Wurmser had to make a hasty retreat into the mountains, leaving behind his artillery and many thousand men slain. Buonaparte pursued him into the very gorges of the Tyrol, and inflicted fresh losses upon him. The sturdy but not very bright old Austrian, however, made a detour in the hills, and again issued on the plains from the valley of the Brenta. With remarkable address and agility for him, he made his way to Mantua, and threw himself into the fortress with the wretched remains of his army, about eighteen thousand men.

There was still a fair chance for the Austrians—England had furnished them with money, that money for which all of us are yet paying interest—and two fresh armies were descending from the hills. One of these was led by a brave officer, general Alvinzi, amounting to thirty thousand; the other of twenty thousand, under Davidowich, was marching from the Tyrol to meet Alvinzi near Verona, who was coming from Carinthia by Belluno. Buonaparte did not allow them to meet. He attacked Alvinzi on the 6th of November at Le Nove, and met with a terrible repulse. A detachment of French under Vaubois had been dispatched to impede the march of Davidowich, but was also in retreat. Buonaparte again attacked Alvinzi on the heights of Caldiero, near Verona, and again was repulsed. Had the Austrians united their two new armies before entering Italy, or had Wurmser marched from Mantua to support Alvinzi, the French must have been utterly annihilated. As it was, Napoleon was dreadfully disheartened, and wrote a despairing letter to the directory, saying his best officers were killed, and his men exhausted from fighting and severe marches. But his pride and dogged pertinacity came to his aid. He made a rapid march and got into the rear of Alvinzi, but found himself stopped by a narrow bridge over the Alpone at Arcola. The country on each side was a marsh, and the only approach to the bridge was by long narrow causeways. As the French advanced along the causeway on their side to storm the bridge, they were swept down by hundreds by the Austrian cannon. Time after time, Buonaparte drove his columns along the causeway, but only to see them mowed down by grape shot. His men fled into the very marshes to save themselves, and he himself was thrown from his horse into the marsh, and had to be dragged from the mire. Bodies of Hungarians and Croats made a final sally along the causeway, cutting down all before them, and it was marvellous that he escaped them. By this time Alvinzi had brought up his main body to the neighbourhood of the bridge, and the battle raged obstinately there for three days. Seeing it impossible to carry the bridge against that solid mass of troops, Buonaparte dispatched general Guyeuse to cross the Adige at the ferry of Albaredo, below the confluence of the Alpone, and take Alvinzi in flank. Guyeuse succeeded in crossing, but was repulsed on the other side by the Austrians. Buonaparte again, on the 16th, made one more desperate rush at the bridge, but only to receive another terrible slaughter. The next day he threw a bridge over the Alpone, just above its confluence with the Adige, and sent over Augereau with a powerful force, whilst he again assailed the bridge from his side. These combined operations succeeded. Alvinzi was compelled to retreat to Vicenza and Bassano. Scarcely had he given way, when Davidowich, who ought to have joined him long before, came down the right bank of the stream. He now came only to experience a severe defeat, whereas his timely arrival might have insured a complete victory. He again had recourse to the security of the hills. The belligerents then went into winter quarters, leaving the French victorious. Buonaparte took the credit of having beaten successively Wurmser, Beaulieu, Alvinzi, and Davidowich, but he had done it by a terrible waste of human life. His obstinacy in endeavouring to force such a pass as the bridge of Arcola, at such a reckless expense of men, was severely blamed both by military and all humane persons. It showed, however, what became more and more conspicuous, that he would carry his objects regardless of any amount of destruction of life.

Whilst the French had been thus beating the Austrians out of Italy, and thus rendering abortive our new and lavish subsidy to the emperor, ministers had been busy in the election of a new parliament. By the liberal use of the secret service money, so freely voted by the old parliament, Pitt saw a more obsequious majority returned to him, ready to vote away as many millions for war as he might ask. This new parliament assembled on the 6th of October. As Hoche's army had not yet sailed, and as nobody seemed to know its destination, Pitt represented that it probably was for the coast of England, and called for the enrolment of fifteen thousand men from the parishes, half of which were to be sent into the navy, and for sixty thousand militia and twenty thousand more yeomen cavalry, all which were carried, as a matter of course, and as though these arbitrary levies implied no infringement of the liberties of the subject. On the 26th of October Windham, as secretary at war, announced the whole military force of the country at home and abroad, independent of the troops in the East Indies, which were raised and maintained by the company, to be one hundred and ninety-six thousand men, and he demanded for their payment five millions one hundred and ninety thousand pounds. On the 7th of November Pitt opened his budget, requiring no less than twenty-seven millions nine hundred and forty-five thousand pounds for the total expenditure of the year. There was another loan called for of eighteen million pounds, and it came out that ministers had not waited for the sanction of parliament, but had advanced to the emperor of Germany one million two hundred thousand pounds. This was such an audacious outrage upon the constitution, as would in almost any other times have caused the impeachment of the whole cabinet. But Pitt knew his parliament, and had no fears. Fox moved that such disposal of the public money by ministers without the permission of parliament was a violation of the constitution, and of the privileges of that house; but his amendment was rejected by a majority of two hundred and eighty-five against eighty-one. Such was the little handful of men who were resolutely opposed to the reckless prosecution of this war, for the defence of

incapable and despotic nations. The last humiliating occurrence of this year was the return of lord Malmesbury from his useless mission to Paris, productive of nothing but insult to England.

The year 1797 was opened by one of the most remarkable occurrences of modern times. The bank of England had repeatedly represented to Pitt, as chancellor of the exchequer, that his enormous demands upon it for specie, as well as paper money, had nearly exhausted its coffers, and could not be long continued. The payment of our armies abroad, and the advances to foreign kings, were necessarily made in cash. The government, spite of the enormous taxation, had already overdrawn its account eleven millions six hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred pounds, and the sole balance in the hands of the bank was reduced to three millions eight hundred and twenty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety pounds. Pitt was demanding a fresh loan for Ireland, when a message came from the bank to say that, under existing circumstances, it could not be complied with. Thus suddenly pulled up, the privy council was summoned, and it was concluded to issue an order for stopping all further issue of cash, except to the government, and except one hundred thousand pounds for the accommodation of private bankers and traders. Paper money was made a legal tender to all other parties, and the bank was empowered to issue small notes for the accommodation of the public, instead of guineas. A bill was passed for the purpose, and that it might not be considered more than a temporary measure, it was made operative only till June; but this easy way of getting from under restraint in expenditure, by enabling the bank to deluge the country with its paper, was not likely to be soon abandoned. It was renewed from time to time by fresh acts of parliament, and became one of the most fruitful sources of that enormous and unparalleled waste of public money, which grew more and more astounding through the war, and so rapidly augmented the national debt. This was accelerated by the plan adopted of reckoning eighty pounds of the paper money of Pitt's as a hundred to lenders of the continental loans; and the system was not abolished again till 1819, when Sir Robert Peel brought in his bill for the resumption of cash payments.

Pitt having thus freed himself and the bank from the salutary fetters of dealing with real money, produced a second budget for this year, as he had done for the last. To the nearly twenty-eight million pounds already voted, he now added nearly fifteen millions, making the total sum raised in taxation during this session forty-two millions seven hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds. He raised another of sixteen millions and eighty thousand pounds in addition to the one of eighteen millions of pounds already voted, making the addition to the national debt thirty-four millions of pounds. Two millions more were granted to the emperor of Germany, to assist him in being well beaten by the French; new taxes, to the amount of two and a half millions, were imposed, and eighty thousand pounds were voted as a marriage portion with the king's eldest daughter Charlotta August, who was married to the hereditary prince of Würtemberg, on the 18th of May. Pitt was now plunging the nation into an ocean of debt for the prosecution of a war which had not one encouraging feature, and from which more prudent nations had withdrawn, after pocketing a good supply of our money.

At the same time, our seamen, who were the real and proper defenders of the country, were so miserably paid and so abominably treated in many ways, that they could only be compelled into the service by the odious operation of press-gangs, and now burst forth into open mutiny. The reader will recollect the treatment of the seamen in the time of Charles II.; their miserable pay, and the withholding of it when due. Their complaints and resistance then compelled a small advance and improvement. None since then had taken place. This advance of wages did not amount to more than to able seamen eightpence-halfpenny a-day, and to ordinary seamen sevenpence. Such miserable pay had government been doling out to the finest seamen in the world, who kept the country in safety from all its enemies, whilst it had been throwing the nation's money, in millions, into the laps of German princes, to induce them to help not us, but themselves. And this was but the smallest part of the complaint of these brave men. They complained that a most unfair system of prize-money had prevailed, by which the admirals and chief officers swept off the bulk of the money, and left little or nothing to the petty officers and the men; that their treatment on board was barbarous, unfeeling, and degrading; that their provisions were of the worst description, being the direct consequence of the contracts with villanous purveyors, through equally villanous navy commissioners, so that, in fact, they were served with such salt beef, salt pork, and biscuit, as no decent dog would touch. Nor did their list of grievances only too real end here. Instead of government paying the pursers direct salaries, they were paid by deducting two ounces from every pound of provisions served out to the men. Thus, instead of sixteen ounces to the pound, they received only fourteen ounces; and the same rule applied to the measurement of liquids—beer and grog—served out to them. Things were grown to such a pass from these causes, and the neglect of their complaints was so persevering, that the whole fleet determined on a strike.

Accordingly, petitions were sent in from several of the principal men-of-war lying at Portsmouth, to lord Howe, the commander of the channel fleet, praying him to intercede with the admiralty for the same liberality towards the seamen of the royal navy and their families, as had been shown to the army and militia, in increase of pay and better provisions. Lord Howe, instead of complying with this reasonable desire, sent the petitions to the port-admiral, Sir Peter Parker, and to lord Bridport, who commanded the channel fleet under Howe. They treated the petitions as the work of some ill-disposed person, and therefore of no consequence; but Parker was very soon compelled to inform lord Spencer, the head of the admiralty, that he had discovered that there was a general conspiracy to take the command of the ships from the officers on the 16th of April. To test this, orders were immediately issued to put out to sea; and the moment that lord Bridport signalled this order to the fleet, the effect was seen. The sailors all ran up into the rigging and gave several tremendous cheers. They instantly followed up this by taking the command from the officers, and sending two delegates from each ship to meet

SEAMEN COMPLAINING OF THEIR RATIONS, PREVIOUS TO THE MUTINY AT THE NORE.

on board the Queen Charlotte, lord Howe's flag ship. They thence issued orders for all the seamen to swear fidelity to the cause, and the next day they all swore. They kept part of the officers on board as hostages, and put others, whom they accused of oppression, on shore. They next passed resolutions to maintain order, and treat the confined officers with all due respect. They then drew up a petition to the admiralty stating their grievances, and respectfully praying for redress. This brought down to Portsmouth lord Spencer, and other lords of the admiralty, where they met in council with Bridport and other admirals. Had these admirals shown a proper attention to the health and claims of these men, their grievances must long ago have ceased; but though they were perfectly well aware of them, they now proposed, along with the admiralty, to recommend the granting of part of their demands. The deputies replied that they sought nothing but what was reasonable, and would never lift an anchor till those terms were granted. This admiralty committee, then, in the true spirit of political higglers, who could calmly see government wasting the public funds by millions on continental despots, but would save a single farthing from these brave ocean defenders, thus offered some of the terms, but left out the proposal that the pensions of the Greenwich veterans should be raised from seven pounds to ten pounds, and the crews of men-of-war should have vegetables when in port.

The sailors, indignant at this miserable parsimony, returned on board and hoisted the red flag at every mast-head. This was a sign that no concession would be made. Yet, on the 22nd, the delegates addressed letters to the admiralty, and to lord Bridport, firm, but respectful. Government then tried its usual resource, the proclamation of a pardon, but without taking notice of the necessary concessions. With this proclamation, lord Bridport went, the next day, on board the Royal George, and assured the seamen that he had brought a royal pardon, and also the redress of all their grievances. On this assurance, the crew hauled down the red flag, and all the other ships did the same.

News now came that the Brest fleet was putting to sea. On the 7th of May lord Bridport went on board and ordered anchor to be weighed. Not a man stirred; nor was it likely. No sooner had lord Bridport told them what was not true, that their demands were acceded to, than, in the house of lords and the house of commons, ministers had spoken in very ambiguous terms of the subject, and the board of admiralty had only ended the ambiguity, by issuing an order on the 1st of May, commanding, in consequence of "the disposition lately shown by the seamen of several of his majesty's ships," that the arms and ammunition of the marines should be kept in readiness for use *in harbour*, as well as at sea; and that on the first appearance of mutiny, the most vigorous measures should be applied to quell it. This was ordering the officers of marines to fire on the sailors who should refuse to be thus shamefully juggled out of their promised rights by the government. On board the London, vice-admiral Colpoys pushed the matter so far that his men resisted orders; and as one was unlashing a gun, Simpson, the first-lieutenant, told him that if he did not desist he would shoot him. The man went on unlashing, and Simpson shot him dead! On this, the sailors, in a rage, disarmed the officers, and proceeded to hang Simpson at the yard-arm. Colpoys then begged for the lieutenant's life, assuring them that the order was his own, and that Simpson had only done his duty in obeying it. The chaplain and surgeon joined in the entreaty; and the men, far more merciful and reasonable than their commanders, complied. They ordered, however, Colpoys and all the officers to their respective cabins, and put the marines, without arms, below deck. Similar scenes took place on the other ships, and the fleet remained in the hands of the sailors from the 7th to the 11th of May, when lord Howe arrived with an act of parliament, granting all their demands. Howe, who was old and infirm, persuaded them to prepare a petition for a full pardon, though their conduct really required none, for they had displayed nothing but a proper English spirit, accompanied by far more wisdom and forbearance than their superiors possessed. They, however, accompanied this petition by an assurance that they would not serve again under the tyrannical officers whom they had put on shore; and this was conceded. Admiral Colpoys was included in this list of officers proscribed by their oppressed men, along with four captains, twenty-nine lieutenants, seventeen masters' mates, twenty-five midshipmen, five captains of marines, three lieutenants, four surgeons, and thirteen petty officers of marines. The whole being arranged on the 15th of May, the red flag was struck; and the deputies waited on lord Howe to express their obligations to him for his kind services on behalf of the oppressed seamen. His lordship gave them luncheon, and then was escorted by them, along with lady Howe, on board the fleet. On their return, they carried lord Howe on their shoulders to the governor's house. Sir Roger Curtis's squadron had just come in from a cruise, and on learning what had passed, declared themselves ready to support the rest of the fleet; but the news which Howe had brought at once satisfied them, and all eagerly prepared to set sail, and demonstrate their loyal zeal by an encounter with the Brest fleet.

But the fleet at Sheerness, which sympathised with that at Portsmouth, did not think fit to accept the terms which had satisfied the seamen of Portsmouth. They were incited by a sailor, named Richard Parker, to stand for fresh demands, which were not likely to meet with the sympathy of either sailors or landsmen. On the 20th of May, the ships at the Nore, and others belonging to the North Sea fleet, appointed delegates, and sent in their demands, in imitation of the Portsmouth men. The admiralty flatly rejected their petition. On the 23rd of May the mutineers hoisted the red flag; and all the ships of war lying near Sheerness dropped down to the Nore. On the 29th, a committee from the board of admiralty went down to Sheerness, to try to bring them to reason, but failed. The mutineers then drew their ships in a line across the Thames, cutting off all traffic betwixt the sea and London. On this, the government proceeded to pull up the buoys at the mouth of the river, to erect batteries along the shores for firing red-hot balls; and a proclamation was issued declaring the fleet in a state of rebellion, and prohibiting all intercourse with it. This soon brought some of the mutineers to their

senses. They knew that every class of people were against them. On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, a royal salute was fired from the whole fleet, as a token of loyalty; the red flag was pulled down on every ship but the Sandwich, on board of which was Parker, and all the gay flags usual on such occasions were displayed. Several of the ships now began to drop away from the rest, and put themselves under protection of the guns of Sheerness. On the 13th of June the crew of the Sandwich followed this example, and delivered up the great agitator, Richard Parker, who was tried, and hanged at the yard-arm of that ship on the 30th. Some other of the delegates were executed, and others imprisoned in the hulks; and thus terminated this mutiny, as disgraceful to the sailors as that at Portsmouth was reasonable and honourable.

On the 20th of July parliament was prorogued, nothing further having been brought forward but another abortive motion for parliamentary reform by the opposition.

Early in this year admiral sir John Jervis fell in with the great Spanish fleet, and defeated it. Nelson had predicted that the Spanish fleet would not take much destroying. Admiral de Langara had had a fortunate escape in the Mediteranean, in venturing to Corsica. He had now been superseded by Don Juan de Cordova, and Jervis, on the 4th of February, met with him off Cape St. Vincent. Cordova had twenty-seven sail of the line, Jervis only fifteen; but he had Nelson in his fleet, which more than counterbalanced the inequality of numbers; and the discipline on board the Spanish ships was far below that of the English. Nelson broke through the Spanish line, and chiefly by his exertions and manœuvres, four of the largest vessels were taken, including one of one hundred and twelve guns. The rest escaped into Cadiz, and there the English blockaded them. The news of this brilliant victory arrived in London when the public was greatly dispirited by the exhausted state of the bank of England, and helped to revive confidence. Sir John Jervis was made earl of St. Vincent, and Nelson, the real hero, a knight of the bath.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF VERONA.

A still more signal victory was won by admiral Duncan in the autumn. On the 11th of October, the admiral, who had been watching the Dutch fleet in the Texel, found that during a storm it had stolen out, and was on its way to join the French fleet at Brest. There were eleven sail of the line, and four fifty-six gun ships, commanded by admiral de Winter. Duncan had sixteen sail of the line. Notwithstanding our superiority of numbers, the Dutch fought with their accustomed valour, but Duncan ran his ships between them and the dangerous coast, to prevent their regaining the Texel, and so battered them that they were compelled to strike. Eight sail of the line, two fifty-six gun ships, and two frigates remained in our hands; but the Dutch had stood it out so stoutly, that the vessels were few of them

capable of being again made serviceable. The loss in killed and wounded on both sides was great. Duncan was elevated to the peerage for this victory of Camperdown.

Nelson, after the victory of Cape St. Vincent, was dispatched to make an attack on Vera Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. The attempt was made in July, but was one of the most unfortunate affairs in which he ever was engaged. His force was wholly unequal to the enterprise, and resulted in the loss of two hundred men, and of his own arm. In the West Indies our troops still continued to perish in great numbers, from the unhealthy posts which they had to occupy. Some attempts were made on the Spanish islands, and Trinidad was taken by admiral Harvey, supported by general Abercromby; but in a similar attempt on Porto Rico, they were not successful.

On the 10th of February of this year, a descent of French was made on the Welsh coast, which created much alarm at the time, and no less speculation as to its meaning. Four armed vessels, containing about fourteen hundred men, had appeared in the British channel, off Ilfracombe, in north Devon. They did not attempt to land there, but stood over to the Welsh coast, and landed in a bay near Fishguard. They were commanded by a general Tate, and commenced marching inland, and the whole country was in alarm. Lord Cawdor marched against them with three thousand men, including a considerable body of militia, and they at once laid down their arms, and surrendered without a shot. Many were the conjectures as to the object of this descent, and historians have much puzzled themselves about a matter which appears plain enough. The men looked ragged and wild, more like felons than soldiers, and were apparently not unwilling to be made prisoners. They were, no doubt, a part of the great Brest fleet meant for Ireland, which had been driven about by the tempests ever since they quitted that port on the 17th of December, and were only too glad to set foot on any land at all, and probably were by this time so famished and bewildered, that they did not know whether they were in England or Ireland. Many of their comrades of the same unfortunate expedition never did see land again.

The opening of the campaign on the Rhine in 1797 restored the positions of the French. On the lower part of the river, Hoche, who now commanded them, defeated general Krey; on the upper Rhine, Moreau retook the fortress of Kehl, opposite to Strasburg; and such was the alarm of Austria, that she began to make overtures of peace. The fortunes of her army in Italy made these overtures more zealous; Alvinzi was defeated at Rivoli on the 14th of January, and Provera soon after surrendered with four thousand men, and Wurmser capitulated at Mantua. The archduke Charles was now sent into Italy with another army, but it was an army composed of the ruins of those of Beaulieu, Alvinzi, Wurmser, and Davidowich, whilst it was opposed by the victorious troops of Buonaparte, now supported by a reinforcement of twenty thousand men under Bernadotte. The archduke, hampered by the orders of the Aulic council in Vienna, suffered some severe defeats on the Tagliamento in March, and retreated into Styria, whither he was followed by Buonaparte. But the danger of a rising in his rear, where the Austrian general Laudon was again collecting numerous forces, induced Buonaparte to listen to the Austrian terms for peace. The preliminaries were signed on the 18th of April at Leoben, and Buonaparte, to bind the emperor to the French cause, and completely to break his alliance with England, proposed to hand over to the Austrians the territory of Venice. This admirable ally of ours, on whom we had expended so much good cash, eagerly snatched at the offer, and a secret article to that effect was included in the treaty. This being effected, Buonaparte hurried back to seize and bind the promised victim. He took a severe vengeance on the people of Verona, who had risen against the French in his absence, and then marched to Venice, where, under pretence of supporting the people in their demands for a republic, he put down the doge and senate, set up a democratical provisional government, seized on all the ships, docks, arsenal, and stores—in fact, took full possession. The deluded democrats, untaught by Belgium and Holland, were mad with joy at what they called their liberation; sung *Ça ira*, and danced the carmagnole with the French soldiers round the tree of liberty, little dreaming that they were already sold to Austria.

Matters in Italy now moved on at a rapid rate. All further pretence of regard for the neutrality of Genoa was abandoned. Buonaparte took possession of that city and its fortifications. French troops swarmed over the state; four millions of livres were levied on the aristocracy, and all who resisted were shot. He then scattered the troops of the pope, on the plea that he had not paid up the stipulated sums and fifteen millions of livres were ordered to be paid in a month, and thirty more millions in three months. There was a vast seizure of horses and cattle, and the Vatican was again ransacked of its most valuable statues, paintings, and manuscripts. No bandit had appeared on so large a scale as Buonaparte since Timour the Tartar or Gengis Khan.

Austria having submitted, and all Pitt's puppet allies thus having disappeared, he sent lord Malmesbury again to be insulted and dragged through the diplomatic dirt at Lisle. He arrived there early in July, and found the French commissioners most insolent in their tone, demanding the immediate restoration of every French, Dutch, and Spanish settlement that we had taken. The result was precisely as before—Malmesbury was ordered, in September, to quit Lisle in four-and-twenty hours.

On the 17th of October the peace betwixt France and Austria was definitively signed at Campo Formio. Austria ceded to France, Belgium, the left bank of the Rhine, including Mayence, the Ionian islands, and the Venetian possessions in Albania, both of which really belonged to Venice. Venice itself, and its territory as far as the Adige, with Istria and Venetian Dalmatia on the other side of the Adriatic, were made over to Austria without ceremony. The Milan and Mantuan states were given up by Austria, with Modena, Massa, Carrara; and the papal provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and the rest of them, as far as the Rubicon, were included in a new so-called Cisalpine Republic belonging to France. Tuscany, Parma, Rome, and Naples were still called Italian, but were as much, Naples excepted, in the power of France as the rest. In fact, except Venetia, which Austria secured, all Italy except Naples was subjected to the French, and the regular process of democratising was going on, in the latter kingdom, for an early seizure.

Before giving up Venice, however, to Austria, the French took care to strip it enormously of its works of art. Buonaparte then marching out, the Austrians marched in the next day. As the successful Corsican had also bargained with Austria to put her in possession of some of the territories of her German neighbours, he proceeded to Rastadt in November, where a congress was held, and where he dictated the cession of a portion of Bavaria to his new ally; and that the duke of Tuscany, ejected from his own state, should have the Breisgau. He was then summoned to Paris to be congratulated on his brilliant successes in Italy, and to take the command of a large army, called the army of England, which was collected for the easy subjugation of that kingdom, and the plunder of London.

Whilst Buonaparte was conquering Italy, and sending to Paris its money, its pictures, statues, and other inestimable treasures, the directory, thus supported by him with funds, had, nevertheless, no enviable post. The jacobins made a desperate attempt, in the summer of 1796, to recover their power. Their leaders, amongst whom were Drouet, the famous post-master of Varennes, Gracchus Babœuf, Rosignol, the commissioner, who had been called the Devil in Vendée, and many others were arrested. Their partisans then, to the number of seven hundred, flew to arms, and turned out to rescue them. They rushed to the Luxembourg by night to seize the five directors, but finding the place well guarded, they hastened to the camp at Grenoble, where they had seduced a battalion of the soldiers. But this battalion had been removed thence by the vigilant authorities, and they were fallen on by the rest of the troops, many of them were killed, and the rest at once tried by a military commission and thirty of them put to death, and as many more condemned to transportation to Guiana. Amongst those condemned to death were Babœuf and Darthé, who attempted to imitate Romme and his companions, and stab themselves. They struck, however, too tenderly, and were dragged to the guillotine and executed. This took place in March, 1797.

This conspiracy was immediately succeeded by one on the part of the royalists. In March was the time for the election of the one-third of the legislature, and they not only got in a considerable number of their party, but succeeded in making general Pichegru president of the council of five hundred. Barthelemy was also elected a director in place of Letourneur; and Carnot, who hated the other three, Rewbell, Barras, and Lepeaux, conspired with the royalists against the direction, and the Thermidorien party in the councils. The three directors who were aimed at applied to Buonaparte for support, and he dispatched general Augereau to take the command of the troops in Paris, and defend the three directors and the councils. The royalist party, on the suggestion of Pichegru, procured an order for the calling out the national guards, and the removal of the regular troops from Paris; that the three directors should be seized, the sections called out, and their positions be secured. But Augereau was too active for them; he was already in command of the regular troops, and in execution of the orders of the three directors, had drawn twelve thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery, toward the Tuileries; seized generals Pichegru, Willot, and Ramel, with sixty other members of the legislature. Carnot managed to escape, and fled to Switzerland; but Barthelemy was seized, and the three directors, Rewbell, Barras, and Lepeaux, were triumphant. A new committee of public welfare was appointed, of five members, with Sièyes as president; and, furnished with absolute powers, this committee sent to trial, and had sentenced to transportation for life, Barthelemy and the rest of the prisoners, to Guiana, Cayenne, and other deadly regions. The committee then ordered the arrest of a great number of the editors, proprietors, and writers of the opposition journals, and sent them after them. It was decreed that the directory should be empowered to arrest and transport any such journalists, or obnoxious priests, without any trial, and break up all clubs and political meeting-places. All these measures were confirmed by the two chambers of legislature; Merlin de Douai and François de Neufchâteau were elected directors in the place of Carnot and Barthelemy, and then what was called the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Fructidor, or 4th of September, was complete. The government was as despotic as that of Robespierre; and it already rested for support on the bayonets of Buonaparte. It was on the eve of a military dictatorship.

England had seen her continental allies fall away one by one, after being well supplied by English millions, and after having employed them to secure as much as possible of the territories of their neighbours. The time was now approaching when some good allies might have been very useful to herself, if such people were ever to be found. But it has always been the lot or the policy of England to help and pay others, and to receive neither help nor pay herself. We have seen that, during the American revolution, the rebellious colonists found admirable allies in the Irish. They had no difficulty in exciting disturbances amongst that ardent Celtic race, and thus greatly to augment our difficulties. No sooner did the French commence the work of revolution, than the Irish became transported with admiration of their doings. Not all the blood-shed and horrors of that wild drama could abate their delight in them, and their desire to invite them over to liberate Ireland, as they had liberated Belgium. It is true that Ireland had her grievances, but they were in a fair way of being redressed. Ever since the American revolt, the necessity of conciliating the Irish had been impressed on the English government, and many important concessions had been granted them. They had not yet obtained catholic emancipation, but the public mind was ripening for it; their blind and reckless Gallic mania threw it back for many years. Whatever were the evils which England had inflicted on Ireland, they were nothing compared with those which French fraternity would have perpetrated. But they could see nothing of this, not even after all the world had witnessed the French mode of liberating Belgium; and French wagons, guarded by soldiers, were day after day, and month after month, bearing over the Alps the priceless *chefs-d'œuvre* of the arts from ravaged Italy. In the spring of 1798 the preparations of the French directory for the invasion of Ireland were too open and notorious to be overlooked by anybody.

The English government had employed the best portion of the session of parliament betwixt the commencement of November and Christmas, 1797, in receiving the report of

the insults of the French commissioners at Lisle to our ambassador, and his summary dismissal from the place of meeting without any chance of peace, and in voting money to carry on the war at our own doors. Where were Prussia and Austria, for whom we had so bravely fought, and whom we had so amply paid to fight for themselves? Preparing to fight for and to raise soldiers for us? No: quietly resting on the remains of our money-bags, and on the countries they had purloined by our pecuniary aid. Pitt called for the grant of twenty-five million five hundred thousand pounds, and for trebling all the assexed taxes, on the plea of defending our own shores. All this was readily granted. In April, 1798, he called for three millions, and that was as

VIEW NEAR THE CITY OF CORK, IRELAND.

freely conceded. In fact, by that time, the Irish were on the very verge of appearing in arms to cast off the yoke of England, and accept the boasted fraternity of France. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother of the duke of Leinster, one of the leading members of the society of united Irishmen, had spent some time in France during the revolution. We have seen him figuring at the jacobin clubs, and at a public dinner along with Thomas Paine, and others of the same school of politics, giving and responding to toasts of a most revolutionary character. For these proceedings he had very properly been dismissed from his commission in the English army. He had married Pamela, the daughter of Madame de Genlis, as reputed, by the notorious Philip Egalité. To him, on his return to Ireland, French emissaries of revolution were secretly sent over, and he introduced them to the leading members of the projected revolt. In 1794 a jacobinised Irishman, the Rev. William Jackson, came over from Paris, at the time of the fiercest raging of the reign of terror, to concert with Wolfe Tone, and his fellow-conspirators, the plans of insurrection. At the very time that some of these—Bond, Simon Butler, and Hamilton Rowan—were tried as accomplices of the Scotch reformers, Muir and the rest, and acquitted as men only seeking reform of parliament, they were deep in this scheme of French invasion. Jackson was arrested in Dublin, was tried and convicted of high treason, but anticipated his sentence by suicide. The most public display of sympathy with his views and mission was made by a vast attendance of carriages at his funeral, and the features of rebellion became so undisguised that a stop was put to all questions of political concession and amelioration. Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled from his lord-lieutenancy for permitting Grattan, in 1795, to bring a bill into the Irish parliament for Catholic emancipation. A vigilant eye was kept on the agents of sedition, and the democratic clubs, which swarmed all over Ireland, as much in the Presbyterian north as in the catholic south. Wolfe Tone and Hamilton Rowan had escaped to the United States; but there they fell in with Dr. Reynolds, Napper Tandy, and other enthusiastic Irish revolutionists. Tone was supplied with money, and dispatched to France to stimulate the directory to the Irish invasion. He arrived at Havre in February, 1796, and, on reaching Paris, he presented letters from M. Adet, the French minister to the United States, and was warmly received by Carnot, general Clarke, acting as minister of war, and the duke de Feltre. He was assured that general Hoche should be sent over with a resistless army as soon as

THE ARREST OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

it could be got ready, but the directors desired to see some other of the leading members of the united Irishmen before engaging in the enterprise. Tone promised general Clarke one thousand pounds a-year for life, and similar acknowledgments to all the other officers, on the liberation of Ireland; and he solicited for himself the rank of brigadier-general, and immediate pay, and obtained it.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, nephew of lord Longueville, went over to Paris to arrange the invasion. In London, Fitzgerald, his French wife who accompanied him, and O'Connor, were entertained by members of the opposition, and dined at the house of a peer in company with Fox, Sheridan, and several other leading whigs; and Thomas Moore, in his life of Fitzgerald, more than hints that he made no secret to these patriots of the object of his journey, for he was of a very free-talking and open Irish temperament. The friends of Fox have been inclined to doubt this discreditable fact, but no one was more likely than Moore to be well-informed about it; and when Fitzgerald and O'Connor were on their trial, not only Fox, but Sheridan, lord John Russell, the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, lords Thanet and Oxford came forward, and gave them both the highest character as excellent, honourable men, and of *the same politics as themselves!*

These emissaries reached Basle, by way of Hamburg, in the spring of 1797; and there, through Barthelemy, negotiated with the directory. The directors objected to receive lord Edward Fitzgerald at Paris, on account of his connection with the Orleans family through his wife, lest the people should imagine that it was with some design on the Orleans estate; he, therefore, returned again to Hamburg, and O'Connor proceeded to Paris and arranged for the expedition under general Hoche, whose disastrous voyage we have already related. Fitzgerald and O'Connor did not reach Ireland again without the English government being made fully aware of their journey and its object, from a lady fellow-traveller with Fitzgerald to Hamburg, to whom, with a weak, and, as it concerned the fate of thousands, unpardonable garrulity, he had disclosed the whole.

Still, emissaries continued to pass to and fro, and, notwithstanding the promised armament had failed to reach Ireland, the impatient Irish were determined to rise. In February of the present year, 1798, they sent urgent appeals to the French to come over, assuring them that they had three hundred thousand men banded to receive them, who only wanted arms; and Talleyrand sent them word that a fresh armament was preparing. But on the 28th of that month, O'Connor, one O'Coigley, an Irish priest, and Burns, a leading member of the London corresponding society, were arrested at Margate as they were about to embark for France. Papers found on O'Coigley, or Quigley, proved his treason. One was a direct invitation to the French to send an army into England, as certain to prevent the sending of British forces into Ireland, and thus to make the descent there sure. He was condemned and executed.

Burns was acquitted, and O'Connor remanded for fresh evidence. That was soon forthcoming; for one Thomas Reynolds, esq., who had been the treasurer for the insurgents in his county, and a colonel in the intended revolutionary army, being pressed for money, betrayed his associates. In consequence of the information which he gave, a number of the conspirators were arrested at their place of meeting. The four chief leaders, however, were not there, as expected, namely, lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, Sampson, and MacNevin, but they were afterwards secured. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was surprised as he lay in bed at one Murphy's, and made a desperate resistance. He attacked major Swan, who presented the warrant, with a dagger, and, being a powerful man, was very formidable. Major Swan discharged a pistol at him, but missed. Mr. Ryan, a magistrate, next entering, was stabbed mortally by lord Edward, and a bloody struggle ensued. Major Sirr, who had surrounded the house by soldiers, then rushed in and fired at Fitzgerald, and wounded him in the shoulder. He was then overpowered and secured by the soldiers, and conveyed to Newgate. This took place on the 19th of May; Mr. Ryan died of his wounds on the 23rd, the very day lord Fitzgerald had fixed for the rising of the insurgents. Lord Edward died of fever, the consequence of his wounds, and of mortification at the failure of the enterprise.

On the 23rd, the day appointed for rising, the insurgents turned out in many places, notwithstanding the arrest of their leaders. They did not succeed at Carlow, Naas, and Kilcullen. But, on the 25th, fourteen thousand of them, under one father Murphy, attacked Wexford, defeated the garrison which came out to meet them, took a considerable number of prisoners, whom they put to death, and frightened the town into a surrender on the 30th. They treated such protestants as remained in the place with the utmost barbarity. They took Enniscorthy, and, seizing some cannon, encamped on Vinegar Hill. On the 31st they were attacked by general Lake, who drove them from their camp, made a great slaughter of them, and then re-took Wexford and Enniscorthy. General Johnson attacked another party which was plundering the town of New Ross, killing and wounding two thousand six hundred of them. On this news reaching Scullabogue, the insurgents there massacred about one hundred protestant prisoners in cold blood. These massacres of the protestants, and the presbyterians in the north having been too cautious to rise, after the betrayal of the plot, caused the whole to assume the old character of a popish rebellion. Against this the leading catholics protested, and promptly offered their aid to government to suppress it. Of the leaders, MacCann, Byrne, two brothers named Sheares, the sons of a banker at Cork, were executed. Arthur O'Connor, Emmet, MacNevin, Sampson, and a number of others, were banished. Lord Cornwallis was appointed lord-lieutenant in place of lord Camden, who had succeeded earl Fitzwilliam, and pardons were assured to those who made their submission. All now seemed over, when in August there appeared at Killala three French frigates, which landed nine hundred men, who were commanded by general Hombert. Why the French should send such a mere handful of men into Ireland, who must inevitably be sacrificed or made prisoners, can perhaps only be accounted for by the assurances of the disaffected Irish, that the whole mass of the people, at least of the catholics, were ready to rise and join them. But if that were true—if, as Wolfe Tone assured them, there were three hundred thousand men already disciplined, and only in need of arms, it would have been sufficient to have sent them

over arms. But then Tone, who had grown as utterly reckless as any *sans-culotte* Frenchman, described the riches of Ireland, which were to repay the invaders, as something prodigious. In his memorial to the directory, he declared that the French were to go shares with the nation whom they went to liberate in all the church, college, and chapter lands, in the property of the absentee landlords, which he estimated at one million pounds per annum, in that of all Englishmen, and in the income of government, which he calculated at two millions of pounds per annum. General Hombert, who had been in the late expedition, and nearly lost his life in the Droits de l'Homme, no doubt expected to see all the catholic population flocking around him, eager to put down their oppressors; but, so far from this, all classes avoided him, except a few of the most wretched catholic peasants. At Castlebar he was met by general Lake, with a force much superior in numbers, but chiefly yeomanry and militia. Hombert readily dispersed these, and marched on through Connaught, calling on the people to rise, but calling in vain. He had made this fruitless advance for about seventeen days, when he was met by lord Cornwallis, with a body of regular troops, and defeated. Finding his retreat cut off, he surrendered on the 8th of September, and he and his followers became prisoners of war. But the madness or delusion of the French government had not yet reached its acmé; a month after this surrender, Sir John Warren fell in with a French line-of-battle ship, and eight frigates, bearing troops and ammunition to Ireland. He captured the ship of the line and three of the frigates, and on board of the man-of-war was discovered the notorious Wolfe Tone, the chief instigator of these insane incursions, and who, before sailing, had recorded in his diary, as a matter of boast, that every day his heart was growing harder, that he would take a most dreadful vengeance on the Irish aristocracy. He was condemned to be hanged, but he managed to cut his own throat in prison. And thus terminated these worse than foolish attempts of France on Ireland, for they were productive of great miseries, both at sea and on land, and never were conducted on a scale or with a force capable of producing any permanent result.

Meantime, Buonaparte, summoned by the directory to take the command of the army of England, had arrived in Paris on the 5th of December, 1797, and had taken up his abode in his former residence, in the Rue Chantereine, which the commune immediately changed, in honour of the conquest of Italy, into the Rue de la Victoire. All the distinguished men and women flocked to pay their court to the wonderful young man who had humbled and made peace with Austria, who had disposed of the old and haughty republics of Venice and Genoa, and made the pope tremble at his presence. The precious art-treasures of those conquered capitals had preceded him, and all Paris was in an excitement of flattery and homage. The strange young conqueror seemed to receive these adulations with a proud indifference. He appeared to live in a life of his own, as if inwardly pondering on his own plans. He was stiff and reserved. The celebrated Madame de Staël put forth all her powers of flattery and pleasing to win his confidence, but failed. From this moment a deep-rooted dislike took place in Buonaparte towards the author of "Corinne." No one was more quick than Buonaparte in discovering the characters of people, and ascertaining, as by instinct, such as would be useful to him. He probably saw that the spirit of the daughter of Necker was not of the kind that would pliantly work under him, and he resolved to keep her at a distance.

The directory, five days after his arrival, gave him a public reception at the Luxembourg. He was received by the whole circle of officers of state, and with a splendour never before used by the revolutionists. Buonaparte arrived, dressed very simply, followed by his aides-de-camp, all taller than himself, but nearly overwhelmed by the respect that was paid to him. He was introduced by Talleyrand, who announced him as "the liberator of Italy, and pacificator of the Continent." He was led to the altar of the country —the only altar much respected in France—and, delivering to the directory the treaty of Campo Formio, made a speech, in which he complimented them on having triumphed over the prejudices of eighteen centuries by establishing the constitution of the year *Three*. In the year EIGHT he himself swept away this triumph of a constitution, and restored the "prejudices of eighteen centuries" in his own absolute person!

A banquet was then given to him by the two councils of the legislature. The institute elected him a member, and Chenier, the poet, chanted his triumphs as the conqueror of Italy, and soon to be of England. The leaders of all parties crowded to call upon him. The streets and squares through which he was expected to pass were constantly crowded, but Napoleon never showed himself. He confined himself to the society of a few men of science, as Monge, Berthollet, Borda, Laplace, Prouy, and Lagrange; and of generals, as Berthier, Desaix, Lefebvre, Caffarelli, and Kléber.

But it was necessary that Buonaparte should prepare for the invasion of England, for which purpose he had been called home. All France was in transports of joy at the thought of seeing England at last overrun by their new Attila. The directory had raised their cry of "*Delenda est Carthago!*" "It is at London," they said, "that all the misfortunes of Europe are forged and manufactured; it is in London that they must be terminated." All France glowed at the idea of London, with its exhaustless wealth, being submitted to those ravages at which Buonaparte had shown himself so prompt in Italy. Monge, who had been one of the commissioners of pillage there, on addressing the directory on the subject, said:—"The government of England and the French republic cannot both continue to exist. You have given the word which shall fall. Already your victorious troops brandish their arms, and Scipio is at their head!"

On the 8th of February this virtuous "Scipio" left Paris to examine the coasts of the British channel, preparatory to the sailing of the armament. He was accompanied by general Lannes, Salkowski, his aide-de-camp, and Bourrienne, his private secretary. He visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and Walcheren, making at these different ports the necessary surveys, and holding long and earnest conversations with sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen. He returned to Paris on the 22nd, having, in a fortnight, quite satisfied himself that the attempt had better be abandoned.

But though the abandonment, for the present, of this enterprise, so fondly cherished by France, was calculated to cast a damp on the country, Buonaparte had another project ready which flattered the French pride of conquest. This was to seize on Egypt, as the preliminary to the fall of England. He had for some time entertained this idea, and had written from Italy to the directory on the subject the previous September. To insure the real destruction of England, he said, they must make themselves masters of Egypt. Malta and Corfu must be seized first, and for this purpose he conceived eight or ten sail of the line and twenty-five thousand men would suffice. The possession of Egypt, he contended, would draw all the commerce of the east thither, instead of taking the circuitous route by the Cape of Good Hope. He had thoroughly inspired Talleyrand with his scheme. Egypt was imagined to be much more wealthy than it was, and there were monuments of ancient art for Buonaparte and his right-hand bandit, Monge, to lay hands on. The directory, which was extremely unpopular, uneasy at the presence of so popular and daring a person, were glad to be rid of him anywhere, the farther off the better. There were not wanting counsellors who already advised him to perpetrate a *coup-d'état*, and place himself at the head of affairs; but Buonaparte, by no means averse to the prospect, replied, "The pear is not ripe." He knew that, however popular with his own army, he was looked on with jealousy by the army of the Rhine, which served under, and prided themselves in, Moreau. He knew that the middle classes hated him for sweeping them away with grape-shot in the affair of the sections. He hoped to make himself yet more popular and more necessary, and that, in the interim, the directory would have completed their full measure of odium.

He now, therefore, plunged into preparations for this grand conquest of the east. We have seen him associating with the men of science and art. He conceived the ambition of uniting military conquest with the enrichment of France by the rape of all that was most celebrated in art and antiquity from every country that he could subdue, and of accumulating these trophies in Paris. He frequented the institute, wore its costume when out of his military one, and selected one hundred and two *savans*, or men of science and the arts, to attend the expedition. They were liberally supplied with books and philosophical instruments; and henceforth a new department of war was to be established—that of a scientific staff, for the purpose of universal spoliation. Whilst this is in organisation, we must notice a few other events.

The preparations for invasion turned the attention of the British government to ports where it was supposed the troops would be embarked. Ostend was regarded with particular suspicion, and Sir Home Popham was sent, in May, with a small squadron, conveying a thousand men, under colonel Coote, to destroy the ships and sluices of the Bruges canal there. The troops were landed, and did their work, but found themselves unable to regain the ships from the violence of the wind and the surf, and were surrounded, and compelled to surrender. In the autumn of this year admiral Duckworth sailed for Minorca, and landed eight hundred men, under Sir Charles Stuart, who readily made themselves masters of the island. In the West Indies, it was found necessary to abandon the portion of St. Domingo which we had held for the French planters against the revolutionary government of France. An agreement was entered into with Toussaint L'Ouverture, the head of the revolted negroes, by which he agreed to respect the lives and fortunes of the planters, and a negro republic was founded on these terms. Such of our troops as the climate had left alive quitted the island in May, and the French troops followed our example in the autumn, leaving Toussaint and his negro state in present possession of the best part of the island.

The fate of Switzerland was decided this year. The French, under the plea of liberating peoples, needed no other excuse for invading and subjecting them, not only to tyranny, but the most unbounded robbery and the most awful license. They had prepared their way by their usual arts. They had spread their propagandists through the portion of the Swiss cantons where French is spoken, with books and pamphlets, inviting them to free themselves from their federal diet, and accept the blessings of French liberation. This having sufficiently operated, Menard marched into the country with fifteen thousand troops, and made direct for Bern. The council of Bern called together from the sounder and more German cantons twenty thousand militia to oppose him. Menard was soon reinforced by ten thousand more troops, and was superseded by general Brune, who brought up still more forces, so that they now amounted to upwards of forty thousand. Papers were circulated amongst the Swiss contingents, insinuating that they were sold by their governors; and a body of Swiss being surprised and cut to pieces, suspicion spread amongst them, and they retired to their several cantons. Only about fifteen thousand men were left to defend Bern, and these, in a fit of suspicion, arose, and murdered two of their colonels and many other officers. General d'Erlach, a brave Swiss, having been defeated, his soldiers, who had been told by French emissaries that he was a traitor, turned upon him and murdered him.

Having thus scattered demoralisation through the Swiss troops, Brune attacked them on the road to Freyburg on the 5th of March, but was repulsed with a fearful slaughter. But the French, confident in their overpowering numbers, renewed the attack; and papers insinuating treason against their officers being freely spread amongst the Swiss, they gave way, and suffered a terrible defeat. More than a hundred officers, the most distinguished amongst the Bernese nobles, fell, and their names may be seen inscribed on slabs of black marble in the cathedral of Bern. The city surrendered, and Brune, marching in, seized the public treasury, containing thirty millions of francs, and also the treasure-chests of the various guilds and companies. He found and appropriated three hundred cannon, ample stores of ammunition, and arms and accoutrements for forty thousand men. These funds, and many of the guns and arms, went to equip and prepare the army of Buonaparte destined for Egypt. Soon after arrived a commissioner from the directory, named Carlier, who imposed fresh exactions, proclaiming that it was proper the Swiss should support their liberators. He levied on Bern eight hundred thousand more francs; on Freyburg, three hundred thou-

sand, and like proportions on other places; and to insure the prompt payment, he seized and sent to the citadel of Strasburg sixteen of the chief men of these districts. Carlier then turned his attention to the cantons which had invited and fraternised with the French liberators, and levied equally heavy contributions on Zurich, Lucerne, and other towns. The astonished inhabitants, untaught by Belgium and Italy, resisted these testimonies of friendship and liberation, and were answered by troops marched in upon them, by confiscation of property, and by the shooting down such refractory peasants as refused compliance with the French demands.

The directory proclaimed that the Helvetic confederation was at an end, and sent a miniature copy of the French constitution for the adoption of the Swiss, ordering deputies to assemble at Aarau to inaugurate it. The inhabitants of the Waldstätten, or mountain cantons, declined to send deputies, and fifteen thousand men, under the Alsatian general, Schaumburg, were immediately dispatched to compel them; but he was met by a small body of Schwyzers, under Aloys Redding, who, supported by another body of men of Uri, attacked him in the mountain defiles, and slew four thousand of his troops. Unable to advance, Schaumburg made a convention with Redding, by which the Schwyzers were to be exempt from intrusion, and from sending deputies to Aarau. But no sooner had the Schwyzers retired and been thrown off their guard, than Schaumburg marched again, and, on the 9th of September, attacked with all his force a small body of Nidwalders, and, after a desperate battle from sunrise to sunset, cleared the defile with his cannon, slaughtered fifteen hundred of the Swiss, and dispersed the rest amongst the mountains. Schaumburg then gave up the canton to pillage and butchery, as a terrible warning to any who should resist these sanguinary, thieving highwaymen of France. He confessed, in his dispatch to the directors, that priests and women were put to the sword. The cattle were driven off, the towns and villages were burnt down, the fruit-trees cut down, and the gardens and fields laid waste. In the little town of Stanz a chapel has been erected to commemorate the murder of four hundred and fourteen of the inhabitants, including two hundred and two women and twenty-five children, and many other places show the like monuments. Thousands of homeless and parentless children were left wandering in the blood-drenched fields, many of whom were afterwards received by Pestalozzi, and educated in his institution.

Carlier, not deemed active enough in his pillage of the Swiss, was superseded by a fellow-countryman of Schaumburg, named Rapinat, who most amply justified his name. Whilst he indefatigably perpetrated his exactions on all alike, Schaumburg, having disarmed the population, forbade any one to quit his own canton without a passport from the French general. Switzerland now enjoyed those blessings of French liberation which Ireland would have experienced had the Fitzgeralds, the Emmets, and Wolfe Tones succeeded. Belgium, which was first initiated into this process of French philanthropy, was still undergoing it; and continual insurrections by the outraged people were as often trodden out in blood and fire.

The same process was going on in Rome. It was the fixed resolve of the French to be rid of the pope, and to set up one of their model republics. The Roman democrats were encouraged to harass and insult him. Joseph Buonaparte had been appointed ambassador to the papal states, and, not being found aggressive enough—for Joseph loved quietness and ease—two commissioners, of a thoroughly jacobin spirit, were sent to *aid* him. These were general Duphot and general Sherlock, a descendant of an Irish family. Under the patronage and encouragement of these men, the Roman democrats became audacious. On the 27th of December, 1797, as Joseph Buonaparte was giving a ball, these democrats attacked and insulted the town guard. Some lives were lost, and the next day the democrats mustered at the Villa Medici, and, encouraged by Duphot, hoisted the tricolor flag; but, on hearing of the approach of some cavalry, they fled to the Corsini palace, the residence of Joseph Buonaparte. They trusted that they should be there protected by the French authority; but the cavalry pursued them into the court, and demanded that they should be turned out. Duphot, who was the next day to be married to the sister of Joseph Buonaparte's wife—afterwards the wife of Bernadotte, and queen of Sweden—like a madman, headed the democrats in a sally against the cavalry, and was shot. The democrats were dispersed, and a good many killed and wounded.

Joseph Buonaparte fled out of Rome to Florence, and the directory ordered Berthier to march into the Roman states, and take possession, declaring the pope the murderer of Duphot. Berthier advanced, seized and sacked the town and holy shrine of Loretto, pillaged and burned Osimo, and, on the 10th of February, 1798, appeared before Rome, forced it to capitulate, turned the Roman garrison out of the castle of St. Angelo, and took possession of all the military posts in the city. On the 15th of February, the twenty-third anniversary of the pope's assuming the tiara, the democrats hoisted the tricolor and the red nightcap on a tree of liberty in the Forum, and one of Sièyes' model constitutions was proclaimed. Berthier then made poor Pius VI. a prisoner in his own palace, put seals on the different apartments, and on those of the absent cardinals; seized four cardinals and a number of the principal nobility, and threw them into the castle of St. Angelo, as security for enormous contributions that he had ordered. He then sent the Corsican general, Cervoni, to inform the pope that he must abdicate his temporal authority, and recognise the French republic. The old man, more than eighty years of age, replied, that death and his many infirmities would soon take his authority from him, but, till then, no earthly power should compel him to lay it down. He was then ordered to quit Rome in eight-and-forty hours; but, not moving, on the 20th of February he was seized, put into a coach, and, with two or three of his ministers, guarded by a regiment of French cavalry, was carried rapidly into Tuscany. The country people, astonished and horrified at this treatment of the holy father, prostrated themselves in crowds along the roads as he passed, and implored his blessing; for, independent of his sacred function, he had been a kind and considerate governor. He was driven to the convent of the Augustine monks in Sienna, and was there guarded by French troops as a state prisoner.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF BERN, SWITZERLAND.

By this time, the king of Sardinia had been compelled to admit a French garrison into Turin, and the rest of his fortresses and all the north of Italy were now under French domination.

Meantime, the fleet which was to bear Buonaparte to Egypt was lying in various squadrons in the ports of Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Bastia, ready, when any adverse wind should drive the English fleet from the coast, where it blockaded them, to drop down to Toulon and join the main body. On board of these vessels were thirty thousand men, chiefly from the army of Italy. Nelson, with a numerous fleet, was maintaining the blockade, though the secret of the fleet's destination had been so well kept, that it was only surmised that Egypt might be its destination. Buonaparte himself had been recalled to Paris, with a view to his once more proceeding to Rastadt, in order to settle a difference which had arisen betwixt Bernadotte and the Austrians at Vienna. A sudden message sent him back to Toulon. A gale had driven Nelson's fleet from the coast, and so much damaged it, that he was obliged to make for Sardinia to repair. The moment was come; the different squadrons joined from the Italian ports, and the Egyptian armament issued on the 19th of May from Toulon. Napoleon was on the waters destined, he believed, to conquer Egypt, and thus to place not only a powerful barrier betwixt us and our Indian possessions, but, having established a strong empire in Egypt and Syria, to enable France to maintain a large fleet in the Persian Gulf, and to accomplish the invasion and conquest of British India by land or sea. Nay, like another Alexander, the boundless ambition of Buonaparte—an ambition which was his final ruin—contemplated the conquest of entire Asia, and the founding of a giant empire there. "If St. John d'Acre," he said to Las Casas, "had yielded to the French arms, a great revolution would have been accomplished in the east. The general-in-chief would have founded an empire there, and the destinies of France would have undergone different combinations from those to which they were subjected."

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

With such chimerical fancies, the young Corsican saw the fleet, on a splendid morning, stand out into the Mediterranean, the line-of-battle ships extending for a league, and the semi-circle formed by the convoy six leagues in extent. On their way to Malta, the first object of their enterprise, they were joined by a large fleet of transports, bringing the division of general Dessaix. On the 10th they were before Valetta, a fortress which, properly defended, would have set the French at defiance for months, before which time the English admiral would have been upon them, and destroyed the whole scheme of the expedition, and, probably, its commander and projector with it; but the surrender of the

place had been bargained for with the grand master, Hompesch, before starting. The once formidable knights of Malta were now sunk in indolence and sensual sloth, and the French agent, Poussielque, had agreed for the surrender for a bribe of six hundred thousand francs to the grand master. As general Caffarelli passed through the most formidable defences with Napoleon on their way to the house of the grand master, he said to him, "It is well, general, that there was some one within to open the gates for us. We should have had more trouble in entering if the place had been altogether empty."

A strong garrison was left in Malta, under general Vaubois, and, on the 16th, the fleet was again under sail. As they were off the coast of Candia, and the savans were gazing on the birth-place of Jupiter, and speculating on the existence of the remains of the celebrated labyrinth, Nelson, who had missed the French fleet, and had sailed in quest of it, was near enough to be perceived by some of the frigates on the look-out, and created a terrible panic. But Nelson, not having frigates to send out as scouts, did not observe them, and, suspecting that Egypt was their destination, he made all sail for Alexandria. Finding no trace of them there, in his impatience, he returned towards Malta. If he had but awaited a while, they would have come to him; but, on reaching Malta, and finding that they had taken and manned it, he again put about, and made for Alexandria. He had actually been seen by some of the French frigates as he was crossing their track on his return from Alexandria, and Napoleon was impatient to reach land before he could overtake them again. On the 1st of July the French fleet came in sight of Alexandria, and saw before them the city of the Ptolemies and Cleopatra, with its pharos and obelisks. Napoleon was in a trepidation to land; and a sail coming in sight, which was supposed to be English, he exclaimed, "What! I ask but six hours; and Fortune, wilt thou abandon me?" The vessel proved a friendly sail; but he was in such haste to land, that many men and boats were lost in the surf. The landing was effected at about a league and a half from Alexandria, at a place called Marabout.

Before disembarking, Buonaparte had a proclamation issued to the army, of which this was the commencement:—"Soldiers, you are going to undertake a conquest, the effects of which upon commerce and civilisation will be incalculable. You will give the English a most sensible blow, which will be followed by their destruction. We shall have some fatiguing marches, we shall fight several battles—we shall succeed in all our enterprises. The destinies are in our favour. The Mamelouc Beys—who favour the English commerce exclusively, who have injured our merchants, and who tyrannise over the unhappy inhabitants of the banks of the Nile—will not exist many days after our arrival. The people amongst whom you are going to live are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is—'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!' Do not contradict them. Act with them as you did with the Jews and with the Italians. Treat their muftis and their imans with respect, as you did the rabbis and the bishops. You must act with the same spirit of toleration towards the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran as you did to the synagogues and the convents, to the religions of Moses and Jesus Christ. The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here customs which differ from those of Europe; you must accustom yourselves to them."

As soon as five or six thousand of his troops were landed, Buonaparte commenced his march on Alexandria. The Turks manned the walls, and resisted furiously, incensed at this invasion by a power with which they were nominally at peace. But the walls were ruinous; the French forced their way over several breaches, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. According to the account of one of their own officers, adjutant-general Boyer, in an intercepted letter, men, women, old and young, and children at the breast were all put to the sword. The place was abandoned to massacre and pillage for four hours. As the Mamelukes were hated by the Arabs and the Cophts, and were the military mercenaries of the country, chiefly recruited from Georgia and Circassia, Buonaparte determined to destroy them. He considered that he should thus rid himself of the only formidable power in Egypt, and, at the same time, conciliate the Bedouins and Fellahs. He therefore ordered prayers to be continued as usual in all the mosques, and that all true Moslems should exclaim, "Glory to the Sultan, and to the French army, his allies! Accursed be the Mamelukes, and good fortune to the land of Egypt!"

On the 7th of July he set out on his march for Cairo with his whole force. He marched up the bank of the Nile, but at such a distance as to prevent the soldiers getting any water to quench their burning thirst. A small flotilla of gun-boats ascended the river to protect their right flank. Their way was through deep and sultry sand, and both officers and soldiers began to curse the enterprise of which they could not comprehend the use. "It would be difficult," says Las Casas, "to describe the discontent, the melancholy, the despair of the army on its first arrival in Egypt. Even Murat and Lannes threw their hats on the sand, and trampled on their cockades." The men gazed on the desolation around them, and said, "Is this the country in which we are to receive our seven acres each? The general might have allowed us to take as much as we pleased; no one would have abused the privilege." They were greatly incensed against the savans, who were mounted on asses, and whom Buonaparte had ordered, on the appearance of the enemy, to be received within the squares of the battalions. "Let the savans and the asses be received within the squares," repeated the officers, sarcastically; and the men, who had got a notion that this expedition was solely to protect the savans in their inquiry after antiquities, called the asses "demi-savans." It was all that Buonaparte could do to keep his troops in subordination. The Mamelukes added to their ill humour, for they appeared, ever and anon, from behind the hills of sand, and, with a velocity like lightning, cut off all stragglers, and galloped away again. Their flotilla was attacked on the river, and the armed vessels of the Mamelukes were not beaten off without considerable loss.

For fourteen days this melancholy march was continued, when they came at once in sight of the pyramids, at six leagues from Cairo, and of the army of the Mamelukes, drawn up across their way, headed by Murad Bey and twenty-two other beys. This force consisted of five thou-

sand cavalry—Mamelukes, mounted on the finest Arabian horses in the world, trained to obey the slightest touch of the rein, to advance, wheel, or fly with wonderful rapidity. The riders were all fine men, armed with sabres, pistols, and blunderbusses of the best English workmanship. They were deemed invincible, and were ruthlessly cruel. They presented in appearance the finest body of cavalry in the world, the plumes of their turbans waving in the air, and their arms glittering in the sun. There were, moreover, twenty thousand infantry lying in a slightly-entrenched camp on their right; but these were a mere rabble—Fellahs, or, in other words, peasantry, brought from their fields, and armed with matchlocks. They had forty pieces of cannon to defend the camp, but these had no carriages, being mounted on clumsy wooden frames.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

	Guns.		Guns.		Guns.		Guns.		Guns.	
1. Le Guerrier	... 74	8. Torrent	 80	15. Diana	 44	22. Swiftsure	... 74	29. Minotaur	... 74	36. Bay of Aboukir.
2. Conquerant	... 74	9. Heureux	 74	16. Justice	 44	23. Alexander	... 74	30. Vanguard	... 74	37. Redoubt.
3. Spartiate	 74	10. Timoleon	 74	17. Gunboats.		24. Majestic	 74	31. Theseus	 74	38. Entrance to Lake Elko.
4. L'Aiguilon	... 74	11. Guillaume Tell	74	18. Two Guns.		25. Matine	 14	32. Audacious	... 74	
5. Peuple Souverain	74	12. Genereux	... 74	19. Castle of Aboukir.		26. Colloden	 74	33. Orion	 74	39. Sand hills.
6. Franklin	 80	13. Serieux	 36	20. Redoubt.		27. Defence	 74	34. Zealous	 74	40. Maadiah.
7. L'Orient	 120	14. Artemisa	 40	21. Leander	 50	28. Bellerophon	... 74	35. Goliath	 74	41. Road to Rosetta.

Buonaparte drew up his army, so as to keep out of gunshot of the camp, and to deal only with the cavalry first. He formed his troops into squares, to resist the onslaught of the cavalry; and, as he saw the Mamelukes come on, he called to his men, "From yonder pyramids, twenty centuries behold your actions!" The Mamelukes came thundering on like a whirlwind, and sending before them the most horrible yells. Murad Bey said he would cut up the French like gourds. One of the French squares was thrown into confusion, but it recovered itself, and the battle was instantly a scene of the most desperate fury. The Mamelukes fought like demons; but, finding that they could not break the French ranks, whilst they and their horses were mowed down by musketry and artillery, in despair they flung their pistols at their foes, backed their horses up to them to break them by kicking, and, finding all unavailing, fled. Such as were left wounded on the ground crept forward to cut at the legs of the French soldiers. Both cavalry and infantry then, by swimming their horses, or in boats, attempted to cross the Nile, but the greater part were drowned in the attempt. Murad Bey, with the residue of his Mamelukes, escaped into Upper Egypt. The French soldiers found a rich booty in despoiling the fallen Mamelukes, for every one of them carried his fortune on his person. They long after continued to fish for the drowned Mamelukes, sure of finding gold and valuables upon them.

To give to this action the more importance in the eyes of the world, Buonaparte called it the Battle of the Pyramids. He then marched to Cairo, which surrendered without opposition. Napoleon called together a council of about forty of the most distinguished sheiks, who were to continue the government of all Lower Egypt, as before his arrival. He professed to listen to their counsels, and, in fact, to be a Mahometan; he said he was not come to destroy the practice of the doctrines of the koran, but to complete the mission of Mahomet; he celebrated the feast of the prophet, when it recurred, with some sheik of eminence, and joined in the

litanies and worship enjoined by the koran. He exclaimed to one of these sheiks, "Glory be to Allah; there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" and he added, "I can command a car of fire to descend from heaven, and I can guide and direct its course on earth."

"Thou art the great chief to whom Mahomet gives power and victory," replied the Mufti; and Buonaparte thought that, by this hypocrisy, he was impressing a deep influence on the Moslems, but he was mistaken. They hate a renegade from his religion, be it what it may, and they estimated his acting at its true worth, with all their outward gravity.

But Nelson had now tracked the French to their goal, and was preparing to annihilate their fleet. Admiral Brueyes, unable to enter the harbour of Alexandria, had anchored his ships in the Bay of Aboukir, in a semicircular form, so close in shore that he deemed it impossible for ships of war to thrust themselves betwixt him and the land. He had altogether thirteen ships of war, including his own flag-ship of one hundred and twenty guns, three of eighty, and nine of seventy-four, flanked by four frigates and a number of gun-boats, with a battery of guns and mortars on an island in the van. Nelson had also thirteen men-of-war and one fifty-gun ship, but the French exceeded his by about forty-six guns, three thousand pounds weight of metal, and by considerably more tonnage, and nearly five thousand men.

No sooner did Nelson observe the position of the French fleet than he determined to push his ships between it and the shore. When this order was given, one of his officers said, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question." No sooner was this plan settled than Nelson ordered dinner to be served; and, on rising from table, said, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

It was half-past five o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st of August, 1798, when this celebrated battle was commenced. As the English vessels rounded a shoal, to take up their position, the battery of the island played upon them; but this ceased as they came near the French line of vessels, lest they should damage their own countrymen. Unfortunately, Nelson lost the use of the Culloden, a seventy-four, commanded by captain Trowbridge, which struck on a ledge of rocks, and could not be got off in time for the engagement. Nelson's own vessel was the first that anchored within half pistol-shot of the Spartiate, the third ship of the French line. The conflict immediately became murderous, and Nelson received a severe wound on the head, which compelled him to go below. The battle continued with a terrible fury till it was so dark that the only light the combatants had to direct their operations was from the flashes of their own broadsides.

At ten o'clock the Orient, admiral Brueyes' own great ship, was discovered to be on fire. He himself had fallen, killed by a cannon-shot. The stupendous ship continued to burn furiously, lighting up the whole terrible scene of action. At eleven it blew up with an explosion, which shook the whole contending fleets like the shock of an earthquake, and with a stunning noise that caused the conflict instantly to cease. A profound silence and a pitchy darkness succeeded for about ten minutes. "The smoke," says Louis Buonaparte, describing this awful scene, "first rose from the vessel in a heavy mass, like a black balloon. It then brightened up, and exhibited the objects, of all descriptions, which had been precipitated on the scene of conflict. What a terrible moment of fear and desolation for the French, who witnessed this awful catastrophe!"

Nelson, wounded as he was, had rushed upon deck, before the explosion, to order every possible succour to be given to the shrieking sufferers in the burning ship, and many of the crew had been got into boats, and saved. The cannonade was slowly resumed; but, when morning dawned, two French ships and two frigates only had their colours flying, and were able to get away, none of the English vessels, except the Zealous, being in a condition to give chase. The two ships of the line and one of the frigates were afterwards intercepted by our Mediterranean fleet, so that of all this fine fleet only one frigate escaped. Had Nelson not been wounded, and had captain Trowbridge been able to bring up his ship, probably not even that frigate would have got away. The English took eight vessels of the line; the rest were destroyed in one way or other. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was eight hundred and ninety-five; of the French, five thousand two hundred and twenty-five, and three thousand one hundred and five, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel. Captain Westcott, of the Majestic, was the only commander of a ship who fell. Such was the victory of Aboukir; but "victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene—it is a conquest!"

Fortunately for the French, admiral Brueyes had secured the transports and store-ships in shallow water, in the port of Alexandria, where Nelson could not come at them for want of small craft. Half-a-dozen bomb ships would have destroyed them all, and have left Buonaparte totally dependent on the Egyptians for supplies. And these he must have collected by force, for now the news of the destruction of his fleet was spread over all Egypt by bonfires, kindled by the Arabs, along the coast, and far inland. He was cut off from all communication with France. The Turks took heart; the sultan issued a manifesto, complaining of the French invading his province of Egypt in a time of profound peace, of pretended amity, and without one cause of dissatisfaction. He called on the pachas of Syria to collect their forces, in order to co-operate with the army collecting at Constantinople, for the recovery of Egypt. On the 22nd of October the people of Cairo rose on the French, and endeavoured to massacre them; but they took a bloody vengeance, sweeping them down with grape-shot, pursuing them into their very mosques, and slaughtering, in one day, five thousand of them. Buonaparte then put out a pompous proclamation, announcing himself as the Man of Destiny foretold in the koran; that he could tell their most secret thoughts, and resistance was vain. But he had made himself odious to the Moslems, and they believed not in his words; they believed only in his cannon, his musketry, and his assassins. He ordered the heads of the slain to be cut off, thrust into sacks, and then brought and rolled out before the people. For six days after tranquillity was

restored, he wrote, in a letter to Regnier, that he had thirty men every night murdered in prison, including chiefs, their heads put into sacks, and thrown into the Nile!

The news of the battle of Aboukir produced the most astonishing sensation when it reached Europe. Their own historian, Thiers, says, "Such was the famous battle of Aboukir; the most disastrous that the French had yet sustained, and the one, the military consequences of which were destined to prove the most prejudicial. That fleet which had carried the French to Egypt; which might have served to succour, or recruit them; which was to second their movements on the coast of Syria, had there been any to execute; which was to overawe the Porte; to force it to put up with false reasoning, and to oblige it to wink at the invasion of Europe; which, finally, in case of reverse, was to convey the French back to their country—that fleet was destroyed. This defeat came not to break the spell of the enterprise, but to revive all the hopes of the enemies of France."

Nelson, having blockaded the port of Alexandria, sailed to Naples to repair. There he received the news of the intense rejoicing his victory had spread through England, and that he was raised to the peerage, by the title of baron Nelson of the Nile. He found Ferdinand of Naples already collecting an army to drive the French from Rome and Tuscany. Austria, Switzerland, and other countries were again in arms. The treaty of Campo Formio was at an end by the French violation of it everywhere; and, as it was supposed that Buonaparte would never be allowed to get back again, the spirit of Europe had revived. Nelson, allowing himself as little repose as possible, in November had made himself master of the island of Gazzo, separated only by a narrow channel from Malta. He had blockaded Malta itself, and it must soon surrender. Pitt, elated by this great success, and in consequence of the death of the old czarina, Catherine, at the end of 1796, now entered into a treaty with her successor, Paul, who was subsidised by a hundred and twelve thousand pounds a-month, and great expectations were raised of the effect of his victorious general, the merciless Suvaroff, leading an army into Italy. When the British parliament met on the 20th of November, the late victory and this new alliance were the themes of congratulation from the throne. Twenty-nine million two hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds were granted with alacrity for the ensuing year; and the nation willingly put its neck under a new yoke invented by Pitt—that of an income tax.

The year 1799 opened by the discussion of this new scheme of revenue. It was a mode of making every man tax himself by stating the amount of his income, on which he was to be charged ten per cent., with the exception only of such persons whose incomes were less than two hundred pounds per annum, who were to be charged less than ten per cent. It was to include all who had more than sixty pounds a-year. Pitt calculated the income of the nation at a hundred and two million pounds, which would thus produce a revenue of ten million pounds. To make this inquisitorial and sweeping imposition the more palatable, the increase in the assessed taxes made the preceding session were to be repealed. To such a degree was Pitt's extraordinary scale of taxation now become familiarised, that this tax was carried through both houses with comparatively little difficulty.

A still more important proposition was laid before parliament by royal message, on the 22nd of January—the union of Ireland with Great Britain. It was argued that the late attempts to bring in a French army, and to alienate Ireland from this country altogether, showed the necessity of drawing closer the bonds betwixt the two countries. On the 31st of January a series of resolutions were agreed to as the basis of this union. These we shall notice at length, when we come to the discussion of the measure. For the present year, the matter ended in a joint address on the subject from both houses being presented to the king.

On the continent, the struggle against the French was renewed. The king of Naples and the emperor of Austria, in alliance with Russia, determined to free Italy of them in the absence of Buonaparte; but, without waiting for the arrival of the Austrians and Russians, Ferdinand mustered nearly forty thousand men, badly disciplined, and worse officered, and set out to drive the French from Rome. General Mack, still in high repute, was sent from Vienna to command this army, and Ferdinand, a most self-indulgent and unmartial monarch, was advised to march with them in person. Nelson was employed, with an addition of some Portuguese ships, to land a division of five thousand men of this army at Leghorn. Mack, in true Austrian style, then divided the remaining thirty-two thousand men into five columns, and marched them by different routes towards Rome. Nelson had narrowly watched the manœuvres of Mack, and pronounced him incompetent, and that the whole would prove a failure. This was speedily realised. Ferdinand, with a portion of his forces, entered Rome in triumph on the 29th of November; but Championnet, the French general, who evacuated Rome to concentrate his forces at Terni, soon defeated the other divisions of the Neapolitan army in detail, and Ferdinand fled from Rome back to Naples. But there was now no security for him there. Championnet was marching on that capital with twenty thousand veteran soldiers, and Ferdinand availed himself of Nelson's fleet to get over to Palermo. The lazzaroni defended the deserted city for three days with incredible bravery against the French; but they were betrayed by a republican party in the city, which hoisted the tricolor flag, surrendered the forts to the enemy, and fired on them from the castle of St. Elmo, which commands the town. Championnet took possession of Naples on the 23rd of January, 1799, and proclaimed a republic, under the title of "Republica Parthenopea." Ferdinand had the deposits of the bank and the Monte di Pietà of Sicily with him; but the French levied a contribution of twelve million of francs on the inhabitants of the city, and fifteen million on the inhabitants of the provinces; seized on the royal property, the property of the church, and laid hands on all the statues, pictures, books, manuscripts, and the antiquities collected from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and sent them off to Paris. Yet even Championnet had moderation enough to curb the relentless pillage of Faypoult, the commissioner of the directory, and he was therefore superseded by general Macdonald.

The Austrians and Russians, by this time, were in full

march for Italy. Leaving the archduke Charles to cope with Jourdan, who had made himself master of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein in January, and menaced a march on the Danube, an army of Austrians, under generals Bellegarde and Hotze, entered Switzerland, reoccupied the Grison country, drove the French from the St. Gothard, and menaced Massena at Zurich. Another army of Austrians, under old general Melas, issued from the Tyrol, and drove the French general, Scherer, from post to post in Upper Italy, till he took refuge behind the Mincio. Moreau was then sent to supersede Scherer, but found himself, in April, routed his army, and killed him; the French abandoning nearly all their artillery on the field, and flying in disorder towards Genoa.

Leaving Melas to complete the subjection of Italy, Suvaroff then turned his army towards Switzerland, where Massena had effectually opposed the Austrians under Bellegarde and Hotze, and defeated a Russian force, under Korsakoff, sent to reinforce them. But Suvaroff found himself unable to unite with Korsakoff till after much fighting with Massena; and the two Russian generals retreated to Augsburg, leaving Massena master of Switzerland.

PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

1. Corride. 2. Deux Frères. 3. Dangereux. 4. Theseus. 5 Castle. 6. Sea Gate. 7. Port. 8 English. 9. Light House. 10, 11, 12. Gun-boats. 13. Marianne. 14. Negress. 15. Dame de France. 16. Alliance. 17. Tiger. 18. Bay of Acre. 19. Mediterranean. 20. Cultivated Valley. 21, 22. Ruined Cisterns. 23. Subterranean Aqueduct. 24. Old Turkish Entrenchment. 25. French Hospital. 26. River Belus. 27. Road to Caiffa. 28. French Army—Head Quarters. 29. Lannes. 30. Regniex. 31. Freshwater Lake. 32. French Reserve. 33. Village. 34. French Camp. 35, 36. Parallels.

confronted, not only by Melas, but by Suvaroff, with an addition of fifty thousand men. On the 27th of that month he was attacked by this combined force, and beaten. Brescia and Peschiera surrendered, Mantua was invested, and Suvaroff entered Milan. Moreau was compelled to retreat upon Genoa, and await the arrival of Macdonald, who was rapidly marching from Naples to his aid. But Macdonald was confronted on the banks of the Trebia, and, after a fierce battle of three days, he was routed, and escaped only to Morcau with the remnant of his army. Moreau now stationed himself in the entrance of the Bochetta pass, in the Appenines, behind the town of Novi; but there he was superseded by general Joubert, the directory having lost faith in Moreau. Joubert, however, had no better success than Moreau. Suvaroff attacked him on the 16th of August,

The French were driven again out of Naples by the end of July. Cardinal Ruffo brought down a wild army of Calabrians, and an army made up of Russians, Turks, Portuguese, and English, completed the expulsion of the republicans, and restored the king. In this restoration Nelson and his squadron took a most effective part; but, unfortunately for his fame, he at this time became acquainted with lady Hamilton, the wife of the English ambassador, and gave himself up so completely to her fascinations, that he was induced to do deeds that leave a lasting stain upon his reputation. Lady Hamilton was the friend of the queen of Naples, a sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and she instigated Nelson to take a melancholy part in the savage retaliations of the court on the Neapolitan republicans. The title of duke of Bronté,

GALLANT CONDUCT OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH AT THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

and a large estate, were a poor equivalent for these un-English services. Nelson sent commodore Trowbridge to Civita Vecchia to blockade it, and both that port and the castle of St. Angelo soon surrendered, and captain Lewis rowed up the Tiber in his barge, hoisted the English colours on the capitol, and acted as governor of Rome till Pius VI. was nominally restored. The poor old man, however, never returned to his kingdom; he died at Valence, on the Rhone, on the 29th of August of this year. The election of the new pope, Pius VII., did not take place till March, 1800. Before the end of the year, nearly all Italy, except Genoa, was cleared of the French.

Whilst these changes had been effectuating in Italy, the English, with their new allies, the Russians, made an abortive attempt to drive the French from Holland. An army of seventeen thousand Russians and thirteen thousand English was assembled on the coast of Kent; and Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was destined to fall on a more memorable field, taking the command of a division of twelve thousand men, admiral Mitchell put them across to the coast of Holland. Abercromby landed, and took the Fort of the Helder; and our fleet, occupying the Texel, compelled the Dutch fleet to surrender, and mount the Orange flag. So long as Abercromby commanded, he repelled all the attacks of the French general, Brune, with a force more than double in number; but, on the 13th of September, the duke of York arrived with the remainder of the Anglo-Russian army, and took the chief command. From that moment all went wrong. The old want of success followed the royal duke, who, whatever his courage, certainly possessed no abilities as a general. By the 17th of October, notwithstanding the bravery of his troops, he was glad to sign a convention, by which he was allowed to withdraw his army, on condition of the liberation of eight thousand French and Dutch prisoners of war in England.

Buonaparte in Egypt, cut off from all communication with France, soon found himself threatened by the attack of two Turkish armies, one assembling at Rhodes, one in Syria. To anticipate this combination, he determined to march into Syria, where he expected to startle the Turks by the progress that he should make there. He therefore commenced his march through the desert at the head of ten thousand men, easily routed a body of Mamelukes, and took the fort of El Arish, reckoned one of the keys of Egypt. He set out in February, and, passing the desolate wilderness, not without experiencing some of the sufferings which might be expected, entered Gaza, where he found plenty of provisions. He then attacked Jaffa, the Joppa of the Gospels, carried it, and put three thousand Turks to the sword, giving up the town to licence and plunder. But it was here that Buonaparte perpetrated one of those wholesale massacres which blacken his name. In Paris, in the affair of the sections, he had shown his disregard of human life, and again at Cairo; but his deed at Jaffa was still more deliberately murderous. Amongst the prisoners who had surrendered was a mixed body of Egyptians, Turks, and others. He himself admitted to lord Ebrington, at Porto-Ferrajo, that they were little short of two thousand—"*à peu près deux mille.*" Thinking that these men would be an incumbrance to him, and would join the enemy again if he set them at liberty, he pretended that they had before made part of the garrison of El Arish, and engaged not to serve again; and that, moreover, the governor of Jaffa had cut off the head of his messenger. To have cut off the head of the governor in return would have been just; but proof is wanting that any great number of these Turks had been in El Arish; and even if they had, when he had accepted their surrender on condition of quarter, they had a claim for their lives. But Buonaparte, two days after their surrender, marched them out under guard of a strong detachment of his army to the sand-hills south-east of Jaffa, and had them shot down in successive companies, and their bodies piled up in a pyramid were, and perhaps are still, visible as a pyramid of bones. Heaven seemed to put the stamp of its reprobation on this horrible deed by immediately sending the plague into his camp.

He next marched to St. Jean d'Acre, and summoned it to surrender. The pacha, named, from his fierce cruelties, Djezzaar, or the Butcher, instead of returning an answer, cut off the head of the messenger. Buonaparte vowed an awful revenge. But the pacha had warned Sir Sidney Smith, who was off the coast ready to convey the Turkish army to Egypt, of the appearance of the French before Acre; and Sir Sidney, so famous already for his exploits at Toulon, where he and Buonaparte had met, sailed into the port with two ships of the line, the Tigre and the Theseus. Scarcely had Sir Sidney arrived, when he heard of the approach of a French frigate flotilla bringing to Buonaparte artillery, ammunition, and machines for the siege. He captured seven vessels out of the nine, and turned the artillery on the walls against the French themselves. A French royalist officer, general Phillippeaux, took charge of these cannon. The siege began on the 17th of March, and ended on the 21st of May—a period of sixty-five days, during which eight desperate assaults had been made, and eleven as desperate sallies. At one time Buonaparte had to march to Mount Tabor, to disperse an army of Moslems; at another, he succeeded in making himself master of a tower which commanded all the rest of the fortifications; but Sir Sidney Smith, himself leading on a body of his seamen armed with pikes, drove the French, in a hand-to-hand fight, from the tower. Buonaparte, one day walking on the hill still called Cœur de Lion's Mount, pointing to Acre, said to Murat, "The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty tower." When a prisoner in St. Helena he repeated this, saying that, Acre won, he should have pushed on to Damascus; Syria his, he would have assembled a hundred thousand men, taken Constantinople, and have marched to India. His ambitious notions on this head amounted to a species of monomania. But Sir Sidney Smith stood in his way; and the bitterness of Buonaparte against him became rancorous. He declared that Sir Sidney had exposed the French prisoners purposely to the plague, and ended by denouncing him as mad. Buonaparte had now, however, lost several of his best generals, and retreat was inevitable; but he endeavoured to cover the disgrace of it by asserting that it was the plague raging at Acre that drove him from it. On the march he proposed to Desgenettes, the surgeon, to end the lives of some of the wounded who incumbered him, by poisoning them with opium. Desgenettes replied indignantly that his art was

employed to save, and not to kill. But the proposal soon grew into a rumour that it had been carried into execution, and that not on a few dozens, but on several hundreds—a rumour which continued to be believed for many years, not only by the other European nations, but by Buonaparte's own army. He continued his march back to Cairo, burning the crops and villages by the way, in revenge of the hostility of the natives. He reached Cairo on the 14th June, his reputation much diminished by his repulse.

Buonaparte found that, during his absence in Syria, Egypt had been disturbed by insurrections, which Desaix had put down, and had again defeated, and driven back into Upper Egypt, Murad Bey, who had made a descent thence. Soon after his return, however, Murad was once more in motion, descending the Nile in two bodies, and Ibrahim Bey was moving on the frontiers of Syria, as if to form a union with Murad. La Grange was dispatched against Ibrahim, and Murat against Murad. Scarcely were they repulsed when the cause of their manœuvres became evident. A Turkish fleet, containing eighteen thousand men, appeared in the Bay of Alexandria, commanded by Mustapha Pacha. They seized the fort, and, landing, began to fortify themselves, expecting the arrival of the Mamelukes, as had been concerted. On the 25th of July Buonaparte attacked them, and drove in all their outposts; but, on coming within reach of their batteries and their gunboats, in the bay, the French were checked, and the Turks, rushing out, with their muskets slung at their backs, made terrible havoc amongst them with their sabres, poniards, and pistols. The defeat of Napoleon must have been complete had not the Turks stopped to cut off the heads of the slain, for which they were offered a reward. This gave time for the French to rally. It was now the turn of the Turks to give way, and Murat, who had fought at the head of the troops, followed them so impetuously with the bayonet, that the confusion and panic became general. The Turks threw themselves *en masse* into the sea to regain their ships; and, by drowning, and the bayonets and bullets of the French, ten thousand out of the eighteen thousand perished. Mustapha Pacha himself was taken, and carried in triumph before Buonaparte. This battle had been fought at Aboukir, near the spot where Nelson had so signally triumphed over them. The victory was the event which Buonaparte needed to enable him to return with credit to France. He immediately embraced it. All his plans and brilliant visions of empire in the East had perished for the present, but private letters from his brothers in Paris, and a number of newspapers, which Sir Sidney Smith had furnished him with to mortify him, roused him to instant action. From these he learnt that the directory had, as he expected, consummated their unpopularity; that Italy, which he had won to France, was again lost by the other generals. To remain in Egypt was to sink into a sort of provincial or proconsular general; to return to Paris was, by a bold and adroit stroke, to make himself the master of France.

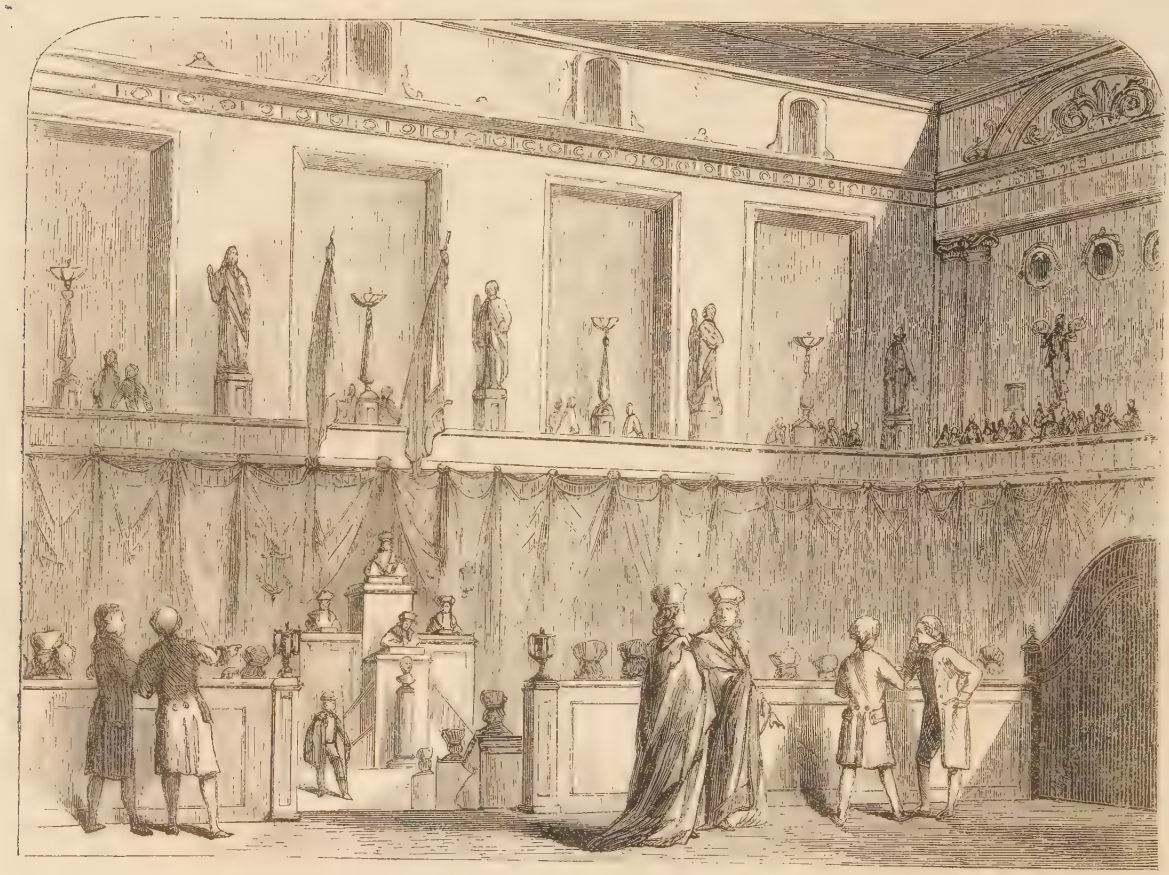
He immediately ordered admiral Ganthcaume to have ready a couple of frigates, which lay in the harbour of Alexandria; and, taking with him his favourite generals, Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Berthier, Desaix, Andréossy, and Bessieres, and the two principal *savans*, Monge and Denon, to give an account of the scientific results of the expedition, he rushed on board. He had left the care of the army to Kleber and Menou; and he issued a short proclamation, saying that events in Paris demanded his presence there, but that he would return with all possible expedition.

We are told that Nelson, in quitting Egypt, had left the bay of Alexandria well blockaded. With this French army in Egypt, and the most victorious general of France there cut off from return, if due vigilance had been observed, a most active blockade and watch ought to have been maintained. There appears to have been little or none at all. Buonaparte, prevented from returning to France, or seized on his way back, would have given a totally different face to history. But Buonaparte was enabled to traverse the Mediterranean against contrary winds, from the 22nd of August to the 30th of September, when they touched at Ajaccio, in Corsica, Buonaparte's native place, and again till the 9th of October, in all, eight-and-forty days, without interruption from any English vessels. So great does the negligence of the British navy appear to have been—so great the neglect of Nelson, forgetting his duties in the smiles of lady Hamilton, at Naples—that, as they approached the French coast, and saw a considerable English fleet, the admiral would have put about, but Buonaparte ordered him to sail right through them, and they did so without challenge, and they landed safely at Rapheau, near Frejus. The English seemed to have imagined that they had annihilated Buonaparte by the battle of Aboukir, and to have given themselves no further anxiety about him; but he was once more in Paris, prepared to give them more trouble than ever.

Though Buonaparte had been absent, his family had taken care to keep public opinion alive to his importance. His wife, Josephine, lived at great expense, and collected around her all that was distinguished in society. His brother, Lucien, had become president of the council of five hundred; and Joseph, a man much respected, kept a hospitable house, and did much to maintain the Buonaparte prestige. Talleyrand and Fouché were already in Napoleon's interest, and Bernadotte, now minister at war, Jourdan, and Augereau, as generals, were prepared to act with him. The abbé Sieyes, with his perpetual constitution-making, had also been working in a way to facilitate his schemes. He had planned a new and most complicated constitution, which was to consist of four successive bodies:—First, a tribunate of a hundred members, who discussed all legislative measures in the presence of a legislative council, which did not interfere in the discussions, but listened, and then voted in silence upon the measure discussed, the tribunate, which had discussed, not voting at all. The act passed by the legislative council was handed to a body of three consuls, of whom one was to be the head, or first consul, who signed and promulgated it. The third body, a senate of one hundred members, apparently placed betwixt the legislative council and the consuls, sat with closed doors, and appeared intended as a check on the consuls, any of whom, who appeared inclined to exceed his due authority, they might elect into their own body, whereupon he ceased to be consul, and became merely one of them.

Of the five directors Buonaparte left in office, the

most active had been removed: abbé Sièyes had succeeded Rewbell, and two men of no ability, Gohier and Moulins, had suceeeded others Roger Ducos, also in the interest of Buonaparte, made the fifth. All measures being prepared, on the 18th Brumaire, that is, the 10th of November, Buonaparte proceeded to re-act the part of Cromwell, and usurp the chief authority of the state, converting the republic into a military dictatorship. The army had shown, on his return, that they were devoted to his service. Jourdan, Bernadotte, Moreau, and Augereau were willing to co-operate in a *coup-de-main*, which should make the army supreme.



COUNCIL HALL OF THE "ANCIENTS."

He therefore assembled three regiments of dragoons on pretence of reviewing them, and, everything being ready, he proceeded to the council of ancients, in which the moderate, or reactionary, party predominated, on the evening of the 10th of November. The republican party in the council of ancients had already taken the alarm, and some of its members were urging it to prompt measures of safety, when Buonaparte entered in full military costume, and attended by his staff. He warned them of some vague danger, and the moderate majority in the council immediately carried two decrees—one to remove the sittings to St. Cloud, and the other to appoint general Buonaparte to see this done. This was all that he could desire; he withdrew, and announced this fact to the military. But the directors not in the secret—Barras, Gohier, and Moulins—caught the alarm, and sent to remonstrate with Buonaparte against any invasion of the constitution. He replied in tones that seemed to paralyse them. The two councils assembled the next day at St. Cloud in a state of great confusion, and the council of five hundred in the highest excitement and indignation. The majority was intensely republican. The Orangerie was cleared for their place of meeting, but was full of workmen when they arrived. Buonaparte also arrived with his troops. He entered the council of ancients, which met in the gallery of Mars. The minority of republicans were in earnest remonstrance against the threatened danger when Buonaparte entered, told them they were sitting on a volcano, that they were calumniated, and he himself styled a Cæsar, a Cromwell; but that he came only to save liberty; had he wished to seize on absolute power, he could have done it long ago. He swore to them that the country had no more disinterested patriot; but there was a party which wished to throw them back on revolutionary committees, insurrections, and scaffolds. He would save them from such horrors; he would appeal on their behalf to the valour of his comrades, with whom he had fought and conquered for liberty!

He retired amid shouts of "Vive Buonaparte!" from his soldiers in the court-yard. The council of five hundred was

in the midst of a most excited debate on the menaced danger, and every member, including Lucien Buonaparte, who was the president, had just been compelled to take an oath to maintain inviolable the constitution of the year Three, when Napoleon entered, attended by four grenadiers of the constitutional guard of the councils. The soldiers remained near the door, Napoleon advanced up the hall uncovered. There were loud murmurs. "What!" exclaimed the members, "soldiers—drawn swords in the sanctuary of the laws!" They rushed upon him, and seized him by the collar, shouting, "Outlawry! outlawry! proclaim him a traitor!" The grenadiers, followed by others, rushed forward, and rescued him, conducting him out of the hall. Then arose a storm of fury. Lucien Buonaparte, called on to put the outlawry of his brother to the vote, threw off his robes of office, and demanded to be heard as a simple member. The uproar became terrible; a fresh body of soldiers entered, and bore Lucien away with them. No sooner was Lucien outside than he mounted on horseback, and, as president of the council of five hundred, announced to the soldiers that factious members with drawn draggers had interrupted the deliberations of the council, and attempted the life of their general. The soldiers were furious, and, headed by Murat, they entered the Orangerie, and drove the members at the point of the bayonet out of the windows. The place was cleared in a moment, the members flying without their caps and gowns for their lives; the place was shut up, and the operation of Cromwell on the long parliament was once more complete in the person of Buonaparte and the national assembly of France.

Out of doors there were abundance of rumours propagated to excite the interest of the public in favour of Buonaparte. It was said that Arena, a Corsican, had attempted to stab the general with a dagger; that he and other deputies had attacked him with swords and pistols; and that he was severely wounded. Arena publicly denied the whole of these assertions. But Thome, one of the grenadiers, who was said to have rescued Buonaparte from the most imminent peril, was invited by him to dinner, and was received by Josephine with a salute, and the present of a valuable jewel. The two councils were remodelled by excluding all the republican members. The directors all, excepting Sièyes and Ducos, resigned. Buonaparte was made chief consul, and the dictatorship was complete. Sieyès retired into the senate with a salary of twenty-five thousand francs, and the estate of Crôsne, in the park of Versailles, whereupon some wag observed:—

> "Buonaparte to Sièyes has given du Crôsne,
> But Sièyes to Buonaparte has given a throne."

Ducos also retired into the senate. Thus Buonaparte, with an army at his back, was openly dictator. He removed to the palace of the Luxembourg, and assumed a state little inferior to royalty. He revised the constitution of the abbé Sièyes, concentrating all the power of the state in the chief consul, instead of making him, as he expressed it, a personage whose only duties were to fatten, like a pig, upon so many millions a-year. Sièyes had hoped that Buonaparte would be satisfied with directing the military power of the state, and leave the civil power to him. He was soon undeceived. On the very first meeting of the three consuls, Ducos said:—"General, the presidency belongs to you of right." Sièyes hoped Buonaparte would insist on his taking it, but Napoleon seated himself, as a matter of course; and, on his return from the meeting, Sièyes said to Talleyrand, and the rest of those who had planned the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire:—"Gentlemen, you have a master. Give yourselves no further trouble about the affairs of state; Buonaparte can and will manage them all at his own pleasure." It is to the credit of Napoleon that, contrary to the sanguinary disposition which he had displayed in Syria and Egypt, he now showed the utmost clemency. He refused any proscriptions of those who had resisted this *coup-d'état;* he conciliated the Chouans and the inhabitants of La Vendée; caused a decree to be passed for the return of La Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, and others, who had been banished by the ultra-revolutionists. The same man who had professed himself a Mohammedan in Egypt now restored the exercise of the Christian religion, and relaxed the rigour of the law against the clergy and the royalists. When Sièyes, in conversation, spoke of Louis XVI., in the usual phrase, as the tyrant, he replied:—"He was no tyrant, or I should have been a subaltern officer of artillery, and you, monsieur l'Abbé, would still be saying mass." On one point alone he was immovable—that of his own power. When some persons advised him to put himself at the head of the army, and renew his splendid victories, he replied:—"I shall remain at Paris—I am chief consul." And he set himself actively to appoint effective ministers, and to reform the lamentable abuses and disorders in both the executive and the army.

In concluding the remarkable events of this year, we must turn to India, and witness the termination of the career of Tippoo Sultaun. This prince, for ever restless under the losses which he had suffered from the English, though nominally at peace with them, was seeking alliances to enable him once more to contend with them. He sought to engage the Affghans in his favour, and to bring over the English ally, the nizam of the Deccan. Failing in this, he made overtures to the French republic through the governor of the Isle of France. Buonaparte had Tippoo in his mind when he proposed to march to India and conquer it, but only a few hundreds of French of the lowest caste reached Seringapatam from the Isle of France, and those immediately set up a tree of liberty, surmounted by a red night-cap, vowed vengeance to all tyrants, except their ally, whom they called citizen Tippoo. Lord Mornington, afterwards the marquis of Wellesley, determined to anticipate the plans of Tippoo, and dispatched general Harris with twenty-four thousand men into Mysore, at the same time ordering another force of seven thousand, under general Stuart, from Bombay, to co-operate with him. To these also was added a strong reinforcement of British troops in the pay of the nizam, and some regiments of sepoys, commanded by English officers. The united forces of Harris and the nizam came into conflict with Tippoo's army on the 22nd of March, 1799, when within two days' march of Seringapatam. In this action, colonel Wellesley, afterwards the duke of Wellington, greatly distinguished himself, and the success of the action was ascribed to his regiment, the 34th. On the 5th of April general Harris invested Seringapatam, and, on the

14th, general Stuart arrived with the Bombay army. Tippoo soon made very humble overtures for peace, but the English, having no faith in him, continued the siege, and the city was carried by storm on the 4th of May, and Tippoo himself was found amongst the slain. Two of his sons fell into the hands of the English; his territories were divided betwixt themselves and the nizam. They retained Seringapatam and the island on which it is situated, and the whole of his territory on the Malabar coast, with Coimbra, and all the rest of his possessions stretching to the company's territories west and east, thus completing their dominion from sea to sea. The nizam received equally valuable regions in the interior, and a province was bestowed on the descendant of a Hindoo rajah, who had been dispossessed of it by Hyder Ali, Tippoo's father. Thus was the English empire of India freed from its most formidable enemy, and thus was it enabled, soon after, to send an armament up the Red Sea to assist in driving the French from Egypt.

BUONAPARTE DISMISSING THE COUNCIL OF THE "ANCIENTS."

The year 1800 opened in the British parliament by a debate on an address to the king, approving of his reply to an overture for peace by Buonaparte, as first consul of France. As in this proposition there were no conditions stated, a correspondence ensued betwixt lord Grenville, as secretary at war, and M. Talleyrand, as French minister for foreign affairs: but it ended in nothing. If Buonaparte had been sincerely desirous of peace, he must have withdrawn the French army from Egypt, as it was there with the open declaration of an intention to make that country a stepping-stone to India. But, so far from this, Buonaparte was, at the same moment, preparing to make fresh and still more overwhelming invasions of Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. As England was yet far from having learned the great and necessary lesson of non-intervention, its ministers were not likely to accept a peace which left Belgium and Holland parts of France. Pitt, in his speech on the address, set himself elaborately to answer Mr. Erskine, who not only declared in his place in parliament, but had published a pamphlet, to prove that we were the first aggressors in this dreadful and expensive war with France. If the case could have been argued at that time on the basis on which we now admit that it ought to have been, Erskine would have succeeded. We were the first to take up arms to defend our allies, the Dutch; but then, in the eyes of Pitt and of his majority, to attack our allies was to attack us; and Pitt argued triumphantly to a large public of that time, when he recapitulated the dates of the aggressions of France on Belgium and Holland, stating truly that we did not take up arms till after the battle of Jemappe, in 1792. Could the English government and its borough-purchased majority in parliament of that day have been able to comprehend the great

DEATH OF TIPPOO SAHIB, AT THE SIEGE OF SERINGAPATAM.

doctrine of non-intervention, there would have been a fair ground of peace, had Buonaparte been prepared to evacuate Egypt, and renounce all designs on our Indian territory. We had certainly done enough, and more than enough, on account of our allies; for we had for them accumulated a vast burden on the shoulders of our posterity, whose consent could not be obtained, who had no representatives living and elected by them, and could not, therefore, be justly charged with the costs of war for the benefit of foreign nations. But such doctrines then were so much empty wind against the theory of Pitt, who was destined by his wild ideas of universal quixotism to cost this country more, as one man, than all its kings together had cost it from the conquest. The address in the commons was carried by a majority of two hundred and sixty to sixty-four; and it was immediately followed by a message from the crown, announcing new complications with the continental powers, and making the most enormous demands for the prosecution of the war. On the 17th of February it was distinctly stated that the king was making fresh arrangements with the emperor of Germany, the elector of Bavaria, and other continental princes, to enable them to defend their own territories, and of which defence they had already amply shown that they were utterly incapable. Pitt demanded half-a-million of money to be paid over to these princes as an instalment; and he called for no less than forty-seven millions four hundred and ninety thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds for the expenditure of the year.

Mr. Tierney, who now began to distinguish himself in opposition, objected to the whole of these propositions, as most uncalled for and unjust to the people of this country, and defied Pitt to state the real aim and object of the war. Pitt replied, as in astonishment, "The honourable gentleman defies me to state what is the object of the war. I will state it, not in one sentence, but in one word: it is SECURITY—security against the greatest danger that ever threatened the world. It is security against a danger which threatens all the nations of the earth!"

If this was the real motive for the war—"security against a danger that threatened all the nations of the earth"—then the answer was plain:—Let us insure our own security, and let all the nations of the earth do the same. We have surely done enough to show a real sympathy with those nations, and it has been useless. Some of them have made peace with the enemy, and spent *our* money to destroy other nations. We are not justified in preserving Austria and Prussia, that they may destroy Poland. We cannot answer it to our posterity, whose money it is that we are spending, and not our own. Behold our national debt; that is at once the monument of our sympathy for other nations, and of our useless endeavour to save nations far more numerous than ourselves.

Had this language been used, no nation could have anything to say against it, for no other nation came to our aid; no other nation was quixotic enough to make itself the champion of the whole world, when it had, moreover, to borrow the money to do it with, or, rather, to take it from those who could not protest against the act—namely, posterity. We could at comparatively little cost have defended our coasts and our colonies, and have been prepared at any time to perform offices of sympathy towards suffering nations, and of peace-making betwixt hostile ones; but Pitt was insane on the point of fighting for all the world, and not only proceeded to expend nearly fifty millions that year, but to raise a new loan of twenty million five hundred thousand pounds more by annuities, and he imposed still more taxes. All inquiry into the necessity of such expenditure was quashed. An inquiry into the causes of our disgraceful expulsion from Holland was negatived, also, by an immense majority. The same fate attended the attempt to defeat the renewal of the suspension of the habeas corpus act.

On the 15th of May the king was twice in danger of his life. In the morning, as he was witnessing the exercises of a battalion of grenadier guards, one of them fired a ball cartridge, which hit a Mr. Ongley, a clerk in the navy office, who stood only eight paces from the king. An immediate examination of the cartouche-boxes of the soldiers was made, but nothing was discovered to lead to the detection of the shooter, and probably it was a mere accident; but it made a great sensation at court; and, as the king had publicly announced that he should pay a visit to Drury Lane Theatre that evening, every endeavour was made to induce him to keep away. The king would not listen to any suspicion of danger; he went, accompanied by the queen and some of the princesses. As, however, he entered the box, and was bowing to the audience, a shot was fired at him. He stood for a moment, and then, turning to the queen and princesses, who were just entering the box, he said, "Keep back!—Keep back! They are firing squibs for diversion, and perhaps there may be more!" He then went forward to the front of the box, and bowed again to the audience, which rose *en masse*, and cheered vehemently. An impromptu stanza was said to be written by Sheridan to "God save the King," and sung with rapturous applause. It was found that the man who had fired was a Chelsea pensioner of the name of Hatfield, who had become insane from no less than eight sabre wounds in the campaigns in Holland and Belgium. He had fired a horse-pistol at the king; but his arm having been struck up by a person near him, the ball hit the top of the box. The man was tried, and committed to Bethlehem Hospital for life. To reduce the chances of these insane attempts at the monarch's life, two new clauses were introduced into the insanity bill, considerably abridging the privilege of bail allowed to alleged lunatics.

Meantime, the country was feeling the pressure of the war severely in the scarcity of corn. Commerce being deranged by the disturbed state of the continent and the dangers at sea, grain and flour were very high, and, in answer to public complaints, resolutions were passed through both houses, recommending the diminished use of bread, the substitution of brown bread for white, of stale bread for new, and the total disuse of pastry. To such paltry resources was the nation reduced through its fatal indulgence in war! The more rational measures were, to offer bounties on importation of grain, and on the stoppage of the distilleries. The opposition did not fail to upbraid the government with these difficulties as the direct result of their war mania; and Pitt received these remonstrances, charging him with something little short of treason.

In July of the present year the Union of Ireland with Great Britain was carried—an admirable measure, effected by the most detestable means on record. A resolution had passed the British parliament in 1799, recommending this union, and the news of this created a tempest of indignation in Ireland. In January, 1799, the speech on the address to the throne in the Irish parliament was, on this account, vehemently opposed, and only carried by a majority of *one;* yet, in January, 1800, a motion was carried, at the instigation of lord Castlereagh, in favour of the union, by a majority of forty-two. Whence this magical change in twelve months? On the 5th of February the whole plan of the union was detailed by lord Castlereagh, the principal secretary of state for Ireland, in the Irish commons. He stated that it was intended to give to Ireland in the parliament of the United Kingdom four lords spiritual, by rotation of sessions, and twenty-eight lords temporal, elected for life as peers of Ireland, and that the Irish representatives in the united house of commons should be a hundred. The motion for this plan was carried in the Irish commons by a hundred and fifty-eight against a hundred and fifteen, and by a great majority in the house of lords; but this was in the face of the most unmitigated amazement on the part of the opposition, and of the people, who were not in the secret. The rage and indignation were beyond description On the 13th of March Sir John Parnell declared that this measure had been effected by the most unexampled corruption, and moved for an address to his majesty, imploring him to dissolve this parliament, and present the question to be decided by a new one. But the solicitor-general, who had taken his own ample bribe, declared that this motion was "unfurling the bloody flag of rebellion;" and Mr. Egan replied that the solicitor-general and other members of the administration had already "unfurled the flag of pros-

HENRY GRATTAN. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

titution and corruption." But the measure was now passed, and that by the same parliament which, only a year before, had rejected the proposition *in toto*. But what were the means employed by the English government to produce this change? O'Connell, in his speech before the Dublin corporation in 1843, declared that he had it on the authority of Burke and Plunket, and on that of the report of the committee of the Irish house of commons in 1798, to inquire into the causes of that event, that not only had the great Irish rebellion been fomented by the English government, as preparatory to their plan of urging a union, but the parliamentary papers published since then, he added, "disclosed the astounding fact, that one million two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds had been paid in purchase of Irish boroughs, and more than a million pounds expended in mere bribes. Bribery was unconcealed. The terms of the purchase were quite familiar in those days. The price of a single vote was eight thousand pounds in money, or an appointment to an office of two thousand pounds a-year, if the parties did not choose to take ready money. Some got both for their votes; and no less than *twenty peerages, ten bishoprics, one chief justiceship, and six puisne judgeships* were the price of votes for the union. Add to this, officers who were appointed to the revenue, the army, and the navy, in recompense of union votes. At first, Castlereagh failed, but he then bought up the seats in parliament, and so achieved—a majority."

In a word, Ireland was forced into the union by the same means by which the liberties of England had been undermined—by the public money, and the bribes of elevation to the peerage. Grattan, the great Irish patriot, said lord Castlereagh openly avowed the application of bribery:—"The peerage was sold; the caitiffs of corruption were everywhere—in the lobby, in the streets, on the steps, and at the doors of every parliamentary leader—offering titles to some, offices to others, corruption to all!" It was on this disgraceful occasion that the name of lord Castlereagh first became familiar to English ears.

The names and prices of all the purchased members of the Irish parliament were preserved in the Irish Black and Red lists. A selection of a few of them may be edifying:—

J. Bingham, created lord Clanmorris; £8,000 for two seats, and £15,000 compensation for Tuam. Had first offered himself for sale to the anti-unionists.

Joseph H. Blake, created lord Wallscourt.

Sir J. G. Blackwood, created lord Dufferin.

Sir John Blaquiere, created lord de Blaquiere, with offices and pensions.

Lord Boyle, son of lord Shannon; father and son received each £15,000 for their boroughs.

Charles H. Coote, created lord Castlecoote, with a regiment, patronage in Queen's County, and £7,500 in cash.

James Cuffe; his father made lord Tyrawley.

Lord Fitzgerald, a pension and peerage.

Luke Fox, made judge of Common Pleas.

William Fortescue, a pension of £3,000 a-year.

J. Galbraith, a baronetage.

Richard Hare, made lord Ennismore, with patronage.

Colonel B. Heneker, a regiment, and £3,500 a-year for his seat.

Hon. J. Hutchinson, made lord Hutchinson, and a general.

Hugh Howard, made postmaster-general.

William Handcock, an extraordinary instance. He made and sang songs *against* the union, in 1799, at a public dinner, and made and sang songs *for* it in 1800; for which he was made lord Castlemaine—a title of peculiar infamy, having been given by Charles II. to one Palmer, for the debauching of his wife.

W. G. Joscelyn, promotion in the army, and his brother made bishop of Lismore.

William Johnson, according to his own statement, "returned to parliament by lord Castlereagh, *to put an end to it*;" a judgeship.

Rt. Hon. H. Langrishe, £15,000 for his patronage of Knocktopher, and a commissionership of revenue.

T. Lingray, £1,500, and a commissionership of stamps.

T. Lingray, junior, £1,500, and made usher at the Castle.

J. Longfield, made lord Longville.

Lord Loftus, £30,000 for boroughs, and made an English marquis.

H. D. Massey, £4,000 in cash.

Rt. Hon. Lodge Morris, made a peer.

Sir R. Musgrove, made receiver of customs, with £1,200 a-year.

James M'Cleland, made baron of exchequer.

Sir W. G. Newcomen, a peerage for his wife, &c.

H. F. Prittle, made lord Dunally.

Sir Richard Quin, made a peer.

The Hon. H. Skeffington, made clerk of Paper Office at the Castle, with £7,500 for his patronage.

H. M. Sandford, made lord Mount Sandford.

John Stewart, made attorney-general and a baronet.

Hon. B. Stratford, £7,500, as half compensation for Baltinglass.

Hon. J. Stratford, £7,500 for the other half of Baltinglass, and paymaster of foreign troops, with £1,300 a-year.

Rt. Hon. J. Toler, a peerage and chief justiceship.

Hon. R. Trench, made a peer and ambassador.

This is the mere fragment of a list of a hundred and forty persons thus bought up. Amongst the most prominent pickings were those of—

Lord Shannon, for his patronage in the commons	...		£45,000
The marquis of Ely	,,	,, ...	45,000
Lord Clanmorris	,,	,, ...	45,000
Lord Belvidere	,,	,, ...	45,000
Sir Henry Langrishe	,,	,, ...	45,000

Then follows a long and frightful list of lawyers, who sold their influence in the Irish parliament—a solemn warning against the admission of too many lawyers to parliament. We may select a few of the most lavishly paid:—

Mr. Charles Osborne, made judge of the King's Bench	£3,300
Mr. St. John Daly, ditto	3,300
Mr. Williams, made baron of the exchequer	3,300
Mr. M'Leland, ditto	3,300
Mr. Robert Johnson, made judge of Common Pleas ...	3,300
Mr. William Johnson, ditto	3,300
Mr. Torrens, ditto	3,300
Mr. Vandeleur, made judge of Queen's Bench ...	3,300
Mr. Charles Ormsby, counsel to commissioners, value	5,000
Mr. Henry Deane Grady, ditto ditto	5,000
Mr. Jemison, as commissioner for distributing a million and a half of this compensation money! ...	1,200

Besides this, there remains a number of other lawyers, amounting, in the whole, to thirty-four, bought up at from four and five hundred to six and eight hundred a-year.

Such were the means by which the union of Ireland with Great Britain was accomplished. It was but one revelation of the fearful corruption which rioted in every department of the British government at this period, and which continued down to the Reform Bill in 1832, which, in some degree, checked its excesses. They were the same means by which Pitt's majority was maintained, and the career of war and debt made irresistible. Under the influence of lord Castlereagh, and this application of English money, and bestowal of peerages and offices, the Irish parliament sent a joint address to his majesty, declaring what they had done, and that they believed it would prove a very beneficial

measure. It was accepted and passed the English house of lords with only three non-contents—lords Derby, King, and Holland. In the commons it was passed by a majority of two hundred and thirty-six against thirty. Pitt, with the knowledge of the dark means by which this great act had been brought about, talked very virtuously of the reform of parliament, which nothing but the malignant influence of French principles rendered it necessary to defer. Mr. Gray moved an amendment, praying his majesty to suspend the question till the sentiments of the Irish people at large could be ascertained regarding this measure. He said that twenty-seven counties had petitioned against the measure; that seven hundred and seven thousand persons had petitioned against it, and only three thousand for it. But his amendment was swept away by a vast majority; the act was passed, and received the royal assent on the 2nd of July. This and the vote of the necessary moneys being the great business of the session, parliament was prorogued on the 29th of the same month.

Napoleon Buonaparte, who had appeared so anxious for peace with England, was, in truth, greatly rejoiced at the rejection of his proposals, for it furnished him with the pleas which he desired, for the still more extended schemes of military ambition which he entertained. He issued a proclamation complaining of the obstinate hostility of England, and called on the people to furnish men and arms to conquer peace by force. He was especially stung at an allusion to the rights of the Bourbons which the British minister had made in the course of the negotiations, and caused a letter to be inserted in the *Moniteur*, purporting to be from the last of the Stuart line to George III., congratulating him on his recognition of legitimate claims, and expecting him to prove his sincerity by resigning the throne of Great Britain to its rightful heir. Buonaparte had made able arrangements for the civil government. He had selected able men for each department, looking only at their talent, and caring nothing for their principles or past character. He chose Cambacérès—a lawyer of great power—and Lebrun, as second and third consuls; Talleyrand, an astute diplomatist, but of very facile conscience, he made minister of foreign affairs; and Fouché, a man of no principle at all but that of self-interest, as minister of police. He had already occupied this post under the reign of terror, and had marked himself out as a man of infinite cunning, prepared to perpetrate any crime or cruelty that his employers required. Cambacérès, besides his consulship, was appointed minister of justice; Carnot, minister at war; Gaudin, of finance; Forfait, of the admiralty; and Laplace, the celebrated geometrician, of the interior. The last appointment was the only mistake. Laplace, great as a geometrician, proved himself below mediocrity as a minister. On the whole, however, the government was in good hands; and, having placed Moreau at the head of the army on the Rhine, Buonaparte prepared for his favourite project of reconquering Italy. He had judged right in sending Moreau to Germany, who, we shall see, took care to prevent the Austrians sending reinforcements to Italy to increase Buonaparte's difficulties; and another circumstance, most auspicious to the chief consul, was the fact, that Paul of Russia, offended at the Austrians not better supporting her generals, Korsakoff and Suvaroff, had withdrawn his army from the campaign.

The Austrians, under Melas, in the north of Italy, amounted to one hundred and forty thousand men. They had spent the winter on the plains of Piedmont, and contemplated, in the spring, reducing Genoa, by assistance from the British fleet, and then, penetrating into Provence, to join the royalists there, ready to take arms under generals Willot and Pichegru. Massena, freed by the retreat of the Russians from his confinement at Zurich, lay, with an army of forty thousand, betwixt Genoa and the Var; but his troops had suffered great distress from want of provisions, and whole regiments had abandoned their posts, and, with drums beating and colours flying, had marched back into France. Buonaparte first arrested their desertion by several stirring appeals to the soldiers, and then prepared to march with a strong army of reserve through the Alps, and to take Melas unexpectedly in the rear. To effect this, it was necessary to deceive the Austrians as to his intentions; and, for this purpose, he assembled a pretended army of reserve at Dijon, as if meaning to obstruct the march of the Austrians southward. The Austrian spies truly reported that this boasted army of reserve consisted only of about seven thousand men, and those raw conscripts, or old, decrepit veterans. Yet the Austrians, instead of having their suspicions awakened, contented themselves with caricaturing Buonaparte's army of reserve as consisting of a boy of twelve years old and an invalid with a wooden leg. To favour the delusion, Buonaparte went to Dijon, and reviewed the pretended army of reserve with much display; he then got quietly away to Lausanne, where he had an interview with Necker, who still showed a disposition to assume the management of affairs in France, to which Napoleon did not respond. He then put himself at the head of one of the divisions of the real army of reserve, which was lying at different points, under the nominal command of general Berthier, and amounting to about sixty thousand men.

Buonaparte commenced his march on the 15th of May, with thirty thousand—that is, with half the army—for Lausanne, and, betwixt the 15th and the 18th, the other divisions were all in motion. Every means had been employed to keep the plan of the march secret, both because the object was to to take the Austrians by surprise, and to prevent the Swiss suddenly rising and cutting them off in the defiles of the mountains. General Thurreau, with a division of five thousand, advanced by Mont Cenis on Exilles and Susa; another, under Chabran, took the route of the Little St. Bernard; but Buonaparte himself, supported by general Lannes, proceeded to cross the Great St. Bernard itself—a track over the loftiest regions of the Alps, hitherto deemed arduous for single individuals, but now to be attempted by a great army, with all its baggage and ammunition, and with forty pieces of cannon. At the village of St. Pierre, all regular track ended; they had to mount into the regions of eternal frost, amid precipices, glaciers, ravines, and depths of treacherous snow concealing gaping crevices, and to drag their cannon, and convey their baggage and ammunition over rocks and heights on which only the foot of the chamois-hunter had before trod. To accomplish this, the cannon were dismounted, and placed in trunks of trees, hollowed for the purpose, and dragged each by a hundred men at a time. The carriages were taken to

pieces and carried on the backs of mules, or by the soldiers slung on poles. The powder and shot were packed in strong deal boxes, and borne by the mules; and the soldiers who were not carrying part of the baggage or dragging at the cannon took the muskets, cartouche-boxes, knapsacks, and provisions of their comrades. Each man was calculated to carry from sixty to seventy pounds, and that up steeps where it had always been deemed difficult enough for a man to ascend unburthened. But, besides the soldiers, all the peasantry and a cup of wine to each weary soldier, who, during the march, had hitherto tasted nothing but a piece of biscuit dipped in the snow. Buonaparte left one hundred thousand francs with the monks, as a testimony of his gratitude for this kindness. The descent of Mont St. Bernard was found as arduous for the infantry as the ascent, and much more so to the cavalry. After a march of fourteen French leagues, the next morning, the 16th of May, the French reached Aosta, a village of Piedmont, situated in a valley of the

ALESSANDRIA, SARDINIA.

that could be collected in the surrounding country were summoned to help. The bands played and the drums beat at different points, to inspirit the soldiers to this unexampled service. The cavalry led their horses, and found it hard enough to get over many a steep and slippery place. Buonaparte followed in the rear, silent and gloomy, only exchanging a hasty word now and then with his guides, and frequently finding his progress stopped by some forced halt of the army, when his commands stimulated it to fresh exertions. At the convent of St. Bernard, the monks came out, and, from their ample stores, distributed bread and cheese same name, and watered by the river Dorea, the scenery presenting a charming contrast to the horrors of the giant hills which they had passed. On the 17th Lannes drove in a post of the Austrians, at Chatillon, who were confounded at the apparition of a French army dropping, as it were, out of the clouds.

But Buonaparte now found his way completely obstructed by the fort of Bard effectually closing a defile leading down into the plains of Piedmont. Lannes made a desperate attempt to carry the fort by assault, but was repulsed with heavy loss. But Buonaparte climbed a lofty rock called

BUONAPARTE CONDUCTING HIS TROOPS ACROSS THE ALPS. FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID

Albaredo, being a precipice on the side of one of the mountains forming the pass. He saw there that it was possible to carry most of his troops over the hill by a road known only to goatherds, whilst the rest attacked the walled town under the fort, and pushed through it with the cannon. The commander of the fort had sent messages to warn Melas, then opposed to Suchet on the Var, of the approach of the French by this hitherto undreamed-of way; but he assured him that he would not allow a single gun to pass through the town. Buonaparte deceived him by covering the streets of the town with earth and litter, and dragging the cannon through in silence. He left general Chabran with a body

of conscripts to invest the fort, and batter it from the top of Albaredo. Escaped from this pass, which, properly secured by the Austrians, would have effectually stopped his march, Buonaparte advanced, taking town after town, and making for Milan, where he expected to be joined by the other divisions of the army marching by the Little St. Bernard and Mont Cenis, as well as by twenty thousand troops dispatched over St. Gothard from the army of Moreau.

Melas, who had been besieging Genoa, had left part of his army to reduce that city, defended by a strong French division under Massena and Soult, and advanced to Nice, which he had entered, and was contemplating his descent on Provence, when the news of Buonaparte's entrance of Piedmont reached him. He directed his march now to meet him. In the meantime, Massena and Soult, worn out by famine, the fort being blockaded by admiral lord Keith, had surrendered Genoa to general Ott, whom Melas had left there. Melas summoned his scattered forces to make head against Buonaparte, and was himself pursued from the neighbourhood of Nice by Souchet. Buonaparte deceived Melas by false movements, making him imagine that his object was Turin, and so entered Milan in triumph on the 2nd of June. After various encounters and manœuvres betwixt Buonaparte and Melas, the French consul crossed the Po at Piacenza, drove back the advanced guard of the Austrians, and took up a position on the plains of Marengo, on the right bank of the little stream, the Bormida, and opposite to Alessandria, where Melas was lying. The next day—the 14th of June—Melas drew out his forces, and attacked the French with great spirit. The Austrians amounted to about forty thousand, including a fine body of cavalry, for which the ground was highly favourable; the French were not more than thirty thousand, posted strongly in and around the village of Marengo, in three divisions, each stationed about a quarter of a mile behind each other. After two or three attempts, the Austrians drove the French out of the village of Marengo, threw the second division, commanded by Lannes, into confusion, and put to route the left wing of Buonaparte's own division, threw his centre into disorder, and compelled him to retreat as far as St. Juliano. The whole tide of battle was running against Buonaparte, and a short time must have completed his route, when the strength of the old general, Melas—more than eighty years of age—gave way, for he had been many hours on horseback. He retired from the field quite secure of the victory, and left general Zach to finish it. But, at this moment, general Dessaix, who had lately arrived from Egypt, and had been sent by Buonaparte to make a diversion at Rivolta, came back with his detachment of twenty thousand men. Kellermann, also, who was posted in the rear with a body of reserve, marched up at the same time. A new and desperate charge was made on the fatigued Austrians, and they were broken and put to the route. They retreated across the Bormida, towards Alessandria, in a panic, the horse galloping over the infantry. General Zach was taken prisoner, and the loss of the Austrians, as given by themselves, was nine thousand and sixty-nine men, and nearly fifteen hundred horses. But the French, who far understated their own loss at four thousand, estimated that of the Austrians at twelve thousand. On the side of the French, Dessaix was shot through the head while leading on his charge.

Melas, dispirited by his defeat, but more by his age, gave up the struggle; and, on the 16th of June, concluded an armistice, giving up, not only Alessandria, where he might have stood a longer siege, but Genoa, which had just surrendered to the Austrians, and all the Genoese territory, agreeing to retire behind the line of Mantua and the Mincio, and leaving to the French all Lombardy as far as the Oglio. The French themselves could scarcely believe the reality of such a surrender. Buonaparte returned to Milan in the highest triumph, where he established a council with legislative powers, and placed a French president over it. At the same time, he professed great regard to the rights and interests of Italy, restored the university of Pavia, and drew around him the aristocratic families of the province, to strengthen his government, under the assurance that he meant to bestow on Italy, ere long, her full and ancient freedom. He now rigorously suppressed all private plunder, but continued the public pillage of money and works of art as unrestrainedly as ever. He established a provisional government, also, at Genoa and at Turin, and then set out for France. Leaving Massena commander-in-chief during his absence, and Jourdan president of the French republic of Piedmont, he quitted Milan on the 24th of June, and entered Paris on the 2nd of July, having achieved the re-conquest of a great part of the north of Italy in less than two months.

During this brilliant campaign in Italy, Moreau, in Germany, had beaten general Kray in several engagements, advanced to Ulm, and there, crossing the Danube, had overrun a great part of Bavaria, had made himself master of Munich, and menaced Vienna. On hearing of the armistice in Italy, the emperor demanded one for Austria, to continue till September; and Buonaparte, seeing that the czar Paul had ceased to support Austria, recommended the emperor to make peace with France. The emperor required that England should be included in it, and Buonaparte readily proposed an armistice by sea, as preliminary to a treaty with England. As the object of Buonaparte, in such an armistice, was clearly to enable him to relieve the garrison of Malta and the army in Egypt, both in imminent jeopardy of being compelled to surrender to England, the British government declined the proposal. No sooner was this answer received in Paris, than Buonaparte gave the word for renewed and vigorous action, both in Italy and Germany. Moreau advanced by Saltsburg towards Vienna, whilst Brune drove the Austrians from the Mincio, and over the Adige and the Brenta to the very vicinity of Venice, whilst Macdonald occupied the passes of the Tyrol, ready to march to the support of the army either in Italy or Germany. The archduke John met Moreau near Haag, and, for a moment, worsted him; but, on the 2nd of December, the two armies came to a general engagement at Hohenlinden, betwixt the rivers Iser and Inn, in which the Austrians were routed, with a loss of ten thousand men. Moreau advanced and occupied Saltsburg, and, trembling for the safety of Vienna itself, the emperor hastened to make peace. An armistice was signed on the 25th of December, and the treaty was concluded on the 9th of February, 1801. By this treaty all

the conditions of the treaty of Campo Formio were renewed, and fresh ones, adverse to Austria, were added. The emperor was stripped of all the Italian provinces, except Venice, and a new line betwixt him and the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics was drawn along the Adige, from its issuing from the Tyrol to its *debouchure* in the Adriatic. Tuscany was taken from the grand duke Ferdinand and given to Louis, the son of the duke of Parma, who had married a Spanish princess; and Buonaparte had now his reasons for seeking the co-operation of Spain. Piedmont was, for the present, permitted a nominal independence; but, in reality, it was completely in the French hands. King Charles Emmanuel lived in Turin, rather as a prisoner than as a prince, all his fortresses being occupied by the French. "Never," says the Italian historian, Carlo Botta, "was any country more cruelly plundered, agitated, and torn to pieces than Piedmont at this moment. Massena demanded from the exhausted treasury one million livres per month, and food and clothing for all the French garrisons. Brune, who succeeded Massena, promised that the troops should be maintained out of the monthly million; but he got the livres, and did not maintain the troops. Piedmont was obliged to make up the deficiency, because, if the French did not get what they wanted, they took it by force. When money became scarce, they demanded the lead which covered the magnificent church of Superga."

Naples, terrified into perfect abjectness by the battle of Marengo, also concluded a most ignominious peace, agreeing to shut its ports against the English, withdraw the troops sent to Rome, surrender Piombino and some other possessions, and pardon all the revolutionists of 1799. All Italy lay at the feet of Buonaparte. The closing of the ports of Sicily against us deprived us of the corn we drew thence for our Mediterranean fleet, and caused much suffering to our forces blockading La Valetta, in Malta. But this fortress, and with it the island of Malta, was surrendered to general Pigott on the 15th of September.

Our fleet this year did nothing worthy of note besides the assistance rendered by admiral lord Keith, at Genoa, and the taking of the small island of Goree, on the coast of Africa, from the French, and the Dutch island of Curaçoa. There were several absurd and imbecile attempts to commit depredations on the French coast, and to burn the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Cadiz, which utterly failed; and, whilst general Pulteney was sent with six battalions of troops to Lisbon, to assist the Portuguese against a threatened Spanish invasion, general Abercrombie was floating about the straits of Gibraltar, and in the Mediterranean, with fifteen thousand troops on board, constantly expecting orders to proceed on some important expedition. This, at last, turned out to be against the French in Egypt; but so much time had been lost, for which no one could conceive the object, that it was the middle of December before the armament reached Malta. All grasp and activity of mind seemed to have deserted ministers, and, whilst their policy abroad was the most imbecile imaginable, at home there were terrible outcries, in consequence of the scarcity of bread. There were rioting and plundering of corn-factors' and bakers' shops, and government passed a number of acts giving premiums on the importation of grain, and forbidding the making of any but mixed and coarse breads. Had not great subscriptions been raised, and private benevolence been called forth to an immense extent for the relief of the distress, the consequences would have been more terrible. In parliament, Sheridan, on the 1st of December, moved for an address to his majesty, imploring him to make peace; and this being rejected by one hundred and fifty-six against thirty-five, Mr. T. Jones moved, on the 4th, that his majesty should be addressed to request him to dismiss the ministers who, by their incapacity and weakness, had conducted the war so disgracefully—had loaded the country with unexampled debt, and reduced it to misery; but this also was negatived by sixty-six to thirteen. Supplies being voted for three months, the king, on the last day of the year, dismissed the parliament, announcing that, in consequence of the union with Ireland, the IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT would assemble on the 22nd of January, 1801.

On the 1st of January, 1801, a proclamation was issued announcing the new style, titles, and armorial insignia henceforward to be borne by the crown of Great Britain and Ireland. The absurd title of "king of France," which had been retained from the time of Henry V., was properly abandoned, and the king was now designated George III., by the grace of God, king of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. A new great seal was engraved, displaying the imperial arms quarterly—England first and fourth, Scotland second, Ireland third. In honour of the union, besides the commoners made Irish peers for their purchased services in voting the union, some Irish peers were created peers of the United Kingdom.

On the 22nd of January the first imperial parliament met, and Addington was re-elected speaker. The king did not meet this parliament till the whole of its members had been sworn; his opening of it for business took place on the 2nd of February, and his speech had no cheering topics to give spirit to its first proceedings; on the continent there had been nothing but defeat on the part of the allies, of triumph on that of France. Austria, to whom we had paid so much of our children's money to fight her own battles, had been compelled to make peace, and, what was worse, our late ally, Paul of Russia, had employed the subsidy money—what we had paid him in building and equipping ships—to seize our merchantmen in the Baltic. Never was there a finer commentary on the folly of subsidising foreign nations, to induce them to defend themselves, than was now given in the king's speech. Paul had not only seized our merchant vessels in the ports of the Baltic, and the property of our merchants in the Russian towns, but he had entered into a league with Sweden and Denmark to close the Baltic altogether to us, and to compel us to relinquish the right of search. This confederacy, by stopping the supplies of corn from the north, threatened us with great aggravation of the distresses at home; and some members advocated the surrender of the right of search, or the acceptance of the principles of an armed neutrality, such as Catherine of Russia had endeavoured to establish. But Pitt plainly showed, that to allow neutral vessels to carry arms, ammunition, and commodities of life into the ports of our enemies, would render all blockades of their forts useless, and enormously increase our difficulties during war. Orders were

immediately issued to send a powerful fleet into the Baltic to chastise the insane czar, which we shall soon see was very rapid in its effect.

DEATH OF GENERAL DESSAIX.

But there was another topic started in this first imperial parliament, which was as odious to George III. as the perfidious conduct of his late Russian ally. As one means of bringing about the union with Ireland, Pitt had been weak enough to hold out to the Irish catholics the argument that, by having Irishmen in the united parliament, they would be most likely to obtain a repeal of the catholic disabilities. Both he and lord Cornwallis had sent circulars to this effect, anonymous, it is true, but with a secret avowal of their authorship, amongst the leading catholics, which were supposed to have had a great effect in procuring their assent to the union. Lord Castlereagh, who had, as secretary of state for Ireland, so liberally distributed the

corruption-money for effecting the union, had been elected as a member of the imperial parliament, and immediately claimed the redemption of this pledge. Pitt—who ought to have known the steadfast prejudice of the king on this head, who deemed catholic emancipation a violation of his coronation oath to maintain the supremacy of the church, before he promised this enfranchisement—introduced the subject, about the middle of January, in the privy council. George was indignant, and almost furious. At the levée on the 28th of January, when lord Castlereagh was presented, he said to Dundas, "What is this which this young lord (Castlereagh) has brought over to fling at my head?" He alluded to a plan for catholic emancipation, and added, "I shall reckon every man my personal enemy who proposes any such measure! This is the most jacobinical thing I ever heard of." Dundas replied that his majesty would find amongst those friendly to the measure some whom he had never supposed to be his enemies.

On the 31st of January Pitt wrote to the king, assuring him that the union with Ireland would render it absolutely necessary that important questions regarding the catholics and dissenters should be discussed; but, as he found how extremely such topics were disliked by his majesty, and yet how just it was that catholics should be admitted to parliament as well as protestant dissenters, who were already admitted, he begged to be permitted to resign. At the same time, not to inconvenience his majesty, he was willing to hold office till his majesty had reconstructed a cabinet wholly to his mind. George replied, the very next day, that Mr. Pitt's letter had occasioned him the liveliest concern; that, so far from exposing him to the agitation of this question, he had flattered himself that the union, by uniting the protestants of both kingdoms, would for ever have excluded the question of catholic emancipation. He expressed his ardent wish that Pitt should continue to be his minister as long as he lived; and he only required, as a condition, that he should stave off this question. Pitt replied, on the 3rd of February, that his majesty's determined tone on the subject of catholic emancipation left him no alternative but to resign, in compliance with his duty; and that, as his majesty's resolve was taken, it would certainly be best for the country that his retirement should be as early as possible. On the 5th the king wrote, accepting Pitt's resignation, though with expressions of deep regret.

Five days after this, February 10th, the matter was made public, by lord Darnley rising in the upper house, and moving for an inquiry into the conduct of the ministry. This roused up lord Grenville, who candidly avowed that, in consequence of their failure to introduce the question of catholic emancipation, the ministers had resigned, and only held office till a new cabinet was formed. On this, lord Darnley postponed his motion. On the same day, in the commons, a letter from Addington, the speaker, was read, announcing his resignation of the speakership in consequence of the king's proposal to nominate him to a situation incompatible with that post. Pitt then rose, and confirmed this, and proposed an adjournment till the next day, in order to prepare for the nomination of the new speaker. Sir William Pulteney seconded the motion, and used these true and very striking words:—"I am now an old man, and have seen many changes without a change of principle. *I wish to see that kind of change which I never yet saw—a change in which public men of all descriptions shall act from no other motive than the good of the public, without any view to their own personal interests.*"

The house, adjourning accordingly, the next day, the 11th of February, elected Sir John Mitford, the attorney-general, as speaker. Before the house could resume business, it was announced that the king was ill—confined to the house by *a severe cold;* but it was soon known that it was a return of the king's old malady, lunacy, in consequence of his extreme agitation on the proposal of the catholic question and the resignation of Pitt. The report was soon augmented into the startling rumour that the king was dangerously ill, and that a regency must take place—if not superseded by his death. At this news, Fox, who had for some time absented himself from parliament, on the plea that all endeavours to carry sound and prudent measures were hopeless with Pitt's great, martial majority, hastened up to town from St. Anne's Hill; and the whig body was in a flutter of expectation that he would soon be the minister of the prince regent or of George IV. But all these hopes were speedily overthrown by the news of the rapid improvement of the king, and, on the 12th of March, the royal physicians pronounced him perfectly recovered.

Meantime, before retiring, Pitt had moved and carried the usual vast supplies and the usual annual addition to the debt. The amount voted for the supplies was forty-two millions one hundred and ninety-seven thousand pounds; and the additional robbery of the unborn generations was twenty-five millions five hundred thousand pounds. Pitt, indeed, declared, with his usual assurance, that the sinking fund would speedily clear off all the debt at the close of the war—the fallacy of which we are now, more than half a century after, only too sensible of. He retired, passing over the melancholy prospect of defeats by our enemies, and desertion by our allies, but boasting that our commerce had never been more prosperous. And this was true, for the whole continent was disabled from commerce by trampling and pillaging armies, and by our blockading fleets. What commerce there was we had almost a monopoly of. The enemies of Pitt refused to give him credit for his assumed ground of retirement—the refusal of the king to consent to catholic emancipation. They said that he had never shown so sensitive a regard to questions of mere right, and that it was the labyrinth of difficulties into which he had plunged the nation, and from which he saw no honourable escape, which caused him to slip out of office, and leave the burden of embarrassment to others. And, so far as the catholic question was concerned, probably, they were right. It very likely did not weigh much with Pitt whether the catholics were relieved from their penalties or not; but what touched him was, that he was pledged to the question in order to achieve the union; and diplomatists, like duellists, have always been far more firm on the point of honour than on the point of principle. We shall see Pitt, having cut the gordian knot of his pledge by his resignation, return to office, in 1804, without one stipulation regarding catholic claims. But, as to the difficulties of the [illegible] must give Pitt credit in our belief that he was not the m[illegible]

to shrink from difficulties. Differing as we do from him totally on the soundness of his war policy, we believe it to have been in him and his colleagues, Windham and lord Grenville, an honest though mistaken policy. Pitt was the political quixote of the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century. He had a fatal monomania that this country was the proper champion of all the world; that with its five-and-twenty millions of people it was bound to ruin itself for the defence of nations com-

TRANSPORTING THE BODY OF GENERAL DESSAIX THROUGH THE ALPS.

prising some hundreds of millions of people; and that the representatives in parliament of the living had a right to usurp the office of the unborn representatives of the unborn generations, and vote away the wealth of those generations for the helpless and hopeless nations of the continent. However lunatic the fancy, it was the fancy of Pitt and his coadjutors; and, moreover, of no one more than the king. The fault lay in our representative constitution, which allowed such men and principles to predominate.

The new ministry consisted of Addington, son of Chatham's old physician, Dr. Addington, as first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer; the duke of Portland, president of the council; lord Eldon, the very embodiment of conservatism, chancellor; earl St. Vincent, first lord of the admiralty; the earl of Chatham, master-general of the ordnance; lord Pelham, secretary of the home department; lord Hawkesbury, the eldest son of the earl of Liverpool, secretary for foreign affairs; lord Hobart, secretary for the colonies; viscount Lewisham, president of the board of control; Charles York, secretary at war; Lord Hardwick, lord-lieutenant of Ireland; the earl of Clare, a violent anti-emancipationist, lord chancellor of Ireland; and Castlereagh, still secretary of state for Ireland, but soon after called to succeed lord Lewisham, as president of the board of control in England. Besides these, the earl of Liverpool was made chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster; Dudley Rider, treasurer of the navy; Thomas Hall and lord Glenbervie, joint paymasters of the forces; lord Auckland and lord Charles Spencer, joint postmasters-general; John H. Addington and Nicholas Vansittart, secretaries of the treasury; Sir William Grant, master of the rolls; Sir Edward Law (afterwards lord Ellenborough), attorney-general; and the Hon. Spencer Perceval, solicitor-general.

The appointments were numerous enough; for not only were all the possible offices filled, but some of them doubly filled. It was soon seen, however, that though Pitt was out of office, his principles dominated in it, and that there was no chance of a change of system. Addington professed to be peaceably inclined, but Pitt had launched him into the midst of a war system, and victories, the result of his measures, came speedily to confirm him in his views. The emperor Paul, and of the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English fleet. Paul had been won over by Buonaparte to his views, and had been flattered by him by being elected —though irregularly and illegally—grand-master of the Knights of Malta. He had been persuaded that the conquest of Malta by the English was an invasion of his rights, and, by these and other flatteries, Buonaparte had influenced his weak mind to become the agent of his plans in destroying

LORD NELSON. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

suspension of the *habeas corpus* acts, for both England, Scotland, and Ireland, was renewed, and various motions for inquiring into the state of the nation, into the miscarriage of different expeditions, and into the conduct of lord Keith, in breaking the convention of El Arish, were negatived by large majorities, for the Pittite party, out of office, supported the measures they had originated when in office. Parliament was prorogued by commission on the 2nd of July.

But long before this—as early, indeed, as the 15th of April—news had reached London of the death of the erratic

the English ships in the Baltic, and in closing that sea to British commerce.

Paul pretended that we had captured Danish convoys, these same convoys being engaged in guarding vessels loaded with materials of war for France, and that thus the independence of the north was menaced by us. On this ground, and on that of the invasion of Malta, he immediately laid an embargo on all English vessels in Russian ports; and, as two vessels in the harbour of Narva resisted the attempts to seize them, in consequence of the embargo, he ordered all the

English vessels in that port to be burned. In consequence of this sudden and unwarrantable order, contrary to all the laws of nations, about three hundred English vessels were seized, and the officers and crews dragged on shore, put into irons, and sent up the country, under menaces of Siberia. Paul next ordered all property of Englishmen in Russia to be seized and sold; and this was our late beloved and highly-subsidised ally. Denmark—with whom we had various rencontres, on account of its men-of-war convoying vessels laden with stores for French ports—soon joined Russia. We sent lord Whitworth to Copenhagen to endeavour to come to some understanding on these matters in 1800, but, though a convention was signed, it was not satisfactory. Sweden followed the example of Denmark, and the three northern powers entered into a treaty of armed neutrality to resist our search of their vessels under any circumstances. As this was well known to be promoted by the influence of Buonaparte, and that the consequence would be to shut us out of all trade with the ports and countries of the Baltic, as well as to dispute our supremacy at sea, it was resolved to send an armed fleet to chastise these powers, and, if possible, to break up their co-operation with France. The Hon. Mr. Vansittart was dispatched to Copenhagen, accompanied by a fleet of eighteen sail of the line, with a number of frigates and smaller vessels, under command of admiral Sir Hyde Parker, with vice-admiral Nelson as second. The fleet left the Yarmouth Roads on the 12th of March, 1801, and, arriving at the mouth of the Sound, Nelson recommended that they should sail directly up to Copenhagen, and be prepared, on the refusal of our proposals, to bombard the place, as this would not allow them time to get ready their batteries, and thus do all the more damage to our ships and men. But this was deemed too offensive before any attempt at negotiation, and accordingly Mr. Vansittart was sent forward in a frigate, with a flag of truce, leaving the fleet at the Scaw. He returned without effecting anything more than what Nelson anticipated—that is, putting the Danes into a bustle to receive us destructively. Sir Hyde Parker wasted time in making the needless inquiry by a flag of truce of the governor of Elsineur, whether the passage of the Sound would be disputed, who replied that it would. It was then proposed to enter by the Belt. Nelson said:—"Let it be by the Sound, or the Belt, or anyhow,—only, don't let us lose an hour." At last, it was determined to sail direct into the Sound, keeping as distant as possible from the castle of Cronenburg. The passage there was about three miles wide; our fleet kept close in by the Swedish shore, whence no shot was fired; but the castle of Cronenburg opened on the fleet with one hundred cannon, but without effect. On the 30th of March the English cast anchor before Copenhagen, between it and the island of Huen.

On reconnoitring, the defences of the place were found to be very formidable: a number of ships of war, block-ships, &c., were moored in the only channel leading betwixt extensive shoals to the city, and these supported by powerful batteries, especially the Crown Batteries, those at the end of the Great Shoal, called the Middle Ground, nearest to the town. Nelson was appointed to make the attack with twelve line-of-battle ships, and some smaller craft. On the morning of the 1st of April, every ship having been appointed its place and duty, and captain Rivers having two frigates, two sloops, and two fire-ships assigned to him, to act with as he should see best, Nelson gave the signal to weigh and stand in, which was followed by a universal cheer from the fleet. As the day closed, the squadron anchored at the farther extremity of the Great Shoal, about two miles distant from the van line of the enemy's ships. The next morning—the 2nd of April—Nelson found the wind favourable, and weighed and drew nearer to the town, and Sir Hyde Parker followed, and cast anchor where Nelson had been during the night. At ten o'clock the firing commenced, and at eleven it was general. Three of the English vessels—the Agamemnon, the Bellona, and the Russell—stuck fast on the shoal, for they found the pilots ignorant of the channel, from which all the buoys were pulled up, and so became useless. Neither did the division of Hyde Parker approach near enough to take part in the engagement. Only one of the gun-brigs and two of the bombs could get to their station, and open their mortars on the arsenal, owing to the currents. For three hours the battle raged fiercely, for the Danes fought with more than their well-known valour. It was necessary for Nelson to silence or destroy the floating batteries and gun-boats before he could come at the ships of the line and the great land batteries. He had ordered five hundred seamen, under the hon. colonel Stuart and captain Freemantle, to storm the Crown Battery as soon as it was silenced; but, at this moment, Sir Hyde Parker, seeing the signals of distress flying at the mast-heads of the three vessels aground, and that three others, which he had sent forward as a reinforcement, were making but slow way to the front, signalled for the fleet to draw off, and cease the engagement. Had Nelson been as timidly obedient to the signals as Sir Charles Napier, since, was to the instructions from home, when before Cronstadt, we should have retired with a defeat, instead of a victory. But Nelson took no notice of the signal: he continued to walk the deck, and asked if his signal for close action was still hoisted, and, being told it was, said:—"Mind you keep it so." Riou, who was amid a murderous fire, only drew off a little, but not in time to save his own life; for he was cut in two by a shot, just as he had said, when obeying the signal of the commander-in-chief:—"What will Nelson think of us?"

About half-past one o'clock the fire of the Danes slackened, and by two it had nearly ceased. But the vessels which had struck their flags recommenced firing on our boats sent to take possession of them, and the fire of the batteries on land and on Amak Island struck these surrendered vessels on one side, and that of our ships on the other. To prevent the destruction of the unhappy Danes placed in this fatal situation, Nelson sent on shore Sir Frederick Thesiger with a flag of truce, and a letter to the crown prince, entreating him to put an end to a contest which was uselessly wasting the lives of the brave Danes. Within half an hour after Thesiger's departure, the firing from the Trekroner battery ceased, and adjutant-general Lindholm came on board to learn the precise object of Nelson's note. Nelson replied that his object was humanity. He demanded that the action should cease, and that the wounded Danes should be taken on shore; that then he would burn or carry away the surrendered vessels, as he should think fit. It was

agreed that the combat should cease for twenty-four hours, during which negotiations should be entered into with the commander-in-chief. Nelson then endeavoured to remove his crippled vessels out of the reach of the batteries; but the Elephant, his own ship, and three others remained fast on the shoal for many hours. On removing from the Elephant to another ship, Nelson said, remembering the signal of the chief admiral, "Well, I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall, perhaps, be hanged. Never mind; let them!"

The negotiation could not be concluded within the twenty-four hours, and Nelson was sent on shore to treat with the crown prince. This prince was the son of the unhappy Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III., and therefore the nephew of the king of England. He appeared highly incensed at the attack upon his capital by England, and demanded of Nelson why they had done it. Nelson bluntly replied, to crush and annihilate a confederacy formed against the most vital interests of England. He pointed to Bernsdorf, the minister, who was present, and said, "That is the man who has done all the mischief, and is guilty of all the blood that has been shed." Nelson said afterwards that he told the crown prince more truths than any sovereign had ever heard. He pressed for an armistice, and the Danes expressed their fears of the resentment of Russia if they consented; but Nelson replied that he wanted the armistice in order to go and destroy the fleet of Russia, and then come back to Copenhagen. The negotiations halted at this point, and one of the Danes recommended that they should renew the hostilities. "Very well," said Nelson, "we are ready to begin the bombardment to-night." On the part of the Danes, a considerable part of their fleet, and the great three-crown battery, were yet untouched; but, on the other hand, nearly half the English fleet had not yet gone into action. The crown prince thought better of it. He took Nelson into his private closet, and, after five days' arduous discussion, an armistice was concluded for fourteen weeks, during which the treaty of armed neutrality with Russia was to be suspended, Nelson was to have full liberty to purchase any necessaries for his fleet, in Copenhagen or along the coast, and, in case of renewal of hostilities, all the Danish prisoners were to be again surrendered.

Nelson then burnt six line-of-battle ships and eight praams which he had taken, and kept the Holstein, of sixty-four guns. The loss to the British in this action was severe, but not more so than might be expected when contending against land and floating batteries, and against a people famous for their valour, and on fire to defend their capital and navy; it was three hundred and fifty killed, and eight hundred and fifty wounded. But to the Danes it was far heavier—from one thousand seven hundred to one thousand eight hundred killed and wounded, and four thousand taken prisoners. Nelson declared that the bravery of the Danes had never been surpassed, nor the horrors of the fight. The ships, all except the Desirée, being got afloat again, on the 12th Sir Hyde Parker sailed away with the main body of the fleet, leaving Nelson in the St. George, and a few other ships, to repair their damages. Sir Hyde Parker went in quest of the Swedish fleet, which consisted only of six ships, and which had taken refuge behind the forts of Carlscrona. Parker sent in a flag of truce, informing them of the armistice with Denmark, and demanding an answer as to the intentions of Sweden. Gustavus, the king of Sweden, hastened to Carlscrona, and, on the 22nd, informed the English admiral that he was ready to treat with an envoy accredited to the northern powers. Admiral Parker then proceeded towards the Gulf of Finland, to attack the Russian fleet, but was soon overtaken by a dispatch boat from the Russian ambassador at Copenhagen, announcing that the emperor Paul was dead, and that his son, Alexander, had accepted the proposals of England to treat.

Paul, the czar, had shown himself a tyrannical madman. A strong party was formed amongst the nobles and officers of the army to depose him. His son Alexander had, for some time, resisted the proposal for this; but, being at length assured that the czar was jealous of him, and intended to put him to death, or shut him up for life, he consented to the project. The day on which this scheme was to be carried into effect, Paul appeared on the military parade, and wrote a letter, on the crown of his hat, to Napoleon, and others, recalling his ambassadors from Copenhagen and Berlin. When the conspirators appeared at his bedside, and presented for his signature an act of abdication, on the ground of incapacity for government, and in favour of his son Alexander, he refused, and attempted to defend himself; but he was seized, thrown down, and strangled. A physician was called in, who signed a certificate that he had died of apoplexy. His death, however, was concealed till all was secured in favour of Alexander, who, though probably not contemplating the actual murder of his father, was so much implicated in the transaction as to cause it to haunt him during his life with a feeling of horror and remorse.

Parker considered the news of Paul's death as tantamount to the conclusion of peace, and proposed sailing down the Baltic again; but Nelson, who had joined him at Carlscrona, thought very differently. He had blamed Parker's slowness and easiness all through the affairs of Copenhagen, and he now wanted to push on to Revel, and destroy the Russian fleet before the ice allowed it to retire into Cronstadt. Sir Hyde Parker refused; and the fleet was on its way down the Baltic, when an order came, recalling Parker, and giving the command to Nelson. He immediately put about, and proceeded to Revel, but the thaw had allowed the Russian fleet to get into Cronstadt. Nelson, however, opened communications with the emperor Alexander, and proposed to land and terminate a convention with him at once. Alexander, not liking to have Nelson's fleet too near, declined the proposal in terms of courtesy, and Nelson took his leave in no complimentary mood. The emperor thought it best to send after him admiral Tchitchagoff, to assure him that Alexander regretted that any misunderstanding had ever taken place betwixt Russia and England; that all the British subjects seized by Paul should be immediately liberated, all their property restored, and that the emperor would be glad to see Nelson at Petersburg in any style which he liked to assume. But Nelson had now resolved to return at once to England, his shattered health ill bearing the severity of the northern climate; nor was his presence necessary, for, on the 17th of June, two days before Nelson went on board the brig which took him to England, lord St. Helens,

who had proceeded to Petersburg as ambassador, had signed a convention, by which all subjects of dispute between the two countries were ended. Denmark and Sweden came into the convention as a matter of course. The death of Paul, and the bombardment of Copenhagen, had broken all the schemes of Napoleon Buonaparte in that quarter. And these schemes, through the means of the excitable Paul, had been of the boldest, and even of the wildest kind. The fleets of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, were to have joined that of France, and to have swept the channel of the English. This effected, Buonaparte was to land one hundred thousand men on the coast of England, and make himself master of this redoubtable island. Another army of thirty thousand men was to have joined an army of thirty thousand Russian infantry, and forty thousand Cossack and other cavalry, and, proceeding by the Caspian Sea, and by Persia, was to reach and subdue British India. Thus we were to have been put down on land, at home, on the sea, everywhere, and in India and all our colonies. All these dreams of romance vanished with Paul and the submission of the north; and the allies of Napoleon, even in Germany, rapidly drew in their armies. Frederick William III. of Prussia, another of our beloved and highly-subsidised late allies, who had been encouraged to overrun George III.'s electorate of Hanover, to seize the independent port of Bremen, and close the Elbe against us, now quickly retreated into his own proper limits; and Napoleon, startled from his soaring calculations by these events, and by the defeat of his army in Egypt, which occurred about a fortnight before the battle of Copenhagen, began to think of peace instead of universal conquest. We have now to relate the circumstances of this remarkable Egyptian campaign.

The victory of Marengo, and the appointment of ministers of such great talent as Talleyrand, Fouché, and others, had given Napoleon a vast power in France; yet, during the passing of these events abroad, he had been in imminent dangers. Twice his life had been attempted. The first conspiracy was planned by the jacobins, who hated him for overthrowing their reign of licence, and the immediate actors in it were chiefly Italians, as if they hated him the more because he was their countryman. These were Arena, a Corsican, the brother of the deputy who had aimed a dagger at him in the council of five hundred, Ceracchi, a Roman, Diana, and Topino-Lebrun, also Italians, and some others. They planned to assassinate him at the opera, but one Harrel betrayed them, and they were all seized on the spot. This was on the 10th of October, 1800. The next was a royalist plot. The royalists, seeing him put down the ultra-revolutionists, fondly hoped that he intended to restore the monarchy. Louis, afterwards XVIII., wrote to him on that supposition, offering to make him constable of the kingdom, with any other honour that he might covet. As the queen of Naples had been successful in making a journey to the emperor Paul, to induce him to intercede with Buonaparte, so the royalists thought it a good plan to send the duchess de Guiche, a most beautiful and fascinating woman, to make proposals to the chief consul. The duchess was introduced at the Tuileries, and won greatly on Napoleon, and still more on Josephine. Breakfasting with Josephine, she opened her proposals, but Buonaparte instantly ordered her to leave Paris. Thus disappointed, and now conceiving the real aim of his ambition, the royalist princes resolved to combat his attempts by open force; but the lower and less scrupulous of that party determined to take him off by stratagem. Two Chouans, Carbon and St. Regent, appear to have made themselves acquainted with an infernal machine, first prepared by Chevalier and Veycer, jacobins, and to have forestalled them in the use of it. This was a barrel of gunpowder placed on a cart, and charged with grape-shot, which should be placed in the way as the chief consul went to the opera, and exploded at the moment of the passing of his carriage. On the evening of the 24th of December they carried out their plans; the infernal machine exploded close to his carriage; but, whilst it greatly damaged two or three horses, and killed twenty persons, and wounded fifty-three more, the report being heard for several leagues round Paris, Buonaparte, Lannes, and Bessieres, who were in the carriage with him, escaped as by miracle. The conspirators connected with both the plots—Arena, Ceracchi, Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, Chevalier and Veycer, the jacobins, and Carbon and St. Regent—were all executed. Buonaparte was too acute a politician, and men like Talleyrand and Fouché were too much of the same stamp, not to avail themselves of these circumstances, still more to increase the power of government. They immediately established a tribunal to try all insurrectionists and conspirators, without jury, and without appeal. A law was passed, enabling the executive to seize and transport, or banish, from France all such persons whose conduct and principles had already marked them out as dangerous to the established constitution. This included every prominent royalist and republican. A more searching and stringent system of police was established by the peculiar genius of Fouché, who still remained its head. It consisted of three different bodies besides the general body: the military police of the palace, the police under the inspector of the gendarmes, the police of the city of Paris. Buonaparte received every day a separate report from each of these bodies; and, whilst he thus made himself certain of learning all that passed, the astute Fouché boasts, in his memoirs, that he had himself his spies on the chief consul; that Bourrienne, his private secretary, for twenty-five thousand francs a month, informed him of all the plans and proceedings of Buonaparte; and that Josephine herself, for one thousand francs per day, made him cognisant of all that passed in the Tuileries. By means of this police, in a hand so practised and unscrupulous as that of Fouché, which was ready to turn on Buonaparte himself, should events become adverse, Buonaparte next enslaved the press, Fouché suppressing in one day eleven journals, and keeping a constant eye on all their motions. Any literary person of too independent or inquiring a nature was banished France, and madame de Staël was one of the first to be expelled. To secure the interest of the clergy, and to induce, or rather to compel, the pope to sanction his government, Napoleon made a concordat with his holiness, restoring him to his see and privileges, but stipulating for the complete subjection of the clergy in France to the civil power. The concordat was solemnly inaugurated at Notre Dame in April, 1802, Buonaparte attending with quite royal state, with a splendid retinue of civil and military officers; the archbishop of

Aix, the same who had crowned Louis XVI., preaching on the occasion. The name of Buonaparte was introduced, by this concordat, into the catechism of the church, and the catechumens were thus taught to honour and serve him as God himself, to oppose his will being to incur damnation. Blind must the man have been who did not see whither all this was tending. On the return from the ceremony Buonaparte asked Augereau how he liked it. He replied, "Oh, all was very fine; there only wanted the million of men who had died in order to destroy what they were now re-establishing."

Amongst the beneficial things which Buonaparte mingled amongst his growing despotisms were his giving orders for the preparation of his celebrated code of jurisprudence, and the establishment of the polytechnic school, in which he had the assistance of Monge, and which has educated so many famous men. He threw open the public museums to the people; commenced a vigorous reform in the management of prisons, and in the system of roads, the erection of bridges, and cutting of canals. Had he devoted himself less to war, and more to these great objects, worthy of the highest sovereignty, he would have shown himself one of the greatest instead of the most tyrannical and blood-stained of mankind. War drew his attention, at this moment, from these objects to Egypt.

General Kleber, whom Buonaparte had left in command of the Egyptian army, was an excellent officer, and he had improved the condition of the forces there. He had raised a Greek legion of nearly two thousand men, and organised a regiment of Copts. Several small reinforcements had managed to reach him from France, though the English watched the Mediterranean vigilantly, and had chased back admiral Gautheaume to Toulon, with four or five thousand men on board. Instead of the French army in Egypt being weaker than when Buonaparte left it, it was much stronger. In 1800 Kleber was attacked at the fort of El Arish, in the Desert, by a strong Turkish force, supported by the English squadron under Sir Sidney Smith. Being defeated, he agreed to a convention, by which he promised to evacuate Egypt, on condition of his army being allowed to return unmolested to Europe; but no sooner were these terms communicated to the English government, than they disavowed them, declaring that Sir Sidney had no authority to propose them. Kleber, therefore, resumed hostilities, and returned towards Cairo; but, being attacked by the Turks, he fought and routed them with great slaughter, on the 20th of March, 1800, near the ruins of the ancient city of Heliopolis. The Moslems of Cairo, encouraged by Murad Bey, who still hovered about with his Mameluke cavalry, rose on the French there, and massacred such as could not escape into the citadel. Kleber hastened to Cairo, relieved the forces in the citadel, and entered into a truce with Murad Bey; but, whilst thus busily engaged, he was assassinated by an Arab, who declared he was commissioned by Allah to free the country of the infidels. Kleber, who was of gigantic stature, and thence called the "French Hercules," was deemed by Buonaparte an irreparable loss to France. The command was taken by Menou, who had shown such indecision at the affair of the sections, by which he had made way for Buonaparte to display his military genius. Menou had shown himself equally unfit for command in Egypt. He had assumed the Turkish dress and turban, declared himself a Moslem, married an Egyptian woman, and adopted the name of "Abdallah Menou." His administration of the army and general affairs was far inferior to that of Kleber. At the time that matters were changing thus for the worse, amongst the French, in Egypt, the English government was awaking from its folly in making war by small attacks here and there, which could be productive of little general effect, and determined to strike only decisive blows. Dundas, now lord Melville, urged upon them the good policy of sending an army to Egypt and compelling the surrender of the French, thus removing one troublesome and distracting element from the war. He contended that, whilst one army was sent from England, another should be brought across the Persian Gulf from India, and the success made certain. The plan was much too bold, even for Pitt; and the king opposed it energetically, as "a dangerous expedition against a distant province." But the danger of having this French army transferred to Europe at some critical moment —as it would have been had the convention of El Arish been carried out, by which these twenty thousand seasoned men could have been landed in Italy to act against Suvaroff —at length brought the British ministry to dare the attempt.

On the 8th of March, 1801, general Sir Ralph Abercrombie landed in Egypt, near the spot where Nelson had fought the battle of Aboukir—so near, indeed, that one of the ships chafed its cables on the wreck of L'Orient, and afterwards fished up its anchor. General Abercrombie's army consisted of seventeen thousand men, but the horses for the cavalry, which were purchased at Constantinople, were, for the most part, found unfit for use, and the deficiency was but scantily made up in Egypt; but the main body of the army was in a far higher condition of discipline, and furnished with much superior staff officers than we had hitherto had. Our defect in discipline, and in the military education of the officers, had been deplorable, under the duke of York, in Belgium and Holland; and the English public had been fast growing confirmed in the opinion that we could only fight at sea. But a great revolution in this respect had been effected by the persevering efforts of general Jarry, who had served in the German wars with Frederick of Prussia. From the military college established at Marlow he had sent out quite a new race of officers; and from this moment, by his exertions and those of general Arthur Wellesley, a new era of English warfare began.

Menou brought down against the English twelve or fourteen thousand men, including a fine body of cavalry. Sir Ralph Abercrombie landed only about ten thousand in effective order, but these were men full of ardour, and disciplined to perfection. On the 8th of March they landed in face of the French, five thousand being put on shore at once, and these returning no single shot whilst in the boats, though assailed by fifteen pieces of artillery from the opposite hill, and by grape-shot from Aboukir Castle. They were led on by general, afterwards Sir John Moore; and, running, or climbing on hands and knees, up the steep sand-hills, they drove the French from their cannon, and seized them. The French retreated, and posted themselves on some heights betwixt Aboukir and Alexandria. On the

19th, having compelled Fort Aboukir to surrender, general Abercrombie advanced, and found Menou had concentrated all his forces betwixt them and Alexandria. On the 21st of March a general engagement took place. It commenced as early as three o'clock in the morning, whilst quite dark, by an attack on the British left, which was meant to draw all attention to that quarter, then a desperate charge was made on the right by the main body of the French cavalry, which hoped to get into the rear of the British infantry; but the attempted surprise failed; the French were driven back with great loss. As the day dawned, the battle became general, and the French found themselves opposed, not only by accustomed English doggedness, but by a precision of fire and an adroitness of manœuvre which astonished them. The 42nd Highlanders, the 28th and 40th Regiments, particularly distinguished themselves, and the havoc made in the French lines soon became terrible. The most deadly struggle occurred in and around a Turkish cemetery surrounded by a low wall, which was occupied by the 58th and 23rd Regiments. Menou made repeated charges to drive them thence, but in vain, the French being soon attacked in their flank by a part of the 42nd. By ten o'clock A.M. the French were in full flight for Alexandria, leaving seventeen hundred men on the field, one thousand and forty of whom the English buried on the spot where they had fought. The loss of the English was stated at fourteen hundred killed and wounded; of the French, in killed and wounded altogether, twice that number. On the part of the French, generals Roize, Lanusse, and Rodet were killed; on that of the English, the generals Oakes, Moore, and Hope, and Sir Sidney Smith were wounded, and, unfortunately, the brave Abercrombie killed. General Moore declared that he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead; and the French prisoners, that they had never known till then—no, not even in Italy—what fighting was. The French legion called the "*Invincible*," from its exploits in Italy, was nearly annihilated; and amongst the standards taken was one bearing inscriptions of triumph in the battles of La Scrivia, Tagliamento, Lodi, and others. The immediate effect of this victory was to bring the Arabs, with abundance of provisions, into the English camp; to bring Murad Bey, with his Mamelukes, from Upper Egypt; and to arouse the inhabitants of Egypt, of all classes, to arm and drive away the French. They had no conception of such fighting as they had seen in the English, and all fear of the French had vanished. To complete the success, the capitan pacha's fleet in a few days brought a Turkish army of between five and six thousand men, and the grand vizier, posted at El Arish, began to march towards Cairo. General Hutchinson, now chief in command of the British army, hastened to join the grand vizier; but, before he could accomplish this, he had to drive four thousand French from a fortified camp at

PERSPECTIVE PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

English Squadron entering from the South, and coming to Anchor.—1. Desirée. 2. Polyphemus, 64 guns. 3. Isis, 50 guns. 4. Edgar, 74 guns. 5. Ardent, 58 guns. 6. Glutton, 58 guns. 7. Elephant, 74 guns. 8. Ganges, 74 guns. 9. Monarch, 74 guns. 10. Defiance, 74 guns. 11. Amazon. 12. Blanche. 13. Alemener. 14. Arrow. 15. Dart. 16. Zephyr. 17. Otter. 18, 19. Crown Batteries. 20, 21, 22. Danish Squadron. 23. Lagoon. 24. Danish Fleet, Floating Batteries, &c. 25, 26. Danish Camp and Redoubts. 27. Danish Schooners. 28. Channel. 29. Edge of Shoal. 30. Middle Ground. 31. English Bomb-vessels. 32. The Russell, aground. 33. Agamemnon, anchored. 34. Elsinore. 35. The Sound.

DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBIE AT THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

Ramanieh, and meantime five thousand French rushed out of Cairo, and attacked the grand vizier.

On the 27th of June Cairo capitulated, general Belliard obtaining the condition that his troops should be conveyed to the ports of France, on the Mediterranean, with their arms and baggage; yet they left behind them three hundred and thirteen heavy cannon, and one hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder. On the 8th of June general Baird had landed at Cosseir, on the Red Sea, with his Indian army, and was marching through the burning desert for Cairo. The Moslems saw with astonishment troops of swart Indians, commanded by British officers, dropping, as it were, from the skies, and all good Moslems, worshipping in their mosques; so that they were ready to believe them miraculously sent by the prophet to their aid. Menou, cooped up at Alexandria, found it useless to contend further. Before Baird could join the main army, he capitulated on the same terms as Belliard, and the Egyptian campaign was at an end. The news of the French expulsion reached France sooner than it did England, and created a strong sensation. Buonaparte consoled himself with saying that it would have been different had Kleber survived, and that now there was nothing left for it but to invade England.

We have already stated that Portugal had claimed our aid to resist an invasion by Spain, and that we had sent several regiments there. We also sent three hundred thousand pounds in money, and kept a fleet at Lisbon. A peace was made in June, at Olivenza, by which Portugal agreed to surrender a portion of territory to Spain, and shut her ports against the English. But Buonaparte protested against this peace, sent an army of twenty-five thousand men into Portugal, which invested Almeida, and menaced both Lisbon and Oporto. In September, Portugal agreed to confirm to Spain the territory ceded at Olivenza; to give up half of Portuguese Guiana to France; to anul all treaties with England; shut her ports entirely against her ships and manufactures, admitting, on the other hand, those of France. Besides this, Portugal paid to the French twenty millions of francs.

Whilst France thus triumphed on land in this quarter, our fleets and those of France and Spain had various slight encounters on these coasts. Admiral Gautheaume surrounded two English frigates in the Mediterranean, and compelled them, after a hard and most unequal fight, to surrender. Sir James Saumarez attacked a French squadron in Algesiras Bay, opposite to Gibraltar, and, after doing and receiving much damage, was compelled to haul off. Again, on the 12th of July, he pursued the French and Spanish fleets escaping out of the same bay, to endeavour to pass the Straits and reach Cadiz, and, with only five ships of the line, two frigates, and some smaller craft, attacked them, consisting of ten sail of the line, three frigates, and a great number of gun-boats. He set on fire and blew up two Spanish ships of one hundred and twelve guns each, took a seventy-four gun-ship, and did much damage to the others before they could make Cadiz.

Lord Nelson also, on the 1st of August, made an attempt on the French flotilla lying at Boulogne for the invasion of England. He was furnished with a flotilla of gun-boats for the purpose, and he was able to destroy two floating batteries and a few gun-boats, but found the fleet too strongly posted under the batteries of the harbour to make further impression.

The autumn of this year was employed in endeavours to arrange a peace. Lord Cornwallis proceeded to Paris for this object, and went to Amiens, which was appointed as the place for the conference. The preliminaries were signed on the 1st of October, but the treaty was not definitively concluded till the 27th of March, 1802.

The year opened with the negotiations for peace. General Law de Lauriston, the schoolfellow and first aide-de-camp of Buonaparte, brought the preliminaries over to London, and the people, heartily tired of war, expressed great joy at the news. Though Napoleon had neither given up the idea of invading England, nor his other ambitious projects, he expressed a willingness to make peace. He saw that all chance of invading England was vain at present. Nelson was appointed chief in command of the fleet from Orfordness to Beachy Head. The most extensive arrangements had been made both on sea and land to repel aggression; and, from the specimen which Nelson gave of his mode of action at Boulogne, the question seemed rather, whether Buonaparte would be able to protect his flotilla in his own port, than whether he could land in England. The French fleet, during the war, had been reduced to a fragment, whilst our own had grown enormously. Since 1793 we had increased our navy from one hundred and thirty-five sail of the line and one hundred and thirty-three frigates to two hundred and two sail of the line and two hundred and seventy-seven frigates. At the time of signing the peace of Amiens, we had, in fact, including all sorts of vessels of war, eight hundred in number; at the same time, we had captured, of all kinds of French vessels of war, two hundred and ninety-eight, and destroyed fifty-five. We had thus reduced the French fleet, during that period, from seventy-three sail of the line and sixty-seven frigates to thirty sail of the line and thirty-five frigates. The allies of the French had fared no better: we had captured, or destroyed, seventy-eight Spanish vessels of war and eighty-six Dutch, and had ruined the navy of Denmark at the bombardment of Copenhagen. The victories of Howe, Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson, had revived all the glories of the ages of Drake and Blake, and infused into the hearts of the British seamen the idea that on the ocean we were invincible. These facts pointed out where our strength lay, and were rendered still more illustrative of this by our miserable failures on land. Marlborough was dead, Wellington was but in his youth, and we could offer no real rivalry to the vast armies of France, under a leader like Napoleon, on the continent, though we could destroy his isolated force in Egypt, showing what was possible, were numbers in any reasonable proportion to each other. But, on the sea, we were a match for all the world, and Buonaparte felt that he must wait for some more favourable crisis before attempting the descent on England. He was willing, therefore, to have a short peace with us, because it would enable him to prosecute more freely his other plans of domination, both in France and out of it.

In France, he was bent on making his power permanent. But he began, first, by constituting himself consul for life of the Cisalpine republic in Italy. This territory, which

included Lombardy and other parts of the north of Italy, had been declared by the treaty of Luneville, concluded betwixt Buonaparte and the emperor of Austria, independent of both Austria and France. But now it was arranged that this stipulation should be impudently violated, and that nominally at the request of the leading inhabitants of those districts themselves. The whole having been prepared by M. Petiet, the French minister at Milan, and by Talleyrand, four hundred and fifty deputies from the Cisalpine republic—nobles, bishops, officers of the army, ministers of state, literati, &c.—proceeded to Lyons to hold a consultum on the propriety of electing the first consul of France their first consul also. "It seemed a strange thing," said Carlo Botto, the Italian historian, "that an Italian nation should go into France to settle its government and fate." But it was the will of Buonaparte, and in Italy the will of himself and his armies was law. Talleyrand had drawn up a form of memorial from the deputies to Buonaparte, in which they asked him to become consul for life, on the plea that they had no men of sufficient ability and influence amongst themselves. Buonaparte arrived at Lyons on the 11th of January, 1802, made a triumphant entrance, met the deputies, and accepted their offer, the words, "for life," being politicly omitted, and the term of "ten years, with re-eligibility," being substituted, as meaning the same thing, but more covertly. All power in the government of the republic was vested in him, and he appointed Melzi d'Eril as his vice-president. The republican constitution was a copy of that of France, and thus the Cisalpine state became really an appanage of France, in open defiance of Austria, who was in no condition to dispute the matter.

This being completed by the 26th of January, Buonaparte returned to Paris, and put in motion a similar process there. The whole having been planned by himself, Chabot de l'Allier proposed in the tribunate a proper mark of honour to the great hero of France. It was well understood what was meant, and the senate received the proposal favourably. It passed a decree electing Napoleon for another ten years—making the whole term from the present moment seventeen years. Buonaparte thanked the senate, but eluded the acceptance of the offer by pretending that he thought the question should be sent to the people. This was agreed to; but the second and third consuls, Buonaparte's humble servants, took the liberty of altering the form of the decree ere they issued it to the public, and it then really stood, not whether they would elect Napoleon for another ten years, but for life. The senate took the hint, and let the altered decree pass. It was sent down to the departments, registers were regularly opened, and the whole voting proceeded with great solemnity, and ministers, with whom the registers were ultimately deposited, reported a majority of upwards of three millions of votes in favour of the election of the first consul for life, and only a few hundreds in the minority. Nothing was easier than this juggle, conducted as it was, which Buonaparte's nephew, the present French emperor, has so successfully imitated, both in his own election to the presidentship, to the imperial rank, and in the annexation of Savoy. Carnot was one of those who voted against this measure, and he observed that, in recording his vote, he signed his transportation to Cayenne; but he was mistaken—Buonaparte was so secure that he could afford to allow a few dissenters; in fact, they gave all the more reality to the affair. Fouché candidly avows how the business was managed. "For six weeks," he says, "the ministry was busily engaged in collecting and transcribing the registers. Got up by a special committee, the report presented three millions five hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and eighty-five votes in the affirmative, and only nine thousand and seventy-four in the negative. On the 2nd of August a *senatus consultum*, called organic, conferred the perpetual power on the first consul Buonaparte; and on the 15th, the anniversary of his birth, solemn prayers were offered up to God, for having, in his ineffable bounty, granted to France a man who had deigned to consent to bear the burden of supreme power for his whole life!" Thus France, having, in about twelve years, run through a variety of phases of revolution and republicanism, more violent, sanguinary, and indignant of all restraints than the world had ever before witnessed or conceived an idea of, now calmly and indifferently received the yoke of military despotism, soon to be changed into an imperial one.

The negotiations for peace betwixt France and England, meantime, had been slowly progressing, ever and anon being arrested by the conduct of the first consul. Without waiting for the ratification of peace, he sent off, on the 14th of December, 1801, only ten days after the signing of the preliminaries, a strong fleet and army to the West Indies to reduce the independent black republic in St. Domingo. England was obliged to send reinforcements to our own West Indian fleet by admiral Martin—so that it looked much more like war than peace. Again, in January, 1802, came the news of the election of Buonaparte to the presidency of the Cisalpine republic, directly contrary to the treaty of Luneville, and betraying the aspiring aims of Napoleon. Immediately followed the intelligence that Buonaparte had exacted from Spain a treaty by which Parma and the island of Elba were made over to France on the death of the present, already aged, duke; that Spain had been compelled to cede part of the province of Louisiana, in North America, by the same treaty; and that Portugal, though, by the preliminaries of peace, the integrity of her dominions had been carefully guaranteed, had, by a secret article, given up to France her province of Guiana. These revelations startled the British ministers, but did not deter them from concluding the peace—the present cabinet seemed as determined to make peace, on any terms or of any kind, as Pitt and his colleagues had been to make war. It was not that the chief consul, who every day betrayed some fresh symptom of an insatiable ambition, was disposed to offer them tempting terms; on the contrary, though we never were more able to dictate measures at sea, and he never less so, he was as haughty and dictatorial in his demands as if Great Britain had been completely under his feet. Yet the treaty went on, and was concluded and signed on the 25th of March, 1802.

After a nine years' war, began and undertaken less for our own security—though Pitt declared that to have been the object—than for the interests of all other nations, such a peace could never have been agreed to by any other kingdom,

except when utterly conquered. When we read the conditions of it, we can with difficulty believe them. We had set out by championing almost every continental nation, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, and Italy especially. In subsidising and fighting for them, we had spent four hundred and sixty-one millions of money, and shed the blood of above a hundred thousand of our men! And what had we accomplished? Had we maintained the independence of any one of these nations? By no means. All had retired discomfited into ignominious peace, or remained in the grasp of France, and had left us to maintain the strife alone. Austria and Prussia had made their separate and miserable peace; Italy was, in part, in the direct and avowed power of France, in part under terror of its influence. To Spain and Portugal, Napoleon had dictated his own terms. Belgium and Holland had long been armed by him against us; but, even whilst fighting for these recreant powers, we had defended our own shores and our colonies at a comparatively trivial cost, and had, moreover, conquered most of the colonies of France, Spain, and Holland. All these circumstances pointed out to us as clearly as possible what was our proper policy in regard to the continent. It was to adopt the noble sentiment of Addison—

> "Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
> To sit the guardian of the continent."

To be ready, at all times, to be its umpire, to promote its peace, but not to be its universal and self-sacrificing combatant.

But we had won great colonies and territories in every quarter of the world; those would remain as a partial compensation, or they must be purchased back by France for herself and her allies, and France must return within her former boundaries. No such thing: France claimed to keep everything, and insisted on our giving up everything; and, however strange and incredible it may seem, we consented. In the indignant language of lord Grenville, when discussing the infamous, the inconceivable terms of this peace, on the 13th of May, "France gave up nothing; she retained everything! She was left in actual possession of, or with the most absolute control over, the greatest or richest part of the continent of Europe. She kept Savoy, she kept Belgium, she kept the Germanic states on the left bank of the Rhine; she kept, under a fiction of independence, the whole of Upper Italy and the whole of Holland—she kept whatever she had gained. And yet she was to be repossessed of all that she had lost; and, moreover, to be allowed to acquire immense territories from her submissive and helpless allies. In Asia, she was to have Pondicherry, Cochin, Negapatam, and the Spice islands; in Africa, the Cape of Good Hope and Senegal—for it was idle to talk of the Batavian republic having or holding anything; in the West Indies, Martinique, St. Lucia, Guadaloupe, Tobago, Curaçoa, and a part, if not the whole of St. Domingo; in America, she was to be repossessed of St. Pierre and Miguelon; and, as new possessions, whence she could press upon both the Anglo-American states, the Spanish-American and Portuguese-American ones, Louisiana, was to be exacted from Spain, and Portuguese-Guiana from Portugal to round off French Guiana. And, besides this territory of Guiana, extending to the Amazon river, she was to have, in South America, Surinam, Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo.

"In the Mediterranean, too, where our naval superiority was most important, we had dispossessed ourselves of Malta, Minorca, and the isle of Elba, which France wanted merely in order to exclude us from the neighbouring port of Leghorn. We were now, in fact, excluded from all the ports of Italy, and all that inland sea seemed converted into a French lake."

Never, indeed, had there been such a self-stripping of any nation. Instead of our victorious and costly expeditions to the most distant parts of the globe, to conquer colonies and valuable territories, France herself might have done all this, and so have kept them as her rightful spoils. We retained nothing except the islands of Ceylon and Trinidad, in the West Indies. We gave up all that we had won by so many millions of money, such tens of thousands of lives, lost in battle, or which had perished in pestilential climates, and that without any compensation. Malta, which was, in fact, the key to Egypt, and the most direct highway to our Indian dominions, we gave up to France by a fiction. The knights of St. John were nominally restored, but neither English nor French were to be hereafter members of the order; Malta was to be occupied by Neapolitan troops, under a neutrality guaranteed by all the chief European powers; but it was well known that Napoleon, when it suited him, would cease to respect the conditions, and would readily dispossess the troops of Naples.

Such was the famous peace of Amiens; the most ignominious which a nation, starting with such lofty pretensions, could possibly have stooped to accept. We retained nothing, for all our labours and costs, but Ceylon, Trinidad, and—the Debt! For that we had spent four hundred and sixty-one million eight hundred thousand pounds, and one hundred thousand lives. Besides the enormous extra taxation, we had raised the debt, during those nine years, from two hundred and forty-four million pounds to five hundred and twenty million pounds. Our army had been raised to one hundred and sixty-eight thousand regulars, eighty thousand militia, one hundred and twenty thousand volunteers, and one hundred and thirty thousand sepoys in India; altogether four hundred and ninety-eight thousand, or nearly half a million of men. What was most extraordinary, Pitt, who had prosecuted this war with a perseverance and a zeal unprecedented, now supported his successors in the ministry in this strange self-sacrificing peace. Fox, Sheridan, and those who had all along denounced the war, prided themselves on all their predictions being realised, but this was poor consolation for the waste of such enormous wealth and life, for such fruitless and dishonourable results. Grey, Whitbread, lord Holland, and other whigs, denounced the whole war as unjust in its origin, disgraceful in its conduct, and calamitous in its termination.

CHAPTER V.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

The French Republic acknowledged by England—Buonaparte's Expedition against the Negroes of St. Domingo—Buonaparte elected First Consul of the Cisalpine Republic—Marriages of the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge—Prince of Wales's Debts—Attempts on the Life of Buonaparte—The Infernal Machine—Buonaparte's Concordat with the Pope—Buonaparte

made First Consul for Life—Prepares the "Code Napoleon"—Seizure, Imprisonment, and Death of Toussaint L'Ouverture — Sebastiani's Mission in the East—Invasion of Switzerland—Trial of Colonel Despard and others, for Conspiracy—War imminent with France and Holland—Act for a Levy *en masse*—The Prince of Wales demands to take a Leading Rank in the Army, which is refused by the King—Trial of Peltier, Editor of *L'Ambigu*—Insolent Conduct of Buonaparte to Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador—The English seize French and Dutch Ships in their Harbours—Buonaparte seizes English Travellers in France—Invades Hanover—Emmett's Rebellion in Ireland—Bombardment of Dieppe—Campaign in India against the Mahrattas—Return of the King's Malady—The Addington Ministry resign—Pitt again in Power—Vast Preparations for War—Attempt with the Catamarans at Boulogne—Seizure of Spanish Ships — War with Spain — Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, &c., inveigled into France, and seized — Seizure and Murder of the Duke d'Enghien—Pichegru and Captain Wright found Dead in Prison—Moreau banished from France — Execution of Georges Cadoudal, and other Royalists—Buonaparte becomes Emperor.

THE remaining business of the session was chiefly that of providing money for the royal family. Whilst the enormous war taxes had been draining the country, no spirit of economy had been displayed in the royal household. Notwithstanding the repeated recurrence to parliament to make up the deficiencies of a most magnificent civil list—namely, nine hundred thousand pounds per annum—the king, whilst by no means extravagant in his own habits, showed an utter incapacity for restraining the waste and embezzlement of his establishment. He had, again, not only run greatly into debt, but had absorbed and spent the proper income of the prince of Wales from the duchy of Cornwall. The income of this duchy, which ought to have been carefully husbanded by the crown till the prince's majority, and thus have rendered him independent of any parliamentary allowance, had all been spent by George III. When called on to account for it, he replied that he had spent it on the prince's education. What an education, then, must the prince have had, for the aggregate sum for the twenty-one years was stated at nine hundred thousand pounds, or nearly forty thousand pounds a-year; and this, added to the capital, ought to have amply provided for the prince. But, now, both the king and prince came again to parliament for relief!

A new speaker, the right honourable Charles Abbot, then chief secretary for Ireland, having been chosen in the place of Sir John Mitford, who was made lord chancellor of Ireland, on the 17th of May Mr. Addington moved for a committee to inquire into the necessities of the civil list. No sooner was this motion submitted than Mr. Manners Sutton, solicitor to the prince of Wales, stated to the house that the prince had a claim of nine hundred thousand pounds for arrears of the duchy of Cornwall, which had been improperly expended by the king, and praying that it might be taken into account, and the balance paid over to the prince; that the house, since the prince's majority, had, at different times, voted him two hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds; that there remained a balance of six hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds, which, as the king had enjoyed it, and would, had he not had it, have come to the country for that, in addition to his other deficiencies, the account now lay not between the king and prince, but between the parliament and the prince. Fox strongly supported this motion, but it was objected that the prince could try his legal right in Chancery, whereas Addington knew very well the prince had made this attempt in vain, his petition of right having been lying, now, for six years in the court of chancery, with the persevering refusals of the lord chancellor to let it be heard. Erskine, Tierney, and others, strongly pressed the prince's rights, but the consideration of them was negatived by passing to the order of the day. On the contrary, the debts of his majesty were taken into discussion, and a vote of nine hundred and ninety thousand and fifty-two pounds passed for their liquidation.

Scarcely was this done ere a fresh demand was made by the king for a provision for their royal highnesses the dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and twelve thousand a-year each was allowed. The prince of Wales's friends then pressed his claims once more, and parliament voted sixty thousand pounds a-year for three years and a half, commencing on the 5th January, 1803, and ending on the 5th of July, 1806. On this, Mr. Manners Sutton, for the prince, announced that he gave up all further claim on his father for the arrears of the duchy of Cornwall; but, no sooner did the first payment to the prince become due, than his private secretary, on the 28th of February, 1803, announced to the house that the addition of sixty thousand pounds a-year, for three years and a half, would by no means clear the prince's debts, and he pressed for more. Though strongly supported by the prince's friends, Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, and the rest, parliament resisted the claim by a large majority, the country being then about again to plunge into a new and still more expensive war.

A strong remonstrance being made against the continuance of the property tax in a time of peace, it having been passed expressly as a war tax, on the 5th of April, when Mr. Addington brought forward his budget, he announced the intention of government to abolish this tax, and substitute others in its place; but, at the same time, it would be necessary to carry to the debt the sum due from this tax—namely, fifty-six million pounds—so that, with another twenty-five million pounds, which he called for, the addition to the public debt, this year, would be ninety-eight million pounds. The militia was put on an increased scale, on the plea that a large regular army, in time of peace, was contrary to the constitution, and yet that the augmented power and sea-board of France, which now virtually included Holland and Belgium, necessitated a strong home force of some kind. The militia was therefore raised to sixty thousand strong, forty thousand of these men to be called out at once. There were energetic representations of the injustice of the rate of paying for substitutes to this force, the nobleman paying no more than the honest labourer on his estates, nor the richest merchant than the poorest porter in his employ; but the objection was overruled. On the 28th of June parliament was prorogued by the king in person, who congratulated the country on its peace and prosperity. The next day parliament was dissolved by proclamation, and writs issued for a new one.

Amongst the English that flocked to Paris on the establishment of peace were Charles James Fox, his nephew, lord Holland, Erskine, and numbers of the opposition party, who were received with great cordiality, and many of them with honour, as the steady enemies of the late war, and the assumed admirers of France and of the first consul. In fact, it was a singular circumstance that the ultra-liberals of

England—those who had idolised the jacobins, and all the levellers of monarchy, and every ancient institution and title—had now changed their idol, and were as enthusiastic worshippers of Buonaparte, who had put down jacobinism, and was steadily and undisguisedly proceeding to restore everything that they had been applauded for destroying. As the most awful atrocities of the republicans and sans-culottes had not cooled the homage of the admirers of the philosophy of liberty, equality, and fraternity, so the destruction of this favourite system did not check their ardour of applause for the victorious soldier who had seated himself complacently on the very ruins of the principles of their late beloved sans-culotte philosophers and statesmen. Buonaparte now occupied the Tuileries—the residence of a long line of kings, whom they had gloried in seeing insulted, stripped of power and pageantry, and put to death. Were they tyrannical?—so was he. Had they hated and assaulted England?—so did he. Had they put the press and the tongue in fetters?—he had done it still more so. Did they maintain their despotism by means of a secret, inquisitorial, and odious police?—so did he; and that on a still more subtle system, under the detestable jacobin, Fouché. Had they menaced the rights of surrounding nations?—so did Napoleon, tenfold. But all this was overlooked in the fortunate soldier, who, as a great military genius, was then, and long after, worshipped by thousands of our countrymen, even whilst wading through the blood and trampling on all the rights of surrounding nations. The possession of genius was deemed a full title to exemption from the guilt of the most wholesale crimes, and the infliction of infinite miseries for the simple gratification of his ambition.

Fox was received with particular honour by Napoleon, whom he found occupying the Tuileries with a state equal to Louis XVI., who had been hated and destroyed because he bore the name of king. He went about in a carriage drawn, on high occasions, by six white horses, and attended by a splendid body of guards. Those titles of monsieur and madame, of my lord and your highness, which had been heard with execrations not so long ago, were all in full use again. The palace swarmed with menials and officers, civil and military; and galas, masqued balls, and levees, and crowded drawing-rooms were in as full action as in the days of Marie Antoinette. In fact, the monarch was there again, though yet without the name. Napoleon, whilst heaping courtesies on Fox, did not hesitate to avow his detestation of Pitt, and to charge him and Windham with the absurd myth of being instigators of the infernal machine. Fox exposed the folly of such an aspersion of such men, who, though determined enemies of what they thought hostile to their country, could never stoop to practise anything so odious as assassination. Fox received from Buonaparte every facility for examining the French archives for materials for his history of the reign of James II.; but, in his usual neglect of the policy of the diplomatist, he incurred much odium, not only by his familiar conversations with the first consul, but by accepting the hospitalities of madame Tallien, who was now living separated from her husband, and with a character for too much licence, and of Miss Helen Maria Williams, who had, by her pen, praised all the wildest extravagances of the revolution. At these places, he also imprudently met and conversed, without any appearance of repugnance as to their conduct and principles, with Mr. Arthur O'Connor, and other Irish insurgents, who had not only promoted rebellion in the sister isle, but were still stimulating Buonaparte to the invasion of it and of England.

Paris, and, in fact, all France and Italy, now swarmed with English, who had been so long excluded from the continent. Numbers of these were liberal of their encomiums of the first consul, who, amid his ambitious projects, had, as we have stated, introduced many useful changes into the system of administration. He had put the finances into a better condition; had able men busily employed in codifying the laws; had promoted the love of science and the works of art, which jacobinism had denounced and destroyed; was eager for the promotion of trade and navigation, according to his favourite phrase of "ships, colonies, and commerce," as the great members of a nation; and, had he been so disposed, might now have raised France to unexampled prosperity. Never had he, or any other man, so fair an opportunity of creating a name of imperishable glory as the benefactor of a great nation. He had extended his boundaries to the Rhine and beyond the Alps, and might have spent a long life in building up France, by wise and beneficent institutions, into the admiration of the world. But the more sagacious visitor already saw predominating the curse of a restless, insatiable military ambition, which would defeat and extinguish in his career every more godlike element.

At the very time that Fox was in Paris the most rooted despotism was in force. There were continual arrests of obnoxious individuals by the lurking agents of the atheist, Fouché. The concordat, though a pretended homage to catholicism, was, in fact, the riveted slavery of the church and clergy. No priests were tolerated but the most compliant. A keen watch was kept by Fouché and his tools on that party of the clergy which had refused the *serment civique*, and the most honourable of these refused to return to Paris under such a régime. Buonaparte had, indeed, inaugurated the concordat at Notre Dame with great pomp, but it was merely for his own glorification. When urged to pay respect to catholic opinions, he brusquely refused, saying he had done enough by going to Notre Dame; and, though he at length consented to have mass said at the palace, he had it done in the room where he transacted business, and generally went on with business whilst it proceeded, which never lasted more than ten or twelve minutes. In fact, the man who had pretended to be a Mohammedan at Cairo could scarcely bring himself to pretend to be a Christian at Paris. He said to Cabanis, "Do you know what this concordat really is? It is the vaccination of religion; in fifty years there will be no more religion in France than small-pox."

Mignet has admirably described Buonaparte's government at this period. He had, he says, a certain class of the clergy devoted to him by the terms of the concordat; he had a military order in the legion of honour, an administrating body in the council of state, a decree-making machine in the legislative body, and a constitution-making machine in the Senate; he had an immense standing army, which looked to him to open up boundless fields of plunder and promotion, and another army of placemen, kept by pay and

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expectation, bound to him, and drilled into subservience by a system of centralisation of the most artful kind, and maintained in incessant activity by such men as Fouché, Talleyrand, and Cambacérès.

The peace of Amiens, instead of turning the attention of Buonaparte to internal improvements, seemed to give it opportunity to range, in imagination, over the whole world with schemes of conquest, and of the suppression of British dominion. There was no spot, however remote, that he did not examine on the map with reference to plans of conquest. Louisiana and Guiana, obtained from Spain and Portugal, were viewed as ports whence conquest should advance to Nova Scotia, Canada, the Brazils, Mexico, and Peru. Every station in the West India Isles was calculated as a point for this purpose, and for seizing, some day, all the British islands there. The Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, the isles of France and Bourbon, the Dutch spice isles, and their settlements in Java, Sumatra, &c., were regarded as a chain of ports which would enable Buonaparte to become master of India. He sent out expeditions, under different officers, to examine every island and region where the English had a settlement, or where he might plant one, to oppose them. One of these expeditions sailed in a couple of corvettes, commanded by captain Baudin, who was accompanied by a staff of thirty-three naturalists, geologists, savans, &c., the ostensible object being science and discovery—the real one, the ascertaining of the exact possessions of England, and of the best means of becoming master of them. The head of the scientific staff was M. Peron. On their return, their report was published; and it is singular that, by this report, St. Helena, destined to be the prison of Napoleon, is described in rapturous terms as an earthly paradise.

Another expedition was that of colonel Sebastiani, a Corsican, who was dispatched to Egypt, Syria, and other countries of the Levant. Sebastiani reported to Buonaparte that the English were so detested in Egypt, that six thousand men would suffice to retake it; that Buonaparte's name was so venerated, that it had procured him the utmost honour everywhere, and especially with Djezzar Pacha, viceroy of Egypt. He asserted that general Stuart, the English envoy, had endeavoured to excite the Turks to assassinate him. He harangued the natives in the Ionian Isles, and assured them of the protection of Buonaparte; and, besides many calumnies against the British officers, assured Napoleon, that so hateful was the British rule, that both Greeks and Venetians in those islands were ready to rise against them at the first word from France. On the appearance of this base report, our ambassador at Paris made a strong remonstrance; but Napoleon only replied by complaining of the late account of the campaign in Egypt by Sir Robert Wilson, in which he had detailed the butchery of the Turks and Arnauts at Jaffa, and Napoleon's command to poison his own wounded on the retreat from Acre. Through M. Otto, the French envoy in London, Napoleon demanded that statements injurious to his character, made by the English press, should be stopped by government; that all French emigrants should be expelled from England; that Georges Cadoudal should be transported to Canada; and such princes of the house of Bourbon as remained there should be advised to repair to Warsaw, where the head of their house now resided. To these peremptory demands, the British government, through lord Hawkesbury, replied, that his Britannic majesty did not possess the absolute power necessary for these acts; and that, whilst the statements charging upon an English ambassador instigations to murder were published in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French government, the statements by the English press were protected by the freedom of that press guaranteed in England, which the king was not disposed to invade, but from which any man, English or foreign, might claim redress by an action at law. To show the first consul how readily this might be done, the English government commenced an action against M. Peltier, a French emigrant, for a libel on Napoleon in a newspaper published by him in London, called the *Ambigu*. Peltier was found guilty; but this by no means answered Buonaparte's object. He wanted the accounts of his darkest actions suppressed by a power above the law, not thus made more public by the action of the law. As Sir Walter Scott has observed, he wanted darkness, and the English government gave him light.

The audacity of Buonaparte still further excited the indignation of the English government. Under the name of consuls, he sent over to England and Ireland a number of military officers, whose real business was to act as privileged spies; to prepare plans of all the chief ports, with soundings, and an exact account of the winds with which vessels could go out or come in with most ease, and also at what draught of water the harbours might be entered by large vessels. These agents had been instructed to maintain the utmost secrecy as to their real objects, but they became known, and the ministers announced that any person coming in such a character to this country should be ordered instantly to quit it. Neither was the temper of the nation at all improved by the irritating proceedings of the French authorities on the coasts of France. A law had been passed by the jacobins, in the most rabid time of the revolution, condemning any vessel, under a hundred tons burthen, found within four leagues of the French shores, having on board British merchandise. It was taken for granted that this decree was virtually annulled by the peace of Amiens; but repeated seizures were now made of English merchant vessels driven, by stress of weather, on the French coasts; and the mere fact of having plates, knives, and forks for the crew of British make, was used as a plea for confiscation of vessels. It was in vain that remonstrances were made to the French consul, they passed without notice. Such a peace, it was evident, could not last long. Napoleon was in a mood to brook no control from any quarter; he at this time showed how completely he would crush any creature who offended him, when he had the power.

The negroes and mulattoes in St. Domingo, availing themselves of the principles of the French revolution, had thrown off the yoke of slavery, and proclaimed liberty and equality in that island. Terrible scenes of retribution on their masters and oppressors had taken place. The island had been a frightful scene of massacres and burnings of plantations. The few planters who had escaped called in the English, who put down the black population, and restored order. But the climate destroyed the troops so fast, that, in 1798, the

English abandoned the island, and the blacks again became the masters. For a time, various parties amongst them prevailed; but at length one of them, Toussaint L'Ouverture, became the conqueror of the rest, and, with his second in command, Henri Christophe, ruled supreme. Toussaint had ideas of generosity and of sound policy superior to his race. He protected the whites, because they were more educated and industrious, and would, therefore, set a better example to the blacks. He decreed that the plantations should still be cultivated by the negroes, but that there should be a more equal division of the proceeds betwixt blacks and whites; but he gave great offence to Buonaparte by modelling his black republic after that of France. During the reign of the directory, he established also a directory in St. Domingo; but, when Buonaparte became first consul of France, he nominated himself first consul of Hayti, or St. Domingo. This parody of France—which was done in admiration of it, and, in a wise man, would have only excited a smile—was offensive in the highest degree to Napoleon. He said, "This comedy of government must cease. We must not permit military honours to be worn by apes and monkeys!" And, as the peace of Amiens threw back the French West India Islands to France, he dispatched general Leclerc, with an army of twenty-four thousand men, to put the blacks down. We have it on the authority of Fouché, that he seized the opportunity of this expedition, which he knew would be most fatal to the troops, to send those who had fought under Moreau in Germany, and of whom he was suspicious, as being attached to that general. His favourite sister, Pauline, afterwards the princess Borghese, was married to general Leclerc; and, though she did not wish to accompany her husband, Napoleon compelled her, lest it should be thought that he excused her, because he knew the expedition to be of a most fatal character.

The armament, consisting of thirty-four men-of-war, twenty frigates and smaller armed vessels, sailed on the 14th of December, 1801, watched and followed by an English fleet, uncertain of its purpose. It appeared before Cape François on the 29th of January, 1802. Leclerc summoned Toussaint to surrender, and, for some time, he appeared inclined to do so; but his suspicions, only too well founded, ultimately decided him to stand on the defensive. Various actions were fought, in which the French were naturally predominant. They made themselves masters of Fort Dauphin, Cape François, Port-au-Prince, and the chief seaports and military positions on the coasts; but when they followed the negroes into the interior of the island, the climate, aiding the blacks, began to cut off the French rapidly by yellow fever, and they saw that a prolonged campaign must leave only the negroes alive. Under these circumstances, Leclerc made great offers, by instructions from Buonaparte, to Toussaint, acknowledging him as chief of the island, under the title of lieutenant-governor. Toussaint was beguiled into compliance; but scarcely was the treaty made, when Leclerc pretended that there was treachery amongst the negroes, in order to enact real treachery on his part. Toussaint, with all his family, were seized, loaded with chains, and shipped off to France.

This basest of all base acts of treachery was, however, justly and awfully punished. The blacks, incensed to fury by the treatment of their chief, continued the war, under Christophe, and two assistant black chiefs, Clervaux and Dessalines, with desperation. They were victoriously seconded by the yellow fever and the pestilence, and the exasperated negroes pursued the infected French from plantation to plantation, from port to port, massacring, burning, laying waste; for now there was no more tolerance of the deceitful whites. The French revenged these inflictions when they could; and, betwixt the Africans and them, the island resembled more a burning pandemonium than any human territory. By the autumn of 1802, that army of fine soldiers, who had followed Moreau to victory on the Rhine, was reduced to a few hundred sickly creatures; they were driven back and cooped up in the town of Cape François, and there Leclerc died of the fever.

On the 2nd of November, however, a fresh army of fifteen thousand men arrived under general Rochambeau, the son of the old marshal who had commanded the French in the American war with La Fayette. But he brought his troops only to see them cut off by the same terrible climate; and, on the 3rd of December, he found it necessary to capitulate to Dessalines, the black general, on condition of being allowed to retire with the remains of his army, and of the whites, who could not remain, except to be murdered. War having again broken out with England, Rochambeau and all his squadron were captured, and carried prisoners to England. Such was the termination of this expedition, as disastrous as it was wicked, not less than forty thousand French being supposed to perish in it within less than two years.

This dismal failure seems to have embittered Buonaparte against the unfortunate Toussaint to a perfectly demoniac degree. On reaching France he was thrown into the Temple, where the equally unfortunate Louis XVI. had been confined. His wife and children were sent to another prison; and, as the fatal progress of affairs in St. Domingo added ferocity to the vengeance of Napoleon, he seems to have planned what would be the most horrible fate to a man accustomed to the torrid glow of St. Domingo. He sent Toussaint to the castle of Joux, in the highest and coldest regions of the Jura Alps. There he was thrown into a dungeon, where, according to the personal inspection of Miss Martineau, who visited it in 1839, the water continually dropped from above, and stood in a pool below; whilst in winter, not mere snow, but flakes of ice, penetrated between the bars of the window. As the winter there continues for more than half the year, we may imagine the tortures of the captive. So secret were the proceedings of Buonaparte in this matter, that nothing is known positively of the particulars of his confinement; but it is said that he was furnished only with a litter of straw for his bed, was allowed a very meagre amount of food, and was found frozen to death in his cell during the winter of 1803. On no act of the life of Buonaparte has more unanimous abhorrence been pronounced than on this. It rivals all that has been recorded or feigned of the tyrannic atrocities of the most despotic monsters.

The treaty of Amiens did not for a moment, even in appearance, interrupt the unlimited plans of aggression which

Buonaparte had formed. Whether these plans tended to alarm England or not, seemed to give him no concern whatever. The encroachments on Italy never paused. Before the signing of the peace of Amiens, Buonaparte had made himself president of the Cisalpine republic; and, though he had pledged himself to Alexander of Russia that he would not interfere further with Piedmont, because Alexander would not entertain the scheme of co-operating with France in the march to India, as his father had done, Buonaparte seized on all Piedmont in September of this year, annexed it to France, and divided it into six departments—those of Po, Dora, Stura, Marengo, and Tanaro. Carlo Emmanuel, the king of Piedmont, retired to his island of Sardinia, and then abdicated in favour of his brother, Victor Emmanuel. But Victor Emmanuel would not have been left long king, even of that small territory, had it not been for the protection of England. Buonaparte said it was necessary to France, because it produced the finest bread in the world, and because it was only a continuation of Corsica. He sent over his propagandists to seduce the people, and persuade them to declare for France. He next made an agreement with the king of Naples for Elba, and took possession of it. Every movement of this restless being showed his intention to drive England out of the Mediterranean, and convert it into a French lake. But on the main land he was equally active. There was no country on the continent in which Buonaparte did not presume to dictate, as if he already were universal monarch. In the Diet of Germany his influence was prominently conspicuous; and he prevailed to have towns and districts transferred as he pleased. To have all the territory on the left bank of the Rhine secured to France, Prussia received valuable compensation at the expense of the German empire for the cession of the duchy of Cleves and other provinces transferred to France. Bavaria and other minor states were benefited in the same way, because Napoleon already meant to use these states against Austria and Russia, as he afterwards did. Every endeavour was made, contrary to the articles of the peace of Amiens, to shut out the trade of England, not only with France, but with Holland, Belgium, Germany, &c. It was in vain that England remonstrated. Buonaparte, through his official organ, the *Moniteur*, declared that "England should have the treaty of Amiens, the whole treaty of Amiens, and nothing but the treaty of Amiens;" but he interpreted this treaty to give every advantage to France to the exclusion of England. He complained that Great Britain had not, according to that treaty, restored Malta and the Cape of Good Hope, and this was true, but the Cape was soon after surrendered to the Dutch. Not so Malta; for the British ministers justly remarked that the aggressions made by Buonaparte on Piedmont, his avowed designs on Sardinia, and his seizure of Elba by collusion with the king of Naples, had entirely altered the state of affairs at the signing of the treaty of Amiens; and that, by another arrangement with Naples, the Neapolitan troops, which were stipulated to hold Malta, might any day be removed, and French troops substituted. This was but too obvious, and the further proceedings of Buonaparte still more confirmed this persuasion. It was a condition of the treaty of Luneville, that the independence of Switzerland should be respected; and this was guaranteed by the Batavian, Cisalpine, and Ligurian republics, as well as by France and Austria. But Buonaparte had already absorbed all these republics into France, and Austria he set at defiance. He had never withdrawn the French troops from Switzerland; but, whilst they remained, French emissaries had continued to foment the feuds betwixt the people and the nobles, betwixt one canton and another. He now declared this state of things must end; and he assumed the office of umpire, to settle the affairs of the Swiss for them. He had no right to assume this office—if needed, it belonged to the other powers of Europe as well as France; but he knew that he had the might—and he used it.

At the end of September he sent general Rapp to issue a manifesto announcing that Napoleon was determined to put an end to all their differences. He told them, in this extraordinary document, that they had been disputing and killing one another for three years, and, if left to themselves, would go on disputing and killing one another for three years more; that their history showed that their wars could not be terminated except by France; that he would now mediate, and his mediation should be effectual. He therefore ordered them to send a deputation to Paris to consult with him, and to declare that he would allow no city, community, or public body to contradict the measures that it might please him to adopt. This manifesto was immediately followed by the appearance of general Ney at the head of forty thousand men, in addition to those already in the country. At the sight of this overwhelming force, Aloys Reding, who had headed the patriotic party, and was prepared to put down the jacobin incendiaries, saw it was useless any longer to contend; he therefore, with a touching address, dismissed his forces, and the Diet of Schweitz also dissolved itself, stating that it was in consequence of an armed force of foreigners, whom it was impossible to oppose.

Thus Switzerland was invaded, and its constitution trodden out by an armed occupation. Buonaparte assumed the title of "Mediator of the Helvetic League," and dictated his own terms to the deputies of the French party, who were sent to Paris. To these he talked in the most insulting tone, telling them that they need not fear incorporation with France—their country was too poor to bear the necessary burthens of a member of the great French republic. He ordered them, however, to furnish a subsidiary army of sixteen thousand men, to be maintained at the expense of the French government, or rather of the nations which France should invade; for, as Fouché candidly admits, in his Memoirs, "France maintains no armies; they are fed and clothed by the countries they occupy." He dictated the condition, that no country but France should march troops through Switzerland; he retained the district of the Valais, for the purpose of constructing a great military road over the Simplon, which would thus not only open up all Switzerland to France, but make Italy easily accessible; he retained also Geneva and the bishopric of Basle, which the directory had seized. Aloys Redding was arrested and imprisoned in the castle of Aarsbourg, and thus was Switzerland submitted audaciously to his military yoke, to the indignation of the whole world, which, in the most distant countries, read the pathetic complaints of its brave

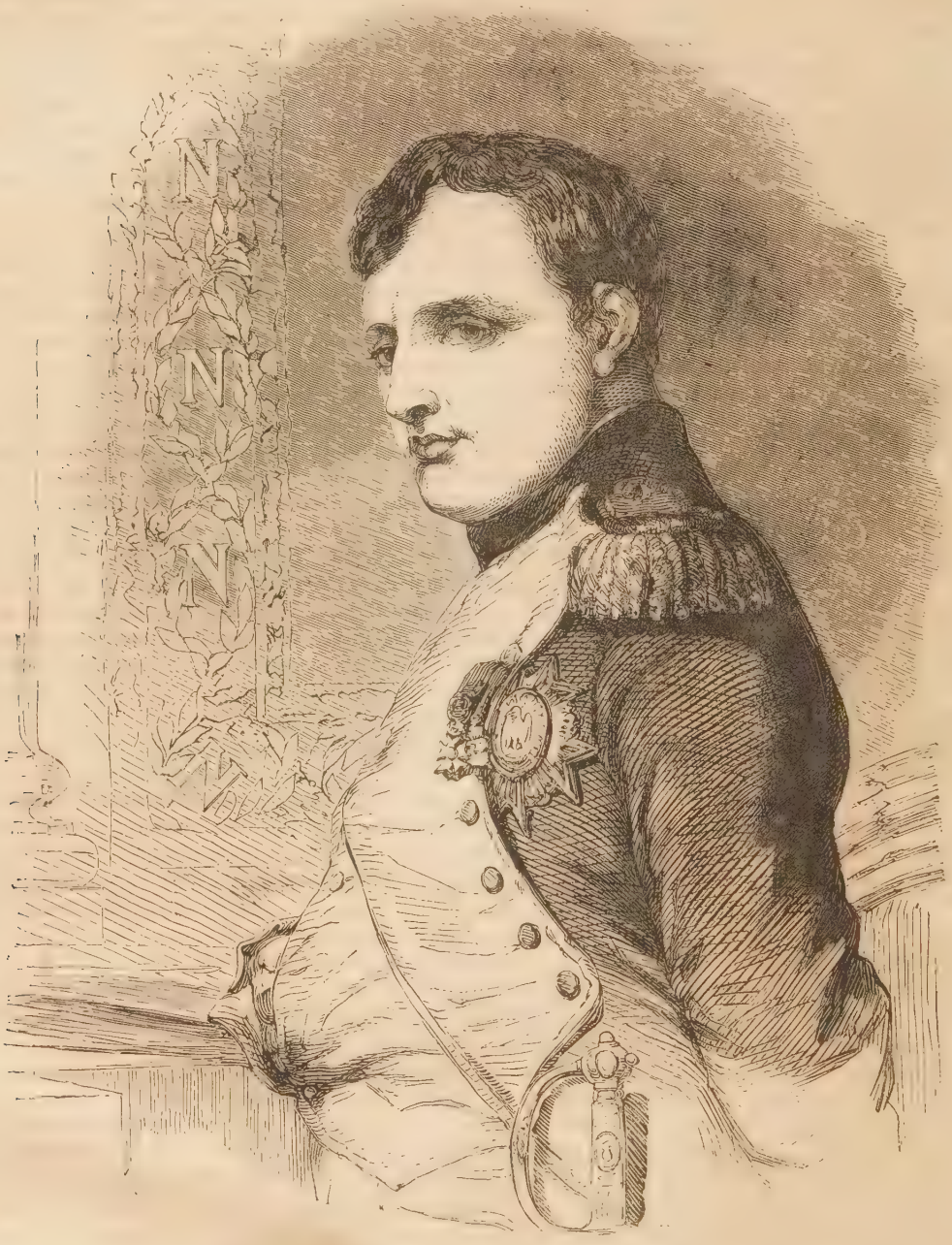
and outraged inhabitants with a feeling that did more damage to the character of Buonaparte than almost any other of his wholesale usurpations.

The new parliament of Great Britain and Ireland met on the 16th of November. It was found that government had secured a strong majority in it, and Mr. Abbot was re-elected speaker. The speech from the throne breathed a spirit of war. The conduct of Buonaparte, both towards this country and others, had incensed the nation, and it was no difficult matter for government to obtain large supplies, on the ground that war was but too probable. Sheridan had now deserted the Fox party, for substantial reasons, as was generally suspected, and he declared that the invasion of this country was the first thought of Napoleon every morning, and his last prayer at night, to whatever deity that prayer was addressed, whether it was Jupiter, Mahomet, the goddess of Battles, or the goddess of Reason. No one, however, yet seemed to be aware of the uselessness of fighting for all the world, and the reasonableness of contenting ourselves with defending our own coasts and colonies. Fox alone appeared sensible of this fact. He declared that it was continental connections, and not mere self-defence, which had made great standing armies necessary, and had loaded us with such mountains of debt. It was, however, readily agreed to maintain our army at the scale of two hundred thousand men, including militia and yeomanry. Of troops of the line, the amount was fixed at one hundred and twenty-nine thousand. The voting the necessary supplies for this force was the only business of importance before Christmas. On the 21st of December, indeed, the commons passed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the frauds and abuses of the naval department, where the monstrous jobbing of commissioners, contractors, &c., still robbed the country of enormous sums, and perpetually furnished the worst of food and clothing to the seamen. But this measure was completely defeated, in the house of lords, by the lord chancellor, who carried a motion exempting all officials who were called before the committee from criminating themselves. The committee thus became a dead letter, and all the abominable abuses remained, as they were destined to do, for many a long year.

The year 1803 was opened by the charge of a conspiracy to destroy the king and overturn the government, by a colonel Despard and others. On the 7th of February colonel Despard was brought to trial at the Surrey sessions-house, Newington, before a special commission, at the head of which was the lord chief-justice Ellenborough. Mr. Abbot, afterwards lord Tenterden, opened the case against Despard, followed by the attorney-general, the hon. Spencer Perceval. It appeared that Edward Marcus Despard was an Irish officer, who had served with much bravery and distinction; that at the close of the American war he was on duty in the West Indies, and on the Spanish main. He was sent with Nelson, when the latter was but a post-captain, to take the fort of St. Juan, in Nicaragua, situated where the lake Nicaragua flows into the Atlantic. He ably supported Nelson, and they took the fort, though Nelson afterwards said that it was one of the most perilous and arduous undertakings that he had ever been engaged in; and that out of one thousand eight hundred men, including Indians, only three hundred and eighty returned alive. For his services Despard was made lieutenant-colonel; and, in 1784, was appointed superintendent of English affairs at Honduras. On some complaints of the settlers against him, he was recalled, and, on demanding an investigation of his conduct, it was refused by the government, as well as his claims upon it. This injustice appears to have embittered his mind, and, on his using strong language, he was arrested, and thrown into Coldbath-fields prison, and afterwards removed to the house of Industry, at Shrewsbury, and finally to Tothill-fields' Bridewell. This treatment, which certainly seems harsh and unjustifiable towards a very meritorious officer, had the effect of exciting him to seek a reform of the government, by associating with men of a condition inferior to his own, and engaging in schemes of violent opposition to the king and government, whom he deemed to have treated him with gross injustice. On the oaths of Blades and Windsor, two soldiers belonging to the guards, both of indifferent character, who had been encouraged to discover and reveal all they could, by one Bownas, a government spy, he, as well as a number of working men, Macnamara, an Irish carpenter, Wood, a soldier, Francis, another soldier, and shoemaker by trade, Broughton, a carpenter, Graham, a slater, and Wratten, a shoemaker, were arrested and brought to trial. These men charged him, on oath, with conspiring to kill the king, seize the Tower, and the arms in the Bank of England, and overturn the government. They charged colonel Despard with being the originator of these plans, but they could produce no other written or documentary proofs of the fact than an oath printed on a card, as follows: "In the awful presence of Almighty God, I, A.B., voluntarily declare that I will exert myself to the utmost to recover those rights which the Supreme Being has conferred upon his creatures, and that neither fear, hope, nor reward, shall prevail upon me to divulge the secrets of this society, or to give evidence against a member of this or any other society of a similar kind. So help me God!" On the same card there were the following words, also explanatory of their object: "Constitutional Independence of Great Britain and Ireland. Equalisation and extension of rights. An ample provision for those heroes who fall in the contest. A liberal reward to all those who exert themselves in the cause of the people. These are the objects for which we unite, and we swear never to separate until we have obtained them." All the rest of the charges were based on the mere oaths of the soldiers, who had been members of this society, and then had been induced to betray it. The charge, in addition to those stated above, was that they meant to shoot the king as he went to parliament. Lord Nelson, general Sir Alured Clarke, and Sir E. Nepean all gave the highest character to Despard for bravery and loyalty. Mr. Gurney, his counsel, showed that the two soldiers were of most infamous character, and that their stories did by no means agree. Sergeant Best said that the colonel had, undoubtedly, attended some of the meetings of these reformers, but that there was no proof of his having organised them, or that he knew them to be of a treasonable character; that words, if proved on satisfactory evidence, were not overt acts; and that there was no overt act of any kind established; therefore, there could be no establishment of a charge of treason. But, notwith-

standing, both the colonel, and afterwards six of the other prisoners, were declared guilty; and, though the jury recommended the colonel strongly to mercy, both he and they were hanged and beheaded on the 21st of February.

might have led him. But, though the most energetic appeals were made by his wife, by the jury which condemned him, and by other parties, the king refused to listen to them. The Irish had lately shown themselves rebellious, and were



NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

The whole of this proceeding was marked by revolting features of injustice and savage severity. Had the guilt in the colonel been most clearly proved, which on the scaffold he solemnly denied, yet the cold rejection of all his demands for official inquiry into his conduct as governor of Honduras, and of his claims on government, ought to have pleaded as a palliation of proceedings into which his natural irritation still unsettled, and Despard was an Irishman. Besides, George III. had a fondness for hanging, which will for ever leave a dark stain upon his memory. The criminal code, during his reign, was a thorough code of Draco, and he resisted its amelioration, and the efforts of Romilly and others already at work for this end, with a pitiless pertinacity. The case of Despard was but the forerunner of a long,

THE FRENCH TROOPS IN AMSTERDAM.

and wholly catalogue of such during the whole of this reign.

Everything in parliament and in ministerial movements now denoted the near approach of the renewal of war. On the 8th of March a message was received by both houses of parliament from his majesty, stating that great military preparations were going on in Holland and France, and that his majesty deemed it highly necessary to take measures for the security of his dominions. It added that negotiations were going on with France, the issue of which was uncertain, but it neither stated what these negotiations were, nor the measures called for. The message was taken for what it was—a note of war, and, both in the lords and commons, strong expressions were used of defiance to France. This seemed to have encouraged ministers to a plainer expression of their intentions, for only two days later another message came down, calling for an increase of the navy. The next day, the 11th, the commons formed themselves into a committee, and voted an addition of ten thousand seamen to the fifty thousand already voted. Sheridan was very zealous for war; ministers, however, professed to desire the continuance of peace, if possible; and Fox, justly complaining that government was calling on parliament for fresh armaments without giving it any reasons for the necessity of them, declared that the principles upon which the last war had been conducted were most detestable and hypocritical; that to go to war, on pretence of protecting religion and social order, was most disgraceful and dishonest. There were rumours of negotiations going on for a return of Pitt to power; but, as Mr. Addington showed no disposition to resign altogether in favour of Pitt, these came to nothing, for the pride of Pitt, so far from permitting him to serve under the son of his father's physician, and a man of greatly inferior abilities to his own, would never submit to serve under any one, but, on the contrary, must have every one completely under him.

On the 6th of May lord Pelham communicated to the lords, and Mr. Addington to the commons, another message from his majesty, informing them that he had ordered lord Whitworth, our ambassador, to quit Paris immediately, unless he saw a prospect of closing the negotiations with the first consul within a certain date; and that M. Andreossi, the French ambassador, had applied for his passport, in order to quit London when lord Whitworth should quit Paris. In consequence of the uncertainty of the result there was an adjournment, and then a second; but, on the 16th of May, all suspense was terminated by the announcement of ministers, that lord Whitworth had quitted Paris, and Andréossi London. The papers which had passed betwixt this government and France, in the late negotiations, were ordered to be produced, and an order in council was issued, directing reprisals to be granted against the ships, goods, and subjects of the French republic, and also for an embargo not only on all French ships in British ports, but on all Dutch vessels, and vessels of any power under the military rule of France. We were once more at war. A manifesto was also issued, detailing the causes of the rupture. These were, the injustice practised towards British subjects in the ports of France; the sending of military engineers and spies into this country, in the character of consuls; and menaces by France against the independence of Turkey and the Ionian Islands; also a boast that England singly could not contend with the power of France. These were all the alleged causes as directly concerning England; and these, surely, were causes wholly insufficient to warrant a war, had there been none other. They were very proper subjects of negotiation and of offence, but, being remonstrated against, were too trivial for war, until they grew into actual aggressions. But there were a great many other causes alleged, and these, it will be observed, were the causes which, as in the former war, did not concern us, but the continent: the occupation of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and great part of Italy. It was still assumed that the whole continent together was incapable of defending itself, and that the defence of it was the proper business of England. It would have been sufficient for Great Britain to have made a firm protest against the injustice of such occupation by France, and then to have left those countries to assert their own liberties and independence, though ready at any time to assist, by our influence, in promoting their rights by negotiation. We have learned *that* now, by reflecting on our debt and on the unsatisfactory result of propping up continental despots, but we had not learned it then. On the 23rd of May both houses of parliament went into the question of the addresses in reply to his majesty's message, and there was in each house a scene of deep excitement. All approaches to the houses were crowded. In the lords, an amendment was moved on the address by lord King, to expunge the statements that France had broken the treaty, but it was rejected by one hundred and forty-two against ten. In the commons, Pitt was in his place, and delivered a most elaborate speech in commendation of the war, which was replied to with equal ability by Fox. Fox confessed that Buonaparte had been unreasonable in demanding that we should abridge the liberty of the press in England to oblige him, and should expel all French emigrants on the same ground, but he contended that we had broken the treaty by not giving up Malta. This retention was defended by Perceval, Windham, and others, on the grounds which we have already stated, and the amendment was rejected by three hundred and ninety-eight against sixty-seven. In fact, parliament, and a large class in the country, were mad for war. Fox, however, made another effort to avert it, if possible. On the 27th of May he moved that his majesty should be addressed to pray him to use the mediation of Alexander, the young emperor of Russia, who was most friendly towards us, and was willing to undertake the task. Pitt professed to approve of the suggestion, but recommended that Fox should leave it to ministers, who he was sure would concur in the wish; and lord Hawkesbury, the secretary for foreign affairs, stated that, though they could not suspend the necessary preparations for war, government would be ready to accept the emperor's mediation, provided the first consul would accede to it on reasonable terms. This was only a polite mode of getting rid of the proposal, and this was followed by the opposition in both houses moving votes of censure on the Addington administration, but without success.

On the 17th of June the king announced, by message, that, in consequence of the Batavian republic refusing to

order the French troops to quit Holland, which, indeed, would not have paid any attention to such orders, he had recalled his ambassador from the Hague, and had issued letters of marque and reprisals against that republic. Thus, we were also at war with Holland. At the same time, a demand was made for a grant of sixty thousand pounds, and a pension of sixteen thousand pounds per annum to the prince of Orange, the ex-stadtholder, on the plea that he was an exile and destitute; and the grant was voted. Parliament was now daily occupied in passing fresh measures for the defence of the country. It was voted, on the 20th of June, that a reserve army of fifty thousand should be raised by ballot, like the militia; and, indeed, it was no other than an extension of the militia, for this division was to serve only during the war in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. On the 18th of July it was proposed to pass a bill enabling his majesty to raise a levy *en masse*, in case of invasion. Pitt strongly supported it, and proposed fresh fortifications on the coasts, which he afterwards carried out in his useless and ridiculous martello towers. Military and engineer officers, members of the house, immediately broached the most extensive plans of fortifications. Colonel Crawford, in particular, desired to have a great many more troops, and to fortify the coast from Yarmouth to the North Foreland; to fortify London, and all the high roads to it. The very extravagance of these proposals defeated them; ministers replied, and truly, that our fleet and army were security enough with the bill for the levy *en masse*, which was passed by both houses.

Immediately after the passing of this bill, a message came from his majesty announcing a very menacing state of things in Ireland, and two bills were hurried through parliament, one to try rebels in Ireland by martial law, and the other to suspend the *habeas corpus* act there. The remainder of the session was occupied in discussing the budget, and imposing new taxes, rendered inevitable by the costly luxury of war. The chancellor of the exchequer again introduced the income tax under the name of a property tax; but it was shown that it was essentially a tax upon income, whether derived from lands, moneys, or professions and trades. Sir Henry Mildmay condemned the injustice of levying the same amount of tax on permanent and precarious incomes; and the hardship of thus taxing the learned professions was much insisted on. Addington admitted it; but pleaded the difficulty of making a proper division betwixt professional men of uncertain incomes and others, like clerical dignitaries, or popular lawyers, and physicians of large incomes. He pleaded, moreover, the increased difficulties of collecting such a graduated tax; arguments which ministers still find very convenient for perpetuating the same injustice. There was a clause preventing the entrance into private houses in quest of data on which to assess the tax; foreigners purchasing into the funds were exempt, and those possessing incomes of from sixty to a hundred and fifty pounds only were rated to it at a lower percentage. Persons having large families were rated lower, according to the number of children which they had, and this abatement was preposterously carried, not merely to person of small incomes, but to those of five thousand pounds per annum and upwards! This bill, thus curiously modified to suit all palates, was passed on the 1st of August. Other new taxes were imposed, and forty-one millions three hundred and sixty-three thousand one hundred and ninety-two pounds were voted for the year's supplies; of which one million was to be raised by loan in Ireland, and twelve millions on annuities in England. Parliament was prorogued by the king in person on the 12th of August.

At this juncture, the prince of Wales made urgent application to the king to be allowed to take a leading rank in the army; but the king positively refused. Such an application had been made by him to the king in April, 1798, and it had met with the same refusal, on the ground that military command was inconsistent with the situation of prince of Wales. This could only have been the private opinion of George III., because many princes of Wales had led armies, both in the civil wars of England and in the wars on the continent. George II., as eldest son of the elector of Hanover, and expecting to succeed to the throne of England, held a distinguished command under Marlborough, fought bravely at Oudenarde, and again, as king, won the battle of Dettingen. What is proper for a king of England cannot, surely, be improper for the heir-apparent to the throne. But George III. had adopted this idea, and, like all his ideas, it was a stubborn one. The prince urged that it was perfectly constitutional, and that now, as the country was menaced with invasion, and young men of all classes were eager to display their courage and patriotism, it became him peculiarly to do honour to his elevated position by standing forward prominently amongst the defenders of the country. Finding the king inexorable, he wrote to the prime minister, Addington, to lay his letters before his majesty. At first, Addington made the prince no reply; but, on a second application, he answered that it appeared useless, from the result of a similar proceeding previously. The prince still urged him to lay his last letter before the king; but George was peremptory, and desired that he might hear no more on the subject. When the bill was passed for the levy *en masse*, the prince resumed his intreaty through the ministers, but received only the reply, that the king could not listen to any more applications of the kind; that, if the enemy should land, the prince would have an opportunity of appearing in the field against him at the head of his regiment, the 10th light dragoons.

At the beginning of October, when extensive promotions were making in the army, the prince wrote to his brother, the duke of York, who was commander-in-chief, representing the dishonourable and humiliating anomaly of the heir-apparent being permitted only to occupy the military rank of a colonel of dragoons, when one of his younger brothers was commander-in-chief, and three others, the dukes of Kent, Cambridge, and Sussex, were lieutenant-generals; and that, should the regiment in which he served come into action, he must be subordinate to the most ordinary general of brigade. The duke of York replied, with an appearance of much sympathy, that it was impossible for him again to bring the matter before the king, after his positive orders to the contrary. On the 23rd of October, as the rumours of invasion grew strong, the prince determined to join his regiment at Brighton. Addington then wrote to him, advising him not to go till he heard further, in consequence

of some intelligence which he had received, but did not explain. The prince, therefore, imagining this intelligence related to the invasion, went at once, and the next day, the 26th of October, there took place a grand military review in Hyde Park, at which were present the king, the queen, monsieur, afterwards Charles X. of France, the prince of Condé, the duke of Bourbon, the duke of Berri, general Dumouriez, and a great many French noblesse, the duke of York acting as commander-in-chief, and all the royal princes, except the prince of Wales. This treatment of the heir-apparent had always been a feature in the house of Hanover; and when we reflect with severity on the dissipations of the prince of Wales, that feeling should be tempered by the remembrance that his most laudable desires to escape from the indolence and ennui of his life had thus been perseveringly thwarted by parental caprice.

We have stated that there had been a mutual recall of ambassadors betwixt France and England, and, on the part of England, an order in council was issued for the detention of all French ships, goods, and subjects, and for an embargo on all Dutch ships in English ports; we must now explain the causes of this. From the first, it was patent to all Europe that the peace of Amiens could not be of long endurance. Through the whole of it Napoleon never, for a moment, ceased his aggressions on the continent, and his acts of irritation towards England. His military spies sent to England and Ireland in the guise of consuls, his repeated seizures of British merchantmen on the French coast, the constant dictations as to the meaning of the conditions of the treaty of Amiens, all showed that a proud country like Britain could not long submit to it. That she must be at war with such a head of the French government was inevitable; it depended on her own wisdom whether it should be a simple war of self-defence, or a quixotic one of defending the whole world. Buonaparte never could remain at peace long. All his soul was in the action and excitement of war. He declared that it was not more necessary to his own glory than glory was necessary to the permanence of a wholly new dynasty. In peace he grew moody and restless; in war alone he appeared happy. Rest to him was as unnatural as to a comet. The Buonaparte element is essentially an element of unrest.

The king's speech at the opening of parliament, and the martial tone of the speeches by the members of both houses, exceedingly exasperated Napoleon; for, though preparing for war, he was scarcely ready, and meant to have carried on the farce of peace a little longer. Talleyrand demanded of lord Whitworth the reason of this ebullition of the English parliament and of the press. Lord Whitworth replied, as he had done regarding the comments on the trial of Peltier, that it was the direct result of the insulting articles in the *Moniteur*, which was known to be the organ of the French government; whereas, in England, the government had no direct control, either over the speeches in parliament or the press. Talleyrand and lord Whitworth again went over all the vexed questions of the retention of Malta, the conduct of colonel Sebastiani in the East, the aggressions of Napoleon in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland, in violation of the treaty of Amiens; and lord Whitworth declared that all that England wanted was, that that treaty should be faithfully carried out on both sides; that we were ready to evacuate Malta, and recall our complaints, on that being done. But this was what Napoleon was resolved never to do, and he therefore resorted to the most extraordinary insults to the British ambassador. He requested lord Whitworth to call at the Tuileries at nine o'clock in the evening of the day on which he had had his conference with Talleyrand. Napoleon had, by an assumption of extreme hauteur and impetuosity, frightened the Austrian ambassador at Campo Formio, and he probably thought of frightening the English one; but England had not been beaten like Austria, and such a proceeding could only enrage the British people.

In this interview, Buonaparte ran over, in a rapid and excited harangue of two hours' length, scarcely permitting lord Whitworth to interpose a word of reply, all the alleged causes of dissatisfaction with England; at one moment threatening to invade it, if it cost him his life; at another, proposing that France and England should unite to rule the continent, and offering to share with it all the benefits of such an alliance. Lord Whitworth replied, as before, that the British government desired nothing but the *bonâ-fide* execution of the treaty of Amiens, and could not for a moment entertain such schemes of aggression and domination as the first consul proposed to her. He began to comment gravely on the aggressions in Switzerland and Italy, but Buonaparte cut him short angrily, saying, those things were no business of his, and that he had no right to talk of them. There was a fresh interview with Talleyrand, and fresh notes from him and Andréossi of the same character.

On the 13th of March the first consul held a grand levée at the Tuileries. Such a levée was held regularly on one Sunday in each month, and this was Sunday. Lord Whitworth attended, to introduce some English travellers, and to pay his formal respects to the first consul. As it was the custom to avoid all political or diplomatic topics, lord Whitworth anticipated nothing more than the ordinary ceremonies and compliments of the time. Josephine and the ladies of her court were present, in brilliant costume, as well as the whole of the foreign ambassadors, the whole diplomatic staff, many distinguished military officers, and foreigners of rank. In the presence of all these, Buonaparte, immediately on entering, singled out the English ambassador, went hastily up to him, and, in a quick and angry tone, demanded if he had news from England. Lord Whitworth replied that he had had letters two days ago. "And you are determined on going to war?" demanded Buonaparte. Lord Whitworth, however astonished at this unprecedented conduct, replied, calmly, that, on the contrary, we should much prefer peace; that we had had fifteen years' war, and that was too much. "But you want fifteen years more of it, and you force me to it." He then rushed away to the Russian and Spanish ambassadors, saying, petulantly:—"The English want war; but, if they are the first to draw the sword, I will be the last to sheathe it. They don't respect treaties: treaties must henceforward be covered with black crape." Then he returned again to lord Whitworth, and demanded, rapidly:—"Why these armaments of yours? Against whom are aimed these precautionary measures? I have not a single vessel of the line in the ports of France; but if you

will arm, I will arm also; if you will fight, I will fight also. You may, possibly, be able to kill France, but never to intimidate her!" Lord Whitworth replied that we wished to do neither one nor the other. "Then," exclaimed Buonaparte, "you must observe treaties! Woe to those who do not respect treaties; they will be responsible to all Europe!" And, repeating these words, he hastily quitted the room, leaving the ladies, the ambassadors, the whole assemblage of two hundred people, in a state of wonder and consternation. Josephine and her ladies followed the first consul, and the rest of the company departed in equal precipitation.

Lord Whitworth, who had been successively ambassador in Poland, Russia, and Denmark, for seventeen years, and was a man of great intelligence, sagacity, and self-command, made no reply to the latter portions of this vituperative address, but preserved the most calm and unconcerned aspect. As they withdrew, count Markoff, the Russian ambassador, observed:—"You could not have expected such an outbreak; you can only report it to your government."

Some days passed without further notice of this most extraordinary proceeding, which was, however, exactly imitated by the nephew of the first consul towards the ambassador of Austria previous to the invasion of the Austrian territories in Italy. Talleyrand then endeavoured to excuse the irregularity of the outbreak by pleading the first consul's anxiety to defend himself before the ministers of the different powers of Europe from the aspersions of England. Lord Whitworth calmly replied, that such insults neither suited his taste nor his position, and, until he had assurance that they would not be repeated, he should keep away from the Tuileries.

Discussions then took place betwixt Andréossi and lord Hawkesbury, the foreign ministers of France and England, the object of which was, not to avert war on the part of Napoleon, but to postpone it till he had recalled his vessels home from distant stations, annulled military leaves of absence, mounted his cavalry, and marched fresh troops into Holland. There was also another reason. He received Louisiana by treaty from Spain; but the Spanish colonists there were furious at being thus transferred to France, and Napoleon saw that the moment war broke out, all communication with, or control over, that colony would be cut off by the British fleet, and he therefore made haste to sell the territory to the United States; and this was accomplished for fifteen millions of dollars, on the 30th of April, just twelve days before lord Whitworth quitted Paris.

Whilst Buonaparte was incessant in his exertions to prepare for war, he still omitted no means of irritating and maligning the English nation. At his instigation, M. Rheinhardt, formerly a schoolmaster at Wurtemberg, but now chargé-d'affaires for France at Hamburg, drew up a most offensive attack on England and on the king personally. He attributed the royal message to parliament to the king's lunacy, and charged the English with unmistakable avidity of conquest, with studied breach of treaties, comparing with her conduct the simple, direct, and honourable character of France. He gave a new and more decent version to Buonaparte's behaviour to the English ambassador, and demanded of the government of Hamburg the publication of this rancorous libel in the official Gazette. The city council was thrown into consternation by this demand, but at length informed Sir George Rumbold, our Hamburg resident, that they could not refuse the insertion without incurring the greatest danger to the city. They entreated that some of the most offensive passages might be omitted, but Rheinhardt insisted that the document should appear entire. This was done, and the article appeared, dated Paris, March 15th. Lord Hawkesbury immediately wrote to the French government on the subject, and Talleyrand at once denied the official character of the article, declared that Rheinhardt should be dismissed, and the like, but nothing of the kind took place; and a similar attempt was made to have the base document inserted in the Danish newspapers, by the French ambassador himself. Lord Whitworth demanded his passports to quit Paris, but it did not suit Buonaparte yet to come to a rupture. His preparations were not complete, his fleet had not regained the French ports. All means, therefore, of delaying lord Whitworth were resorted to. Talleyrand observed that he was far from ceasing to expect amicable adjustment of all difficulties. Fresh proposals were made regarding Malta. It was proposed that Malta should be garrisoned by Russian or Austrian troops instead of Neapolitan, but the English government was already aware that the emperor of Russia had declined doing this; and, besides, there were too many symptoms of Buonaparte's resolution to go to war, to allow the English to be amused any longer. Lord Whitworth sent a definitive statement, on the part of the English government, and demanded an immediate answer; but, instead of his answer, his own letter, after a few days, was brought back, on the plea that Talleyrand was out of town, and it was not known when and where he could be communicated with. This was so absurd a reason, that the motive for it could not be misunderstood. The French were simply gaining time. Lord Whitworth, however, pressed urgently the delivering of his passports, and at length, on the 12th of May, he received them, and instantly left Paris; arrived in London on the 16th, and, on the 18th, the order in council, ordering the letters of marque and the proclamation for embargo, were issued.

This custom of England's seizing on the ships, property, and persons of nations with whom she was on the verge of war, but antecedently to the declaration of war, had nothing to plead on its behalf, except the very circumstance which made it the more aggravated—that it was a custom of long standing. It was a custom at once unjust and detestable, and has now been abandoned, due notice being given that all ships belonging to the nation in question may remove, before a given day. The value of property thus seized by England was valued at upwards of three millions. Of course, all the persons belonging to the vessels seized were detained. To satisfy his anger at this proceeding, Buonaparte resorted to one, on his part, that had never been practised before, and which excited the most violent indignation in England. He ordered the detention of English subjects then in France, as prisoners of war. Perhaps little could have been justly said against this, as a retaliative measure, for the practice of England was bad enough, had not Talleyrand assured some English travellers, who applied to him for information, that they had nothing to fear: that

their persons would be safe under the protection of a government which, unlike that of England, observed the laws of nations, and had not Buonaparte caused his well-known agent, Louis Goldsmith, the editor of a French paper, the *Argus*, published in London, to insert the same assurance in that journal?

Thus thrown off their guard, all the English in France were seized by authority of a proclamation of the 22nd of May. Numbers of these were families and individuals not resident in France, but merely hurrying home from Italy, Switzerland, &c. The plea for the seizure was, that many of the gentlemen were of a military class, officers of the regular army, or, at least, of the militia; but this could not apply to the women and children, who were equally detained, although the proclamation exempted all persons under eighteen or more than sixty years of age. These exemptions were utterly and rudely disregarded. The families were separated —the men consigned in Paris to the Temple, or to the Conciergerie; the women and children were carried to Fontainebleau. All the usual diplomatic exemptions were equally violated. Lord Whitworth's private secretary, Mr. Talbot, left to wind up the concerns of the embassy, was seized and imprisoned, as were also Mr. Liston, the ambassador of the Hague, and lord Elgin, on his way from Paris to London. The same inexorable rule was applied to clergymen, artists, men of letters; and this was extended to Italy as well as France. One of the grossest cases of this kind was that of Joseph Forsyth, who had been collecting materials for his celebrated work on the arts, antiquities, and literature of Italy. He was seized at Turin, having no intention of entering France at all, but was carried there, and thrown into prison. Having made an attempt to escape, he was marched, in the depth of winter, six hundred miles, from one end of France to the other, and thrown into the miserable dungeon of Fort de Bitché, from whence he only obtained his release, with his constitution destroyed, on the entrance of the English army into France in 1814. Such were the treatment of men of letters, whom Buonaparte professed so especially to honour and patronise. About ten thousand British subjects, of all classes and degrees, were thus pounced upon by Buonaparte, and were thus destined to a long detention. Buonaparte, in his explanations of the chief acts of his life at St. Helena, said that he did it to compel the English government to release the French ships, property, and persons whom they had seized, and that he made them a proposition to this effect, which they did not choose to accept. If he really did this, then the English so disastrously detained in France had really more reason to complain of their own government than of Napoleon. It was clear that they valued the booty they had seized more than the happiness of ten thousand of their countrymen and countrywomen, many of them with great claims to every consideration. Buonaparte said to the English ministers, "If you detain my travellers at sea, where you can do what you like, I will detain yours at land, where I can do what I like." After all the indignation which our historians have displayed on this occurrence, we cannot but think that Napoleon had much reason on his side, and that his decided conduct in the matter was the cause of putting an end to our own disgraceful, kidnapping practice, which was none the juster because it was old.

Whilst Napoleon was now exercising all the rights of a sovereign of France, a proposal was made through the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, and herr von Meyer, president of the regency of Warsaw, to the comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., to surrender to Buonaparte the Bourbon title to the crown of France, on condition of having a substantial kingdom created for him in Italy. Louis, paying some compliments to Buonaparte, declined most positively the offer. Buonaparte afterwards denied that there had ever been such an overture made, asserting that he drew his authority from the people, and that to seek a title from the Bourbons would have weakened and not strengthened this popular one. But the Bourbons always maintained the fact of this overture, and there can be no doubt that, whatever Napoleon might say, a formal surrender to him of their rights by the Bourbons would have been proudly insisted on by him. From this time, too, his acrimony against the Bourbons seems to date; many trace to it his otherwise causeless murder of the duke d'Enghein.

There was another point, besides the seizure of unsuspecting English travellers, on which Buonaparte could deeply wound the honour of the British monarch, and at the same time furnish himself with considerable materials of war— the seizure of Hanover. George III. held this hereditary territory distinct from his crown of England, as a state of the German federation. It was impossible to defend this against France with the forces kept there, and Napoleon ordered general Mortier to cross the Dutch frontier, and march into the electorate with twenty thousand men. The duke of Cambridge, who was viceroy there, and general Walmoden, at first, put themselves in an attitude of resistance; they called on the chief powers of Germany to protest against this invasion of the German empire, and to come to their aid, if this remonstrance was disregarded. Now was the time for Prussia and Austria to show a fitting sense of the magnificent support which they had received in their distress from England, but neither of them stirred a hand or foot. Austria contented itself with a feeble protest, Prussia did nothing at all—a sufficient reason, when aid, on their part, was again sought, for reminding them of this conduct, and for remaining, like them, quiet. The crown prince of Denmark showed a disposition to resist this encroachment of France, so menacing to the whole north, but, seeing the utter cowardice of Germany, he again relapsed into a pacific attitude.

The duke of Cambridge, seeing himself totally deserted by Germany, thought it best to surrender Hanover to France, by agreement that the troops should retire behind the Elbe, and not serve again till exchanged. This was done at the end of May; the different towns made their submission on the 3rd of June, and on the 5th Mortier entered Hanover; the duke of Cambridge had quitted the country; and the British cabinet, refusing to ratify the convention previously made with him, he called on the Hanoverian army to surrender as prisoners of war. Walmoden would have resisted with anything like equal forces, but, as that was impossible, he made the best terms he could, which were that his army should give up their arms, and disband themselves. Even Mortier, the French general, seems to have been affected by the despair of the fine regiment of Hano-

verian cavalry as they dismounted, and yielded up their horses and swords. More than five hundred pieces of artillery, much ammunition, and a vast quantity of horses fell into the hands of Buonaparte—most timely supplies for his coming campaign. He next ordered Mortier, regardless of the neutrality of the Hanse Towns, to levy contributions on them, as he had done on all Hanover, compelling them to furnish clothing for his army. He made forced loans amongst the Jews and merchants of Hamburg and Bremen—and through all this Germany lay as still as if it were dead. All

he would command an immediate passage to Corfu and the Ionian Islands, which he had determined to seize. Besides this, he intended to make Naples clothe his Italian army, as Hanover and the Hanse Towns had done his Dutch ones. He therefore forced a great army into the Neapolitan territory, seized Tarentum, Brundusium, and other ports, and threatened the city of Naples itself. In order to prevent England's sending efficient aid to these quarters, he exerted himself to excite a rebellion in Ireland. He was the more bent on this, because he saw that it was hopeless to make

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that England could do against the French was to blockade the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, to prevent their receiving any supplies by sea, but this, at the same time, severely punished the cities and districts on the banks of these great rivers.

Whilst doing this, Napoleon was also acting in the same lawless manner towards Naples. The Neapolitan territories had been guaranteed against invasion by treaties with Napoleon himself, and by large sums paid for this immunity; but the king of Naples was the ally of England, and it was one mode of wounding England to invade Naples, and shut her commerce out of its ports. By this means, too, a direct descent on England itself. He had collected a great fleet in the harbours of Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Dunkirk, Ostend, and other smaller ports, many of them capable only of receiving the gunboats in which he proposed to transport his soldiers. He had assembled a very fine army on the heights above Boulogne, called the "army of England," and there continually exercised it, under the inspection of Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor—men the pride of his army; but he saw such powerful fleets crowding the Channel, blockading his very ports, cutting out, every now and then, some of his gunboats under the very batteries, and the war-ships of England even standing in and firing at

him and his suite as they made observations from the cliffs, that, combined with the information that England was almost all one camp with soldiers, militia, volunteers, &c., he abandoned the project, for the present, in despair.

But Ireland he deemed vulnerable, from the treason of her own children. He assembled all the Irish refugees in Paris, formed the Irish brigade into the "Irish legion," and sent over active agents to arouse their countrymen in Ireland. Amongst these were Quigley and Robert Emmett, who had been engaged in the rebellion of 1798. Quigley had been outlawed, and Emmett had been so deeply implicated in that rebellion with his brother Thomas, who was banished, that he had found it necessary to quit the country. These emissaries soon collected around them, in Dublin, disaffected associates, amongst them, Dowdall, Redmond, and Russell. They formed a central committee, and corresponded with others in different towns, and especially with one Dwyer, who had also been in the former rebellion, and had ever since maintained himself and a knot of desperate followers in the mountains of Wicklow. The government received, from time to time, information of the proceedings of these foolish men—Emmett being a rash youth, of only twenty-two or twenty-three years of age—but they took no precautions; and when, on the 23rd of July, the eve of the festival of St. James, these desperadoes rushed, at evening, into the streets of Dublin, armed with pikes, old guns, and blunderbusses, the authorities were taken entirely by surprise. There were from two thousand to three thousand soldiers in the castle, but neither police, soldier, nor officer appeared till the mob had murdered colonel Brown, who was hastening to the castle to arouse the troops, and lord Kilwardine, the chief justice, whom they dragged from his carriage as it passed, and killed, along with his nephew, but, at the same time, they allowed the chief justice's daughter, who was with them, to depart. Soon after this—but not before the insurgents had severely wounded a Mr. Clarke, a manufacturer, who was riding to alarm the castle—the soldiers appeared, and the mob fled at their very sight. The same day Russell had turned out at Belfast, and Quigley at Kildare, but with as little success. Emmett had escaped to the Wicklow mountains to join Dwyer; but, having assumed the fatal disguise of French officers, the country people, who hated the French since their appearance under general Humbert, when they had ridiculed the catholic religion, drove him and twelve of his companions back. In a short time, Emmett, Russell, Redmond, and others were all secured and executed. Dowdall escaped, with Allen and others, out of Ireland; Quigley and Stafford, one of his companions, were admitted as king's evidence, and thus escaped. The project of Napoleon had thus entirely failed, with the sacrifice of some of his leading agents.

During this year, England held that position which most properly belonged to her, and which showed how unassailable she was whilst employed in self-defence. Her fleets covered the channel, and, at the same time, now plied in the most distant regions, for that money which for years had been wasted on helpless and ingrate continental nations, was calculated to make her on the ocean an unapproachable power. So far from permitting Buonaparte to set foot on her coasts, she continually insulted his. She entered the ports and roadsteads of Havre, St. Vallery, and other places, and brought away ships and gun-boats; she attacked Dieppe, and destroyed its batteries; she bombarded Granville, and demolished its pier, under the eyes of some of his most distinguished officers. Her fleet amounted to nearly six hundred vessels of different kinds, and she began rapidly to recapture the colonies which she had so tamely, and without compensation, surrendered at the strange peace of Amiens. St. Lucia was retaken by commodore Hood and general Grinfield on the 22nd of June. In one day, the 30th of June, were retaken Tobago, in the West Indies, and St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the coast of Newfoundland. Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice were soon after reconquered, and Guadaloupe was invested, and destined to fall into our hands ere long.

But our military achievements in the East Indies were on a scale to throw even these successes far into the shade. Lord Wellesley, the governor-general, was entreated by the peishwa of Poonah to assist him against the other Mahratta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar. The peishwa had been driven out of his territory by these chiefs, aided principally by the military talents of M. Perron, a Frenchman, who had for many years entered, with several other French officers, on the fall of the Mysore power, into the service of Scindiah. He had been extremely successful, and had been rewarded with a wide territory in the Jumna; and when, in 1793, Shah Alum, the mogul, had been made prisoner, he had been consigned to the custody of M. Perron. The Frenchman had now given his aid to expel the peishwa, and lord Wellesley, in sending general Lake to restore the peishwa, gave him authority to attempt to win over M. Perron to the English interest, by very brilliant offers of property and distinction, for Perron was deemed avaricious. The temptation, however, failed, both with Perron and his French officers. He took the field in support of Scindiah, with seventeen thousand infantry, from fifteen to twenty thousand Mahratta horse, and a numerous train of artillery.

The conjuncture was most critical, for the incompetent and short-sighted Addington had, by the peace of Amiens, restored the French possessions which had cost us so much to make ourselves masters of in India; and, had Buonaparte conceived the idea of supporting Perron there with strong reinforcements, the consequences might have been serious. Fortunately, he seemed too much engrossed with his plans nearer home, and, as fortunately, also, for us, we had now rising into prominence in India a military chief, destined not only to dissipate the hostile combination of the Mahrattas, but also to destroy the dominion of Buonaparte himself. Major-general Wellesley, the younger brother of the governor-general, and afterwards duke of Wellington, by a rapid march upon Poonah, surprised and drove out the Mahratta chief, Holkar, and saved the city from a conflagration which Scindiah's troops endeavoured to effect. Holkar fled to join Scindiah and the rajah of Berar, and the peishwa entered his own capital in the month of May. General Wellesley, being put into full command of all the troops serving under the peishwa and the nizam of the Deccan, and being also director of the civil affairs of the British in those provinces, made arrangements for their security, and then marched after Scindiah and the rajah of Berar. After various march-

ings and counter-marchings, in consequence of their movements to avoid him, he came up with them near the village of Assaye, on the banks of the Kaitna. General Stephenson, who had repulsed them from the territory of the nizam, was also encamped only eight miles off. On coming in sight of them, Wellesley found them fifty thousand strong, with a splendid body of Mahratta cavalry, whilst he had only four regiments of cavalry, three of them being native, and seven battalions of infantry, five of them sepoys. He determined, however, to attack them at once, and, sending word to Stephenson to come up, he crossed the river at a ford in face of the artillery of the enemy, and, after a sharp encounter, routed them before Stephenson could arrive. The Mahrattas had ninety pieces of artillery, and did terrible execution with them till the cavalry could come to close quarters with them, and the infantry reach them with their bayonets; then they fled headlong, leaving behind all their cannon. The Mahrattas rallied in the village of Assaye, and it required a desperate effort to expel them. It was dark before it was accomplished. Wellesley had twenty-two officers and three hundred and eighty-six men killed; fifty-seven officers and one thousand five hundred and twenty-six men wounded. He had himself two horses killed under him, and his orderly killed close at his side by a cannon shot. Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell was killed at the head of his cavalry. The Mahrattas had one thousand two hundred killed, and a proportionate number wounded. General Stephenson had been prevented crossing the river, and did not come up till the next day, when Wellesley sent him in pursuit of the enemy's infantry, which had been abandoned by the cavalry, and was thus exposed to attack.

In the meantime, general Lake had made a march on Delhi, continuing, as he went, his correspondence with M. Perron. As general Lake approached the fortress of Alligur, the stronghold of Perron, the Frenchman came out with fifteen thousand men, but again retreated into the fortress. This was on the 29th of August. Perron made a strong resistance, and held out till the 4th of September, when the place was stormed by a party headed by colonel Monson and major Macleod. Two thousand of the garrison were killed, and the rest made their escape out of the fort, or surrendered. The success was somewhat clouded by the surprise and surrender of five companies of General Lake's sepoys, who had been left behind to guard an important position, but with only one gun. They were surrounded by cavalry, commanded by M. Fleury, a French officer, and, before Lake could send a force to the rescue, the enemy had retired behind the Jumna with their prisoners. This accident, however, was far more than counterbalanced by the withdrawal of Perron from the service of the Mahrattas. He had found so much insubordination amongst his French officers, and saw so clearly that there was no chance of competing with the English, that he had at length closed with general Lake's offers, and, abandoning his command, had obtained a passport for himself, family, suite, and effects, and retired to Lucknow.

This being accomplished, general Lake continued his march on Delhi, in order to release Shah Alum, the mogul, and drew near it on the 11th of September. He there found that the army previously commanded by Perron, but now by Louis Bourquien, nineteen thousand strong, had crossed the Jumna, and were posted betwixt him and the city. Bourquien had posted his army on a rising ground, flanked on either hand by swamps, and defended in front by strong entrenchments, and about seventy pieces of cannon. As Lake had only four thousand five hundred men, to attack them in that position appeared madness. The English were briskly assailed before they could pitch their tents, and general Lake, feigning a retreat, succeeded in drawing the enemy down from their commanding situation, and out of their entrenchments; he then suddenly wheeled, fired a destructive volley into the incautious foe, and followed this rapidly by a charge with the bayonet. The enemy fled, and endeavoured to regain their guns and entrenchments; but Lake did not leave them time—another volley and another bayonet charge completely disorganised them, and they fled for the Jumna, and the way they had come. Three or four thousand of them were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners; but general Lake lost three or four hundred men, who had been swept down by the artillery. All their cannon, sixty-eight in number, he secured, with a large quantity of ammunition, and the military chest. On the 14th general Bourquien and four other French officers surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The troops of Scindiah, which had held the mogul prisoner, evacuated the city, and, on the 16th, general Lake made a visit of state to the aged Shah Alum, who expressed himself in terms of rapture at being delivered from his oppressors, and received under the protection of the British. The tale of his miseries in the hands of Scindiah was heartrending; and still more so his sufferings in the hands of Gholaum Khadur previously, who had struck out one of his eyes with a dagger, and had struck off the hand of a servant who had refused to put out his other eye. The last of the French officers now surrendered, and thus French influence was extinguished in this part of India.

General Lake had no sooner seen Delhi clear of the enemy than he marched to Agra, which he reached on the 4th of October, and carried on the 17th. But Scindiah had availed himself of his absence, and made a sudden rush on Delhi, with seventeen well-disciplined battalions of infantry and between four thousand and five thousand cavalry. The Mahratta troops had been well trained by the French, who hoped, by their means, to crush the power of the English in India, and had shown throughout this war a wonderfully increased efficiency, yet general Lake did not hesitate, with his small force, to go in quest of them. He started on the 27th of October, and, after marching in heavy rains, and through dreadful roads—the country having been purposely inundated by Scindiah's officers cutting down the banks of reservoirs—he came upon the Mahrattas on the 31st, near the village of Laswarree, their left flanked by that village, their right by a stream, and their front protected by seventy-two pieces of cannon. A furious battle took place, in the course of which Lake's troops were repeatedly repulsed, but returned to the charge undauntedly, and the successive charges by the bayonet, and the gallant conduct of the cavalry, at length, in the face of terrible discharges of grape-shot and canister, drove the Mahrattas from all their positions. The enemy had fought desperately, and step by step only had given

way, but, in the end, the rout was complete—all the cannon, the baggage, and almost everything, being left in the hands of the English. Nearly seven thousand of the enemy are said to have been left dead on the field, and, except about two thousand taken prisoners, all those seventeen battalions were destroyed or dispersed. The English had one hundred and seventy-two killed and six hundred and fifty-two wounded. General Lake had two horses shot under him; his son, acting as his aide-de-camp, was severely wounded at his side; major-general Ware was killed leading on the right wing of the infantry; and major Griffiths in a charge of cavalry. This division of Scindiah's army was thus annihilated, and all the territory watered by the Jumna left in the hands of the English.

This blow induced Scindiah to sue for peace from general Wellesley in November; and a truce was accordingly entered into with him; but, as the rajah of Berar still kept the field, Wellesley marched against him, and encountering him on the plains of Argaum, about one hundred and twenty miles north of the Poorna river. He was surprised to find the treacherous Scindiah, notwithstanding the truce, also encamped with him. Wellesley attacked the allies on the 29th of October, though it was evening when he was ready for action, and there remained only twenty minutes of daylight. But it proved a brilliant moonlight night, and he routed the whole army, and his cavalry pursued the fugitives for many miles, taking many elephants, camels, and much baggage. He captured all their cannon, thirty-eight pieces, and all their ammunition. This done, he hastened to reduce the formidable fortress of Gawil-Ghur, situated on a lofty rock, accessible only by three roads winding up the hill, and those on the west and south greatly exposed to the fire from the batteries. The third road, which led to the northern gate, approached the fortress over more level ground, but could only be gained by a détour of thirty miles, through a wild mountain district, lying between the sources of the Poorna and Taptee rivers. But Wellesley sent general Hepburn, with a strong detachment, on this arduous enterprise of reaching the northern gate, by dragging their cannon over the mountains. Hepburn accomplished the task with great exertion, and, in five days, reached the village of Labada, where the level road commenced. On the 12th of December Hepburn was ready to begin the attack on the northern gate, and Wellesley, on the same day, opened fire on the southern gate, from a battery which he had succeeded in erecting on the mountain. On the 15th the outer walls were carried, and the 94th regiment, led on by captain Campbell, scaled the inner one, opened the gate, and the whole place was soon in possession of the British. The garrison was strong and well armed with English muskets and bayonets; many of them were rajpoots, and others were infantry who had escaped from the battle of Argaum. The chiefs had some of them killed their wives and daughters before the surrender, according to their custom, and they fought desperately. Many of them, as well as the commander of the fortress, Beny Sing, were found buried under heaps of slain inside the gate that was stormed, and the carnage altogether was very great. This closed the opposition of the rajah of Berar. On the 17th of December he came to terms, and surrendered to Wellesley the important province of Cuttack and the district of Balasore. Balasore had been evacuated in September, by a division of the army of Bengal, which had marched forward to assist general Harcourt and an army from Madras to reduce Cuttack, which surrendered on the 14th of October. By this means Harcourt was enabled to co-operate with Wellesley, and to keep the enemy in check whilst he was engaged against the fortress of Gawil-Ghur.

By these well-planned co-operative movements, not only the rajah of Berar, but, immediately after, Scindiah was compelled to treat in earnest. He consented to surrender all the country between the Jumna and the Ganges, with numerous forts and other territories, and agreed to recognise the right of the peishwa to the domains the English had conferred upon him. Both he and the rajah of Berar stipulated to send away all Frenchmen or other Europeans and Americans, and not to employ them again, nor even to employ English subjects, native or European, without the consent of the British government.

These signal successes were in no small degree due to the admirable management of general Wellesley. He had introduced a new life into all the movements and regulations of the Indian army. The commissariat department had undergone a thorough reform, and the whole system of gaining and sending out intelligence was such as it had never been in the English army since the days of Marlborough. All the general's plans were well laid and well executed; there were no blunders and no failures. He says himself, that he enabled his troops to perform marches such as had never been effected in India before; that in the eight days previous to the battle of Argaum he had marched one hundred and twenty miles, passing through two ghauts, with heavy guns; and that on the very day on which he fought at Argaum, his troops had marched six-and-twenty miles. It was here that he developed those qualities that afterwards drove the French from Portugal and Spain, and terminated the career of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Wellesley, brilliantly seconded by general Lake, Stephenson, and others, had thus worked out the plans of the governor-general, lord Wellesley. With comparatively small forces, and those principally native ones, but admirably disciplined, they had beaten two hundred and fifty thousand men, in four pitched battles and eight sieges. They had taken from them upwards of one thousand pieces of cannon, besides an enormous amount of ammunition, baggage, and other spoil. They had made themselves masters of all the Mahratta territory betwixt the Jumna and the Ganges; of Delhi, Agra, Calpee, the greater part of the province of Bundelcund, the whole of Cuttack, and a territory in Gujerat, which secured us all the ports by which France could have entered, so that we enjoyed the whole navigation of the coast from the mouth of the Ganges to the mouth of the Indus. They had added most important acquisitions to the territories of our allies, the peishwa and the nizam of the Deccan, and to the company itself a stronger frontier in the latter region; and all this had been achieved in the short space of four months. The French influence was completely annihilated, and every part of India placed in greater strength and security than it had ever known before.

The year 1804 opened by an announcement that his majesty was suffering under a return of his old malady.

On the 14th of February an official bulletin was issued at St. James's Palace, informing the public of the royal indisposition; and the repetition of it from day to day, without specifying the nature of the illness, left no doubt of its true character. Still, on the 29th, Addington assured the house that there was no necessary suspension of the royal functions, and the bulletins grew more favourable; but it was well known that he was not really in a condition to transact business till the following September, though at times, as on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of May, he drove about in public, in company with the queen and princesses. Probably, it might be thought that the hearty cheers with which he was received might have a rallying effect on his mind, which had been cruelly harassed by the separation of the prince of Wales from his wife, the king's niece, amid many public scandals. Such a circumstance was exactly calculated to throw the royal mind off the balance; but, besides this, the unsatisfactory state of his cabinet, and of parties in parliament, was such as greatly to aggravate his anxiety. The ministry of Addington was felt to be utterly inadequate to the difficulties of the times. The peace of Amiens was a sufficient specimen of his diplomatic imbecility. The country felt that Pitt or Fox must soon be called to the helm, but the grand difficulty, in regard to both these statesmen, was the question of catholic emancipation, to which they alike were pledged, and to which the king was immovably hostile. Addington had shown a desire to strengthen his administration by bringing into it George Tierney, whom he had appointed treasurer of the navy and a privy councillor. Pitt, who had an intense dislike to Tierney — with whom he had, in 1798, fought a duel — showed increasing determination, from the introduction of Tierney to the cabinet, to oppose the ministry of Addington with all his vigour. An opportunity was given him on the 27th of February. The hon. Sir Charles Yorke, the secretary-at-war, had introduced a bill for consolidating all the existing laws respecting the volunteers. In the debate on the second reading of this bill on this day, a question was incidentally introduced by Sir Robert Lawley, as to the exact state of the king's health, which, he said, concerned the safety of the country as much as the affairs of the volunteers. Fox followed up this idea, and demanded more perfect information on this subject from ministers. He declared that the house had no information on this important subject, and he asked whether the chancellor of the exchequer really had any. He supported the motion for an adjournment, which Sir Robert Lawley had made, in order that the house might be put in possession of the truth. Fox made it felt that he was looking forward to the fact of a regency. Addington, on this, declared that there was no necessity for any serious measures, that he was persuaded that the king's indisposition would be of short duration. Pitt made some strong observations on the conduct of ministers in keeping parliament in the dark on this head, though he opposed the adjournment.

On the 15th of March he took a more decided position of hostility to the cabinet, by moving for an inquiry into the state of the navy. The earl St. Vincent was now first lord of the admiralty, instead of lord Spencer, who occupied that post in Pitt's time; but Tierney was secretary to the admiralty, and there might be as much satisfaction to Pitt in damaging Tierney by this inquiry as in damaging Addington. He contended that the navy had not been maintained in that state of efficiency in which he had left it, although it was obvious that never was an efficient navy so essential. Many sharp words passed betwixt Pitt and Tierney, and Pitt and Sheridan, in the course of the debate. Tierney taunted Pitt with his active concurrence with the volunteer movement since his retirement, and thought he might very well satisfy himself on land, without troubling himself about the sea; and Pitt, alluding to Sheridan's change of politics, and to his inflaming his complexion by hard drinking, called him a wandering meteor, now appearing on one side of the house and now on the other, but not terrifying him anywhere with his flaming visage. Pitt declared that only twenty-three gun-boats had been built since January, 1803, and that the whole management of the navy was inert and indolent. On the contrary, naval men sitting in the house proved very satisfactorily that, counting sloops, smaller vessels, block-ships, the flotillas of gun-boats, &c., one thousand five hundred and thirty-six vessels had been equipped by the present admiralty, and were now fit for service, while other ships were building in the king's yards; and, upon a division, Pitt's motion was negatived by two hundred and one against a hundred and thirty.

After accepting an offer from the Irish militia serving in England during the war, and agreeing that ten thousand should be the number, and that this number should be reinstated in Ireland by a new levy, the house adjourned, on the 29th of March, for the Easter recess. But, during the recess, Pitt was planning fresh measures of opposition, and, in fact, driving out Addington, and taking his place. On the reassembling of the house on the 23rd of April, Fox moved that it should resolve itself into a committee of inquiry regarding the measures of defence necessary for the country. Addington opposed the inquiry, as unnecessary; but Pitt declared that it was never more necessary; that, though there were a hundred and eighty-four thousand troops of the line and four hundred thousand volunteers, the measures of government were not of that vigorous character which the times demanded. Yorke, the secretary-at-war, and Spencer Perceval defended Addington; but the latter asserted that great exertions had been made to bring up members to vote for Mr. Pitt's views, and that he did not see how the present ministry could remain in office if this measure was carried against them. It was not carried; but Addington's majority had sunk to only fifty-two, the numbers being—for Fox's motion, two hundred and four; against it, two hundred and fifty-six. Wilberforce, who had a great respect for Addington, as he had a great admiration for Pitt, exerted himself to reconcile the two, and to get Pitt into the cabinet with Addington. He consulted with lord chancellor Eldon on the plan for bringing in Pitt to join Addington. Such a scheme must appear the very height of folly to any one who has studied the domineering character of Pitt. He could only be the head and mainspring of whatever administration he was a member of, and, unless Addington could submit to come down from his place and serve under Pitt, no such union

could possibly take place. But Pitt was already doing his own work, and paving his own way. He wrote to the king on the 25th of April, informing him of the determined opposition he felt himself called upon to make to Addington's mode of administration, but assuring him that he would never attempt to force Fox upon him. This was saying, as plainly as he could speak to the king, that he was ready to resume the helm himself, and that, with the opposition that he could exert, the government of Addington could not go on. Accordingly, Pitt received a notice that his majesty would soon call for him to attend on him.

On the 30th of April the marquis of Stafford, in the house of lords, gave notice of a motion, identical with that of Fox in the commons — namely, for inquiry into the national defences. Lord Hawkesbury immediately entreated the marquis to postpone his motion, for reasons which, he assured the house, it would deem fully satisfactory, if he were at liberty to state them. It was at once understood that there were negotiations on foot for a change of administration. Lord Grenville, who was a relative of Pitt, but, at the same time, pledged to include Fox in any offers to himself of entering the ministry, called upon lord Hawkesbury to be more explicit, but he declined; and, after some discussion, the motion was postponed.

Pitt, in fact, had received a message from the king, and on the 2nd of May, through chancellor Eldon, presented a letter, sketching a plan of a new cabinet, in which he included not only lord Grenville but Fox also. On the 7th he had, for the first time, an interview with the king, which lasted three hours, and Pitt then more fully stated his views, and recommended a mixed cabinet, on the ground that there was every prospect of a long war, and that it was desirable that they should have a *strong* administration. Whether such a coalition would have been strong is more than doubtful, opposed as the views and tempers of Fox and Pitt were. But the king would not allow the name of Fox to be in the list, and probably Pitt was very well aware of this beforehand, and only included Fox in order to keep faith with Grenville. Having done this, we cannot suppose that he pressed that point further. On the other hand, lord Grenville refused to become part of an administration from which Fox was excluded. He said he could not accept office

PALACE OF SHUJA UD DOWLAH, LUCKNOW.

SCENE IN THE BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

in a cabinet formed on a basis of exclusion, being convinced that an effective government could only be attained by uniting in it as large a proportion as possible of the weight, talents, and character to be found in public men of all descriptions. The way, therefore, was every day becoming more clearly open for the return of Pitt, unfettered by any such anomalous alliances. On the 11th of May the marquis of Stafford said, in the house of lords, that he understood that a certain right honourable gentleman, who had turned his great abilities to the subject of the national defences, was about to take the management of public affairs, and that he, therefore, withdrew his motion. The next day the public announcement was made that Addington had resigned, and that Pitt had accepted the chancellorship of the exchequer. Pitt retained of the Addington ministry—lord-chancellor Eldon; the duke of Portland, president of the council; the earl of Westmoreland, lord privy seal; his own brother, the earl of Chatham, master-general of the ordnance; and lord Castlereagh, president of the board of control. To these he added Dundas, now lord Melville, as first lord of the admiralty; lord Harrowby, as secretary of foreign affairs, in the place of lord Hawkesbury; and lord Camden, as secretary of the colonies, in the place of lord Hobart. Lord Mulgrave became chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, in place of lord Pelham. George Canning, now becoming a marked man, was made treasurer of the navy, in place of Tierney, but this gave him no seat in the cabinet. Lord Hardwicke remained lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Sir Evan Nepean as his chief secretary, in place of Mr. Wickham, who retired on account of ill health; George Rose and lord Charles Somerset were made joint paymasters of the forces, in place of Riley Addington and Steele; lord Melville's brother, W. Dundas, became secretary at war, in place of Charles Yorke; the duke of Montrose, postmaster-general, in place of lord Auckland; Huskisson and Sturges Bourne in place of Vansittart and Sargent. Few changes were made in the household besides the marquis of Hertford being appointed master of the horse.

Pitt was once more the uncontrolled head of affairs. There have been many and vehement discussions amongst political men, whether a union with Fox would not have been more beneficial to the country, and whether Pitt could not have brought him in, had he really desired it. We believe that nothing could have prevailed on the king to admit Fox at this moment, nor, had this been possible, could two such men have worked long harmoniously together. The only choice really lay betwixt the imbecility of Addington and the dangerous war tendencies of Pitt. It was on this latter quality that his party the most strongly advocated his return to office. Canning especially pointed to Buonaparte now ruling the destinies of France, and declared that there was but one man here capable of coping with him. Pitt had shown that he would exhaust not only the whole resources of the time but those of all posterity to make universal war on France, instead of standing on that strong, and comparatively uncostly system of naval defence, which, at this moment, paralysed all the power of Napoleon in every quarter of the world, except on the mainland of Europe. Pitt had a party holding similar ideas—a party strong enough to maintain him in his position—and the country, therefore, was unavoidably committed to a career of still deeper involvement in carnage and debt. Pitt made no mention now of catholic emancipation—he knew that it was useless; that resistance on that point would have been the utter defeat of his resolve to again hold office.

The first measure of importance, after the appearance of Pitt in the house of commons as prime minister, was the annual motion of Wilberforce, for leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of the slave trade. Pitt and Fox both supported it, and it was carried by seventy-five against forty-nine. The second reading was carried by a still larger majority—one hundred against forty-two—but, on going into committee upon it, it was postponed to the next session, on account of the pressure of other business. In fact, war, and the preparations for war, were the all-absorbing business of these times.

On the 5th of June, the day after the king's birthday, Pitt introduced his plan of military defence. It was to leave the militia what it was, but to increase the regular army, by making it compulsory on parishes to furnish each a certain number of men to what was called the army of reserve—a body called out for five years, and only to be employed within the United Kingdom. He desired to break down the distinctions betwixt this and the regular army by attaching the reserve to the regulars as second battalions, and encouraging volunteering thence into the regulars. It was, in fact, an ill-concealed mode of raising a regular army by conscription, and was sharply attacked on that ground by Fox and Windham, but was carried, after considerable opposition from the Fox and Grenville party, to whom Sheridan was now added. Pitt no longer professed what he had hitherto professed, though he had always gone beyond it, that his object was *simply* security; he advocated the increase of the army as a direct means of interfering on the continent whenever we should see favourable occasion. Thus, from the moment of his return to power, he openly pledged his party to the prosecution of those continental wars by which he had already so greatly increased our national debt.

When Pitt brought forward his budget, the supplies asked for and granted were—for the navy, £12,350,606; for the army, £12,993,625; for the militia and fencible corps, £6,159,114; for the ordnance, £3,737,091; for miscellaneous services, £4,217,295; for *extra* miscellaneous services, which related to Ireland, £2,500,000; for fresh arrears of debt on the civil list, £591,842; for an additional yearly sum for the better support of his majesty's household, £60,000; making a total of £53,609,574. To raise this sum there were to be new taxes and duties, new loans and annuities, besides three lotteries; yet, on presenting some bills for the royal assent, the speaker had the unblushing hardihood to congratulate his Majesty on the *rapid diminishing of the national debt!* He must certainly have calculated on not only the king but the nation being insane. The language put into the royal speech at the end of the session, was another proclamation of Pitt's intention to rush still more recklessly than before into the ruinous system of continental warfare. Besides securing the safety of this realm, it went on to say —"In addition to this first and great object, I entertain the animating hope that the benefits to be derived from our

successful exertions will not be confined to ourselves; but, by their example and their consequences, they may lead to the re-establishment of such a system in Europe as may rescue it from the precarious state to which it is reduced; and may finally raise an effectual barrier against the unbounded schemes of aggrandisement which threaten every independent nation that yet remains on the continent."

Now, it was impossible for any such barrier to be raised but in the active and resolute union of the continental nations against the aggressor, and the putting forth the sturdy spirit of self-defence in each nation internally. No single nation could do this for them; it could only lead them to depend on our money, instead of their own valour and patriotism. Yet this was the delusive and, to us, ruinous policy of Pitt and of that war party which now ruled the country. Never, indeed, was there less occasion to mingle in continental strife. The nations had made peace with Buonaparte, or had submitted to him, and that adventurer was engaged in internal schemes of ambition at Paris. We everywhere sailed the ocean invincible. Sir Charles Green and commodore Hood, after gaining possession of Demerara, Essequibo, and other Dutch colonies in 1803, this year, in May, added the unhealthy colony of Surinam to the number. The French had managed to surprise and capture Goree, on the African coast, on the 18th of January; but, on the 7th of March, captain Dixon, in a single frigate, retook it, and made the captors prisoners. The French admiral, Linois, had been sent to aid the Mahrattas and the French officers, their allies, against us in India, but finding himself cut off from any active support of them, he attacked and plundered the English factory at Bencoolen, and then employed himself, with his little squadron, consisting of one ship of the line, three frigates, and a brig, in intercepting and capturing our merchantmen in those seas. On the 14th of February he was greatly rejoiced to fall in with a fleet of Indiamen, consisting of sixteen sail, richly laden, and on their way from China without any convoy. They were about entering the straits of Malacca when the French hove in sight. Linois came close in upon them, intending to cut off their rear, and make off with a splendid prize; but the East Indiamen now carried guns—these had from thirty to thirty-six guns each—and, instead of endeavouring to escape, they formed in line of battle, and attacked the French ships of war. Captain Dance, in the Royal George, led the way, and was bravely followed up by the Ganges, the Earl Camden, the Warley, and the Alfred. They speedily beat off and put to flight Linois, and chased him for a considerable distance, then put about, and continued their voyage in safety. Only one man was killed and another wounded, and these on board of the Royal George. Captain Dance and his gallant officers were greatly applauded, both in India and England, for this noble defence of the ships and property confided to them. Various sums of money were voted, by different bodies, to the officers and crews: captain Dance received the compliment of five thousand pounds from the Bombay Insurance Company, and was knighted by his majesty. The Patriotic Fund, in July of the previous year, for giving aid to wounded soldiers and sailors, and to the families of those who were killed or disabled, gave liberal sums to the heroes of this merchant fleet, which had set the example of manfully defending themselves in the absence of men-of-war—an example, and the honours and rewards which attended it, which stimulated our merchant seamen, during the remainder of the war, to a most resolute spirit.

In the autumn of this year the English admiralty adopted means to blow up and destroy the French invasion flotilla in the harbour of Boulogne — means which the English naval officers had previously condemned, when used by the French, in terms of execration. The French convention had ordered the use, in their ships in the Mediterranean, a few years ago, of a species of Greek fire, which was to be thrown into our vessels during action, and which was of that nature that it would liquefy and spread, and, defying all ordinary means of extinction, destroy both vessel and crew. The experiment, when tried, recoiled on the users, and was discontinued; but it evoked a burst of vehement indignation at the use of such diabolical inventions. Yet here were the English admiralty adopting and employing means of destruction equally devilish in intention, but, as it proved, equally abortive. Robert Fulton, an American engineer—who afterwards more honourably distinguished himself by being the first to produce a steam-vessel in American waters, Symington having previously set the example on the Clyde, in Scotland—had offered the scheme of an infernal machine for blowing up the English ships in 1801. It consisted of a chest, pitched outside and made waterproof, containing forty barrels of gunpowder, which was to be ignited, by a certain contrivance, when it struck smartly against a solid body.

This machine was called a catamaran, from two Greek words, implying something enormously destructive. It was to be sent out amongst ships, and, on striking against one, it was expected to blow it into the air. It was made of such an equipoise as to just keep the upper surface of it on a level with the water—how it was to be guided to its destination seems never to have been clearly shown; for, though there was a talk of towing these machines into the vicinity of the ships to be destroyed, this was more easily talked of than done. Fulton had offered his plan, when it had failed in France, to the English government, but it had been rejected by them; but now some new speculator had, most probably, been more successful. The plan was adopted, notwithstanding the repugnance of lord St. Vincent, the first lord of the admiralty, and, indeed, of every officer and man in the British navy, who abominated all such cowardly and cruel inventions. The experiment was tried by lord Keith, on the 2nd of October. There were one hundred and fifty French gunboats, praams, and floating batteries, anchored outside the pier of Boulogne. Lord Keith anchored opposite to them with three line of battle ships and several frigates, covering a number of bomb-ships, and fire-ships, and the catamarans. Four fire-ships were towed into the neighbourhood of the French flotilla, and exploded with a terrific noise, but did no injury whatever to the flotilla or the French, beyond wounding some half-dozen men. The catamarans exploded, for the most part, with the same failure of effect. One alone, in some degree, reached its object, but this was owing to the incaution of the French sailors. The catamaran was towed by a boat as near to the flotilla as the

batteries would allow, and then abandoned—having a sail set to drive it on the flotilla. The English sailors then put back in another boat. The crew of a French launch seeing this, made for it to seize it, and a number of them had just entered the English boat, when the launch, out of which they had come, struck on the catamaran, and was sent into the air with the remaining people in her—namely, her commander, and thirteen sailors and soldiers. The whole affair was as ridiculous in its result as it was un-English in its nature, and the catamarans were abandoned, amid the scoffs of the French and the sarcasms of our own people, who thence termed that board of admiralty the Catamaran Admiralty.

But a still more indefensible war was taking place, almost at the same moment, off the coast of Spain, which showed the unprincipled manner in which Pitt was prepared to act in our foreign affairs, and how little right he had to complain of the lawless deeds of Buonaparte. Though there had been a declaration of war issued both against France and Holland, there had been none against Spain. There was, indeed, in that country, a very strong party hostile to Buonaparte and his system of aggression. But ministers hearing that a strong Spanish armament was fitting out in the port of Ferrol, and that French soldiers were expected to join and to sail in it, instead of demanding explanations of Spain, and of sending a proper fleet to blockade the port, and prevent the mischief, if any, they dispatched captain Graham Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore, with four frigates—the Indefatigable, the Lively, the Amphion, and the Medusa—to intercept four Spanish frigates bound to Cadiz from Monte Video. The proceeding was totally contrary to all the laws of nations, and it was still more reprehensible, because, if it was only intended to detain these vessels till satisfactory explanations were given, such a force should have been sent against it as would have compelled the Spanish admiral to surrender without bloodshed. As it was, the force was so equally balanced that a battle was inevitable; and the results, accordingly, were most melancholy. Captain Moore, on the 5th of October, fell in with the four frigates near Cape Santa Maria. He fired several shots abreast of them, and sent a lieutenant on board the vessel of the commander, Don José Bustamente, to inform him that he had orders to detain the frigates, and trusted that it might be done without bloodshed. This was a demand that the honour of the Spaniard would not allow him to comply with under any circumstances, but more especially almost within sight of Cadiz, and with a most valuable cargo of specie in his charge. A battle commenced, in which three of the Spanish ships were taken, and the fourth, the Mercedes, blown into the air, with nearly all her people and all the specie she contained. On board of the Mercedes were coming home a captain Alvear, with his wife and fine family of nine children, five grown-up sons and four daughters. He had also with him thirty thousand pounds, the produce of a thirty years' service in South America. When the battle began, captain Alvear and his eldest son went on board the Spanish admiral's frigate, and there, watching the conflict, had the horror to see the explosion of the Mercedes, and the destruction of every soul dear to them. The news of this unwarrantable act, and of the melancholy fate of the innocent family, produced a deep sensation in England. The justice of it was questioned even by those most favourable to the ministry; the cruelty or inconsiderateness of sending only such a force as would compel a fight was strongly commented upon, and abroad it had a most prejudicial effect on the moral character of England. The French had a great right to exclaim, "Perfidious Albion!" The Spaniards were furious in their indignation; an order was speedily issued to make reprisals of English ships and property, and, on the 12th of December, war was formally proclaimed against us. It is true that the English ministry repaid to captain Alvear his thirty thousand pounds, but they had netted about a million by this indefensible transaction; and, as they could not restore to him his dead, the least they ought to have done was to have doubled the amount that he had lost. But if England was showing little regard to moral principle, Buonaparte, on the other side of the channel, was, this year, doing deeds of such infamy as to make her crimes appear trivial.

Napoleon's usurpation of the government of France had the invariable effect of all such usurpations; it aroused the resentment of great numbers, and stimulated to revenge the lovers of liberty on the one hand, and the partisans of the Bourbons on the other. They did not remain inactive spectators of this usurpation, but brooded over plans for throwing the usurper down from his arbitrary elevation. The republicans concerted schemes for assassinating him; the Bourbon princes, to whom such schemes were proposed, either by imprudent zealots, or insidious spies, who sought to entrap them into avowed consent to such attempts, that they might be published by Buonaparte, rejected them with indignation, but still sought means to prosecute legitimate war against the seizer of the claims and honours of their family. These movements, the necessary consequences of usurpation, forced, as is generally the case, that usurper upon fresh crimes. Buonaparte had not only achieved the first consulship for life, and established a military despotism, but he, at this moment, was organising a plan for a seizure of the crown, as emperor. In this state of mind, conscious of the enmities which he had aroused by his past assumptions, and by the still more violent ones which he was preparing by that which he contemplated, he had put in execution all the lawless practices of the days of Jacobinism, and had renewed a veritable reign of terror. Fouché, who was at the head of the police, and knew all that was fermenting around, and who excited what did not already exist, told him that the air was full of daggers, and that the utmost vigilance and severity were requisite to parry them. Buonaparte had put the press under the most perfect thraldom; it dared to say nothing of its own; it dared not suppress anything that he sent to it for publication. He had passed a *senatus consultum* in September, 1803, which, under the impudent assurance of securing the liberty of the press, had completed its deathlike silence. Every day arrests were going on with extraordinary rapidity. People were dragged from their beds, and hurried off to the prisons of Paris, or to distant and obscure fortresses in the Alps, the Pyrenees, or isolated spots of the interior; spies were discovered to be in every quarter the most unexpected, and no one felt himself safe. There was a military commission

sitting constantly in Paris, which performed the villanous business of the revolutionary tribunal, but without any mock jury; and people, who were apparently safe in their families over night, were announced the next morning as having been shot in the plain of Grenelle as traitors. These prisoners were tempted, in the view of sudden death, by offers of pardon, if they would confess accomplices, and reveal plots. To the very moment of firing they were beset by agents of the police importuning them to make such disclosures. For the most part, they had none to make; but, in some cases, they endeavoured to save their own lives by sacrificing other and innocent persons. Where importunity did not avail, actual torture was applied, and the thumbscrew was once more put into active operation. In short, there were no means that the most diabolical tyrants had invented which Buonaparte did not now resort to to maintain the fatal power that he had snatched from his country.

There was one man for whom he entertained a deep and peculiar jealousy. This was general Moreau. Moreau had acquired a military reputation second only to his own. His famous retreat through the Black Forest, in 1796, and his great victory at Hohenlinden, had made him a wonderful reputation, and the kindness and mildness of his disposition had attached his soldiers to him with an enthusiastic feeling of affection and devotion. At the same time, whilst Moreau had no ambition to seize any power or dignity which was not the legitimate fruit of his military fame, he regarded with undisguised abhorrence the lawless proceedings of Buonaparte. No flattery on the part of Buonaparte could win him to coalesce in and subserve his designs against the republic. He was accustomed, in conversation, to speak freely on this subject, and to say to the old republican officers, who gathered around him at his handsome country house near Paris, that the Corsican would not be allowed to put on the imperial crown without fighting a harder battle than that of Marengo. These incautious speeches were regularly carried by spies to the ears of Buonaparte. It was in vain that he sought to conciliate the honourable Moreau, who had grown up under the revolution, and was sincerely attached to it. He was the son of a lawyer of Morlaix, in Bretagne, where he was born, in 1763, and had risen by his martial talents and bravery, without any of the arts which Buonaparte had practised. On one occasion, recently, Moreau, having occasion to wait on Buonaparte at the Tuileries, as he was speaking with him, Carnot, the minister at war, brought in a pair of pistols, of beautiful workmanship and enriched with diamonds, which were sent from Versailles, as a present to the first consul. "They arrive in a happy time," said Buonaparte, taking them and presenting them to Moreau. Moreau, so far from accepting the pistols with pleasure, assumed a grave demeanour, returned a cold bow, and left the apartment without a word. It was clear that such a man was not to be won over to a dishonourable purpose by any courtesies, and Buonaparte determined to be rid of him.

In doing this, he and his demonaic agent, Fouché, managed to implicate and get rid of a number of other almost equally dangerous, and quite as unpurchasable, people.

We have it on the authority of Bourrienne, for so many years private secretary to Buonaparte, that, at this juncture, Napoleon had dismissed Fouché from the ministry. Probably he had discovered the espionage of that spider-soul on himself, and so cut it short. But Fouché was not a man thus to be got rid of. He therefore set on a plot which should compel Buonaparte to take him back. He dispatched to London a renegade royalist named Lajolais, who had formerly fought under Pichegru, and, in 1794, had assisted him in his intrigues with the Bourbon princes. Lajolais, instead of escaping with Pichegru, on the discovery of this secret negotiation, had been seized and imprisoned, and, probably, had been bought over in the dungeon. He was still regarded as a suffering royalist, and therefore the fitting tool for entrapping the leaders of that party. On arriving in London, he had interviews with Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, the Chouan chief, the Polignacs, the count d'Artois, the duke of Berri, &c., and assured them that such was the feeling against Buonaparte in France, that it only needed the appearance of the royalist leaders, and their forming a league with Moreau, whom he truly represented as greatly disgusted with Buonaparte, to produce a revolution, and crush the aspiring first consul. The statements of the spy were listened to, and a vessel, under the command of captain John Wesley Wright, was dispatched to the coast of Brittany, with general Georges Cadoudal, the marquis de la Rivière, the brothers Armand and Jules Polignac, and some others, whom he put safely ashore in the autumn of 1803. Having effected this piece of base perfidy, Lajolais hastened back to Paris to inform Fouché of the result.

Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, the Polignacs, de la Rivière, and the rest of the royalists, about thirty in number, had made their way to Paris, and were living there secretly, endeavouring to learn the real state of the public mind, and Pichegru and Cadoudal had been introduced to Moreau. Pichegru saw Moreau at least twice, and, on one of these occasions, he took with him Georges Cadoudal; but Moreau seemed taken by surprise by their communications with him, and was so horrified by the language and proposals of the daring Chouan, that he desired Pichegru not to bring that irrational savage again into his company. It appeared pretty clear that there was some mistake somewhere; and that Moreau, however much dissatisfied with Napoleon, was by no means disposed to enter into any royalist conspiracy. Had the delegates found things ripe for such a revolution, they were to inform the Bourbon princes in London, and they were to make a strong descent on the coast of Brittany; but they all felt so satisfied that Lajolais had given them false information, that they were about to quit the capital, and to return to England, captain Wright having been lingering with his frigate on the Breton coast for that purpose, when their betrayer, Fouché, pounced upon them. He had been keeping a strict watch on all their movements; he had now established their intercourse with Moreau, and trusted to be able to make sufficient use of that fact to destroy both them and him.

Accordingly, the *dénouement* was thus brought about. Five Bretons were brought from the Temple as Chouans for trial before the military commission, when two of them were acquitted, and the other three led forth to be shot.

On two of them the sentence was executed; but Querelle, the third, who is supposed to have been really a spy of the police, begged to speak in private with M. Réal, a councillor of state, and a manager of the secret police. This was granted, and he then communicated to him the fact that Pichegru and the rest were in Paris, and had been for some time in communication with Moreau. This, no doubt, was all arranged by Fouché, who now was able to show the first consul that he was in full possession of this great plot, when his own police were ignorant of it—the plot being, in fact, of his own concoction. He thus regained his position with Buonaparte, at the expense of the lives of a number of these men, every one of them a thousand times more morally valuable than his own.

Orders were immediately given by Buonaparte to general Savary to proceed to Brittany to set on foot plans, by false information, to draw the Bourbon princes to that coast, and entrap them; and the police were set on the trail of Pichegru and his companions, to obtain still more damning proofs against Moreau of collusion with them. But Bourrienne assures us that Moreau had soon shown that he would not entertain the views of Pichegru and his associates; and the views of the latter, though extending to a royalist insurrection, never embraced anything so base as the assassination of Buonaparte, which Buonaparte himself wished to fix both on them and on Moreau. "All these persons," says Bourrienne—that is, the royalists, who had come over from England—"had come solely to investigate the actual state of affairs, in order to inform the princes of the house of Bourbon, with certainty, how far they might depend on the foolish hopes constantly held out to them by paltry agents, who were always ready to advance their own interest at the expense of truth. These agents, indeed, did conspire, but it was against the treasury of London, to which they looked for pay." But, by this time, Fouché had thoroughly reinstated himself with Buonaparte, and, so soon as the royalist party found that they had been deceived into the belief that Moreau was willing to co-operate with them, and were ready to make their retreat, it was publicly announced that the English had fresh plans of infernal machines on foot, and had their agents in Paris for the murder of Napoleon. The barriers were simultaneously closed, the guards at the Tuileries were doubled, and all the streets were thronged with gens-d'armerie. These were precisely the measures used during the old reign of terror. A proclamation was then issued, stating that the alarming discovery had been made that general Moreau had been for some time conspiring with a number of royalists, Chouans, and assassins, who were concealed in Paris. Pichegru, the Polignacs, Georges Cadoudal, and several of the other leaders, were mentioned by name. Moreau was the first arrested. This was on the 15th of February, and the arrest of the others was immediate; for the lodgings of them all were well known. On the 17th Fouché made a report, which was communicated to the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate, that Pichegru had escaped from his exile in Guiana, and that he, Georges Cadoudal, and others, had come over from London to assassinate the first consul, and had been in frequent communication with general Moreau. The brother of Moreau, who was in the tribunate, arose, and most indignantly denied the participation of his brother in any of these men's plans; he declared that he abhorred them, and he begged them to call to mind the loyalty and the brilliant services of general Moreau, and to dismiss such absurd notions, or, at least, let him at once have a full and open trial.

The arrest of Moreau, as he was quietly living at his country house, and this appeal of his brother, produced a great sensation in Paris. There was an instinctive impression that the jealousy of Buonaparte was aiming at the life of the rival commander. It was well known that he had taken great pains to break up the army of Moreau, which was so enthusiastically attached to him, by sending the soldiers to the pestilent swamps of St. Domingo, and by other means; but there were yet great numbers of soldiers, even in Paris, who regarded Moreau with the utmost admiration, and hence the show of such swarms of guards and gens-d'armerie in the streets.

Pichegru was betrayed by a false friend, whom he trusted in the highest degree, but who had been won over by a large bribe, and who introduced the gens-d'armerie into his bedroom. Before he could wake up and lay his hands on his sword and pistol, they were upon him, or a good many of them would have fallen; but he wrestled with half-a-dozen of them at once, threw several of them to the ground, and trampled on them, before they could secure him. Georges Cadoudal had perceived the police dogging him, and did not venture to his lodgings, but continued for many hours driving about in a cabriolet. At length, however, he was discovered there; the police stopped the vehicle, but Georges shot one of them through the head, mortally wounded another, and was very near making his escape on foot, when he was stopped by two butchers, and kept, by aid of others, till the police came up. The rest of the party, amounting to about forty, and including the two Polignacs, Charles de la Rivière, &c., were captured without much resistance. Captain Wright, who had been hovering on the coast of Brittany, to take off the party of royalists, now lying in prison, was becalmed on the 8th of May, and then surrounded by a number of armed vessels, consisting of six brigs, six luggers, and five lesser craft, and, after a desperate fight, had been compelled to surrender. He was also conveyed to Paris, and thrown into prison, to be brought up and accused as the English agent in this plot.

But long before the arrival of captain Wright, in whose person England was to be branded as the instigator of assassins, Pichegru and his associates had been closely examined, and some of them, it is confidently asserted by trustworthy French writers, sharply tortured to extort confessions—especially from the servants of the gentlemen against their masters. Some of these endured, it is affirmed, frightful agonies from the thumb-screw. Nothing could be drawn from the leaders, except that they had been informed that France was ready to co-operate with Moreau for the preservation of liberty; that they had come over to ascertain the truth of this, and, having discovered that it was not the fact, were about to return to England. This was the simple and literal truth. When Pichegru was desired to sign the process-verbal of his examination, he refused, saying that he knew enough of the secret practices of the police in France; that they could readily obliterate the

existing writing by chemical means, and replace it with whatever they pleased. But he added, the process-verbal is unnecessary; for he was prepared to make disclosures, on his trial, which would astound France and unmask certain great villains. Alas! poor Pichegru! this menace caused him never to come to trial at all! Another of the prisoners, Bouvet de Lozier, was so overcome by the terrors of the reported horrors of the prison, that, though a man of high natural courage, he attempted to hang himself, but was prevented, and afterwards guarded, night and day, with constant vigilance to frustrate his intention. But we must leave these brave men, so diabolically entrapped, in their dungeons, to narrate a still more murderous deed of Napoleon.

SPENCER PERCEVAL. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

As the Bourbons still continued to watch for the overthrow of his power, Buonaparte determined to take a deep revenge on the persons of any of that family whom he could by any means get into his hands. Could he have inveigled the count d'Artois and the duke of Berri, as he attempted, from London to land in Brittany, he would have seized them, and certainly put them to death without ceremony or mercy. He had grasped at more than regal, and was now grasping at imperial, power; and he had shown but too clearly, in his massacres of prisoners in Syria, and his proposal to poison his own wounded, that he would hesitate at no crimes, however monstrous, which might seem necessary for the accomplishment of his designs. But these princes had avoided his snare, and Louis—now styled Louis XVIII.—was living at Warsaw, under the protection of the emperor of Russia. But there was another member of the family, though the farthest off from succession to the throne, who was living on the French frontiers, within a tempting reach of his soldiers in Alsace, and him he determined to kidnap and kill. This proposed victim of a most lawless and wicked vengeance was Antoine-Henri de Bourbon, the son of the duke of Bourbon, and grandson of the prince of Condé. He was born at Chantilly in August, 1772, and was, consequently, now nearly thirty-two years of age. The duke was an amiable and witty Frenchman, of a fine person, and of great bravery. He had fought with much distinction under his grandfather, the prince of Condé, in the Netherlands and on the Rhine.

Altogether, he was much admired and esteemed, and regarded as worthy, by his martial spirit and talents, of the great name which he bore. He was the more estimated by the royalist party, as being the last of the Condés. When the emigrant army was disbanded, in compliance with the treaty of Luneville, he retired to Ettenheim, in Baden, which lay a few miles from the Rhine, and on the edge of the Black Forest, in which the duke was fond of hunting. He had chosen this place of abode—too dangerously near to the French garrison of Strasburg—because it was the residence of cardinal de Rohan, so notorious for his criminal conduct in blackening the character of Marie Antoinette. But it was not the society of the cardinal, but that of his niece, the princess Charlotte de Rohan, which had drawn the duke there. He passed his time in hunting, shooting, and in cultivating a flower-garden; and, happy in the company of the princess, was engaged in no plots against the first consul, though ready, at any moment, like all the family, to prosecute their claims by open and honourable means. It is greatly to the credit of the Bourbons that, on all occasions, they repelled every proposition for taking off those whom they deemed usurpers by clandestine means. Many attempts had been made, by Napoleon and his agents, to implicate them in such measures, but in vain. One of these attempts is recorded by the prince of Condé as taking place in London. He relates the circumstance in a letter to the count d'Artois, on the 24th of January, 1802. He says, a man of very simple and gentle exterior waited on him, and proposed to rid the Bourbons of the usurper in the shortest way. The prince of Condé would not allow him to conclude his remarks, but told him that all such proposals were hateful to the whole family; that they would never cease to assert their claims by open and legitimate means, but that assassinations did not become princes, and were only fit for jacobins. He advised the man to quit England with all speed, as, should he be arrested, he could afford him no protection. This man was subsequently proved to be an agent of Buonaparte.

Could Napoleon have drawn any one of the Bourbons in to assist in such expedients, he would immediately have blazoned it to the world, and it would have afforded some sanction to his intended assassinations; but, failing, he was compelled to perpetrate his hideous projects without such sanction, and to make up for the want by impudent falsehoods.

Accordingly, he determined to seize the unsuspecting duke d'Enghien. The project was so odious, so certain to cover both Napoleon and France with inextinguishable infamy, that it startled the not very sensitive mind of Talleyrand, who gave the duke secret warning of his danger, and advised him to remove farther from the Rhine. In consequence, the duke applied to Sir Charles Stuart to get him a passport from the Austrian minister, to enable him to cross the Austrian territory to rejoin his grandfather, then at Warsaw with Louis XVIII. Sir Charles Stuart applied to M. de Cobenzel for this purpose, and, had the Austrian court been quicker in its movements than a German court usually is, the duke would have been safe enough from the myrmidoms of Buonaparte; but, whilst lingering at Ettenheim for the necessary passport, the duke had so little suspicion of the prompt and deadly nature of the usurper's design against him, that he took no means to conceal himself, or he might still have escaped. But, in the middle of the night of the 14th of March, he was aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs, and, looking out, saw that the château was surrounded by a troop of French cavalry. Buonaparte had dispatched his aide-de-camp, Caulaincourt, to Strasburg to execute this capture, and he had sent on colonel Ordenner to surprise the duke and bring him away.

Throwing on part of his clothes, the duke d'Enghien summoned his servants, and determined to resist to the utmost. His servants were soon armed with fowling-pieces, pistols, and side-arms, and, as there was no hope of preventing the French bursting in the outer door, the duke took his post at the head of the stairs, in front of his suite. He ordered the servants to hand the loaded guns to him, that he might fire them rapidly at the assailants, and thus prevent them scaling the stairs alive. But, at the moment that the French appeared at the foot of the staircase, and the duke was about to fire, the baron Grinstein, the first gentleman of the duke, threw himself upon him, and dragged him into an adjoining room, declaring that the attempt to resist such a troop was madness. Had the duke been allowed to resist, he would, to a certainty, have been shot, and then the full infamy of Buonaparte would never have appeared, for he would have asserted that he contemplated nothing more than the safe detention of the duke's person. It was better as it was.

No sooner did the French enter the chamber, and demand which was the duke d'Enghien, than the duke himself said, "If you have a warrant, that ought to describe his person." They again demanded which was the duke, and, no one answering, Ordenner said, "Then I arrest you all." They seized and bound the whole party, half dressed as they were, and, refusing to let them complete their dressing, they hurried them away from the castle, and through the town of Ettenheim, to a mill at some distance. It is said that the princess de Rohan, aroused by the noise, looked out of her window, and saw her lover being dragged along in merely his slippers, trousers, and waistcoat, by the soldiers, but did not, at the moment, recognise him as the duke. At the mill, d'Enghien entreated that he might be allowed to send back to the castle for his clothes and some money, for, by this time, the French had discovered him, through the unsuspecting words of the peasants who had crowded around. This was complied with; the duke completed his dress, and the troop set forward at a rapid pace towards the Rhine. On crossing that river between Cappell and Rheinau, they found carriages waiting for them. Ordenner would have put the baron von Grinstein into the carriage with the duke, but he refused to admit him; he probably suspected that there had been treachery in the baron's preventing him firing. He requested to have his faithful valet, Joseph, and this was conceded. The duke was secured in the citadel at Strasburg, and detained there till the night of the 18th, when he was suddenly ordered to rise at midnight, and prepare for a journey. He was told that two shirts would be sufficient linen, and here he was compelled to leave all his servants, even his valet, Joseph, being told ominously that he would require no valet where he was going. He

distributed what little money he had about him, excepting one rouleau, amongst his attendants, and they were then thrust unceremoniously out of the apartment. The prince was chained, and hurried into a carriage; and, escorted by a strong body of cavalry, all speed was made towards Paris. No stop was made, except to change horses and escort, or for the duke to take rest or refreshments; and, in the evening of the 20th, the carriage rolled over the drawbridge into the gloomy castle of Vincennes, only a mile and a half from the capital.

The duke was immediately recognised by the wife of the commandant of the fortress, for her mother had been the duke's nurse, and, as children, they had played together. This woman, indeed, had been pensioned by the family before the revolution. She communicated this intelligence to her husband, who was no other than the infamous Harrel, who had encouraged Ceracchi, Anna, Diana, and the rest, to attempt the life of Buonaparte, on the 10th of October, 1800, and then betrayed them, for which he had received this post. It soon became known that it was the duke d'Enghien who was brought in, and not only the attendants belonging to the prison, but the officers and men of the regiment on guard there, were greatly excited, and expressed much respect for him. This alarmed Savary, who was there to execute the diabolical will of Buonaparte, and he had the regiment marched out, and bivouacked for the night on the heights of Belle Ville.

The information of the duke's consignment to the fortress of Vincennes being communicated to Buonaparte at Malmaison, he immediately issued an order to Murat, the military governor of Paris, to deliver the duke over to a military tribunal, to consist of seven members, on the charge of being in the pay of England, and engaged in plots against the republic. Murat, as governor-general of Paris, the grand judge, and minister of war, were charged with the execution of the decree. Murat said afterwards that both he and his wife, Buonaparte's sister, Marie Caroline, were horrified at the order, and implored the first consul not to incur the crime and odium of the duke's death. But this, if true, had already been attempted by Josephine, who had, on her knees, implored him to abstain from shedding the duke's blood, which would cause all the world to exclaim against him, and bring down upon him the sure judgments of Heaven. Nothing, however, moved the ruthless soul of Buonaparte, who gave stern and peremptory orders for prompt obedience to his command, and Murat countersigned the order already signed by Napoleon and by Maret, secretary to the council of state, and afterwards duke of Bassano. Murat seems to have appointed the military commission himself, which consisted of general Hulin as president, colonels Bazancourt, Barrois, Guiton, Ravier, Rabbe, captain Nolan as secretary, and captain d'Autancourt as military judge-advocate. Neither the grand-judge, Regnier, nor the minister of war, Berthier, named in the order, seems to have been consulted at all on the occasion. Talleyrand, and even Fouché, appear to have been left ignorant of the whole proceeding till it was over. So determined was Buonaparte to have the murder effected quickly, and without remonstrance from any quarter, that the commission was assembled immediately: the president, Hulin, is said to have gone with a sentence of death ready written in his pocket, and the grave was already dug in the castle ditch. Savary, who was charged by Buonaparte to see this detestable transaction accomplished, has denied the fact of the ready-dug grave; but he has, in his laboured endeavour to clear himself from the damning infamy of his part in the murder, denied many things which were only too true. Others, who were present in the castle, reported this to have been the case, and the rapidity with which the whole affair was hurried over is the best proof of the truth of the statement. The grave was there when the duke was taken out to be shot, and he was tumbled into it the moment he fell.

So thoroughly had everything been prepared, that scarcely had the duke, worn out by his journey of two days and two nights, fallen asleep, when he was summoned to attend the tribunal already assembled. Hulin, the president, in the pamphlet which, like others concerned, he published to exculpate himself when Buonaparte was deposed and sent to St. Helena, bears testimony to the noble manner in which the duke, thus fatigued and roused from sleep, appeared before them. He denied, indignantly, the charges of conspiring to assassinate the first consul. He said he was a Condé—by birth, by feeling, by opinion, the eternal enemy of the present government; that no Condé could enter France except with arms in his hands; but that a Condé could never stoop to assassinate, or to be the colleague of assassins. He denied that he had fixed his residence at Ettenheim on account of its vicinity to France, but that he had first gone there at the invitation of cardinal de Rohan, and had remained there because he found much amusement in the forest; that he was living there by permission of the margrave of Baden, but was on the point of moving far away into Poland, when he was thus seized, contrary to the laws of nations, Baden being at profound peace with France. He was accused of having conspired with Pichegru, but he declared that he had never seen Pichegru, or had any correspondence with him; and that, if it were true, as they stated, that Pichegru had conspired to assassinate the first consul, he was glad that he never had known him. When charged with having been in England, and with being in its pay, he denied ever having been there, but admitted that he received an allowance from that country, as he had nothing else left him. He was then desired to sign the process-verbal, but he demanded, before doing that, to have a private interview with the first consul, declaring that his name, his rank, his well-known opinions, and the horror of his situation entitled him to this. The prince, however, consented to sign the process, or it was forged for him. He was then led away, and had so little idea of the fate that awaited him, that he lay down and was presently asleep.

Meantime, the military judges appeared to shrink from the task assigned them—that of simply signing the form of sentence prepared for them. In this sentence blanks had been left to name the law by which he was condemned. They proposed that the first consul should be requested to grant the prisoner's request of a private audience; but Savary, who stood behind the president's chair, said it was useless wasting time and troubling the first consul—it must be signed; and, seeing that it was already determined, they

all signed the sentence. No sooner, however, had they done this than their hearts misgave them, and they drew up another sentence. In the first sentence stood the words *immediate* execution; in the second sentence was no mention of execution at all; but it directed that copies of the sentence should be sent, within the time prescribed by law, to the grand-judge, the minister of war, and the military governor of Paris. And all this agrees with the statement published by Hulin, the president of the tribunal, in his old age, that the members of the tribunal had done this in order that there should be appeal to the authorities mentioned in it; and that he believed the first sentence to have been destroyed on the signing of the second. He adds, that the moment the second sentence was signed, he began a letter to the first consul, expressing the unanimous wish of the court that the prisoner should be admitted to the interview which he craved. But he said Savary asked him what he was writing, and then took the pen from his hand, saying:—"You have done *your* business, what remains is mine." That, supposing Savary intended to convey this request himself, he and the other judges were hoping that the prisoner would have the benefit of this request, when, as they were asking permission to go to their carriages, they were horrified by the report of fire-arms in the castle moat, and understood the fearful catastrophe which had taken place.

Considering all the circumstances, there appears no reason to doubt this statement of Hulin. The judges showed, by rejecting the first sentence, and preparing another without mention of execution, that they were anxious to exempt themselves from the crime of the duke's death. Unfortunately, they had not taken care to destroy the first fatal sentence, and Savary had secured it, and immediately put it in force. Excusing the judges, this throws a deeper blackness of guilt on the head of Savary, who had declared that, had the first consul ordered him to shoot his own father, he would have done it, and who throughout showed that he had come prepared to execute Buonaparte's murderous resolve to the letter.

The unfortunate prisoner was immediately roused again from his sleep, and ordered to attend the gens-d'armes who surrounded his bed. He asked where they wanted to take him. No answer was given by the gens-d'armes, who were men purposely picked by Savary as amongst the most hardened by such secret and illegal murders, but he was forced away, and they descended the rough staircase leading down to the castle-ditch. The duke, feeling the cold air, asked Harrel, who walked by his side with a lantern, whether they were going to immure him in an oubliette—that is, one of those dungeons in all such old fortresses, into which certain prisoners were thrown, never to come out again alive, but to remain, as the word implies, forgotten.

On arriving in the ditch, the duke must have at once perceived his doom, for there lay his grave yawning at his feet, and, beyond that, a file of gens-d'armes with their muskets ready. Savary had placed himself on a parapet, above the heads of the gens-d'armes; captain d'Autancourt read to the duke the sentence by the light of the lantern which Harrel carried, and then it is said that the lantern was hung to the button-hole of the duke, in order that the gens-d'armes might see the better to take aim. This fact of the lantern was denied by both Savary and Bourrienne, who say that it was six o'clock in the morning, and that it was daylight. But we are told, at the same time, that the morning was foggy, and in the deep castle-ditch, in the month of March, it could not be very light, especially as other accounts assert that it was only five o'clock, and not six. Probably, the prince himself may have hung the lantern to his breast, to enable the gens-d'armes to give him a more complete death; but this is a matter of little moment, neither aggravating nor ameliorating the murder.

On the sentence being read, the duke asked for a confessor, but he received the curt reply:—"Would you die like a monk?" Without noticing the insult, the duke knelt down a few minutes, and seemed absorbed in devotion. He then rose, cut off a lock of his hair, and handing it, with a miniature and a gold ring, to an officer, requested that they might be conveyed, through the womanly hands of Josephine, the wife of Buonaparte, to the princess de Rohan. Then, turning to the soldiers, he said:—"I die for my king and for France." Savary, from the parapet said:—"Give it!"—a phrase which he had hit upon to enable himself afterwards to deny that he gave the word to fire—and the duke fell dead, pierced by seven bullets. He was immediately flung into the grave, dressed as he was. The man who was employed to fill up the grave took the precaution to drop in a considerable stone near the duke's head, presuming that the body would some day be sought after. A little dog, belonging to the duke, which had been allowed to follow him, and to accompany him in the carriage, laid himself down on the grave, when filled in, and lay whining for its master. It was carried away, lest it should excite the imagination of the public by the story of its attachment, and, being sold, was for many years preserved by the gentleman who purchased it in memory of the unhappy victim. A small cross afterwards marked the spot of the grave, but the body itself was removed on the restoration of the Bourbons, and deposited with funeral ceremonies in the chapel of the castle.

The news of this most audacious kidnapping of the duke in a foreign territory, and his murder at Vincennes, soon transpired, and filled Europe with horror and execration against its perpetrators. It is true that few in Paris dared to speak out, and scarcely a man, except the writer Châteaubriand, abandoned the service of the assassin, but not the less was the memory of this dark deed reprobated in secret. Everywhere else throughout the civilised world, the press and public conversation branded the man and his deed in the terms which he merited. The whole proceeding was equally defiant of all the laws of nations and of morals. A prince, quietly residing in the territory and under the protection of a foreign power, was suddenly, by an armed force, seized in his house, hurried away to Paris, and murdered in a castle-ditch, without scarcely the mock form of a trial. No real cause for so flagrant a violation of another kingdom, for so atrocious a treatment of the distinguished individual, could be assigned: he was allowed no person to be present with him, or to defend him; no evidence of whatever kind was produced against him; it was simply a brutal, foul, and unexampled murder. All that infamy which Josephine had predicted fell on Buonaparte with a crushing weight. In England, the deed was treated by

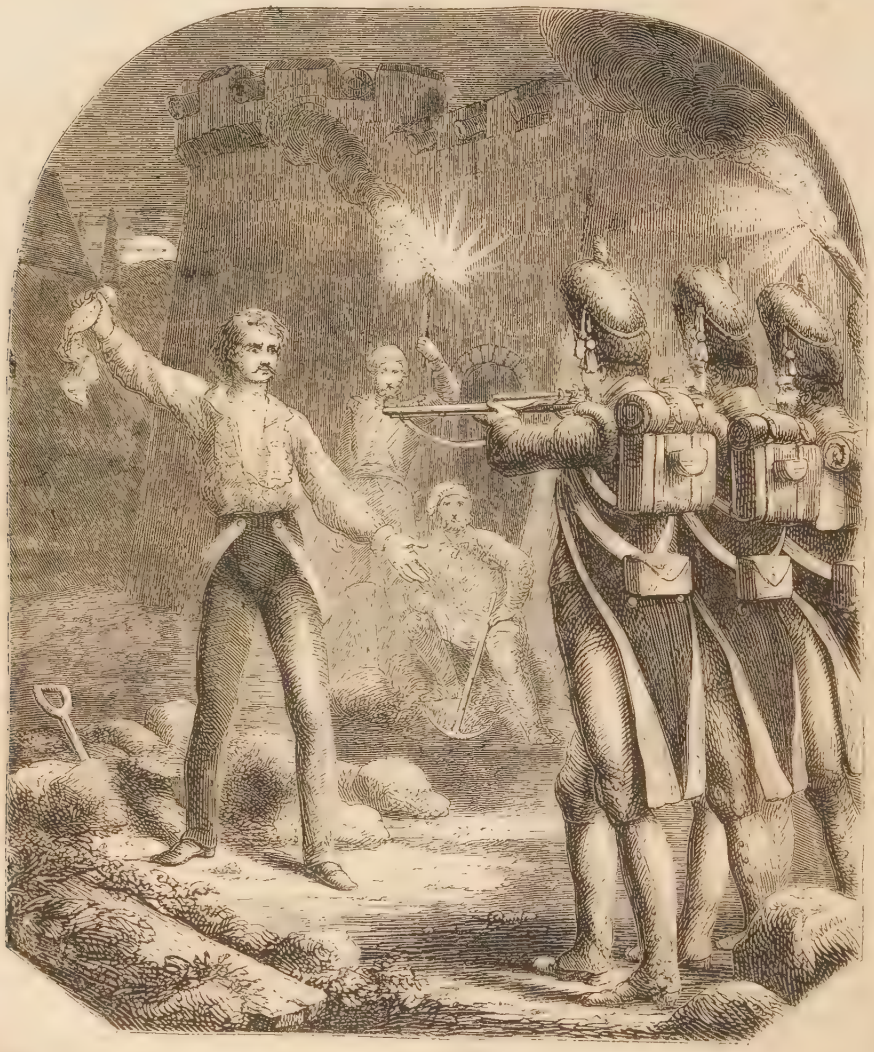
parliament, by the press, by the whole country, as "the odious and ineradicable bloodstain" which it was. In all other countries it met with the like expression. The margrave of Baden and the German princes in the diet alone were silent; but theirs was the silence of cowardice. They dreaded to excite the anger of a man who might cross the Rhine and inflict signal vengeance on them for a remonstrance against so outrageous an invasion of Germanic soil. In vain did the emperor of Russia and the king of Sweden stimulate them to a proper declaration of their sense of the offence; and Buonaparte, seizing on this cowardly silence, asked the czar, insolently, why he troubled himself about a matter which only concerned Germany, and which Germany did not complain of. He even upbraided the czar with having been an accomplice in the murder of his own father.

But bitterly did Buonaparte rue this deed. Time only seemed to imprint deeper and deeper the sense of the world's abhorrence of this murder on his soul. There never was a cheerful and lightsome spirit in his court any more. The cloud of blood always seemed to hang about it, and the vengeance of Providence to follow and abide its time to strike its suspended blow, and which fell at last, crushing all his piled-up dreams of empire, and sending him to finish his days in a far-off, lonely, and thought-haunted exile. Many were the excuses which he invented to exculpate himself; many the lies which he invented for that purpose. At one time, he affected to believe that the duke d'Enghien had been in Paris conspiring his death, and then to have discovered, too late, that this was Pichegru; at another, he pretended that the duke had written a letter to him from Strasburg, which Talleyrand had wilfully detained from him—Talleyrand, who had been kept ignorant of the affair. It has been fully, and by different evidence, shown that the duke never did write, and was not the man to write, begging for his life, as Napoleon pretended he did. All these pretences, indeed, were rendered impossible by the written documents issued by Buonaparte himself—the orders for the duke's arrest, all the arrangements laid down for the journey there and back, and the warrant issued for instant execution, with the execution immediately following. But when all these falsehoods had proved vain, and Buonaparte had seen them fall successively away, leaving the foul truth staring in the public eye, in his last days at St. Helena, he daringly avowed the deed, and endeavoured to justify it on the ground of state policy! "I caused the duke d'Enghien to be arrested and judged, because it was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honour of the French people. In the same circumstances, I would act in the same manner." On another occasion, he said he had only acted on the law of nature: the Bourbons aimed at his existence, and he, therefore, struck at theirs. Unhappily, the Bourbons confined themselves to legitimate warfare; he condescended to kidnapping and assassination. Robert Lindo, the jacobin and disciple of Marat, had, before him, defended the wholesale murders of September, 1792, on the same plea; and the plea had often been urged to palliate similar atrocities, but never yet was admitted by the moral sense of mankind.

Fresh horrors followed fast on the heels of this tragedy, and the assumption of the imperial purple by Buonaparte was inaugurated by fresh murders, of a kind which sent a shudder throughout Europe. During this time, Pichegru and his fellow-prisoners had been awaiting their doom in the dungeons of Paris. The public mind was yet occupied with the atrocious violence to the duke d'Enghien, when there came the rumour that general Pichegru had strangled himself in prison. The death of d'Enghien took place on the 21st of March, this of Pichegru on the 7th of April, with only seventeen days' interval. The next day a report was issued, signed by six surgeons of no note, declaring it a case of suicide. They had examined the turnkeys and the gens-d'armes on guard at the prison, who deposed that the prisoner's cell was locked, and that no one could have, by any means, entered it without their knowledge. But this evidence just amounted to nothing at all, for it was known that all the turnkeys about these state prisons were picked men, ready to do the will of the first consul and his agents, and that no one dared to give any statement contrary to their wishes. As for the gens-d'armes, they were Savary's myrmidons, ready to murder any one as they were ordered, and as they had done in the case of the duke d'Enghien. From the moment that Pichegru declared that he would exculpate Moreau, and criminate Buonaparte and many of his subordinates, on his trial, his doom was certain. He had vowed that he would expose the whole conspiracy against Moreau; that he would detail all the means by which himself and his companions had been inveigled from England, and entrapped in Paris; and would enlighten the country on the late tampering of Buonaparte with the Bourbons for the sale of their claims on the crown to him. That Pichegru should commit suicide whilst waiting with impatience to blaze forth with all these *dénouements* on the public ear—Pichegru, the eloquent and the undaunted—Pichegru, burning for revenge on the perfidious enemies who had ensnared him to his doom—is an impossible supposition, but that Pichegru, who was certain to do all this if brought to an open tribunal, should ever be allowed to come to that open tribunal, was equally an impossible supposition. It was known that Réal, the manager of police, had spent a long time with Pichegru the very day before in his cell, and had come away muttering, "What a man this Pichegru is! there is no moving him!" The next morning, when the turnkey entered his cell, he was found with his black silk cravat twisted tightly round his neck by means of a stick, which he was assumed to have secreted from amongst his firewood, and the stick put under his head, to keep it in its place. It has been observed that it was almost impossible that the prisoner could have had sense left so to fix the stick, for he must have lost consciousness when the cravat was drawn tight enough to suffocate him; but it is still more impossible that Pichegru should have attempted suicide at all. Every motive in him was opposed to it; every motive in Buonaparte was in favour of his secret death; and, though the agents in the murder were too well trained and too much under terror ever to blab, no reasonable mortal ever, for one moment, believed anything else than that the brave Pichegru was a noble victim of the unprincipled tyrant now grasping at the crown. The world was the more revolted by this dark deed, as Pichegru and Buonaparte had been school-fellows at the military school at Brienne, where Pichegru, who was the elder, had been

extremely kind to the little friendless Corsican, had assisted him in his studies, taught him the first four rules of arithmetic, and had afterwards received his commission of lieutenant with him on the same day. To murder such an early friend in such a manner, marked a callousness of heart and a lawlessness of ambition that was capable of any crime.

But the story of suicide, though it convinced nobody, was almost immediately afterwards adopted in a case quite as improbable. Captain Wright, whom we have stated to have been taken prisoner on the 8th of May, near Morbihan, was carried to Paris and thrown into the Temple. His crew, as well as himself, had previously undergone separate examinations, to draw from them some revelations regarding their landing Pichegru and his companions on the coast of Brittany, in order to implicate Pichegru as much as possible, but nothing had been gained by this proceeding. What transpired in the Temple can never be known; but from words which fell from captain Wright, on his only public examination, and from admissions by Buonaparte himself, there is every reason to believe that he underwent severe treatment, if not actual torture. Captain Wright had served under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre—a circumstance sufficient to envenom the mind of Buonaparte to the utmost against him. Buonaparte, in after years, speaking of Wright, admitted that he had been threatened with death to extort confessions from him; and Wright, when he was examined on the 2nd of June, on the trial of Georges-



EXECUTION OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

Cadoudal, had not only refused to answer any interrogatories, on the ground that he was a British officer, a prisoner of war, and only amenable to his own government, but when the examinations by the police were read over to him, he said they had omitted to state that they had threatened to have him shot by a military commission if he did not betray the secrets of his country.

Wright, like Pichegru, was too independent, and therefore dangerous, for public trial, and, consequently, was found in his cell with his throat cut. This was also declared to be suicide, though all who knew Wright asserted

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that he was the last man to perpetrate such an act. His death was concealed for some time, no doubt, because it too quickly succeeded that of Pichegru. Buonaparte always persisted in denying any knowledge of the death of Pichegru and Wright, and Savary, who could have told a true tale, endeavoured to throw the guilt on Fouché, calling it a dark and mysterious deed. But this only tends to fix the fact on Buonaparte; for, assuredly, Fouché would not have murdered them, except at the instigation of the master whom he served, and to whom their power of exposure was perilous.

Being freed from the menacing disclosures of Pichegru, Buonaparte advanced to the trials of Moreau, Georges, and his associates. But, before proceeding to this extremity, Napoleon had done all in his power to tempt Moreau and Georges to submit and devote themselves to his service. He sent his brothers and his most trusted ministers and generals to Moreau, offering him any honour or commands, on condition of his acquiescing in the supremacy of Buonaparte. "Only bring me," he said, "the adhesion of that man, and he shall have whatever he desires, and all will go well." But Moreau refused all such terms. Whilst he was thus tempted in secret to abandon his republican notions, he was mercilessly attacked in public by the same unscrupulous man, who was resolved to ruin him or to crush him. In the *Moniteur*, and in pamphlets—a peculiar institution of Buonapartism—Moreau was cruelly accused of intrigues with Pichegru, who could no longer appear to speak the truth, and with Georges and his associates. Moreau, in that candid and impolitic manner which was natural to him, wrote a letter to Buonaparte, deprecating and refuting these charges. He admitted that, in 1799, he had made the discovery of Pichegru's correspondence with the Bourbons, but that Pichegru had already been removed from the command of the army, peace had been established, and he could do no more mischief, and therefore he intended to have been silent, not liking the office of an informer; but that the events of the 18th Fructidor taking place, he felt that he could not remain innocently silent, and then communicated to government all that he knew. He also admitted that he had, at different times, received overtures from the Bourbons, but that he had uniformly treated them with contempt. And this, he said, was all that he knew, and, reminding the first consul of his services to the country and to himself on the 18th Brumaire, he concluded by expressing his assurance that Napoleon must see that very false and hasty inferences had been drawn from conduct which might have been imprudent, but which had always been honest and zealous for the republic.

But Moreau must have known little of Buonaparte if he supposed that this very candour would not be immediately wrested by him to his own purposes, and that it was not the republic which he regarded, for he was then engaged in destroying it. This letter was immediately sent to the *Moniteur*, with comments, which must have made Moreau see the danger of any intercourse with Buonaparte, if he had not learned that before. Similar offers had been made to Georges Cadoudal, whose bold and outspoken character Buonaparte professed to admire. He said to Bourrienne, "Georges is a man of the right stamp. In my hands, he would do great things: I would make him one of my aides-de-camp. But he is a bar of iron; I can do nothing with him; he must die—that is my necessity." In fact, Georges declared boldly that he had sworn war against the revolutionary government and the enemies of the old line, and that he would preserve it, if at liberty, to the death. He kept up the courage of his Breton companions by singing their Chouan songs with them; telling them that he was with them, and they would have all the same fate; that they were only just as God intended them to be.

The trials began on the 28th of May. Buonaparte had already ascended the imperial throne several days, and a *senatus consultum* had been passed, depriving all persons accused of design against the emperor's person of the privilege of a jury. In fact, it was not believed that any jury could be found which would pronounce Moreau guilty of treason against France. The judges for this special tribunal were carefully selected by Fouché and Réal, under the guidance of Buonaparte. Hemart was chosen as president of it; Merlin-de-Douai, the attorney-general and crown accuser; and Thuriot, one of the leading judges, had, with Hemart, all voted for the death of Louis XVI. The accused were Moreau, Georges and his Chouans, the marquis de la Rivière, Bouvet de la Lozier, and the other royalist prisoners, including the spy and tempter, Lajolais, who had been the decoy of Fouché to lure them all into the snare. Of course his enrolment in the list was but for a blind.

The trial of Moreau was extremely embarrassing. In spite of all that had been done in the *Moniteur*, and in pamphlets, and other organs of the press, to represent him as a traitor, the unequivocal respect manifested towards him showed that it had failed to make the public forgetful of his brilliant services and of his real character. General Lecourbe, an old friend and brother soldier of Moreau, and a zealous republican, appeared in court every day with madame Moreau and her little boy, whom he frequently took up in his arms and showed to the soldiers as the child of their beloved general. The very gens-d'armes who guarded him at the trial testified their high respect for him, and, whenever he got up to speak, all rose and stood most deferentially. Moreau repeated the amount of admission which he had made in his letter to Buonaparte, but treated the charges of his wanting to make himself dictator as mere madness in those who suggested it. He reminded the judges that, for years, nine-tenths of the soldiers of France had been under his command, but that, so far from his having attempted any seizure of power, all his officers and aides-de-camp had been arrested and most strictly examined, without their admitting the slightest suspicion against him, much less any overt act. The judges were confounded; six out of the ten proposed to acquit him; but Hemart, the president, and Thuriot declared that Moreau's acquittal would be dangerous: it would be the signal for civil war. The judgment hung in suspense for days, and remained to be pronounced with those against the other prisoners.

The conduct of Georges Cadoudal on his trial was the same as it had been from the first. He gloried in his hatred to the republic, and equally so to the imperial usurpation. Buonaparte, through Réal, at the last moment, made another attempt to seduce him, but he had spurned at it, saying, "My comrades followed me to France, and I will

follow them to death." He turned, ever and anon, to his Chouans, and said, "Courage, my boys!" When asked if he had any defence to make, he replied, "No! You are blues and I am white; only ascertain my identity, and treat me as you used to treat the whites in La Vendée and Brittany. Three bullets in the head will be enough, so let us have no more talk about it." He ridiculed the regicide judges, and amused himself by misnaming Thuriot—Tue-roi, or king-killer—and even washed out his mouth with water after uttering that name. The rest of the leading prisoners repeated only what they had asserted before—that they were royalists, not assassins, and had come to see whether it were true that the country was prepared for another royalist insurrection. When a miniature of the count d'Artois was found on the person of the marquis de la Rivière, he took it, and respectfully kissed it. Armand Polignac asked for no favour for himself, but that his brother Jules might be spared on account of his youth; and Jules implored that he might suffer, and Armand be pardoned, because he had a wife to lament his loss.

The sentences were pronounced on Sunday, the 10th of June. They were death to Georges Cadoudal, Lozier, Lajolais, Armand de Polignac, and sixteen others; two years' imprisonment to Moreau, Jules Polignac, and three others. The remainder, twenty-two in number, were acquitted, but were immediately seized again by order of Buonaparte, and thrown into prison.

No sooner were these sentences passed, than Napoleon's wife and sisters, supported by Murat, entreated him to shed no more blood, but to pardon them all. Probably, Buonaparte was not anxious for the deaths of any except Pichegru and Georges, with some of his chasseurs, whom he deemed particularly dangerous. Of Pichegru he was rid already; and he now reprieved the rest, except Georges and Coster-Saint-Victor, with eleven of the inferior persons, who were ordered for execution. Those reprieved were kept in different fortresses for longer or shorter periods, and some died there. Georges and his companions were guillotined in the Place de Grève, on the 25th of June, and died with a courage in keeping with their characters. Of course, Lajolais was soon at liberty; but the new emperor was terribly puzzled with the sentence of Moreau. Its mildness was a confession of his innocence, and therefore threw the greater shame on Napoleon for detaining him at all. He was equally afraid of keeping a man so much beloved and admired in prison, and of setting him at liberty. Having put Georges and part of his comrades to death, he now confessed privately to Bourrienne that the charges of intending to assassinate him were sheer fiction; but as for Moreau, what, he asked, was he to do with him? He said he had long before told him that he would some day run his head against the pillars of the Tuileries, and, now that he had done it, it was no fault of his. That is, he knew long ago that Moreau would never consent to his usurpation of the supreme power. "Let him sell his property," he added, "and quit France; that will be the best for all of us."

Moreau, no doubt, felt the same; he could not continue to live in safety, or even comfort, with Buonaparte on the throne, and his myrmidons all around him. He consented to this arrangement; the government purchased his house and grounds, and he was escorted by Savary's gens-d'armes to Cadiz, where he was joined by his wife and family, and embarked for the United States, to reappear and aid in the final fall of the usurper.

The murder of the duke d'Enghien, and the mysterious fates of Pichegru and Wright, had sunk the character of Buonaparte to the lowest degree amongst all foreign nations, and amongst all the better class of minds in France. It was seen that, in the pursuit of his ambitious objects, he was not deterred by the darkest and most bloody crimes. He could no longer be regarded as the noble victor and the honourable legislator; he had classed himself with the despots to whom must for ever cling the dark blood-stains of oppression. But, on the other hand, as these conspiracies had been purposely evoked by himself and his agents, so they were made, by the same machinery, to pour in a host of sympathising addresses from every part of France, especially from the army. The *Moniteur* was kept actively employed in spreading alarm, and in expressing the unspeakable calamities which would befall France if the great hero and first magistrate of the country were cut off by assassins. These assassins were represented as the bribed agents of England, and thus the odium due to himself for his murderous deeds was diverted from himself and made to fall on the country which, from the first, had stood aloof from him, and still regarded with suspicion his career.

In the midst of these deeply-planned manœuvres Buonaparte proceeded to make his last move in his great game. He had intimidated the royalists by the seizure and fusilading of the duke d'Enghien; he had deprived the republicans of their leader in Moreau; the nation was passive; all its branching lines of authority were in his hands; and there remained only to erect a throne and seat himself upon it. It must not be a regal throne, because that would too much remind the world of the claims of the Bourbons: it should, therefore, be an imperial one, and mark a totally new era in France. It was one which was especially calculated to flatter the French vanity.

Accordingly, on the 30th of April, Curée—a man of no particular note, and perhaps selected on that account for the occasion, as his proposal might be the more easily disavowed, if it were resisted—rose in the tribunate, and proposed that Napoleon Buonaparte should be invested with the title of emperor. This Curée had been a member of the convention, and one of those who had sworn the most bitter oaths for the destruction of monarchy, and against everything but the most perfect equality; but he now represented that the internal condition of France had been purified and renovated by the process of the revolution; victory had purchased peace with foreign nations, and the laws and the finances had been restored on a superior basis. There required nothing more now than to abandon mere theories, and embrace a single great fact—the enjoyment of their liberties under the protection of one eminent man and one distinguished family. The man to whom he alluded was Napoleon, who had done so much to earn France glory and to bring back internal vigour and tranquillity.

The motion of Curée appeared independent, but everything had been prepared with the utmost exactness beforehand. Fouché tells us that he had already recommended it

to Buonaparte, and that he had himself resolved upon it. Curée was a well-known frequenter of the *salons* of Eliza Buonaparte, and it could not escape the members of the tribunate that he was put forward on the occasion. He did not content himself with arguing that the succession of convulsions and of horrors which had marked the revolution through a terrible term of fifteen years had made all men anxious for security under one head, but he impudently asserted that this result was the object at which the whole race of revolutionists had been aiming. They had sought, he said, to put down *feudality* and establish *equality*. As if they had not abolished and trodden out feudality long before they had destroyed monarchy; as if an emperor and equality were the same thing—an emperor who, the moment he was created, would be surrounded by all the old ranks, offices, privileges, and pageantries of monarchy. But Curée knew at what crisis and to whom he was speaking. The military dictatorship, certain to follow a scene of chaos and blood, like that of the French revolution, was now accomplished; all measures and means were prepared to introduce the absolute master. Accordingly, no sooner had Curée proposed that Napoleon should be made emperor, and that the crown should be made hereditary in his family, than he was surrounded by cries of, "True! true! we want an hereditary monarch! Let us vote at once for Napoleon as emperor!"

Whence did these cries proceed? From numbers of men who had shouted as loudly, on former occasions, for sansculottism, for the death of the monarch, for the proscription of every man who advocated, or was suspected of advocating, anything but the most prostrate equality. And they called creating an emperor and a court instituting equality! This was on a par with Napoleon's boasting of securing the freedom of the press, when he lately put it into the most absolute thraldom. Simeon, a lawyer, from Aix, who had been active in the convention, had been a member of the council of five hundred, and had been transported as a violent conspirator, in return for being recalled under the consular government, seconded the motion, declaring that the only safe termination of the misery of ten years was the government of one sole man. There were loud acclamations, and not a dissentient voice; but, to avoid the appearance of hurrying on so grave a matter rashly, they adjourned its final decision to the 10th of April. On the 6th, however, the senate received a message from the first consul, which was an incentive to that body to speak out. It was the day on which Pichegru was found strangled in his cell—a significant reminder of the fate of those who dared to oppose the present imperious ruler: they appointed a committee to prepare a report on the message, that the tribunate might, in the meantime, give its decided verdict. On the 10th the tribunate went into the question: Curée, again taking the lead, quoting Roman history to prove how admirable a way to escape having a master it was to choose an hereditary chief—an unfortunate reference, if any one there dared to have stated the real results of imperialism in the Roman empire. But a long succession of speeches followed in the same strain, and only one man was honest enough and rash enough to dissent. This was Carnot, who had been only too notorious in the reign of terror, and as a member of the committee of *salut public*, but who now showed that, however violent his opinions, they were sincere. He knew at the moment that he was condemning himself to poverty, neglect, or perhaps worse; for as real a reign of terror now existed as under Robespierre, and this honest deed makes amends for many crimes.

No sooner had the tribunate sent up its decision to the senate, signed by all, except Carnot, than the senate hastened at once to adopt it, and to sign the answer to the message of the first consul, which had been drawn up by Fouché for the committee of ten appointed by the senate. In this answer the senate echoed the declaration of the tribunate, that the choice of Napoleon, as emperor, was the only security against the agitation which had so long desolated France, and the rendering this choice hereditary the only means of at once demonstrating the gratitude of the nation to Napoleon for the glory and the benefits with which he had crowned it, as well as of preserving all the rights of the *republic*; for they still retained the mockery of that name, leaving it to Buonaparte himself to expunge it. In their public answer all the guarantee which they took for the preservation of their liberties and rights was the use of the phrase, that "the social contract should be respected." What social contract was meant, it did not specify; but to the public answer was appended a private list of conditions, no doubt made private by the management of Fouché and his colleagues, and by their very nature. These conditions did not concern the nation at large—that was left to its fate—but merely the senate. It was an attempt at a private bargain on its own account. By these, the senate was to be hereditary, like the house of lords in England—it was to possess the right to originate laws, if not to have a veto upon them; that the council of state should not have the power to alter any *senatus consultum*; and that the senate should have the authority to appoint two permanent committees of its members: one for guarding the liberty of the press, and the other the liberty of the subject. Buonaparte accepted the address graciously, but said not a word of the conditions; and, when privately reminded of them, asked the reminders, sarcastically, how they could attempt to overthrow *equality* by attempting to set up an hereditary aristocracy?

The addresses of the tribunate and senate being made public was the signal for pouring in a deluge of congratulations. Fontanes, the poet, and an adorer of Eliza Buonaparte, and Curée, the chief mover of this scheme, collected all the members of the *corps législatif* who were in Paris, and got them also to send in the necessary addresses to complete those of the legislative bodies. Cambacères, the second consul, was amongst the foremost to express his happiness in sinking himself from consular rank into the subject of so illustrious a monarch; for which flattery he expected, and not vainly, his reward.

On the 18th of May was passed a formal *senatus consultum*, conferring, or, as it was phrased, deferring the crown on Napoleon and his family for ever, "in compliance with the addresses of the tribunals, the administrative bodies, the municipalities, the army, and the spontaneous cry of all good citizens." The horrible plots of the English and the emigrants were cited as a grand reason for hastening this measure, thus affording additional reasons for ascribing those plots to Buonaparte himself and his agents, seeing

how they made use of them. In discussing the provision of the *senatus consultum* on the point, that the power should be hereditary, the senators argued at great length, and their arguments were amusing contrasts with those which many of these same men had advanced with even convulsive energy against all kingly and all hereditary power whatever, from time to time, from 1789 to the present hour. It was at first proposed to give to Buonaparte the authority to nominate his successor, because, as he had no children by Josephine, it was supposed that he might choose to adopt her son. But this was altered, and the throne was made hereditary in the male line of the Buonapartes. Some have imagined that even already Buonaparte contemplated divorcing Josephine and marrying the daughter of some royal house, so as to leave an heir to the throne. In failure of such issue, then Buonaparte's brothers, Joseph and Louis, or their male heirs, were to succeed. The female line was expressly excluded, according to the old Salic law, in these words:—"Amongst a people essentially warlike, women must, of necessity, be perpetually excluded." Buonaparte's second brother, Lucien, and his fourth, Jerome, had both offended the great man by their marriages with women of ordinary rank, and they were therefore excluded from the succession, except in the case that all male heirs in the other branches had failed, when it was put into the power of the emperor to name his successor from any of the sons or grandsons of the excluded brothers who had reached his eighteenth year. Lucien had married twice, in defiance of his family, women of low condition; the second time, a vender of lemonade, and was refused by Buonaparte the title of prince; but Jerome, who had married a beautiful and clever woman, the daughter of Mr. Paterson, a merchant of New York, was induced by him to abandon her, on the plea that the marriage was invalid, and was married to a princess of Würtemberg, and made king of Holland. We have just now seen the consequence of this separation of Jerome Buonaparte from his American wife, in that wife trying the validity of her marriage in Paris, and with the singular result of the court of law pronouncing the children of both marriages legitimate.

The *senatus consultum* being passed, Cambacères headed the senate, who went in a body, to present it, to congratulate the new emperor, and afterwards the empress. In return for this compliment, Buonaparte immediately issued an imperial mandate, appointing Cambacères arch-chancellor of the empire, and Lebrun, the third consul, arch-treasurer. In this mandate Buonaparte assumed at once the imperial style—"Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, the 28th Floreal, year XII.—NAPOLEON, emperor. H. B. Maret, secretary of state." The republican calendar used in the date, and the word "republic" on the coins, were now the only vestiges of that anti-monarchical state of things which had cost some millions of lives.

The next day, the 19th of May, the brand-new emperor and empress proceeded from St. Cloud to the Tuileries, to hold their first grand levée. A decree of the senate had ordained the offices of grand-elector, arch-chancellor of the empire, arch-chancellor of state, high constable, and great admiral of the empire, as fixed appendages of the empire. Those officers had to appear in their new dignities on this occasion. Louis Buonaparte, as high constable of the empire, presented to his imperial brother all the great officers of the army that were in Paris; and Napoleon at once named eighteen of his chief generals marshals of the empire. These were Berthier, Murat, Moncey, Jourdan, Massena, Augereau, Bernadotte, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Davoust, Bessières, Kellermann, Lefevre, Perignon, and Serrurier. Most of these had been as thorough jacobins as their new master. Their title was to be monsieur le maréchal, and, when addressed in writing, monseigneur, or my lord. The princes and princesses of the blood—namely, the brothers and sisters of Buonaparte—were to be styled imperial highness, and the grand dignitaries of the empire serene highness. The secretary of state and the president of the senate were styled your excellence. Buonaparte ordered the senate to proclaim his accession by publishing their *senatus consultum*, which was done on the 20th of May. This was followed by all public functionaries and municipal bodies taking the necessary oaths. Dessaix was named grand marshal of the palace; Caulaincourt, grand huntsman; and the count de Ségur, master of ceremonies. By this latter appointment, and by that of the count de Narbonne to another honourable office, it was expected that the various *parvenus* fresh dignitaries would be soon enabled to go through their duties with some degree of propriety.

Thus Napoleon had stepped into the throne of what was absurdly still called a republic without consulting the people at all. When, therefore, the *senatus consultum* was proclaimed, it was received most chillingly, says Fouché, in all quarters:—"There were fêtes without animation and without joy." It seemed, according to several writers, as if the shades of d'Enghien and Pichegru hovered over the ceremony, and shed a gloom over it. Yet Buonaparte would not omit the sanction drawn from the votes of the people, though he did not choose to wait for it. He took care, however, to have the machinery of election properly adjusted, so as to be confident of the result, and he sought previously the sanction of the army, of which he was certain. In July he went to Boulogne to review the grand army of England, assembled on the heights above the town, overlooking the British Channel, and from which the white cliffs of England were conspicuous.

Everything had been elaborately got up for this occasion, on which the enthusiasm of the soldiers was to be raised to the highest pitch. The common people believed that he was going to lead the army at once across the channel, and return loaded with the enormous wealth of London, and with the king, queen, royal family, William Pitt, and the heads of the aristocracy, as prisoners in his train. Buonaparte had no such wild idea; but, since the duke d'Enghien's murder, the powers of almost all Europe had manifested unequivocally their abhorrence of the act, and of the man who perpetrated it, and he now designed, by the display of enthusiasm in his army, at once to awe his own people, and the sovereigns of other nations. The army of England was encamped on the high ground above Boulogne—betwixt the tower before called La Tour d'Ordre, but now Cæsar's Tower, because the remains of a Roman camp had been discovered on the spot, and therefore it was convenient to assume that Julius Cæsar had encamped there, and had

from thence passed over to England, whose cliffs he could descry. Buonaparte had the army drawn up around a mound—probably an ancient cairn, or barrow, in the centre of the table-land—and there he seated himself himself on an iron chair, said to have belonged to king Dagobert, having in front of him the channel, and the hostile coasts of England. All this had been carefully arranged, with the utmost regard to scenic effect, by the great tragedian, Talma, who was accustomed to represent Roman kings and pageants. From this throne Buonaparte delivered the oath to be taken by the legion of honour: "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers, swear, upon your honour, to devote yourselves to the service of the empire; to the defence of the emperor, of the laws of the republic, and of the property which they have made sacred; swear to combat, by all the means which justice, reason, and the laws authorise, every attempt to re-establish the *feudal system;* in short, swear to concur, with all your might, *in maintaining liberty and equality*—which are the bases of all our institutions. Swear!"

There was a simultaneous shout of "We swear!" from the whole army. Buonaparte, to ingratiate himself with the soldiers, had taken care beforehand to have all such men as had served in Egypt picked out, and put in the front line of their regiments. He had a list of them, and probably the officers of the regiments acted as prompters, for, as he rode along, he was sure to address each of these men, as if familiarly recognising them. He would stop and say, "Ah! so you are here. I saw you at Aboukir. How is your old father? What! a brave fellow like you not have the cross! Stay, I will give it you." And so he went on. The soldiers were enchanted. They said, "You see, the emperor knows us all. He knows our families; he knows where we have served!" They all imagined that, some day or other, they should become marshals of the empire, like the lucky fellows they saw commanding them. Heaven seemed to smile on the occasion. The weather was very stormy, but, when he ascended the throne, the sky cleared, and all was bright sunshine. The review over, the storm returned; and the vessels of the flotilla, having been steered a little out of port, to add to the completeness of the spectacle, were in danger of wreck; but Buonaparte hastened down to the harbour to assist in the orders for their return to port. No sooner did he arrive on the pier than the sun broke out again, and the vessels all came in safely. The army considered it a certain omen that they would make a successful descent on England.

From Boulogne, Buonaparte proceeded to Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, and so through Belgium, where Josephine met him, to the Rhine. Wherever he appeared, the authorities of the towns, both then and on his return through France, presented him the most adulatory addresses. You would no longer believe it the same people who had, for ten years, committed such unexampled horrors to destroy the royalty they were now again adoring. The mayor of Arras, Robespierre's own town, a M. de la Chaise, put the climax to all this civic incense by declaring, in his address, that "*God made Napoleon, and then rested!*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

Coronation of Buonaparte and Josephine by the Pope—Creation of New French Nobility—These Ceremonies and Titles adopted by the Negroes of St. Domingo—Buonaparte addresses George III. as "Brother and King"—Intrigues against our Ambassadors on the Continent by Buonaparte—Seizure of Sir George Rumbold, at Hamburg—Coalition of Pitt and Addington—Addington made Lord Sidmouth—Spanish Affairs—Lord Melville compelled to retire from Office—Case of Mr. Peter Stuart—Melville expelled the Privy Council—Order for Melville's Impeachment by the Commons, for Frauds as First Lord of the Admiralty—Sidmouth resigns—Changes in Cabinet—New Continental League formed with England against France—Napoleon made King of Italy—Leads the Army of England against Germany—Bavaria joins France—Prussia and Baden remain Neutral—The French enter Bavaria—Mack, the Austrian General, beaten, and surrenders at Ulm—The Battle of Trafalgar, on the same Day as Mack's Surrender—The French enter Vienna—The Austrians driven out of Italy—The Austrians and Russians defeated at the Battle of Austerlitz—Austria makes Peace—Buonaparte gives Regal Titles to the Electors of Würtemberg and Bavaria, and marches into the Austrian Territory—Marries his Relatives into these new Royal Families—Abortive Attempts to bring the Swedes and Russians against Buonaparte—Actions at Sea—Fight betwixt Admirals Calder and Villeneuve—Death of Nelson at Trafalgar—Fresh Mahratta War—Successful Campaigns of Lord Lake—Death of Pitt—The Grenville and Fox Ministry, called "All the Talents" Ministry—Abortive Negotiations with Buonaparte for Peace—Windham's System of Army Reform—Abolition of the Slave Trade—Trial and Acquittal of Lord Melville—Commission of Inquiry into the Conduct of the Princess of Wales—The English and Russians in Naples—Return of the French—Joseph Buonaparte proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies—The War in Sicily and Calabria maintained by the English, under Sir John Stuart and Sir Sidney Smith—Recovery of the Cape of Good Hope—Conquest of Buenos Ayres by Sir Hope Popham and General Beresford—Beresford captured—Proposals of General Miranda to England for the Subjugation of the Spanish American Colonies—Miranda's Attempt, with American Aid—Civil War in Hayti—Admiral Duckworth's Defeat of the French Fleet off St. Domingo—Other Sea Fights—Fresh Honours and Princedoms distributed by Buonaparte—Louis Buonaparte made King of Holland—Buonaparte organises a German Confederation and a Confederate German Army to fight for France—Makes War on Prussia—Overruns Brunswick and Saxony—Murder of Palm, the Bookseller, of Nuremberg, by Buonaparte—Defeat of the Prussians at Jena and Auerstadt—Buonaparte enters Berlin—Prince Hohenlohe defeated and taken at Prenzlow—Surrender of General Blücher—Buonaparte calls on the Poles to rise against Russia and Prussia—Makes an Ally of Saxony—The French, repulsed by the Russians, retire into Warsaw—Death of Charles Fox.

BUONAPARTE now prepared for his coronation. Whilst at Mayence, on the Rhine—where the German princes flocked to pay the most abject homage to him as their "protector," no nations, except England, Russia, and Sweden, keeping aloof—he dispatched one of his aides-de-camp, general Caffarelli, an Italian, to invite the pope to go to Paris to crown the new emperor and empress. Caffarelli was said to be selected for this embassage because he spoke the language well, and was a good diplomatist; but, in truth, there needed only to announce at the Vatican the wish of Buonaparte to have it fulfilled. Pius VII. had already been compelled to submit to the terms of the concordat, which had made such inroads into the ancient power of the church; and he knew very well that, to refuse this request, would bring down upon him fresh humiliations. Buonaparte, who affected to imitate Charlemagne as the founder of the French nation, passing over all the kings of France as unworthy of notice, determined to inaugurate the second empire by a still bolder stretch of authority than Charlemagne himself. That monarch had condescended to make the journey to Italy to receive the privilege of coronation from pope Leo; but Buonaparte resolved that the poor old pope Pius VII. should come to him in France. Pius

left Rome on the 5th of November, attended by six cardinals, as many bishops, and two Roman princes, having sent forward as avant-courier cardinal Fesch, Buonaparte's maternal uncle, who had already risen to this dignity by the influence of his victorious nephew. The Alps were already covered with snow when the poor old pope had to cross them. He would fain have gone by sea to Marseilles, but Caffarelli reminded him of the probability of being intercepted by the heretic English, and carried to their schismatic island. The people on his route everywhere received him with the most profound veneration, and the peasants had secured the Alpine precipices by parapets wherever the passage was dangerous. He arrived at Fontainebleau on the 25th of November. Bourrienne and Savary relate the pains that were taken by Buonaparte to manage so that he should secure a position of superiority over the pontiff in the meeting. Instead, therefore, of waiting to receive him at the Tuileries, he planned a hunting party at Fontainebleau, so that when the pope's carriage approached he should *happen* to be galloping across the road. When the pope's train approached the public-house, the "Half-Moon," at the top of the hill between Nemours and Fontainebleau, Buonaparte, at the head of his court, dressed all in hunting costume, dashed out from amongst the trees just before the pope's carriage; then, perceiving the pope, Buonaparte stopped, and the pope, perceiving him, hastened to descend from his carriage. Rapp, who had been bred a protestant, laughed heartily with Bourrienne at the whole farce. The pope got out of the left door of his carriage in his white costume; the ground was dirty, he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last. Napoleon alighted to receive him. They em-

POPE PIUS VII. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

braced; and the emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces; but men were posted to hold the two doors open. At the moment of getting in, the emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided, without negotiation, the etiquette to be observed the whole time the pope was at Paris.

The pope, being driven first to the Tuileries, was afterwards lodged in the archiepiscopal palace, but an incident occurred in his removal which greatly amused the Parisians.

It was the etiquette at Rome that the chamberlain should precede him on such occasions on an ass, and carry a large cross, such as is used in processions. The chamberlain could not for the world depart from the practice, and accept a horse. All the grooms of the Tuileries were dispatched in quest of an ass, and, one being found, the chamberlain, with his cross, rode, with a composure which nothing could disturb, through the immense multitudes who lined the quays, and could not help laughing at this odd spectacle, which they beheld for the first time.

Ceremonies equally or more odd were all this time going on in the Tuileries. As the coronation was to be conducted on a new plan, to resemble as much as possible that of Charlemagne, David, the painter, and Isabey, the miniature painter to the imperial court, were in full activity planning the costumes, and the arrangement of the chief figures and attendant groups who were to appear in the ceremony. It was something more than ludicrous—it was disgusting—to see this sanguinary and rancorous jacobin, David, who had figured in all the horrors of the reign of terror, who had vowed to drink hemlock with Robespierre, and who had so often sworn destruction to all tyrants and aristocrats, now busied, most blandly, and, to all appearance, most earnestly, in preparing the inauguration of the great military despot. David had arranged the ceremonies for many an atheistical and deistical pageant and procession; he had painted and praised Robespierre and Marat, and scenes of Roman republicanism, for the imitation of France, and now he was employed to design the plan of this coronation of an imperial master by the man whom he and his fellow-revolutionists had styled the prince of superstitions! But M. Isabey far outvied him in ingenuity on this occasion. Buonaparte proposed that the whole scene, with its actors, should be represented or modelled in plaster, and then M. Isabey conceived a happy idea. He purchased a number of dolls in the shops, and dressed them in coloured paper, and placed them in the proper attitudes, and then grouped them, so that he astonished the emperor and court by presenting every one who was to be engaged in the great pageant exactly in the place, posture, and appearance, that he or she was to occupy. The emperor was delighted, and the coronation was repeatedly rehearsed in private before it was enacted in public and in reality. As Josephine was to be crowned with him, a serious objection was raised by the pope, that her marriage had not been celebrated by a priest, but merely in republican fashion, by a magistrate. It was necessary to be remarried, to satisfy the pontifical scruples, and this was done in private by cardinal Fesch.

The 2nd of December was the day fixed for the august occasion, and, by a circular letter, the mayors and chief municipal officers of the different towns, and the magistrates and judges, and chief persons of note throughout France, were invited to attend and add to its importance by their presence. It was a trying occasion to the new dignitaries, most of whom had risen from very low stations, to play their parts under the critical eyes of many of the old noblesse, who gathered to the spectacle, with what feelings it may be supposed; and not they only, but numbers of the German princes and barons, as well as Dutch and Spanish, to pay their court to the *parvenu* monarch. The Parisians, however they might acquiesce in the new style of things, could not forbear indulging in their ridicule of the awkwardnesses of these grandees, who now shone in robes of state, but whom they had been more accustomed to see in the red night-caps and blouses of sans-culotteism. Not the least did they make merry over the grotesque appearance of the pope in his silk-embroidered shoes, cardinals in their red stockings, and the whole paraphernalia of these heads of the church. They were again amused at the sight of the pope's chamberlain preceding the papal carriage, riding on his ass, and holding aloft the huge cross. Marshal Serrurier carried the ring of the empress on a cushion; marshal Moncey, her mantle; marshal Murat, her crown; Pauline and Caroline, her sisters-in-law, bore her train. Marshal Kellermann carried the crown of Charlemagne; marshal Perignon, his sceptre; marshal Lefebvre, his great sword; marshal Bernadotte bore the collar of gold of the legion of honour; Eugène Beauharnais, Josephine's son, the imperial ring; and marshal Berthier, the symbolical ring and cross. Then came Buonaparte, arrayed in the imperial mantle, and carrying the sceptre and the hand of justice. At the grand entrance of Notre Dame, a cardinal presented the holy water, and the canons of the cathedral held the daïs, or baldaquin, over the head of Napoleon. The psalm, "*Veni Creator*," burst forth as the emperor and empress approached the altar and knelt. There was a great mummery of ceremonies performed by the courtiers, and the pope and cardinals celebrated high mass. Then the pope anointed Napoleon, and blessed the crown, the sceptre, the mantle, and the other regalia, and approached to take up the crown, and put it on the emperor's head. But there Napoleon prevented him. He had won the diadem himself, and he would receive it from no hand but his own—not even that of the so-styled vicar of Christ. He took up the crown and put it on his own head; he beckoned Josephine to approach and kneel, and he also placed her crown on her head himself. The poor pope, however annoyed he might be, submitted with a patient smile, and then, accompanying the emperor to an elevated throne, a fauteuil being placed beside it for the empress, and kissing Napoleon on the right cheek, he shouted—"*Vivat Imperator in æternum!*" which cry was echoed by thunders of "Long live the emperor and empress!" But these cries rose chiefly from the dignitaries themselves and the officials, and the spectators had to be stimulated to the act by the imperial functionaries. As the procession returned, the people gazing in cold silence, there were some audible murmurs of disgust in old jacobins, and even Bernadotte and Augereau looked gloomy and ill at ease.

And this was the end of so many years of overturnings, of murders of king, queen, and princes, of such wholesale guillotinings and drownings, to *purge* the country of royalty and aristocracy! And here they were more vigorous than ever: the persons only changed. One of the most characteristic facts of the day showed how intensely Buonaparte felt the wondrous elevation of his fortunes, and that he never forgot anything which wounded his vanity: he sent for M. Raguadeau, a public notary, who had formerly been Josephine's adviser, and whom he had once overheard expressing his astonishment at her intention of marrying him, observing that he had nothing but his cloak and his sword. His overhearing of this he had never mentioned even to Josephine, but now, whilst they were still clad in their imperial splendour, he had Raguadeau introduced, and said—"Well, Raguadeau, have I now nothing but my cloak and my sword?" Josephine heard the words with not less amazement than the confounded notary himself.

The day before the coronation, only, was presented to Napoleon the result of his election to the empire. The numbers who had voted in his favour were three millions five hundred thousand, and of those who had voted against him, three thousand five hundred. This the vice-president of the senate, Neufchateau, who presented it, declared to be the unbiassed expression of the people's choice, and that no monarch could plead a title more authentic. This was what Buonaparte himself always boasted. He said that, if he were not a legitimate sovereign, William III. of England was a usurper, for he was brought in chiefly by the aid of foreign bayonets; that George I. was placed on the British throne by a faction composed of a few nobles; but that he was chosen by the votes of nearly four millions of Frenchmen. In his last days, at St. Helena, he repeated these statements. But, to say nothing of the means by which even these numbers of votes were got up, what is the fact? The population of France was upwards of thirty millions, and yet, when called upon to vote in confirmation of the decree of the senate, for Napoleon as emperor, only three millions five hundred thousand had voted for him; the rest, therefore, whether voting against him, or prudently silent, must be held to be adverse. Had they desired him, they would have voted for him; had they dared, they would probably have voted against him—the very silence at his coronation said as much. There was, therefore, in fact, a majority of two-thirds of the nation against, instead of a majority for him; and, what is more, the act of the senate, and the votes of a small minority, which had, indeed, not been waited for, annulled the votes of vast majorities of former years for the abolition of monarchy, which were by far more sacred, because they *were* majorities pronounced by the soul and enthusiasm of the nation. The advocates of Napoleon, however, sensible of the weakness of his claim, had contended that his use of the power which he had assumed justified the assumption of it. It will be one of the chief functions of this history to demonstrate the real character of that use.

The first result of the establishment of this new system of equality was to create a numerous nobility: that hateful aristocracy which had thrown all France into such paroxysms of rage and murder. There was a rapid reproduction of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and, besides these, of orders of distinction. They were not the old nobles, however, who were restored, but a totally new race of men. Buonaparte told the French that he would give them something better than that equality for which they had made the revolution he would give to men of humble origin the places which the expelled Montmorencies, Tremouilles, and other ancient families had occupied. And this was a doctrine which was sure to find listeners. It made all the difference whether these honours and advantages were to be confined upon old lines, or to be open to the aspirations of the sons of hostlers, innkeepers, and the like. The most provoking thing, nevertheless, was, that the negroes in St. Domingo went on parodying all these changes, burlesquing all these new distinctions. Dessalines, who was now in the ascendant there, no sooner heard of Buonaparte assuming the rank of emperor, than he caused himself to be proclaimed emperor too; and, when the news of the new creations of nobility arrived, he commenced making similar batches of nobles amongst his black courtiers. The English newspapers took great delight in detailing these, to them amusing, but, to Napoleon, provoking imitations.

The year 1805 was opened by Buonaparte addressing a second letter to George III. This letter was dated January 2nd, and commenced:—"Sir and brother,"—(it was ostensibly a zealous advocacy for peace, and was well drawn up for the purpose)—"Called," he said, "to the throne of France by Providence, and by the suffrages of the senate, the people, and the army, my first sentiment is a wish for peace. France and England abuse their prosperity. They may contend for ages; but do their governments well fulfil the most sacred of their duties, and will not so much blood, shed uselessly and without a view to any end, condemn them in their own consciences? I consider it as no disgrace to make the first step. I have, I hope, sufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war. It, besides, presents nothing that I need to fear; peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been inconsistent with my glory. I conjure your majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor of leaving that sweet satisfaction to your children; for, certainly, there never was a more fortunate opportunity, nor a moment more favourable, to silence all the passions, and listen only to the sentiments of humanity and reason. This moment once lost, what end can be assigned to a war which all my efforts will not be able to terminate? Your majesty has gained more within ten years, both in territory and riches, than the whole extent of Europe. Your nation is at the highest point of prosperity; what can it hope for more? To form a coalition with some powers of the continent? The continent will remain tranquil: a coalition can only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France. To renew intestine troubles? The times are no longer the same. To destroy our finances? Finances, founded on a flourishing agriculture, can never be destroyed. To take from France her colonies? The colonies are, to France, only a secondary object; and does not your majesty already possess more than you know how to preserve? If your majesty would but reflect, you must perceive that the

war is without an object, without any presumable result to yourself. Alas! what a melancholy prospect to cause two nations to fight, merely for the sake of fighting. The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in it, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover means of reconciling everything, when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides. I have, however, fulfilled a sacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I trust your majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my wish to give you every proof of it.—NAPOLEON."

Nothing could be more just or more excellent than the sentiments and arguments of this letter; but, unfortunately, circumstances, on both sides, were such as really precluded any hope of making peace. England, with its notions that it must include all the continental nations in its treaties for peace, saw Italy under the foot of France; Holland and Belgium in the same condition; Bavaria, Baden, Würtemberg, and other smaller German states, allied with France against the other German states. With her notions, it was impossible for her to conclude a peace without stipulating for the return of these states to the *status quo;* and, was Buonaparte likely to accede to such terms? Certainly not. On the contrary, we shall see that, at this very moment, besides being in forcible possession of Hanover, George III.'s patrimony, he had been exercising the most unwarrantable violences towards our ambassadors in various German states, and was, at this very moment, contemplating making himself king of Italy, and was forcibly annexing Genoa, contrary to the treaty of Luneville, to the Cisalpine republic—that is, to the French state in Italy. Whilst he was thus perpetuating want of confidence in him, on the other hand, a league for resistance to his encroachments was already formed betwixt England, Russia, Sweden, and Austria. Peace, therefore, on the diplomating principles then existing, was impossible, and Napoleon must have known it well. True, we had no longer any right to complain of the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, seeing that the nation had ostensibly chosen a new government and a new royal family, any more than France had a right to attack us because we had expelled the Stuarts and adopted the line of Brunswick. But even to this stage of political philosophy we had not yet attained; though we had, by the peace of Amiens, once seemed to recognise the right of nations choosing their own government, as we had long before done it in our own case. Austria, indeed, was anxious that we should treat for peace, and, could we have been content to have left other nations to settle their own affairs, we might have made a peace, which, doubtless, would not have been very permanent. In fact, the very nature of Napoleon was incompatible with rest; for, as lord Byron says, truly, "Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell." Buonaparte had repeatedly avowed that he must be warlike. "My power," he said, "depends upon my glory; my glory on my victories. My power would fall, if I did not support it by fresh glory and new victories. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can maintain me. A newly-born government, like mine, must dazzle and astonish. When it ceases to do that, it falls." With such an avowal as that, in entire keeping with his character, there must be constant aggressions by him on the continent: the question was, were we to make ourselves the active opponents of such aggressions? England then thought so, and, accordingly, the English government replied to Buonaparte by a polite evasion. As England had not recognised Napoleon's new title, the king could not answer his letter himself. It was answered by lord Mulgrave, the secretary for foreign affairs, addressed to M. Talleyrand, as the foreign secretary of France, and simply stated that England could not make any proposals regarding peace till she had consulted her allies, and particularly the emperor of Russia. The letter of Buonaparte and this curt reply were published in the *Moniteur*, accompanied with remarks tending to convince the French that the most heartfelt desires of peace by the emperor were repelled by England, and that a storm was brewing in the north, which would necessitate the emperor's reappearance in the field. But, before opening this next great scene of his victories, in which he completely realised his assertion in his letter to the king of England, that a continental coalition could only increase the preponderance and continental greatness of France, we must notice his conduct to our continental ambassadors, to which we have only as yet simply alluded.

Buonaparte was not only well aware, at the time that he made his well-feigned overture for peace, that England had formed a close alliance with Russia and Sweden, to resist the designs of himself on Germany, but he was employing the most universal system of espionage and stratagem, to implicate our ambassadors, at various courts, in charges of encouraging assassination of himself—and, to a great extent he succeeded. The practice of employing their ambassadors at foreign courts to excite hostility towards nations that they were at feud with, and even to organise plans of damage to them, had become too ordinary a part of the system of European diplomacy. This was a gross and dishonourable perversion of the legitimate duties and privileges of ambassadors, who are ostensibly present in foreign countries to promote a good understanding there betwixt their respective governments. For this reason, ambassadors are clothed with peculiar immunities and safeguards; and, when they step out of their proper and acknowledged functions to promote strife and suspicion betwixt nations, they cease to be ambassadors, and become spies and incendiaries. England had not been more delicate and scrupulous in restraining her ambassadors from such incendiary practices than other nations. She had greatly resented the sending of military engineers to England, by Buonaparte, in the character of consuls, yet she had allowed her ambassadors in different countries, and especially in Germany, to intrigue, with real or professed agents of the royalists, against the present government of France. True, we were at war with France, but it was not the business of our ambassadors in Bavaria, Würtemberg, and other German states now in alliance with France, to promote these plots against France. It was their duty, then, to avoid such doings, because they must be offensive to the states to which they were accredited, and, as a matter of sound policy, because they must be exposed there to the insidious attacks of French agents, those states being in alliance with France. But our ambassadors at Munich and at Stuttgard were not only allowed to act thus dishonestly,

but they were entrapped by the arts of Buonaparte, and brought great discredit on England.

Buonaparte, to inveigle the British ambassadors, and, through them, to disgrace England, and justify his own continual violation of the laws of nations, employed a most consummate scoundrel, named Mehée de la Touche. This man had been originally a quack doctor of Neufchâtel, and had run the whole career of the revolution as a full-length jacobin. He had been sent to Russia and Poland on jacobinising expeditions—had been discovered, and driven out of these countries. He had then become active in all the terrible doings of the jacobins in Paris; had been secretary of the desperate commune of the 10th of August, and, as such, signed the documents authorising the massacres of September. Like many other fierce sans culottes, he had vowed to employ his dagger against any man who should presume to make himself king of France; but, like numbers of others, he had become the pliant tool of Buonaparte, and the submissive agent of the very worst practices of a monarchy—those of espionage and seduction. He had learned his art well, successively, under Tallien, Réal, and Fouché. He had been transported by Buonaparte, for interfering in the matter of his concordat, to Oleron, and had got back to England as a now confirmed royalist; but, under this character of a royalist, he had really entered into the pay of Réal, Buonaparte's agent of police. He was now dispatched to Germany, to enter into communications with the English ambassadors at Munich and Stuttgard, and to induce them, if possible, to encourage pretended plans of assassination of Buonaparte. These ambassadors—Mr. Drake, at Munich, and Mr. Spencer Smith, at Stuttgard—fell into the snare. They appear clearly to have never suspected that the *soi-disant* agents of the royalists—Mehée de la Touche, and a captain Rosey, who was at once watching La Touche and the English envoys—were the emissaries of Buonaparte himself. They grossly committed themselves in their interviews with these agents, in encouraging plans of annoyance to France, though they appear to have stopped short of any suggestions or approval of assassination of the emperor.

But Buonaparte thought he had sufficient evidence to render them suspected of even this hateful and un-English crime. He therefore caused his grand judge, M. Regnier, to draw up a report, charging Drake and Smith with violating the sacred character of ambassadors, by encouraging insurrection in France, and by hiring brigands and assassins against the emperor. This report was sent to every court on the continent; and not only the German, Dutch, Belgian, and Italian states under the power of France, but Prussia and the United States of America joined in one indignant expression of detestation of the conduct of Great Britain. It mattered not that Buonaparte himself had dragged the duke d'Enghein from Ettenheim, in the neutral state of Baden, and assassinated him, nor that he was more than suspected of the murders of Pichegru and Wright in prison, and that he had outraged the laws of nations and the rights of individuals in a thousand ways; he made his dispatches and the press of Paris resound with the breach of the laws on the part of England, as if he were the most innocent person existing. To corroborate the report of the grand judge, La Touche drew up a statement of his intercourse with the two accused British ministers, and openly gloried in having so completely deceived them. The incaution of these ambassadors, to say nothing of the morality of their conduct, was certainly most disgraceful, for the character of La Touche was notorious in France, and his pretences of being a royalist could at once have been tested by reference to the royalists themselves. Buonaparte headed, with his own hand, this statement of his spy, with the title of "Alliance of the Jacobins of France with the English Ministry," and circulated it with all activity, in France and other countries, in the form of a pamphlet. It was roundly asserted, too, in the *Moniteur*, that our ambassadors—Taylor, at Hesse-Cassel, Elliot, at Naples, Hookham Frere, at Madrid—and the rest of our continental ministers generally, were guilty of the same practices.

The same charge was made against Sir George Rumbold, our agent at Hamburg. Sir George was particularly hated by Buonaparte for his exposure of his endeavour to force the senate of Hamburg to insert Rheinhardt's offensive article against England in the state gazette. He therefore suddenly made a dash at Sir George, as he had done at the duke d'Enghein, although Hamburg was a free and independent city. At the dead of night, on the 25th of October, 1804, a detachment of two hundred and fifty French soldiers was sent across the Elbe, surrounded Sir George's house, in the village of Grindel, and demanded entrance, on the pretence of having brought dispatches. Sir George refused to admit such couriers, and his doors were immediately forced; he was seized, his house thoroughly ransacked for his papers, and then he was hurried across the Elbe, and carried to Hanover, and thence to Paris, where he was thrown into the Temple. This was the act of a lawless tyrant and freebooter; for, even could Buonaparte have proved what he charged against Sir George, he had, by the laws of nations, ample means of proceeding against him by application to the authorities of Hamburg. The outrage committed on the rights of that free city was monstrous. But no such charges could be substantiated by the examination of Sir George's papers, or by any other means; and Bourrienne, who was Napoleon's agent at Hamburg at the time, says, that not only could nothing of the kind be proved against Sir George, but that all charges against the British agents anywhere, of countenancing assassination, were equally unsupported. He says: "During nearly six years that I passed in Hamburg, as minister from France, I was in a situation to know everybody and everything. I can declare that neither in the exercise of my official functions, nor in my private intercourse, did I discover anything which gave me cause to believe that the English government had ever contrived any of the plots which dishonoured alike those who conceived and those who encouraged them."

The English ministers were expelled, in consequence of Buonaparte's representations, both from Munich and Stuttgard, and had much difficulty in escaping out of Germany, the gens-d'armes of the French police being on the alert to kidnap them. An English courier from Vienna to Hamburg was seized by them, his papers taken away, and himself left tied to a tree in the forest, where he was fortunately observed and released by an old woman before he expired from hunger. Sir George Rumbold had been

too cautious and honourable in his conduct. Nothing to criminate him being found in his papers, and his lawless arrest exciting great indignation in Europe, at the intercession of Prussia he was liberated, and allowed to return to England, but not to Hamburg. Another circumstance, equally disgraceful to Buonaparte, terminated in a similar manner.

LORD SIDMOUTH. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Lord Elgin, as we have stated, was amongst the English seized at the sudden breach of the peace of Amiens, as he was hastening home through France. He had been allowed to live at large on his parole till about the time of the arrest of Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal; he was then suddenly seized, and conveyed to the gloomy castle of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees. What took place there we have from his lordship's own account, given to Sir Walter Scott, and published in his "Life of Napoleon." The commandant of the castle, whom lord Elgin had known, received him with profound gravity, as a perfect stranger, and treated him with so much asperity and privation, that an ordinary person would have been betrayed into some imprudences of expression; but lord Elgin had been ambassador at Constantinople, and was, moreover, well acquainted with France, and the modes of political action there. He was calm and unmoved. The commandant then allowed him to walk in a court, where he found a person who soon accosted him, and pretended to be a royalist, and to sympathise with him. His lordship did not grant him an opportunity of continuing his conversation, much less did he give him any reply. He refused to re-enter the court; and though the man had the assurance to endeavour to attract his attention at his window, he took no notice of him. As it was evident that no advantage could be obtained over him, he was discharged, and allowed

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST: NAPOLEON CROWNING THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

to return to Pau, where he had been residing on parole. But even there he was not permitted to escape the attempts of the French government. The woman in whose house he lodged one day handed him a packet, which, she said, had been left by a woman from the country, who would call for an answer. But the practised diplomatist was on his guard. He bade the woman remain in the room whilst he opened the packet, and read the letters which it contained. There were several, and they were all from the pretended state prisoner at the castle of Lourdes. One was to himself, giving an account of the alleged cause of his confinement—an attempt to burn the French fleet—and detailing the whole plan, as a thing that an Englishman would like to know. The other letters were addressed to the count d'Artois and other leading royalists, which his lordship was requested to forward. As soon as he had finished their perusal he thrust them all into the fire, and, when they were wholly consumed, he told the woman she might go, and he added emphatically, that any letters sent to him through any medium except the post he would forward at once to the governor of the town. He next informed the prefect of the department of the avowed plot for burning the fleet, on condition that no steps should be taken regarding it, unless it came to the public knowledge through some other channel. Lord Elgin was afterwards informed by M. Fargues, a senator of the district, that the whole plot had been got up in Paris; and all the letters pretending to come from the state prisoner at Lourdes to himself, to the count d'Artois, and the rest, had been written in Paris and sent down to Pau, in the full expectation that they would be found in his possession, and so would be used as evidence against him; that as to any plot for burning the fleet, it was a mere invention; the only plot had been against himself. "Had lord Elgin," says Scott, "shown one iota less prudence and presence of mind, he must have been entangled in the snare so treacherously spread for him. Had he even engaged in ten minutes' conversation with the villanous spy at Lourdes, it would have been in the power of such a wretch to represent the import after his own pleasure; or had his lordship retained the packet of letters, even for half an hour, in his possession, which he might have most innocently done, he would, probably, have been seized with them upon his person; and it must, in that case, have been impossible for him to repel such accusations as Buonaparte would have no doubt founded on a circumstance so suspicious."

This relation gives us a dark and revolting idea of the infamous practices of Buonaparte, and is the best defence of Drake and Smith from the heavier charges brought against them. On the subject being mooted in parliament by the opposition, Pitt rose and made an indignant protest against the conduct and the accusations of the French government. He declared that the most gross and atrocious calumnies were fabricated by one civilised nation against another. He affirmed, in the name of himself and his colleagues, that they had never authorised any human being to conduct himself contrary to the honour of this country, or the dictates of humanity.

Pitt had returned to office under anything but promising circumstances. Time had taught little as to the folly of involving this country in eternal debt for the nations of the continent. He was as much bent as ever on being the universal champion of some hundreds of millions of men, who were too demoralised, or too much shackled by tyrannic governments, to defend themselves against only thirty millions. It was clear that our debts must be enormously augmented for the same purpose; and yet Pitt's health was failing: his energies were prematurely worn out by the gigantic task he had set himself; his end was fast approaching, and his majority was shrunk and attenuated to an alarming degree. The Fox and Grenville opposition held together firmly, and Addington had carried a strong party along with him on retiring. Pitt felt his situation keenly, and the king was sensibly alarmed at it. He attempted to conciliate Grenville, but, as Fox could not be accepted too, that failed. He then turned to Addington, and, as the king was favourably disposed to his old minister, he warmly recommended this coalition. It was effected, and Addington was made a peer—viscount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth. This was one of those rapid political promotions of George III.'s reign, in which politics were made to ennoble men of no particular mark or abilities; and certainly the son of Pitt's father's doctor had never shown those splendid talents, or done those splendid services which justified such an elevation. But, as Pitt would take the lead in the commons, it was, no doubt, felt more convenient that one who had lately been prime minister should not serve under the present prime minister, but should represent the cabinet in the upper house. There were some other changes at the same time. The duke of Portland, who was growing old and infirm, retired from the post of president of the council, which Sidmouth entered upon. Lord Harrowby, a warm friend of Pitt, retired, in consequence of continued illness, from the foreign department, and lord Mulgrave took it, the earl of Buckinghamshire succeeding to lord Mulgrave's post as chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster.

When parliament met on the 15th of January, 1805, the king, in his speech, dwelt strongly on the conduct of Spain in forcing us into a war with her. It attributed this behaviour of Spain, as well as all the complications of the continent, to the reckless invasion of all national rights by France, and its domineering influence over many of the continental governments. It referred to the letter from Buonaparte, and to the negotiations with Russia and other northern powers, but gave little light as to those negotiations. In fact, there were difficulties in the way. England wanted to see the northern powers taking the field in a strong force against France, and these powers wanted large subsidies from England wherewith to get their armies on foot. England, however, had learned sufficient to hesitate to advance the money till she saw the soldiers existing on something more than paper, and thus the proceedings halted.

Fox, in commenting on the royal speech, drew a very different picture of the origin of the outbreak with Spain, and condemned, in severe terms, the attack on the Spanish fleet without any proclamation or even notice of war. He also taunted Pitt with taking office without any stipulations made in favour of the catholics. He reminded him of the pledge given to them by him, and treated this throwing of their cause overboard in no light terms. Pitt felt deeply

the justice of the charge, and replied by denying his having abandoned his pledges to the catholics, but pleading that the present moment was not favourable to introducing that subject. The simple fact was, that in the late rebellion in Ireland the catholic clergy had shown great loyalty, and as Buonaparte was now holding the pope in open vassalage, and, at the same time, treating him as an inferior, and making use of him as a tool, at which the catholics were everywhere indignant, concessions at this crisis would have had a more beneficial effect in increasing the loyal ardour of that body, particularly in Ireland, where there was the most danger of a French attack. But the truth was that Pitt knew very well that to have stood on the ground of his promises to the catholics with the king, was to have kept himself out of office altogether. So far, however, from any concessions to Ireland, on the 8th of February Sir Evan Nepean, the principal secretary for Ireland, moved for the continuance of the suspension of the habeas corpus act in that island; and, though Fox, Windham, and others condemned the measure as unnecessary and cruel, and though Pitt acknowledged that disaffection was greatly diminished there, the measure was carried by a hundred and twelve against thirty-two.

The votes for the army and navy, carried during the month of January, were on the largest war scale. For the navy, including marines, a hundred and twenty thousand men were ordered. The number of men for the army in its different services was fixed at three hundred and twelve thousand, and twelve million three hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and ninety pounds were voted for their support. But the secretary-at-war declared that the number of men actually in arms in the United Kingdom were six hundred thousand! Such an army was perfectly absurd; and had our only object, as Pitt always stated, been our own safety, our navy amply secured that. Of this six hundred thousand men, nearly one-half, however, were volunteers; and, as two hundred and forty thousand of them were reported as in excellent discipline, the internal defence of the country might safely have been left to them. Philip Francis condemned the Mahratta war as unnecessary, and reprobated the system of annexation pursued by lord Mornington, the governor-general, and so vigorously carried out by his brother, general Wellesley. In the course of the month of February there were warm debates on the question of a rupture with Spain, and ministers made many representations of the certainty of such a rupture from the Spaniards being in negotiation with France for a French army; and that therefore it was quite necessary to seize the Spanish ships, which were bringing money to pay these troops. But the cases cited by Sir John Nicholl, the attorney-general, to sanction such seizures before any declaration of war, unfortunately were, with the exception of one—the seizure of the British vessels on their coasts in 1739—all our own violations of the ordinary laws of nations. If the English government were, as they stated, quite aware of such preparations for war against us, they should have made their own declaration of war before proceeding to hostilities. That that was contemplated, and on the broadest scale, the budget of Pitt demonstrated. He not only called for fifteen million pounds for the expenses of the navy, but for an additional grant for the army of eight millions five hundred thousand pounds—namely, four million pounds for the militia and fencible corps, and four million five hundred thousand pounds for the ordnance; besides a large sum for miscellaneous expenses. Thus, there were nearly six-and-thirty millions alone voted for war purposes! The whole supplies for the year were fifty-five million five hundred and ninety thousand pounds. Of course, there were new taxes to be levied, an increase of the income-tax, new duties on legacies, on houses, &c., and a double duty on salt. Fresh loans were inevitable, and this one year added twenty-two million five hundred thousand pounds to the burdens of our children and children's children, whose consent to such unwarrantable impositions, of course, was never asked. This was not simply robbing people in their sleep, it was robbing yet uncreated generations; cancelling, ages beforehand, that freedom with which God sends his creatures into the world.

But the ministry of Pitt contained many elements of weakness and discord. Addington and Melville were violently opposed to each other. Wilberforce found this to his cost when he returned to his annual vote for the abolition of the slave-trade. Addington and Melville, hostile to each other, were both hostile to him and to his project. Pitt warned him of this, and begged him to let his usual motion lie over this session; but Wilberforce had been so fortunate in carrying it the last session through the commons, that he was sanguine of succeeding now with both commons and lords. He introduced the bill, obtained a first reading on the 10th of February, and had the second reading fixed for the 28th; but then it was thrown out by seventy-seven against seventy. The Scotch members, who the preceding year were neutral, now, probably influenced by Melville, voted against him in a body; the Irish, probably incensed by Wilberforce having voted for the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland, had been his warm supporters, but now showed themselves as enemies, or kept away. It was a terrible blow to Wilberforce; but a worse blow was impending over one of his underminers—Melville.

A commission had been appointed to inquire into the department of naval affairs. The commissioners, at whose head was Mr. Whitbread, had extended their researches so far back as to include the time when lord Melville, as Mr. Dundas, had presided over that department. They there discovered some very startling transactions. Large sums of money had been drawn out of the Bank of England on the plea of paying accounts due from the naval department; that these sums had been paid into Coutts's bank in the name of the treasurer of the navy, Mr. Trotter, and that he had there, for long periods together, employed these sums for his own benefit. Other large sums had been drawn in the name of Dundas, and had been employed for his profit. There were still other sums which had disappeared, and no account was rendered for what purpose; but these were scored under the name of secret service money. As much as forty-eight thousand pounds had been paid over to Pitt at once, and no account given of its expenditure. Indeed, as Pitt had nothing to do with that department, the payment to him was altogether irregular. These discoveries created

a great sensation. George Rose, who had begun life without a sixpence, but who, after attracting the attention of Pitt, had rapidly thriven, and become extremely wealthy, had confessed to Wilberforce that some strange jobs had come under his notice as a member of that department. There was a loud outcry for the impeachment of Melville.

Melville appears to have been a jovial, hard-drinking Scotchman, of a somewhat infidel turn, according to Scotch philosophy of that period, and, as we have seen, who had for many years the affairs of India in his hands; for these, oddly enough, at that time, were part of the business of the first lord of the admiralty. In this department he does not seem to have been more or less high-principled than his predecessors. For a long time he supported all the proceedings of Warren Hastings, which were horrible enough; but he at length deserted him, and promoted his impeachment. Amongst Melville's faults, however, it does not appear that he was of an avaricious character, but rather of a loose *morale*, and ready to fall in with the licence practised by the officers of all departments of government, then and since, in the duties intrusted to them.

On the 6th of April Whitbread brought forward these charges against Melville in the house of commons, as detailed in the tenth report of the naval commissioners. In doing so, he paid a high compliment to the manner in which the naval affairs had been conducted since lord Vincent became head of that department; but he charged lord Melville with having applied the public money to other uses than those of the naval department, in contempt of the act of 1785—an act which Melville himself, then Dundas, had supported; that he had connived at a system of peculation in the treasurer of the navy, Mr. Trotter, an individual for whom he was responsible. The salary of this Mr. Trotter had been fixed, by the act of 1785, at four thousand pounds a-year, but he contended that Dundas had allowed Trotter to draw large sums from the bank of England out of the navy deposit, pay them into Coutts' bank, and use them for his own benefit; and that, moreover, he had himself participated in the profits of this system.

This charge called forth a vehement contest of parties. Tierney, who had been treasurer of the navy under Addington, declared that he had found no inconvenience in complying with the act of 1785, whilst holding that office. Fox, Grey, Ponsonby, Windham, Wilberforce, lord Henry Petty, afterwards lord Lansdowne, supported Whitbread's charges, and Pitt, Canning, and lord Castlereagh, defended Melville. In fact, Pitt was considerably implicated in the charges, and we have seen that Castlereagh had no very strict notions of the employment of the public money, having been the great agent for buying over the Irish parliament. On putting the resolutions moved by Whitbread, after a debate till quite late in the morning, they were only carried by the casting vote of the speaker, Abbot. Whitbread then moved that an address should be presented to his majesty, praying him to remove lord Melville for ever from his councils and presence, but it was proposed and concluded to adjourn this motion for two days, and the house rose at half-past five o'clock in the morning.

When the debate was resumed, on the 8th, the motion to present the address to his majesty was carried, though Pitt announced that lord Melville had resigned. The address was carried up accordingly. On resigning, Melville strongly recommended Sir Charles Middleton as his successor; and, accordingly, Sir Charles, who was popular with the navy, was appointed first lord of the admiralty, and, at the same time, created lord Barham.

After the Easter recess the house was called upon, by the opposition, to punish Mr. Peter Stuart, for an offensive article in the *Daily Advertiser*, *Oracle*, and *True Briton*. The article was a violent attack on the members of the house of commons who had caused the resignation of lord Melville. It described Melville as everything that was great and noble, and his opponents as driving him from the service of his country for their party rancour. In the debate which followed, the demand was raised for Peter Stuart's appearance, and in all the debates on the general question, some very hard blows were aimed at Fox by the friends of Melville. Mr. Ward, the author of "Tremaine" and some other novels, said he should entertain a higher idea of the virtue of the house if certain bawling patriots of the day would refund the millions which their fathers had robbed the exchequer of. If they did that, they would not be living as they were, in fine houses, but would be put on the parish. This was particularly pointed at Fox's father, lord Holland, who had retired from the ministry half a million in the public debt, which was not recovered for fourteen years, by which time, at compound interest, it would have made another half-million. This extremely incensed Fox, but Ward added that he only mentioned it to show that it might be as well to treat the case of lord Melville with some temper. When Stuart was called to the bar he boldly avowed himself the author of the article in question, and proceeded to pronounce a fine eulogium on lord Melville. Mr. Grey was indignant at his daring to call in question the judgment of the house, and demanded that he should withdraw. This was done, and then Spencer Perceval, the attorney-general, referred pointedly again to the conduct of a certain individual, meaning Fox's father, with whose defalcation the house did not interfere. In the end, Peter Stuart was reprimanded and dismissed.

On the 3rd of May Mr. Leycester delivered a message from the commons to the peers, requesting that lord Melville might attend the commons for examination on the tenth report of the naval commissioners. The house took time to consider the message, and came to the conclusion that such an attendance was contrary to the solemn resolution of the house of lords of 1673, and also to the dignity of the house.

On the 6th of May Whitbread was about to move a resolution that his majesty should be requested to erase the name of lord Melville from the list of the privy council, but Pitt rose and said that the motion was unnecessary, as his majesty had already done it. On the 16th, Pitt, in compliance with a resolution of the house, named the commissioners for inquiry into the state of the war-office, and the administration of the army. Mr. Giles moved that they should have retrospective authority, like the naval commission. On this George Rose, who had taken care to warmly feather his nest by such abuses, said that might be inconvenient, as they might stumble on lord Holland's grand

defalcation. Fox rose as if stung by a serpent, and declared for himself that he never had received a shilling of the profits thus made, neither, he felt sure, had his brother, general Fox; and that, when he found so large an arrear due to government, he had refused to act as executor under his father's will. But it was well known that the other executors had not been so nice, and that the present lord Holland had the benefit of it.

On the 23rd of May Mr. Serjeant Best moved for a select committee of inquiry into the *eleventh* report of the naval commissioners, by which, he said, it appeared that large sums had been raised, by both Melville and Pitt, on their own authority, without any application to parliament, and that by loans for the navy, as alleged for secret services—transactions totally contrary to the constitution of the country. The chancellor of the exchequer, that is, Pitt himself, stepped in to bar this dangerous inquiry. He said bills issued for secret service could only be inquired into by a secret committee, and he especially exempted from inquiry one hundred thousand pounds which had been so raised at a critical moment. But Pitt's obstruction to the inquiry could not shut out from the public the now acknowledged fact, that money to almost any amount could be, and very extensively was, thus raised and spent by ministers without the public having any knowledge of how or why, under this convenient phrase of secret service. With such a defence against inquiry, the most dreadful temptation to embezzlement of the public property was kept open.

Melville was now permitted by the house of peers to go down to the house of commons, notwithstanding their conclusion on the subject, to make his defence, and he made a very long speech, contending that he had not embezzled a farthing of the public money, and exalting his services to the country, especially in his India administration. But, on this head of secret service money, he was as close as the grave. He declared that, "if he had disclosed any of these transactions, he should have felt himself guilty, not only of a breach of public duty, but of a most unwarrantable breach of private honour." There were twenty thousand pounds which he never did, and never could, account for, on this ground; and there were forty thousand pounds drawn at once by Pitt from the navy fund. He said he knew very well for what purposes these sums had been paid, but that nothing would compel him to disclose it. When it was asked him whether Mr. Trotter had not kept large sums belonging to the navy fund in Coutts's bank, and speculated with them to his own great enrichment, he admitted that Trotter had had such sums, for considerable times, in Coutts's bank, but that they were always forthcoming when wanted, and that no single payment had been delayed on that account; and that, out of one hundred and thirty-four millions, which had passed through his hands, nothing had been lost. He praised Trotter in the highest manner, but was silent as to the private use that he had so long, and to such advantage to himself, made of the public money. He admitted that he had himself held considerable sums of this money, at different times, in his own hands, but had repaid the whole before quitting office, and that this was all that the act of 1785 required. He seemed to admit that he had paid money out of the navy fund for other than naval purposes and for these secret service purposes. Some of these were in Scotland, of which, also, he had the administration to a certain degree. And here the public called to mind that Watt, the spy and informer against the Scotch reformers, had acknowledged to have been employed and paid by Dundas, so that it was clear whither some of the navy funds had gone. Melville entered into long explanations regarding a written release which had passed reciprocally betwixt him and Trotter on winding up their affairs, in which they agreed to destroy all their vouchers for the sums paid away. This looked very black, but Melville contended that it was only a matter of course—a thing constantly done by officials under the circumstances, which, if true, made the matter all the worse for the country. But Melville contended that this clause in the release was merely a form; that it did not mean that they should literally destroy the vouchers, but only that they should be rendered invalid, as evidence, in any prosecution, which very little mended the matter. Melville declared that he had not, in consequence of the clause, destroyed a single paper.

On the withdrawal of Melville, Whitbread moved for his impeachment, and Mr. Bond for his prosecution in the ordinary courts of law, and this amendment was carried. But Melville preferred impeachment to a trial at common law; for he had more hope in the sympathies of his own order, many of whom were more or less in the habit of holding office, and enjoying similar play with the public money, to the plain convictions of a jury, whose sympathies lay the other way. And we shall find that he was wise in his generation. Mr. Bond was induced to withhold any further procedure, in consequence of his motion, and Mr. Leycester, one of Melville's friends, made a fresh motion for impeachment, which was carried; and, on the 26th of June, Whitbread, accompanied by a great number of members, impeached him at the bar of the house of lords. A bill was also passed through both houses, regulating the course of his impeachment. The impeachment itself, owing to very important events, including the death of Pitt, was not proceeded with till April of the following year.

But at the termination of the debates on lord Melville's affair, the Roman catholics of Ireland had petitioned again for the removal of their disabilities, and, on the 12th of May, motions were made by Fox, in the commons, and lord Grenville, in the peers, for this object, but both were rejected by large majorities, on the plea that the moment was inauspicious. On the 10th of July lord Sidmouth and the earl of Buckingham resigned. It was supposed that differences of opinion regarding lord Melville's case was the cause; but, in fact, it was found that Addington could no longer serve under Pitt, having himself been at the head of the state. Lord Camden succeeded Sidmouth, and lord Harrowby, lord Buckingham. Castlereagh obtained Camden's post of secretary of foreign affairs. This secession weakened Pitt's ministry considerably.

On the 12th of July parliament was prorogued, but a message was sent down to the house to enable his majesty to carry out some arrangements in the north of Europe, which were necessary for the security and independence of Europe; and a sum, in addition to the large supplies already granted, was voted, which was not to exceed three millions

and a half. This meant that so much money was wanted to subsidise Russia, Sweden, and Austria, with the two former of which powers a league was already entered into for the resistance of French aggression. It was not yet deemed prudent, however, to state this fact to parliament. Great exertions had been made to draw Prussia into this confederation, notwithstanding the shameful perfidy of her former conduct, and the shameful use which she had made of our money. But the king of Prussia was, at the same time, listening to the offers of Buonaparte, who was encouraging him to expect the annexation of Hanover, his English cousin's patrimony, and also further territory at the cost of

what was now the fact? They were all overrun by Napoleon's troops. This news made the king of Prussia retire into himself more cautiously. In October of the last autumn Alexander of Russia had made a visit to Berlin, and both the king and his beautiful and patriotic queen had manifested their personal feelings regarding France freely. It is said that Alexander and Frederick William had sworn at the tomb of Frederick, called the Great, to liberate Europe. But of this no more was now said. The Russian envoy was recalled, and Austria hastened to join the league with Russia, England, and Sweden, without Prussia.

But the annexation of Genoa was but a small part of the

DEPARTURE OF A CONSCRIPT.

Prussia's late ally and fellow-robber of Poland, Austria. Under these circumstances, Prussia kept a dubious position, but continued to strengthen her armies for an emergency, holding herself ready to close with the best offer. Austria herself was afraid of another war with Buonaparte, and strongly urged that negotiations should be opened with him before proceeding to extremities. For this purpose a Russian envoy set off for France; but, stopping at Berlin to endeavour to draw the king of Prussia into some intelligible position, he was there met by the news that Buonaparte had annexed Genoa to France. This was so gross a violation of the treaty of Luneville, that Novosiltzoff, the Russian ambassador, was brought to a pause. Not only the Italian, but the Helvetian and Batavian republics had had their independence guaranteed by the treaty of Luneville; but

aggressions of Buonaparte on Italy. On the very same journey he made himself king of Italy. He had been contemplating this simultaneously with his assumption of the imperial crown of France. He had taken care to invite the chief authorities of the Cisalpine republic to his coronation in Paris. Melzi, the vice-president, Mareschalchi, the ambassador, and a number of councillors of state, as well as deputies from the colleges, municipalities, &c., attended. He then made them pretty clearly understand that he meant to make himself king of Italy, and what he expected from them. Accordingly, on the 17th of March, 1805, Melzi appeared at the head of a splendid deputation, to inform the emperor that they were become convinced that a republic could not be maintained in Italy; it would always be exposed to the cupidity of Austria, and the factions she

NAPOLEON THE FIRST ENTERING THE CITY OF MILAN.

would excite; that the form of government established at Lyons must be changed; it must become monarchical, and they desired to put themselves under the powerful protection of his imperial majesty. They begged him to assume the Italian crown. They produced the act of the *consulta*, which prescribed that he should be king, with the title of Napoleon I. of Italy; but the two kingdoms of France and Italy were only to be united under him. Under his successor, the crown of Italy was to be placed on the head of such person as Buonaparte should name, only that it should not be the same who wore the crown of France. Buonaparte affected to feel the justice of their scruples. He said he was quite of their opinion, that the union of the two countries was necessary for them, but not for their descendants; that he had, even while fighting in the east, been engaged in plans to liberate Italy from her embarrassments and oppressions; whilst covered with the blood and dust of Marengo, he was pondering on her reorganisation and happiness. He meant to sacrifice his own ease and convenience to the good of Italy, till he could safely place the Italian crown on the head of a younger person, who would be ever ready to sacrifice his life for the people over whom he should be called to rule by the constitution of the country, and by his, the emperor's, appointment. This looked very like Buonaparte even then contemplating the divorce of Josephine, and a fresh marriage, from which issue might be expected. He added to these observations, so characteristic, another equally so, that "the power and majesty of the French empire were surpassed by the *moderation* which presided over her political transactions!"

This hollow farce being terminated, and arrangements made for his journey into Italy to be crowned, Buonaparte went over to the senate, and, in a set speech, expatiated on the aggrandisements of surrounding states; the usurpation of Poland by Austria, Russia, and Prussia; the conquests of Russia in Turkey; and of England in India. As for France, he observed, in her magnanimous moderation, she had extended her protection over Holland, Switzerland, and a great part of Germany, but had left them independent states, although she had conquered them. It was necessary that France should add some weight of additional territory to herself, to counterbalance the expansions of the other powers. Thus the Italians had offered to him the crown of Italy, and he had loaded himself with the responsibility for the good of both countries. The senators applauded his acceptance of this royal duty vociferously; and, on the 14th of April, attended by his empress, Napoleon set out on his journey to his new kingdom. He was followed by a most numerous and gorgeous retinue, and, on Sunday, the 26th of May, he was crowned in the cathedral of Milan. Though the pope had returned to Italy, and was in Turin when Buonaparte arrived there, he did not go forward to crown him. Some persons imagined that Napoleon felt a scruple in asking the pope to crown him king of Italy, as it seemed to imply a superiority over the papal dominions themselves; but Buonaparte was not a man to be troubled with such scruples; and it is rather more probable that the pope, little satisfied with his journey to France, excused himself from the labour on the score of indisposition. Be that as it may, the archbishop of Milan performed the ceremony, blessing the old iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, and Buonaparte putting it himself on his head, as he had done that of France. Whilst he did so, he pronounced aloud the haughty motto which was attached to it by its ancient possessors, "*Dieu me l'a donné: gare qui la touche*" ("God has given it me: let him beware who touches it.") After the ceremony, the emperor went in procession to the Italian senate, where he invested prince Eugène Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, with the vice-royalty of Italy. He then instituted an order of the iron crown, on the same basis as the legion of honour; and he modelled the kingdom of Italy on the plan of the French empire.

On the 7th of June he opened the Italian parliament in person, and assured the members and crowds of listeners that the troubles of Italy were at an end. As a first proof of the termination of all her sorrows and changes, he ordered a conscription, which raised the army of Italy to nearly fifty thousand men. He knew that the northern Italians would, under his management, become some of the finest soldiers in his service, and he soon had occasion to try them against the Austrians. He received the doge of Genoa with a deputation of senators and others, who implored him formally to unite that republic to France—a matter already agreed on; and, on the 9th of June, an imperial edict was issued, pronouncing that union made—for ever. Nor did Napoleon stop here. He wanted a little, snug principality for his sister Eliza and her husband, the Corsican Baciocchi, and he turned the republic of Lucca into such an one, and conferred it upon them.

But these assumptions of new territories and new honours had, as we have seen, alarmed the northern powers and Austria. They saw that they could have no peace with such a man, except it were a peace of continual encroachment, humiliation, and slavery. There was the utmost necessity for union, caution, and the exertion of every ability. England, who had really no occasion to do anything but to sit and see the continent work out its own rescue—for she was everywhere mistress of the seas—was again ready to assist with her money. But the folly and incapacity of those nations appeared to rise in intensity in proportion to the actual need of wisdom, and to the genius of their enemy. England could give them money, but she could not give them talent and sagacity. Before Russia could march down to unite with Austria, Austria, which had so long hung back, and thus delayed the operations of Alexander, now showed as fatal a temerity, and commenced the campaign alone. She rushed into Bavaria, whose elector, Maximilian Joseph, had entered into league with Buonaparte, in common with Würtemberg and other German states. The emperor Francis had dispatched Schwartzenberg to Munich, to endeavour to prevail on him to unite with Austria against the common enemy of Germany. Maximilian Joseph pleaded that he was quite resolved on doing that, but that his son was travelling in France, and he prayed time to recall him, or Buonaparte would wreak his vengeance upon him. This should have induced Francis of Austria to delay, at least a sufficient time for this purpose, especially as it gave another chance for the decision of Prussia in their favour, when it saw the Russians already in march. Whether the elector of Bavaria would eventually have kept his pro-

mise is doubtful, for Napoleon was, on the other hand, pressing him close, through his ambassador, M. Otto, to proclaim openly the secret alliance concluded with France. On the very same day, the 8th of September, and not many hours after writing to the emperor Francis, as he said, on his knees, imploring this delay on account of his son, he wrote to Napoleon's ambassador, Otto, saying that he was distracted by his embarrassing situation. He had been compelled to plead the absence of his son in France for not joining Austria at once, and yet no French army was at hand to protect him. That very day the Austrians intended to march over his frontiers, and he had no troops collected to resist them. What was he to do? The French ambassador replied:—"Quit Munich; assemble your army at Würtzburg, and retire to the frontiers of Franconia, and await the certain approach of the army of Napoleon." Maximilian decided to do this; yet, even so late as the 21st of September, he replied to a reproachful letter of the emperor of Austria, condemning his un-German conduct, that he was most anxious to join Austria for the defence of the common father-land, but that the circumstances before stated compelled him to maintain a strict neutrality, to prevent the bloodshed of his subjects. The French had never done him any injury, but he would never join them, and he had withdrawn his army only to prevent a collision with the Austrian troops. He did not plead the case of his son any longer, for the emperor of Austria had told him plainly, that he could have had his son out of France long ago, if he so minded, by sending a special courier.

The troops of Austria were already in Bavaria on the 21st. They amounted to eighty thousand men, under the nominal command of the archduke Ferdinand—a prince of high courage and great hopes—but under the real one of general Mack, whose utter incapacity had not been sufficiently manifested to Austria by his miserable failures in the Neapolitan campaign, and who was still regarded as a great military genius in Germany. His army had been posted behind the town, in the country betwixt the Tyrol and the Danube, into which the town falls at Passau. This was a strong frontier, and, had the Austrians waited there till the arrival of the Russians, they might have made a powerful stand. But Mack had already advanced them to the Lech, where again he had a strong position covering Munich. Meantime, the archduke Charles, Austria's best general, was posted in the north of Italy, with another eighty thousand men, and the archduke Charles in the Tyrol with an inferior force. Such were the positions of the Austrian armies when Mack was invading Bavaria, and Buonaparte was preparing to crush him.

Buonaparte had watched all the motions of the northern powers and of Austria from the first, and was fully prepared to encounter and overthrow them. Even before his return from Italy his plans were laid. No sooner, indeed, was he in France again than he proceeded to his great camp at Boulogne, and dated several decrees thence, thus drawing attention to the fact. All France was once more persuaded that he was now going to lead his invincible army of England across the straits, and add perfidious Albion to his conquests. He had increased that army greatly; it had been diligently disciplined, and contained soldiers who had carried him to victory in Italy and in Egypt. Such an army of a hundred and fifty thousand picked men was deemed capable of achieving anything with the emperor at their head. But never had Napoleon less intention of making the desperate attempt to cross the channel. There rode the British fleet, which was about to annihilate his navy at Trafalgar. There watched that Nelson, who was as omnipotent at sea as he himself was on land; he knew that transit to Britain was impossible. In fact, all the time that people thought him bound for England he was preparing for a march in an opposite direction. The maps of England had all been thrown aside, and those of Germany substituted. He was busy collecting material for artillery; he was sending everywhere to buy up draught-horses to drag his baggage, and ammunition, and guns; and, suddenly, when people were looking for the ordering out of his flotilla, they were surprised by hearing that he was in full march for the Rhine. On the 23rd of September he sent a report to the senate in these words:—"The wishes of the eternal enemies of the continent are accomplished; hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany; Austria and Russia have united with England; and our generation is again involved in all the calamities of war. But a very few days ago I cherished a hope that peace would not be disturbed. Threats and outrage only showed that they could make no impression upon me; but the Austrians have passed the Inn; Munich is invaded; the elector of Bavaria is driven from his capital; all my hopes have therefore vanished. I tremble at the idea of the blood that must be spilled in Europe; but the French name will emerge with renovated and increased lustre."

This was accompanied by two decrees: one for ordering eighty thousand conscripts, and the other for the organisation of a national guard. The next day he was on the way to Strasburg. He said to Savary, "If the enemy comes to meet me"—for Mack, like a madman, was rushing towards the Rhine, far away from his allies—"I will destroy him before he has re-passed the Danube; if he waits for me, I will take him betwixt Augsburg and Ulm." The result showed how exactly he had calculated.

Besides the order of the conscription, Buonaparte raised money by seizing fifty millions of francs, the deposits of the national bank—a deed of direct violation of his own decrees, which had declared such deposits sacred. It was an act which excited deep murmurs, and which could have been perpetrated by no man who was not confident of brilliant military successes, which he knew would heal all sores in France. If he had failed in his campaign, this outrage on public credit would have been a millstone about his neck, sinking him deep into destruction. Fouché saw this, and said to him, before he set off—"We must have splendid victories and glory to dazzle the Parisians, or all will be lost, and everything undone that we have been doing." "You will be responsible," replied Napoleon, "for the tranquillity and loyalty of France during my absence." "Willingly," rejoined Fouché; "but you must gain great victories, and send us *good bulletins* to put into the *Moniteur*."

This hint was the origin of that system of official bulletins which, from this moment, Buonaparte issued from his headquarters in all his campaigns; thus publishing to all France

whatever he had done, or was desirous that they should believe he had done. By this system he fed the French vanity with its favourite pabulum at pleasure, keeping the truth back by his strong hand on the press. Many of these bulletins he wrote himself, in that smart, dashing style which struck like the sudden movements of his armies, and filled France with the wonder of credence, while, at the same moment, they astonished the rest of the world with wonder at his unblushing falsehoods. The bulletin system was one of the most successful parts of his policy, fanning the flame of French agitation, elating the French people with the most unbounded confidence in him—a confidence which he took every means of justifying by the daring plans of his campaigns, and by the untiring exertions to obtain information on which to base his operations. Fouché not only impressed upon him the fact that he must have great victories, but furnished him with the machinery for insuring them. He put into his hands a band of the most accomplished spies and scouts which the world could supply. None but a Fouché, who, from long practice as head of the police of France, knew all the clever rogues in it, both French and foreign, could furnish such a troop. He had Germans in abundance for this German campaign, rascals of the first water, who knew the country well, and could penetrate everywhere. These, diffused through the Austrians, knew and reported all their movements, ascertained and betrayed their most secret intentions. Fouché corresponded with the diplomatists, and he had agents who cultivated the acquaintance of the trading Jews in Germany, who would sell their souls for money, and who had clients and connections in all quarters, even the highest. In the staff of every general, in the court of Vienna itself, he had his paid traitors, and the most vital secrets were betrayed to him. This part of the war system had been introduced with wonderful success in Italy, but Fouché had now perfected it; and the introduction of the bulletin practice crowned the whole with a sort of satanic perfection.

The projection of the campaign by Buonaparte was masterly in the extreme. The army, thrown forward for immediate action, he took care to have well supported by bodies of other troops so dispersed in Belgium, Holland, and France, that, at need, they could move forward and efface any temporary reverse, supply any loss by the casualties of battle, or bear down, by ever-advancing columns, an obstinate opposition. He harangued the troops at Strasburg, assuring them that they were but the advanced guard of the whole French people; if it were necessary, they would all rise at his command, and annihilate the confederation evoked by the hatred and the gold of England.

Mack, who was advancing rashly out of reach of any supporting bodies of troops, expected to encounter the French in front. He therefore took possession of Ulm and Memmingen, and threw his advanced posts out along the line of the Iller and the Upper Danube, looking for the French advancing by the way of the Black Forest. But Buonaparte's plan was very different. He divided his army into six grand divisions. That commanded by Bernadotte issued from Hanover, and, crossing Hesse, appeared to be aiming at a junction with the main army, which had already reached the Rhine. But, at once he diverged to the left ascended the Maine, and joined the elector of Bavaria at Würtzburg. Could Mack have penetrated Buonaparte's plans, he might have attacked his divisions in detail before they had recombined. Had Prussia been disposed to join the allies, there was an opportunity of striking a decisive blow in their favour by falling on Bernadotte's division with an overwhelming force; for Prussia had two hundred thousand men at command. And there was the greater plea, because Bernadotte could not reach the elector's headquarters without crossing Anspach, thus violating Prussian territory. Prussia professed greatly to resent this freedom; but Buonaparte knew too well the hesitation of the king to commit himself, and the French tendencies of his minister Haugwitz, to fear anything from their resentment.

The elector of Würtemberg and the duke of Baden, through whose territories the French advanced, were in alliance with them. The five columns of the French army, under Ney, Soult, Davoust, Lannes, and Marmont, crossed the Rhine at different points, and entered Germany to the northward of Mack's position; Murat passing over at Kehl, and directing his course so as to confirm Mack in the persuasion that the French would approach him through the Black Forest. But it was the intention of Napoleon to get round the right wing of the Austrians, by keeping on the north bank of the Danube, and then crossing, so as to place himself betwixt Mack and Vienna. Soult therefore crossed at Speir, and directed his march on Augsburg, whilst Davoust, Vandamme, and Marmont, by different routes, approached Soult at Augsburg. Vandamme encountered an Austrian regiment on the bridge, at Donawerth, which defended it for a long time gallantly against his whole force. At Wertingen, betwixt Augsburg and Ulm, Murat and Lannes fell in with twelve battalions of Hungarian grenadiers and four squadrons of Austrian cuirassiers. The French consisted of eighty squadrons of horse. The conflict was long and terrible. The brave Hungarians formed themselves into squares, and repelled the French cavalry at the point of the bayonet. No impression could be made upon them till general Oudinot arrived with artillery and a body of grenadiers, when the Hungarians were already wearied with the battle. They were then beaten back by grape-shot and impetuous charges with the bayonet; but they retired in good order, with their faces to the foe, leaving a great number of the French killed and wounded. Had Mack had a hundredth part of the strategic talent attributed to him, he would have concentrated his forces in one powerful body, and cut through the cordon which Buonaparte was drawing around him, and, under good generalship, such soldiers as the Hungarians would have done wonders; but he suffered his different detachments to be attacked and beaten in detail, never being ready with fresh forces to support those which were engaged, whilst the French were always prepared for this object. Accordingly, Soult managed to surround and take one entire Austrian division at Memmingen, under general Spangenberg, and Dupont and Ney defeated the archduke Ferdinand at Guntzburg, who had advanced from Ulm to defend the bridges there. Ferdinand lost many guns and nearly three thousand men. This induced Mack to concentrate his forces in Ulm, where, however, he had taken no measures for sup-

plying his troops with provisions during a siege. Had he done this, he might have held out long enough, in a place so strong, as to await the arrival of the Russians, who were now advancing on Moravia; or he might still have retired on Moravia himself, joined by the archduke John, who was descending from the Tyrol by forced marches; but Mack appeared perfectly paralysed, and seemed to see the French approach without power to resist or retreat. The archduke Ferdinand, general Schwartzenberg, Collowrath, and others, unable to infuse any spirit into him, cut their way, at the head of the cavalry, through the French lines, and gained Bohemia.

Meantime, Buonaparte, who had crossed the Rhine only on the 26th of September, had, by the 13th of October, taken no fewer than twenty thousand prisoners. These were sent off to France, and distributed amongst the farmers in the country, so that they might pay for their maintenance by their labour. This was contrary to all the usages of war; but then, Buonaparte was always violating these usages; and, with the Germans, it succeeded very well, for they were accustomed to field labour, and much preferred it to being cooped up in barracks with nothing to do. Whilst these poor fellows were marching towards France, Buonaparte was deluding Mack, and seducing his officers, by constantly sending his German spies into Ulm, to buy up the Austrian spies, to give false information as to facts, and to corrupt the officers. One Schulmeister, a German, an especial tool of Fouché's, was a great agent in these proceedings. Fouché tells us that the emperor of Austria's spies were most easily purchased, and that nearly all the staff officers were gained over; that he had furnished Savary with his secret notes upon Germany; and that he used these at the grand head-quarters to some purpose. Buonaparte had now shut up Mack in Ulm as completely as old Wurmser had been shut up in Mantua; still he expected that Mack would, at the last, make a desperate resistance. After the surrender of Spangenberg, at Memmingen, Buonaparte received a visit from prince Maurice Lichtenstein, under a flag of truce from Mack, proposing to surrender Ulm, on condition of being permitted to retire unmolested into Austria. Buonaparte laughed, saying the whole army would be in his power within a week. Prince Maurice, as if to terrify Buonaparte into compliance, said, if he did not consent to those terms, Mack would not leave the place. Buonaparte replied:—"No; I shall not let him!" He then gave orders for investing the town, and issued a proclamation, declaring that the soldiers should plunder Ulm, as some slight recompense for the loss of the sack of London:—"Soldiers! But for the army now in front of you, we should this day have been in London: we should have avenged ourselves for six centuries of insults, and have restored the freedom of the seas! Bear in mind that, to-morrow, you are fighting against the allies of England!"

On the 16th of October Mack published an order of the day, announcing that two great armies—one Russian, the other Austrian—were approaching to raise the blockade, and that he would kill his horses and live on horse-flesh, rather than surrender. On the very next day he did surrender—at least, signed the conditions for that act. Buonaparte had sent Ségur into the city with a flag of truce, and that general saw that Mack had really made no preparations for fighting at all. Napoleon saw that the city was his. On Ségur's report, Napoleon sent him back, accompanied by general Berthier, both of whom were suffered to go through the city with their eyes unbandaged, and without any of the precautions which a general of so great a reputation, as a tactician, as Mack, would be supposed to take. Berthier saw at a glance that Ségur's report—the wholly neglected state of defence—was correct. They granted Mack eight days' delay, but stipulated that they should date from the time that the French had taken up position before the city, which was two days before. This was, in fact, only six days, and, should the Austrians or Russians appear in the meantime, he was to be allowed to march out with arms and baggage, and join them. These were mere words, for the French were sure to prevent all approach of such armies. This was settled on the 17th of October; but, on the 19th, two days after, Mack rode out of the city, and paid a visit to Napoleon in his quarters—the old abbey of Elchingen. What occurred there has never been known, but Mack must have come away as he went—a coward or a traitor—for he had agreed to give up Ulm the very next day. On coming away, he was overheard by Ségur throwing all the blame, like a poor, mean scoundrel as he was, on the archduke Ferdinand, who, he said, had really commanded in and ordered the arrangements of the campaign.

Accordingly, the next day, the 20th of October, the Austrians marched out of Ulm, and piled their arms, the cavalry, at the same time, dismounting and giving up their horses. Mack had the pusillanimity to seek pity from the French officers, saying to them, "I am the unhappy Mack!" and Buonaparte, who must have had a most thorough contempt for him, said, "Yes; the emperor of Austria has betrayed his army, has compelled me to fight for I do not know what; for I really do not desire any further conquests on the continent; 'ships, colonies, and commerce' are all I wish for." It was the very next day, the 21st of October, that all his hopes of ships, colonies, and commerce were scattered to the winds by the battle of Trafalgar.

The surrender of Ulm was far superior to a great victory by battle: the French thus annihilated the Austrian army without losing a man. Betwixt twenty thousand and thirty thousand Austrians surrendered, including eight general officers. All the officers were liberated on parole, but the men were marched after the other prisoners over the Rhine, to till the fields of France. Thus, above forty thousand Austrians, or one half of Mack's army, within a single month, had been captured and sent to France. Besides this, there was an immense quantity of arms, artillery, baggage, and military stores given up, and a place of strength, which, in the hands of the French, would have enabled them, had it been necessary, to hold out long against overwhelming armies. But no such armies appeared, and Buonaparte talked in lofty strain to the Austrian [illegible] of his still great desire of peace with their emperor, and [illegible] he would be ruined if he continued to foll[illegible] of England, and to oppose him. Mack had the folly to [illegible] that the emperor had been forced into the war by [illegible]; on which Buonaparte sharply replied, "So, then, you [illegible] no longer an independent power; you are [illegible] Austria." The empty reputation of Mack, one of the great

delusions of Germany, was at an end for ever. On returning to Austria, he was thrown into prison at Brunn, in Moravia, and thence transferred to Josephstadt, in Bohemia. He was tried by court-martial, and condemned to death; but his sentence was commuted into two years' imprisonment, and what afterwards became of him appears to have excited no one's curiosity. The absurd bubble of his military reputation must have burst long before in any martial country except Austria.

On the day after the surrender of Ulm, Buonaparte announced by proclamation to the army that he was going to annihilate the Russians, as he had done the Austrians; that Austria, in fact, had no generals with whom it was any glory to compete; and that Russia was only brought by the gold of England from the ends of the earth, for them to chastise them. They were, he said, about to commence a second campaign, in which he should spare the blood of his soldiers as much as possible, for his soldiers were his children. Napoleon replaced Maximilian Joseph in his capital of Munich, where he visited him, and thence issued a number of bulletins, proclaiming his attachment to his treaties, having, he observed, only commenced this war in compliance with his engagements to his ally; and that he was proceeding to destroy the enemies who still threatened his safety. At the end of October, accordingly, he commenced his march on Vienna.

In making this advance, he had Ney on his right, to defend him against any descent of Austrian forces from the Tyrol; Murat was on the left, guarding against the approach of the archduke Ferdinand from Bohemia. Augereau, who had brought up an army of reserve from France, occupied with it part of Suabia, to prevent any attack from the side of the Vorarlberg, or from Prussia, should that uncertain power determine suddenly for the allies. Had Prussia at this moment thrown its weight spiritedly into the scale, Augereau's division would have had little chance against it, and the end of the campaign might have been very different to what it was; but Prussia had not sufficient German feeling to take so honourable a part, and therefore reserved herself for a proper punishment on the field of Jena in the following year. Napoleon had before him a mixed army of Russians and Austrians, under general Buxhowden, who had been in rapid march to relieve Ulm, when he heard of its fall. These troops, though much inferior in numbers to the French, disputed the ground with much bravery, and gave the French van some smart checks. Murat, who was in advance with the cavalry, like another prince Rupert, went dashing on, and not only exposed his soldiers to severe chastisements, but exposed the following columns of Mortier to be intercepted and destroyed by the enemy. Buonaparte exclaimed that Murat was acting like a blind man, saying, "These Russians are devils! Hasten, Berthier, and stop Murat!" In fact, the French discovered that the Russian infantry were far more

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terrible than the Austrians, and that it was necessary to be on their guard with them.

The emperor Francis did not attempt to defend his capital—that capital which had twice repelled all the efforts of the Turks—but fled into Moravia, to join his Russian ally, the czar Alexander, who was there at the head of his army. On the 7th of November Francis took his departure, and on the same day he dispatched count Giulay to Buonaparte, to propose an armistice, as a prelude to peace. Buonaparte refused to listen to the overture unless Venice and the Tyrol were given up to him, and the alliance instantly dissolved with Russia and England. Count Giulay said these conditions were too hard, and he returned to his master.

Buonaparte continued his march, and on the 13th of November he entered Vienna without any opposition. The French were not a little astonished to find that the Austrians had left to them all their military stores, arms, clothing — everything. The surrender of Ulm had not been more uncalculating — more disgraceful. Their allies in Moravia were in want of everything; but, instead of sending to them provisions, arms, ammunition, all that they needed, they had kept these in Vienna, and now left them for the enemy to use against them. Savary says:— "In the magazines and arsenals of Vienna were found artillery and ammunition enough for two campaigns. We had no farther occasion to draw upon our stores at Strasburg or Metz, but could, on the contrary, dispatch a considerable *matériel* to those two great establishments."

Napoleon bestowed part of these spoils on his ally, the

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

elector of Bavaria, who was fighting along with him, and rejoicing in the humiliation of his countryman, the emperor of Austria. Napoleon took up his abode at the palace of Schönbrun, in the suburbs of Vienna; and the frivolous, pleasure-loving Viennese, so far from seeming disgusted at seeing their capital in the hands of an enemy, flocked to the splendid gardens of Schönbrun to make acquaintance with the French officers, and invite them to their salons. Whilst Napoleon remained at Vienna, acting just as if he were emperor of Austria as well as of France, he continued to receive the most cheering accounts of the success of his arms in Italy against the Austrians. There, Massena, on hearing of the capitulation of Ulm, made a general attack on the army of the archduke Charles, near Caldiero. The archduke had about eighty thousand men, Massena many more than that number. The Austrians, having great confidence in their commander, fought bravely; but general Hellinger suffered himself to be surrounded, with a body of five thousand men, who were compelled to surrender, when they were expected to be attacking the French in the rear. The French were victorious, and were soon joined by general St. Cyr, from Naples, with twenty-five thousand men. At the moment of this defeat, the archduke received the news of the fall of Ulm, and the march of the French on Vienna. He determined, therefore, to leave Italy to its fate, and endeavour to save the capital of the empire. He commenced his retreat in the night of November the 1st, and resolved to make for Hungary. On reaching Laybach, pressed continually in his rear by the troops of Massena, he heard that his brother, the archduke John, was evacuating the Tyrol before the troops of Ney—co-operating with an army of Bavarians—who had taken the strong positions of Schwartz, Neustadt, and Innspruck. The two brothers, by a great effort, managed to effect a junction, leaving, however, behind them several insulated bodies of Austrians, who were compelled to surrender to the French. The chief of these were the divisions of Jellachich, in the Vorarlberg, and of the prince de Rohan, in Lombardy. Thus, all the passes of the Tyrol and all Upper Italy were left in possession of the French. But the two brothers, the archdukes Charles and John, were become formidable by their union, and were soon reinforced by volunteers from Croatia, the Tyrol, and all the mountainous districts, which had long furnished Austria with her finest soldiers. Massena, on the other hand, had established himself at Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, where he was not too distant to come to the aid of Napoleon, if necessary. Still, he had been obliged to leave too many of his troops behind, to secure Upper Italy, to add much weight to Buonaparte's operations.

Napoleon had so far executed his plans with wonderful success. He had rescued Bavaria, reduced the enemy's army and *prestige* at once by the capture of Ulm and Vienna, and had driven the Austrians simultaneously from Upper Italy and the Tyrol. But still his situation, for any general but himself, was very critical. The defeated army of the emperor Francis had united itself to that of the young emperor of Russia, in Moravia; the two archduke[illegible] of troops on the confines [illegible]ely to rush forward and swell the Austro-[illegible] and the king of Prussia was watching the movements of the two parties, ready to strike, if France met with a reverse. Napoleon saw that his only security lay in a bold and decisive blow. He therefore crossed the Danube on the 23rd of November, and began a brisk march into the heart of Moravia, to attack the main body of the allies under their two emperors. He was soon before Brunn, its little capital, and the allies retreated, at his approach, as far as Olmütz, nearly at the other extremity of Moravia. This movement was, however, made to form a junction with the twenty-four thousand men under Buxhowden. This being effected, they amounted to about eighty thousand men, but of which many of the Austrians were troops already discouraged by defeat, and many more were raw recruits. The French were in number about equal, but consisting of veteran soldiers flushed with victory.

Before they could come to an engagement, the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, who had a great leaning to the French alliance, had been dispatched to watch Napoleon's movements, and to act accordingly. He was to hover at a distance, mark all, and, if circumstances were adverse to Buonaparte, to coalesce with the allies; if the contrary, with the French. A more despicable envoy never served a more despicable and shuffling court. Haugwitz now presented himself at Brunn, with orders to endeavour to effect a mediation betwixt the hostile powers, but, should Napoleon refuse, to declare war against him. Prussia now thought that the odds were against Napoleon; that he had advanced too far into an enemy's country; that the Austrians and Russians had a formidable army; and that the danger of an attack from the armies in Hungary made his position imminent. Buonaparte, who knew well all the proceedings of Prussia, and meant, if fortune favoured him, to take a proportionate vengeance, said to Haugwitz, "The French and Austrian outposts are engaged; it is the prelude to the battle which I am about to fight. Say nothing of your errand to me at present; I wish to remain in ignorance of it. Return to Vienna, and wait the events of war." Haugwitz, Buonaparte remarked, was no novice; he returned to Vienna without requiring another hint.

Buonaparte continued to advance in the direction of Olmütz. As he drew near the enemy, he one morning, at daybreak, sent for Savary. He had passed the night over his maps; his candles were burnt down to the sockets; he held a letter in his hand. He was silent for some minutes, and then said, abruptly, "Be off to Olmütz; deliver this letter to the emperor of Russia, and tell him that, having heard of his arrival at his army, I have sent you to salute him in my name. If he questions you, you will know how to answer." This was, in fact, under guise of a suspicious courtesy, to send Savary as a spy into the enemy's camp—a task for which the executioner of the duke d'Enghien was eminently fitted by nature and practice. The emperor Alexander received the letter, which made great professions of a desire for peace, but offered terms to Austria which he knew could not be accepted. Alexander replied to that effect—but the object of Buonaparte was accomplished. Savary had made good use of his eyes and ears, and reported that the young officers about the young czar, who himself was but six-and-twenty, were full of a rash confidence that they should annihilate the French, and counselled the czar

accordingly. Buonaparte dispatched Savary yet again. The ostensible errand this time was to bear a personal message, offering, on the part of Buonaparte, to meet the czar, when, he asserted, everything might be easily arranged. Alexander declined, but sent to Napoleon the prince Dologrouki with the following proposal:—That a treaty of peace should be entered into, restoring the independence of Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; indemnity to the prince of Orange; and the fulfilment of all the conditions of the treaty of Luneville. These, as might be expected, Buonaparte rejected with astonishment and disdain.

The position of Buonaparte, however, was every day becoming serious. He had a strong army before him, of which the Russian portion had amazed the French soldiers by their steady bravery. Around him were warlike populations, who were beginning to rise *en masse*, especially in Hungary; and, could the Austro-Russian army only avoid action for a short time, they would have vast accessions of strength; but, unfortunately, they could not wait. They were destitute of supplies; they were in the midst of a poor country, which they had exhausted; and their condition was rendered desperate by the gross improvidence of the Austrians, in leaving that abundance to their enemies which would have given them the most precious of commodities—time. They determined to advance on the French, and decide their fortunes by a battle. This was, probably, the salvation of Buonaparte. The Austro-Russians had abandoned their strong position at Olmütz, and descended into the open plains. Buonaparte, on his part, acting on the hint of Savary, that the Russians were over-confident, affected to retreat; but this was only to encourage their rashness, and to enable him to fall back on a highly favourable position which he had observed near Austerlitz. Having regained that, he halted, and prepared to give battle.

It was on the 1st of December that Napoleon made his arrangements for the combat on the following day, which would be the anniversary of his coronation. To decide his own movements, he watched closely those of the enemy. Kutusof was the real commander of the allied army, though the two emperors were present; for Alexander had never yet been under fire, and Francis was no general. Kutusof had been very successful against the Turks, but he was not a man to cope with a Napoleon. He was brave, but wedded to the old tactics of war, and had not the activity and sagacity to penetrate the plans of his opponent. Buonaparte observed that he was stretching his line too much, with the evident intention of turning the right wing of the French; the left he could not outflank, because it rested on a lake. Buonaparte saw that he was not only extending his front too far for this purpose, but that he had separated his left wing too much from his centre. He noted, too, that, although the movements were extremely well executed, there were evidently a great number of raw recruits in the army, and he instantly said, "Before this time to-morrow that army is my own!" His plans were instantly formed, and he spent the day in riding from post to post to see that they were all fully carried out. Wherever he appeared he was welcomed with acclamations. When it was dark, the soldiers placed bunches of hay on the summits of poles, and lit them, to make an extempore illumination in honour of the eve of his coronation. They assured him that the next day they would present him with a bouquet worthy of the occasion—the whole of the artillery and standards of the enemy. His arrangements complete, Napoleon issued this proclamation:—"Soldiers! The Russian forces are before you, to avenge the Austrian army at Ulm. They are the same battalions you conquered at Hollabrun, and which you have constantly pursued. The positions we occupy are formidable, and, whilst they march to turn my right, they shall present me their flank. Soldiers! I shall direct myself all your battalions; I shall keep at a distance from the firing, if, with your accustomed bravery, you carry confusion and disorder into the enemy's ranks; but, should victory be for a moment doubtful, you shall behold your emperor expose himself to the first blow. This victory will finish our campaign, when we shall return to winter quarters, and be joined by the new armies forming in France; then the peace which I shall sanction shall be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself."

The plan of battle was as follows:—Soult was placed in command of the right wing, and Davoust, with a division of infantry and another of dragoons, was stationed behind the convent of Raygern, to fall on the Russians at the moment that they had turned the flank of Soult. Bernadotte commanded the centre, and there, also, Murat was posted with his cavalry. Ten battalions of the imperial guard, with ten of Oudinot's division, were placed in the rear of this line, under Napoleon's own eye, with forty field-pieces, ready to act on any quarter whence they should be needed. Lannes led the left wing, which rested upon a fortified position, called Santon, which was defended by twenty pieces of cannon. All being in order, Buonaparte threw himself down in his cloak, by a bivouac fire, for a short sleep. Before daylight he was on horseback, accompanied by his marshals, to whom he had over-night explained, most minutely, his plans; and, as they rode along the lines, he ever and anon said to his troops:—"Soldiers! we must finish this campaign with a thunderbolt, which shall confound the pride of our enemies!" And the soldiers, in reply, put their hats on their bayonets, and waved them, with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The morning was at first thick and hazy, and the sun rose red as blood, but, anon, the sky became clear, the sun brilliant; and Buonaparte was accustomed all his life afterwards to recur, as a striking circumstance, to the sun of Austerlitz. The action commenced on the left of the Austro-Russian army, as was expected; but when the Russians, in executing what Kutusof thought his great manœuvre, were about to outflank the French right, they were suddenly assaulted by the division of Davoust, of whose presence behind the convent of Raygern they had no suspicion. At the moment that they were thus taken by surprise, Soult, with the right French wing, dashed forward into the interval, betwixt the Russian left and centre, and cut off that wing entirely from the main army. The emperor of Russia saw this alarming transaction, and ordered forward the Russian guard to fall on and force back Soult. For a moment, this succeeded. The French infantry were thrown into confusion, and one regiment completely routed. But Buonaparte's quick eye was upon the failing place, and Bessières was sent forward

with the imperial guard to repulse the Russians in the very disorder of their success. There was then a desperate conflict: the Russian guards fought valiantly, but they were, in the end, compelled to give way before the steady discipline of the veteran French guards. Rapp describes the effect of this strikingly:—"The emperors of Russia and Austria witnessed the defeat. Stationed on a height, at a little distance from the field of battle, they beheld the guard, which had been expected to decide the victory, cut to pieces by a handful of brave men. Their guns and baggage had fallen into our possession, and prince Repnin was our prisoner: unfortunately, however, we had a great number of men killed and wounded. I had myself received a sabre wound on the head, in which condition I galloped off to give an account of the affair to the emperor. My broken sabre, my wound, the blood with which I was covered, the decided advantage we had gained with so small a force over the enemy's chosen troops, inspired Napoleon with the idea of the picture that was painted by Girard."

The grand-duke Constantine, the emperor's brother, who had fought in the centre, only escaped by hard riding; the right wing of the Russians followed the fate of the centre, and then the French, wheeling round upon the left wing of the allies, to which Lannes was opposed, this was almost annihilated, by being forced into a hollow, where they were mowed down by the cannon, and were prevented from escaping by a half-frozen lake in their rear. The emperors of Russia and Austria only escaped by the Austrian and Russian cavalry repeatedly beating back the pursuers; and this only was accomplishable by the fact of the retreat being along a causeway flanked on each side by a lake, which confined the efforts of the French to the rear. The allies left twenty thousand men on the field killed, wounded, and prisoners; the French lost about five thousand five hundred men, though they, in their usual way, reduced the number to two thousand five hundred. They found themselves in possession of forty of the enemies' standards and the greater part of the artillery, so that the soldiers had amply redeemed their promise.

In the elation of such a victory, Buonaparte issued, at ten o'clock the same night, the following proclamation:—"Soldiers of the grand army! Even at this hour, before this great day shall pass away and be lost in the ocean of eternity, your emperor must address you, and express how much he is satisfied with all who have had the good fortune to combat in this memorable battle. Soldiers! You are the first warriors in the world! The recollection of this exploit and of your deeds will be eternal! Thousands of ages hereafter, so long as the events of the universe continue to be related, will record that a Russian army of seventy-six thousand men, hired by the gold of England, was annihilated by you on the plains of Olmütz. The miserable remains of that army, on which the commercial spirit of a despicable nation had placed its expiring hope, are in flight, hastening to make known to the savage inhabitants of the north what the French are capable of performing. They will tell them that, after having destroyed the Austrian army at Ulm, you told Vienna—'That army is no more!' To Petersburg you shall also say—'The emperor Alexander has no longer an army!'"

Not satisfied with this exulting proclamation, the next day he issued another, in which he indulged in the most unscrupulous exaggerations. He then magnified the Russians to one hundred thousand, and declared that, in less than four months, they had destroyed three hundred thousand men! He boasted that the war was at an end; the coalition of the monarchs of the North with England was broken up. He dispatched orders to France for the celebration of a general *Te Deum;* and he accompanied this by the most magniloquent bulletins of his victory. But, had the Russians and Austrians possessed the spirit which the circumstances of the time demanded of them, they were far from being in a hopeless condition. Buonaparte was at an immense distance from his country. Besides the army still remaining with the two emperors—at least sixty thousand in number—there were the strong forces of the archdukes Charles and John in Hungary, and of prince Ferdinand in Bohemia. By bold and skilful manœuvres, they might have cut off his communications with France and Italy, and have harassed him, without committing themselves to a decided battle, till he must have found himself in a most perilous position. But, as Francis of Austria had run away from his capital, so his heart died within him, and he gave up the struggle in despair. He sent prince John of Lichtenstein to propose a suspension of arms. Lichtenstein was always favourable to France, and was prepared to make easy terms, though the Austrians thought as highly of him as a diplomatist as they had done of Mack as a general. Buonaparte insisted that they should first break with the Russians, and Lichtenstein said that Francis was quite willing, and to treat with Napoleon for a separate peace, but that he must claim for the emperor Alexander the privilege of retreating into his own country without molestation. Buonaparte granted this as a favour, and added words so complimentary to Alexander, that they betrayed a wish to complete an agreement also with him. This being arranged, the next day Francis went himself to Buonaparte's camp, where he accosted him as, "Sir, my brother!" Francis is made, by the French, to have thrown the blame of the war on the English. "They are a set of merchants," he said, "who would set the continent on fire, in order to secure to themselves the commerce of the world!" If this was true, it was a very just reproof of England for subsidising, time after time, such helpless creatures as he and his countrymen had proved themselves. Savary says:—"The emperors seemed to be both in excellent humour; they laughed, which seemed to us a good omen; and, accordingly, in an hour or two, they parted with a mutual embrace."

How Francis of Austria could be merry under such circumstances is not very easy to conceive, for he was at the mercy of his enemy, and Buonaparte did not spare him. The consequences of this battle were most disastrous to Austria. Buonaparte returned to Vienna, and again occupied the palace of Schönbrun. There he and Talleyrand concerted the demands which should be made; and an armistice was signed, on these terms, with prince John of Lichtenstein, on the 6th of December. Buonaparte flattered the prince, by the highest compliments, on his talents as a diplomatist, and repeated these in his bulletins; and, if a diplomatist who gives you all you ask is an able

one, so was John of Lichtenstein. The final treaty was signed by the Emperor Francis, at Presburg, on the 26th of December, a fortnight after the battle of Austerlitz. By this treaty, Austria surrendered to Buonaparte all her territories in Italy, as well as her Venetian provinces of Dalmatia and on the coast of Albania. She surrendered her only seaport on the Adriatic, Trieste, and thus reduced herself to a mere inland power. She was compelled to cede to her rival Bavaria, the Tyrol—a country most faithfully attached to the house of Hapsburg—the bishopric of Passau, and other regions. In all, Austria surrendered three millions of people, and one hundred and forty millions of francs. Bavaria and Würtemberg, for their hostility to their own German race, were elevated into kingdoms, and Baden, for the same unpatriotic services, into a grand duchy. Thus France and her allies, or rather subjects, were now in possession of both Switzerland, Italy, and the Tyrol on one side, and of Holland and Belgium on the other, so that she had everywhere an open high road into Germany, and nations of tributary princes, which were to aid in further enslaving it. Prussia had made up *her* mind, on hearing of the victory of Austerlitz, and Haugwitz appeared at Schönbrun, not to declare war on Buonaparte, but to compliment him on his victory. Buonaparte could not conceal his contempt for this despicable conduct. He said, "Ah! this compliment was intended for others, but fortune has transferred it to me;" but, as he still intended to make use of Prussia, and could humiliate George III. of England by her means, he concluded a treaty with Haugwitz, by which he handed over Hanover to our late beloved cousin and ally, and claimed Anspach in lieu of it. He then strengthened the confederation of the Rhine, of which he was protector, and so completely broke up the old federation of Germany, that Francis of Austria soon after abandoned the title of elective emperor of Germany, and assumed that of hereditary emperor of Austria. These matters being arranged, Buonaparte proceeded to Munich, to complete some other plans. "He arrived at Munich," says Savary, "a few hours before New-year's Day, 1806. The empress had come thither by his order a fortnight before. There was, as may be supposed, great rejoicing at the court of Bavaria: not only was the country saved, but almost doubled in extent. The greater delight was, therefore, expressed at seeing us. We now perceived something that we had as yet only heard vaguely talked of." This was a summons to Eugène Beauharnais, the son of Josephine and viceroy of Italy, to go to Munich to be married to the princess Augusta of Bavaria. Other matrimonial alliances were also contemplated with the other German houses whom Napoleon had aggrandised—one with Würtemberg, and another with Baden—and these were not only afterwards carried out, but one to the cost of Josephine, that of Napoleon with the daughter of the emperor of Austria. From Munich Buonaparte returned in triumph to Paris.

The success of Buonaparte had been as much the result of the miserable measures of the allies as of his own genius. Great Britain, which had again come forward with her money, to form a northern league against France, had contributed no sagacity towards the operations of that league. As Napoleon was aiming at the very heart of Austria, and thus keeping Prussia in check till he had struck an essential blow to the Austrian empire, the efforts of the northern league should have been, with all vigour, to contract his operations, and divide his attention. Instead of leaving him unmolested to destroy Austria, a powerful army, ably commanded, should have appeared threatening his flank or rear; Sweden, Russia, and England, should have appeared in the field with such a force and promptness as should have paralysed his designs. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden—a brave general, and enthusiastic in the cause against Buonaparte—was put at the head of the forces sent to march on Hanover, to expel Bernadotte, and, restoring that electorate to them, advance into Holland. With an adequate force, and such a general, Buonaparte must have been recalled to the protection of Holland; Prussia would have found it safe to declare against him; she could bring two hundred thousand men into the field, and a new face must have been given to the war. But Pitt, with all the boasts of his talent, never had any of that martial sagacity which distinguished his father, the great earl of Chatham, and which enabled him to drive the French out of the colonies of North America, out of Canada and Nova Scotia, and out of India. He never had the instinct, like his father, to pitch on young officers of genius, and place them at the head of armies. He selected no Wolfe, no Clive. Lord Wellington was, indeed, growing into a future conqueror in India, but through the patronage, not of Pitt, but of his brother, lord Wellesley. Instead of insisting that a strong Russian force should be sent to Gustavus, and instead of sending a large English army, too, both we and Russia divided what few forces we did put in motion, and thus rendered them worse than useless; for we rendered them irritating and mischievous, because they were not effective. Instead of sending an army of thirty or forty thousand to the Baltic, and calling on Russia to do the same, which she could have done, notwithstanding the army under the emperor Alexander—for Russia did not want men, she only wanted arms and ammunition, which we could have supplied—we sent only about six thousand, and sent another eight thousand from Malta, to co-operate with twelve thousand Russians in a descent on the kingdom of Naples. This expedition might have been left till the success in the north was secured; in truth, it had better have been left altogether. When general Don and lord Cathcart landed in Swedish Pomerania, and were joined by the king's German legion and some other German hired troops, our army amounted only to sixteen thousand men, the Swedes to twelve thousand, and the Russians to ten thousand—altogether, not forty thousand men. But what was worse than the paucity of numbers, were the divisions amongst the commanders. Lord Harrowby was sent to Berlin, to endeavour to induce Prussia to join this coalition, but Prussia was well aware of the want of unity in the allied army, and, weighing probabilities, as has always been her policy to the last minute, she could not be moved. The king of Sweden was so incensed at the cold, shuffling conduct of the king of Prussia, that he wrote him some very indignant and undiplomatic letters, which only furnished him with a further excuse for holding aloof. Gustavus, seeing no good likely to be done, resigned his command in the allied army, where, indeed, he had enjoyed no real com-

mand at all, and retired with his forces to Stralsund. This was a fatal exposition of want of unity, and it was not till three weeks were gone that the breach was healed. By this time it was the middle of November. Ulm had surrendered, Napoleon was master of Vienna, and Prussia was still watching what would be the fate of the coming battle campaign, and each to hurry off to his own country. The British re-embarked, a great deal of money having been spent only to cause Buonaparte to laugh at their abortive endeavours; the Russians retired to Mecklenburg, to wait for their fleet; and Gustavus went home, to find that he had forfeited the confidence of his subjects, who deemed him

FRENCH SOLDIERS BILLETED ON ITALIAN PEASANTS.

betwixt Napoleon and the emperors of Austria and Russia. The union of the allies came too late; the force was altogether too small to turn the scale of the campaign. Had Gustavus marched into Hanover a month earlier, with sixty thousand men, he might have rendered Austerlitz a nonentity; as it was, he had only time to invest Hamelen, where Bernadotte had left a strong garrison, when the news of Austerlitz arrived, and caused the allies to break up the now an object of the perpetual resentment of Buonaparte, and thus sure to bring trouble on Sweden. The expedition, a miserable failure in itself, was a fatal one to Gustavus—it cost him his crown.

The consequence of the ill-advised dispatch of a miserable force of English and Russians to Naples was equally abortive and equally as mischievous to the king of Naples as the northern expedition had proved to the king of Sweden.

On the 27th of September of this year, only, a convention had been entered into in Paris betwixt Napoleon and Ferdinand IV., king of Naples, which was ratified by Ferdinand on the 8th of October. By this the French engaged to withdraw their forces from the kingdom of Naples, and Ferdinand to preserve a strict neutrality. The French did, indeed, withdraw, under St. Cyr, to assist Massena in the north of Italy, against Austria; and no sooner was this the case than Ferdinand raised his army to the war strength, and the English and Russians came to his support with their united army of twenty thousand men. But the news of the decisive victory of Buonaparte at Austerlitz, which had squandered the northern coalition, had the same effect here. The Russians and English withdrew, and St. Cyr Gaëta alone, which the governor, the prince of Hesse Philipsthal, refused to surrender, stood out till the following July. When summoned to yield the fortress by the French, he replied, that Gaëta was not Ulm, nor was he general Mack. But the defence of Gaëta had no influence on the general fate of Naples, and only precipitated that of its brave defender, who died suddenly, as was asserted, of poison.

We have now to turn from the feeble and ill-directed efforts of England to counteract the plans of Napoleon on land, to the successful ones on our really protecting element —the sea. All Napoleon's endeavours to cross the Channel with his grand army he had seen to be impossible. Nelson was riding there in his glory, and the French fleets were only safe while they were in port. The impatience of this

BIRTH-PLACE OF LORD NELSON. BURNHAM THORP, NORFOLK.

was ordered by Napoleon to march back into Naples, and punish severely the perfidy of the court of Naples. He was particularly bitter against the queen of Naples, to whom he attributed the movement and the total guidance of the king. He declared that she should be precipitated from the throne, should it cost another thirty years' war. He sent his brother, Joseph Buonaparte, to take the command of the army, and to assume the government of the country. The king and queen fled, abdicating in favour of their son, the prince royal; but this did not stop the march of the French, who were only too glad of such a plea for possessing themselves of the kingdom of Naples. Pescara, Naples itself, rapidly surrendered to the French. Count Roger de Damas and the duke of Calabria made a longer resistance on the mountains of Calabria, but they were compelled to give way before the veteran troops of general Regnier, and all Italy—at least, nominally—was under the rule of France.

restraint caused Napoleon to urge on his admirals a greater daring; and these incitements to a rash hazard brought, eventually, that which must have occurred sooner, had the admirals listened to his suggestions rather than their own knowledge of the truth—the utter destruction of the French navy.

Under such stimulants from the emperor, Villeneuve seized the opportunity, when the weather had driven back the blockading English fleet, to steal out of Toulon on the 18th of January, 1805, and another fleet of ten vessels escaped out of Rochefort on the 11th of the same month. These squadrons stood away for the West Indies, and managed to get home again without meeting with an English fleet. Thus encouraged, Villeneuve made another venture. Nelson, who was watching Villeneuve off Toulon, in order to tempt him out, bore away along the Spanish coast as far as Barcelona. Villeneuve put out to sea on

the 31st of March, with ten ships of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs. Nelson had gone a little too far, and it was not till the 7th of April that he heard of their issue from port. Before he could prevent it, they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and struck once more across the Atlantic. He was joined by the Spanish admiral, Gravina, from Cadiz, with six Spanish ships of the line, and two other French ships of the line. This combined fleet now amounted to eighteen sail of the line, six forty-four gun ships, and a number of smaller craft. Nelson did not hesitate to pursue them with his ten ships of the line and three frigates; but contrary winds withheld him, and it was the 7th of May before he could get out of the Straits of Gibraltar. His ships were, most of them, in very bad condition, one of them, the Superb, having never been in a home port for four years. Villeneuve had upwards of a month's start of Nelson, and his orders were to bear away to Martinique with five thousand one hundred troops, which he had on board, to capture St. Lucia, and strengthen the garrisons of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Dominique. He was afterwards to wait and see if Gautheaume could get out of Brest and join him with twenty-one more sail of the line, when they were to do all possible mischief amongst our islands and merchantmen. But the chief scheme was, by this means, to draw the English fleet after them, and then, hurrying back, enable Buonaparte to cross the channel for England. Villeneuve did nothing but take the Diamond Rock, a fortification of the English, lying opposite to Fort Royal Bay, into which he had entered. He then sailed to Guadaloupe, where he was joined by two seventy-four gun ships; and a malicious American—like all his countrymen, delighted, on every occasion, to give the French information to our injury—having apprised him of a homeward-bound British convoy, he went after it, and succeeded, off Antigua, in capturing fifteen merchantmen. His success was, however, spoiled in the possession of it, for one of the prisoners informed him that Nelson was already in the West Indies in quest of him. Terrified at this news, he burnt all his prizes, and made all sail homewards. Nelson, in the meantime, was misled by some of the Yankee skippers abounding in those seas, and sent on a false scent after Villeneuve towards Venezuela and the mouth of the Orinoco. Not finding him, he was satisfied that he had sailed for Europe, and he made after him. Nelson sighted Cape St. Vincent on the 17th of July, after a run of more than three thousand two hundred miles. The next day he fell in with admiral Collingwood, who was watching Cadiz, but who had no news of Villeneuve, but informed him that Sir Robert Calder was blockading Ferrol. On the 19th he anchored in the Bay of Gibraltar, and went on shore for the first time for two years, short only of two days. Hearing that Villeneuve was still out in the Atlantic, he bore away westward again to intercept him, but in vain; and, on returning to Ushant, where Collingwood was cruising, he learned that Sir Robert Calder had met with and attacked him, at the very time Nelson was off Gibraltar, namely, on the 22nd of July.

Calder had been sent after Nelson, with the hope that, if he missed Villeneuve and Gravina, he (Calder) might fall in with and intercept them. Scarcely was he under sail, when he discovered this fleet, on the 22nd of July, about thirty-nine leagues north-west of Cape Finisterre. Villeneuve and Gravina were congratulating themselves on having made their voyage in safety, when this English squadron stood in their way. They were twenty sail of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs; and Calder had only fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, and two smaller craft. The Spanish and French admirals endeavoured to give them the slip, and get into Ferrol, but Calder would not permit this; he compelled them to fight, and the battle lasted from half-past four in the afternoon till half-past nine in the evening. Calder captured two sail of the line, and killed and wounded betwixt five hundred and six hundred men. He himself lost thirty-nine killed, and he had a hundred and fifty-nine wounded, and his ships, some of them, had suffered much damage. A thick fog parted the combatants for the night, and at day break the hostile fleets were distant from each other about seventeen miles. Villeneuve had the wind, and made as if he would renew the battle, but did not; and the same happened on the following day, when he sheered off, and Calder turned homewards without pursuing them. This action, though a victory, was regarded, both in France and England, as inferior to what was expected of English naval commanders. The French claimed a success; the English public murmured at Calder's conduct. They said, "What would Nelson have done had he been there?" Such was the popular discontent, that Sir Robert Calder demanded that his conduct should be submitted to a court-martial, and the verdict of the court confirmed the outcry:—"This court," it said, "are of opinion that on the part of admiral Sir Robert Calder there was no cowardice or disaffection, but error in judgment, for which he deserves to be severely reprimanded, and he is hereby severely reprimanded accordingly." Buonaparte, however, was greatly exasperated at the result, and at Villeneuve putting into Ferrol instead of getting into Brest, where Napoleon wanted him to join the rest of the fleet. After this, endeavouring to obey the emperor's positive orders to reach Brest, he put to sea, but was glad to run for Cadiz instead, on account of the union of admiral Collingwood with Calder's fleet. In that harbour now lay five-and-thirty sail of the line, and Collingwood kept watch over them. Indeed, being soon reinforced, he kept a blockade on all the Spanish ports between Cadiz and Algesiras, in the Straits of Gibraltar.

In this position of affairs, Nelson, whose health was failing, returned to England, and withdrew from active service. He went to his house at Merton, in Surrey, where he was living in a strange social condition—namely, with his mistress, lady Hamilton, and his sisters; but he was melancholy, and out of spirits. He had a presentiment that he was not in his right place; that he should yet be wanted to fight one battle more, in which he should complete the absolute sovereignty of his country at sea, and finish his life in the achievement of it. "He had not been a month in England," says Southey, "when captain Blackwood, on his way to the admiralty with dispatches, called on him at Merton, at five in the morning, and found him already dressed. Upon seeing him, he exclaimed, 'I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall have yet to beat them!' It was as he had supposed;

they had liberated the squadron from Ferrol, and being now thirty-four sail of the line, got safely into Cadiz. 'Depend on it, Blackwood,' he repeatedly said, 'I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing!'"

After Blackwood was gone, he was so unsettled that lady Hamilton saw that he would never rest until he returned to active service—she encouraged him to do so, and he at once offered his services to command the fleet against Villeneuve, and his offer was accepted. Every preparation was made by the admiralty to put more ships in readiness for him; and, by a plan introduced by Mr. Snodgrass, the surveyor to the East India Company's shipping—of double planking and diagonal braces—many otherwise crazy vessels were rendered, for the time, serviceable.

Nelson, by the 15th of September, was on board of his old flagship, the Victory, and immediately sailed for Cadiz, accompanied only by three other ships of war. On the 29th he arrived off Cadiz, and was received by the fleet with enthusiastic acclamation. It was his birthday. He posted himself about twenty leagues to the west of Cadiz, in hope that the French fleet would come out. He knew that it was in great distress for provisions, because Napoleon, intending the fleet to assemble at Brest, had laid in the necessary stores there, and could not convey them, in any reasonable time, to Cadiz. Still more, it was believed that Napoleon refused to send any supplies there, having given Villeneuve imperative orders to make his way to Brest. But it is also asserted, by French authorities, that Napoleon had ordered the minister of marine to take the command from Villeneuve, and that the admiral was piqued to show the emperor, by a daring exploit, that he had done him injustice. Under these motives, or some similar ones, Villeneuve determined to sail out, and encounter the English fleet. He had heard that Nelson had joined the fleet, and he had called a council of war on the occasion: here he was deceived by an American, as Nelson himself had been repeatedly on his late voyage. This American declared that it was impossible that Nelson could be on board the fleet, for that he had seen him in London but a few days before. This decided him to go out.

Nelson was watching for him behind cape St. Mary, as he said, in a letter to the abbé Campbell, of Naples, a friend of his and of lady Hamilton's, as a cat watches a mouse, adding, "I am sure I shall beat them, but I am also almost sure that I shall be killed in doing it." On the 9th of October, certain that the enemy would soon come out, Nelson sent to lord Collingwood his plan of the battle. It was to advance in two lines of sixteen ships each, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest-sailing two-decked ships. They were thus to break the enemy's line in three places at once. Nelson was to aim at the centre; Collingwood, leading the second line, to break through at about the twelfth ship from the rear; and the light squadron, at three or four ships from the centre—Nelson's point of attack. "I look," wrote Nelson, "with confidence to a victory before the van of the enemy can succour their rear; and then the British fleet will, most of them, be ready to receive their twenty sail of the line, or to pursue them, should they endeavour to make off. If the van of the enemy tack, the captured ships must run to the leeward of the British fleet; if the enemy wear, the British must place themselves between them and the captured and disabled British ships, and, should the enemy close, I have no fear for the result. The second in command will, in all possible things, direct the movements of his line by keeping them as compact as the nature of the circumstances will admit. Captains are to look to their particular line as their rallying point; but, in case signals cannot be clearly seen or understood, *no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of the enemy!*" Such were Nelson's general orders, and they were entirely approved by lord Collingwood.

On the 19th Collingwood signalled Nelson that the French fleet was coming out of Cadiz. On the morning of the 21st, when the English fleet lay about seven leagues north-west of Cape Trafalgar, the hostile fleet was discovered about seven miles to the eastward. On that day, in the year 1779, his maternal uncle, captain Suckling, had, with three line of battle ships, beaten off four French sail of the line and three frigates, and the anniversary had always been kept in the family. Nelson ordered the fleet to bear down on the enemy, and then retired to his cabin and wrote a prayer. He had the same presentiment strong upon him, that he was to win this victory and to die in it; and he added to the prayer, on the pages of the same diary, an earnest appeal to his king and country for lady Hamilton and his adopted or real daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, declaring that lady Hamilton, who was destitute of property, had been of signal service to the country on several occasions, and that for these two persons, so dear to him, he had not been able to provide, and all provision made for him by the country would go to his brother and his direct heirs. He then called captains Blackwood and Hardy to witness this appeal.

As Villeneuve approached, he veered so as to bring Cadiz under his lee, and thus secure a retreat into it. This compelled Nelson to shift his course a little more northward. In fact, Villeneuve had preconcerted a plan of action which he boasted would prevent Nelson cutting his line, as was his custom. He determined to advance in two lines, with each alternate ship about a cable's length to the windward of her second ahead and astern, so that his fleet would represent the chequers of a draft-board. This plan, however, did not succeed. Nelson found now the shoals of San Pedro and Trafalgar under the lee of both fleets, and, dreading that he might be carried upon them at the end of the battle, he signalled, from the Victory, for the fleet to anchor at the close of the day. He then told Blackwood that he should not be satisfied unless he took twenty of the enemy's ships, and asked him whether he thought a general signal of action were not wanting. Blackwood replied that he thought the fleet all understood what they were about. But Nelson hoisted on his mizen top-mast his last signal—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." It was seen, and responded to with loud hurrahs.

As the wind was light, the English vessels set their studding-sails, and bore down steadily on the enemy. There were of the British twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter. Of the French and Spaniards there were thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. The French had two thousand six hundred and twenty-six guns, Nelson two thousand one

hundred and forty-eight; but the French vessels were in far superior condition to the old weather-worn ones of Nelson. The admiral had dressed himself for this his last fight in an old threadbare coat, which he had been wearing commonly for a long time, but which, unfortunately, had the badge of the order of the Bath embroidered on the breast. Captain Hardy, the captain of the Victory, observed to him that he had better cover the stars up, as they would be a mark for the enemy. He replied he was aware of that, but that it was too late then. This was a fatal circumstance, for the French had four thousand troops on board, many of whom were expert riflemen, and these were placed in the tops to pick off our officers. As Blackwood was quitting the Victory to go on board his own frigate, Nelson said, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again!"

Collingwood's line first came in contact with the enemy in the Royal Sovereign, and was speedily in the midst of a desperate conflict. It was some time before Nelson's line got up, and Collingwood, amid the din of cannon and the crash of spars, turned to his captain, and said, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?" It was just past twelve o'clock at noon as Collingwood's vessel came to close quarters with the Spanish flagship, Santa Anna, and it was more than a quarter of an hour before Nelson's ship came close up to the stupendous four-decker Spaniard, the Santissima Trinidada. He was soon in a terrible contest with not only this great ship, but with the Bucentaure, of eighty guns, the Neptune, of eighty guns, and the Redoubtable, of seventy-four guns. The Victory and Redoubtable were fast entangled together by their hooks and boom-irons, and kept up the most destructive fire into each other with double-shotted cannon. Both ships took fire; that in the Victory was extinguished, but the Redoubtable finally went down. But it was from the mizen top-mast of this vessel that one of the riflemen marked out Nelson by his stars, and shot him down. He fell on the deck, on the spot where his secretary, John Scott, had fallen dead just before. Captain Hardy, to whom Nelson had shortly before said, "Hardy, this is too warm work to last long," stopped, and observed that he hoped that he was not severely wounded. He replied, "Yes, they have done for me at last, Hardy." Hardy said he hoped not. "Yes," he answered; "my back-bone is shot through." He was carried down to the cock-pit, amongst the wounded and the dying, and laid in a midshipman's berth. The ball was found to have entered the left shoulder and to have lodged in the spine; the wound was mortal. For an hour the battle went on in its terrible fury, as the dying hero lay amid those expiring or wounded around him. He often inquired for captain Hardy, but Hardy found it impossible, in the midst of one of the fiercest and most mortal strifes that ever was waged—the incessant cannonades sweeping away men, masts, tackle, at every moment—to go down. When he was able to do it, Nelson asked how the battle went. Hardy replied, "Well; fourteen or fifteen vessels [illegible]ck." "That is well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." He then told Hardy to anchor; and Hardy observed that admiral Collingwood would now take the command. At this the old commander blazed forth in the dying man for a moment. He endeavoured to raise himself in the bed, saying, "Not while I live, Hardy! No, do you anchor!" And he bade Hardy signal to the fleet this order. His last words were again to recommend lady Hamilton and his daughter to his country, and to repeat several times, "Thank God I have done my duty!"

Nelson fell about the middle of the action, and for hours it continued with terrible fury. Whole masses of ships lay jammed together, pouring into one another the most tremendous broadsides. When all was over, the vessels on both sides appeared mere ruins. Nineteen ships of the line were taken, but some of them were so battered that they were useless, and incapable of moving. Six or seven of the enemy's ships immediately went down, or were burnt. The Spanish admiral, Gravina, was mortally wounded; the rear-admiral, Cisneros, was taken, and the French admiral, Villeneuve. The French and Spaniards, in the few ships which had escaped into Cadiz, seeing the helpless condition of many of the British vessels, made a sortie, and recaptured two of them, and carried them into port. The Algesiras, another of the captured ships, was also rescued, and carried into Cadiz by her crew, who rose the next morning on the English lieutenant and prize party in charge of her during a gale, the English having taken off the hatches to give the Spaniards a chance for their lives, should she drive on shore. In the end, the prizes were found so riddled by shot that they were burnt; so that, with some of them running on shore in the gale, only four of the whole—three Spanish and one French—were saved, and brought to England as trophies. But the French and Spanish navies might be said to be annihilated; and, whatever might happen on the continent for the remainder of Napoleon's career, England was for ever put beyond his reach. Nelson had indeed finished his mission. He had revived all the maritime glory of the days of Drake and Blake, and shown that, with a man like him at the head of her fleet, England might sit on her ocean throne, and smile at the hostile efforts of a world combined. Never had an ambitious man such a thorn in his side as Napoleon had in Nelson. He himself, according to Las Cases, said, at St. Helena, "It used to be remarked, in the saloon of the household, that I was never accessible to any one after I had had an audience of the minister of the marine. The reason was, that he never had anything but bad news to communicate to me."

The news of the battle of Trafalgar came to spoil his triumph at the surrender of Ulm. It occurred the day after that event, and Fouché says—"The disaster of Trafalgar, by the ruin of our navy, completed the security of Great Britain. It was a few days after the capitulation of Ulm, and upon the Vienna road, that Napoleon received the dispatch containing the first intelligence of this misfortune. Berthier has since related to me that, whilst seated at the same table with Napoleon, he read the fatal paper, but, not daring to present it to him, he pushed it gradually with his elbow under his eyes. Scarcely had Napoleon glanced through its contents, than he started up full of rage, exclaiming—'I cannot be everywhere!' His agitation was extreme, and Berthier despaired of tranquillising him."

The unfortunate Villeneuve was never forgiven by Buonaparte. He was soon liberated on his parole, and allowed to return to France; but he had better have gone any other way. Though Buonaparte published in the

Moniteur, and also stated in opening the senate at Paris, that a "tempest had deprived him of some few ships, after a battle imprudently entered into"—and that was all the public notice he took of this ruinous catastrophe of Trafalgar—yet, amongst those immediately around him, he indulged in the most violent language against Villeneuve, declaring that he had disobeyed the orders sent to him—orders which would have insured victory. He was the more exasperated, because, notwithstanding all his exertions to keep concealed the truth, it was every day becoming more known through the return of the soldiers and sailors from Spain, and from the active endeavours of the royalists in France. Napoleon would not allow Villeneuve to approach Paris, and this is his account of the end of the admiral:—"At Rennes, on the 26th of April, 1806, on his way from England, Villeneuve put an end to himself! When taken prisoner, and conveyed to England, he was so much grieved at his defeat that he studied anatomy, in order to destroy himself. For this purpose, he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court-martial, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin, as near as he could judge, in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it in to the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. He need not have done it, as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."

This story is altogether too absurd. A man accustomed to battles and death was under no necessity to study anatomy in order to destroy himself. A pistol bullet through his head was a much likelier means of suicide than a pin, and all this adaptation. Accordingly, the public, bearing in mind the deaths of Pichegru and captain Wright, formed its own conclusions about the matter. It felt that Villeneuve had the strongest interest in telling a very different story of the battle of Trafalgar to that which Buonaparte had given; his story would have confirmed that of the returned soldiers and sailors, and have been identical with that which was now circulating all the world over. What rendered the public conviction stronger of the real nature of Villeneuve's death was, that not this version only, but a number of others were spread abroad. By one, he shot himself; by another, he stabbed himself with a dagger; by a third, he fell on his own sword!

In England, the news of the death of Nelson nearly neutralised the rejoicing for the most important victory which accompanied it. His brother, a country clergyman, who succeeded to his title, was raised to the dignity of an earl. Parliament voted a hundred thousand pounds for the purchase of an estate, and granted ten thousand pounds to each of his sisters. But no regard was ever paid to his dying request in behalf of lady Hamilton, who lived in poverty, and lies in an unknown grave at St. Pierre, near Calais, nor to his daughter; neither was his anticipation of a tomb in Westminster Abbey realised, but he was assigned one in St. Paul's Cathedral, and his remains were attended thither with the usual state.

A new and vigorous campaign was this year carried on in India by general, now lord Lake, against the Mahrattas. Holkar had refused to enter into amicable arrangements with the English at the same time as Scindia and the rajah of Berar, but had continued to strengthen his army, and now assumed so menacing an attitude, that lord Lake and general Frazer were sent to bring him to terms or to action. They found him strongly posted near the fortress of Deeg, in the midst of bogs, tanks, and topes, and formidably defended by artillery. On the 13th of November, 1804, general Frazer attacked them, notwithstanding, and defeated them, but was killed himself in the action, and had six hundred and forty-three men killed and wounded; for the fire of round, grape, and chain-shot by the Mahrattas was tremendous. The English captured, however, eighty-seven pieces of cannon of splendid European workmanship. On the 17th, lord Lake fell on Holkar's cavalry near Ferruckabad, commanded by Holkar himself, and thoroughly routed it, very nearly making capture of Holkar. He retreated into the Bhurtpore territory, the rajah of that district having joined him. Lord Lake determined to follow him, and drove him thence, reducing the forts in that country. He had first, however, to make himself master of the fortress of Deeg, and this proved a desperate affair. Still the garrison, consisting of troops partly belonging to Holkar and partly to the rajah of Bhurtpore, evacuated it on Christmas-day, leaving behind them a great quantity of cannon and ammunition. On the 1st of January, 1805, lord Lake, accompanied by colonel Monson, marched into the territory of Bhurtpore, and, on the 3rd, sate down before its fortress, one of the strongest places in India. It was situated amid lakes and morasses, about thirty miles from Agra, and was difficult of approach, as well as most skilfully fortified. It had a numerous garrison, and abundance of artillery. It was surrounded by a broad ditch, more than eight feet deep in water. Lord Lake cannonaded it till a breach was made, and then a storming party was pushed across the ditch on rafts, and endeavoured to take the fortress by escalade. They were driven back, with three hundred English and two hundred sepoys killed. The cannonade continued, and, as fresh breaches appeared, fresh assaults were made, but with the same slaughterous and abortive results. The Mahrattas secured the breaches by strong stockades within till they could repair them. On the 18th of January, major-general Smith arrived from Agra with three battalions of sepoys and a hundred Europeans, and Ishmail Beeg deserted from Holkar with five hundred horse. But these advantages were counterbalanced by Meer Khan arriving with a strong force from Bundelcund to assist Holkar.

On the 21st of January another great breach was made, and another attempt to carry the place by assault; but it was repelled by a terrible slaughter, upwards of six hundred men being killed or wounded. At the same time, Meer Khan, with eight thousand horse, endeavoured to cut off a great train of camels and bullocks bringing up provisions, but was defeated, as were the united forces of Meer Khan, Holkar, and the rajah of Bhurtpore, in a similar attempt to intercept another provision train on its way from Agra. In order to compel Lake to raise the siege of Bhurtpore, Meer Khan made an incursion with his own cavalry, and a power-

ful reinforcement of Pindarries, into the Doab, the company's territory. But lord Lake was not to be drawn away from the fort. He dispatched major-general Smith with a body of horse and the horse-artillery, who followed the track of Meer Khan, marked by burning villages and desolated fields, and coming up with him, on the 1st of March, near Afzulgur, he routed him with great slaughter, dispersing and almost annihilating his force. During this expedition, which lasted a month, and in which the English crossed and recrossed the Ganges and the Jumna several times, they gave a splendid example of the effective condition of our troops in India.

During the absence of major-general Smith, lord Lake continued the bombardment of the fortress of Bhurtpore. He had been joined by a considerable reinforcement of British and native troops, under major-general Jones, who had made an extraordinary march all the way from Bombay, through the territories of Malwa, and the dominions of Holkar and Scindiah. But all lord Lake's endeavours had proved abortive. On one occasion he lost nearly a thousand men, English and native, by the explosion of a mine. As his stores and ammunition were getting low, he determined to make one more bold dash, and, the next day, threw the whole of his force on the breach. The English rushed upon the walls with a perfect desperation, sticking their bayonets into the joints of the stones to aid them to climb; but the enemy defended the place with equal spirit, and the English were compelled to desist, with the loss of another thousand men, chiefly sepoys, including major Menzies, lieutenant Templeton, and three other officers. Upwards of three thousand men having been killed, and a great number wounded, in the endeavours to storm the place, lord Lake now converted the siege into a blockade, and sent out parties to obstruct the roads leading to the fort, and others to bring up fresh cannon and supplies, his artillery having become blown at the touch-hole by the continued firing. As Holkar continued to hover near with a large body of cavalry, lord Lake went in quest of him, and, coming up with him, now again joined by Meer Khan and some bands of Pindarries, he gave him a most crushing defeat on the 2nd of April, and drove him across the Chumbul river. On this, the rajah of Bhurtpore consented to treat; and, on the 2nd of April, he agreed to surrender the fort of Deeg to the English till such time as they were satisfied of his fidelity;

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. NAMES OF VESSELS ENGAGED: —

	Guns.
1. Spartiate	74
2. Minotaur	74
3. Orion	74
4. Ajax	74
5. Agamemnon ...	64
6 Conqueror ...	74
7. Leviathan ...	74
8. Britannia ...	100
9. Neptune	98
10. Téméraire ...	98
11. Victory	100
12. Cutter.	
13. Naide, f.	

	Guns.
14. Phœbe, f.	
15. Sirius, f.	
16. Africa	64
17. Pickle, sch.	
18. Euryalus, f.	
19. Dreadnought ...	98
20. Prince	98
21. Defence	74
22. Thunderer ...	74
23. Defiance	74
24. Spitfire	74
25. Revenge	74
26. Polyphemus ...	74

	Guns.
27. Achille	74
28. Bellerophon ...	74
29. Mars	74
30. Belleisle	74
31. Sovereign ...	100
32. Argonaut ...	74
33. Hermione, f.	
34. Intrepide	74
35. Pluto	74
36. Fougueux ...	74
37. Monarco	74
38. St. Anna	112

	Guns.
39. Indomitable ...	84
40. Leander	64
41. Redoubtable ...	74
42. Bucentaur ...	80
43. Trinidada ...	140
44. Héros	74
45. Duguy Trouin	74
46. M. Blanc	74
47. Formidable ...	80
48. St. Augustin ...	74
49. Scipio	74
50. Neptune	84

	Guns.
51. El Roye	100
52. Bel Asile.	
53. St. Juan	74
54. Algesiras	74
55. Argonaut ...	80
56. Swiftsure ...	74
57. Argonaut ...	74
58. Ildefonso	74
59. Pr. d'Asturias	112
60. L'Aigle	74
61. Rhin, f.	
62. Montara	74

	Guns.
63. Berwick	74
64. Achillo	74
65. Boheme	74
66. Thémise, f.	
67. Argus.	
68. Neptune	84
69. St. Juste	74
70. Hortense, f.	
71. Flora, f.	
72. Furet.	
73. Corneille, f.	
74. Mercurio.	

LORD NELSON MORTALLY WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

to renounce all connection with the enemies of England; to pay by instalments twenty lacs of Furruckabad rupees; to surrender a portion of his territory, and deliver one of his sons as a hostage for the fulfilment of his engagements. This was settled on the 10th of April, and, on the 21st, lord Lake went in quest of Scindiah and Holkar, who had united their forces. At his approach, they retreated towards Ajmeer. As the rainy season was approaching, lord Lake returned and quartered his troops at Agra, Mutra, and the neighbouring towns. Lord Wellesley was now superseded in the government of India by lord Cornwallis, who was averse to the system of extensive annexation which lord Wellesley had pursued. But his own health was failing, and, as he ascended the country in order to confer with lord Lake on his future policy, he died at Gazepoor, near Benares, having returned to India only three months. Sir George Barlow assumed the direction of affairs till the appointment of a new governor-general; and, as lord Lake was of opinion that there could be no security till Holkar and Scindiah were driven over the Indus, it was resolved to carry out that object. Scindiah, however, came in and made peace, and Holkar went northward, boasting that he would cross the Indus, and then return with a new avalanche of Sikhs and Affghans, and sweep away the British forces. He managed to elude major-general Jones and colonel Ball, who marched from different quarters to intercept him; and, to prevent him arousing the Sikhs to arms, lord Lake marched rapidly after him with the cavalry, and a portion of the infantry. He reached the country of the Sikhs, who professed themselves friendly, and, crossing the Sutledjh, he pushed on with wonderful celerity into the Punjab, and, being joined by a reinforcement, under colonel Burn, he still advanced, and reached the banks of the Beas river, the Hyphasis of Alexander the Great, where he and his Macedonians halted, and turned back towards their far-off country. On the banks of this river, a tributary of the Indus, the British troops beheld above them the mighty ranges of the Himalaya, and the distant, snow-clad summits of the ancient Imaus. Around them were vast pine-woods clothing the slopes, and enchanting valleys, with numerous villages and temples, and the ruined structures of past ages. The natives gazed on them with as much wonder as their ancestors, more than two thousand years before, had gazed on the Macedonian army; but they proved friendly, and soon flocked in with provisions and fruits. Holkar lay encamped betwixt them and the city of Lahore, and lord Lake was preparing to reach him, or drive him across the Hydrastes, when he found himself, like Alexander, arrested in his march.

Sir George Barlow had concluded a treaty with Scindiah, and lord Lake was instructed to refrain from attacking Holkar, and to offer him very favourable terms of accommodation. It was now the policy of government to limit our territories in that part of India by the Jumna, and this necessitated the abandonment of some defensive alliances beyond it, as with the rajah of Gypore, and some lesser powers. This was an abandonment which left those states to the vengeance of the Mahrattas, and was greatly blamed on that account by those who advocated the annexation of the whole peninsula. Holkar himself did not appear desirous of entering into treaty with us, but the Sikhs, who wished both him and us away, refused all aid to Holkar, except to mediate for him. Even then he hung back, and made great difficulties about the conditions; but lord Lake at length informed him that, unless the treaty was signed by a certain day, he would cross the Hyphasis, and advance to attack him. This brought him to, and, on the 7th of January, 1806, the treaty was duly signed by him. By it Holkar renounced all claims on Poonah and Bundelcund, and, indeed, on any territory on the northern bank of the Chumbul, as well as all claims on the British government and its allies. On our part, we agreed to restore to him, eighteen months after the treaty, Chandore, Galnauh, and other forts and districts south of the Taptee and Godavery, provided he fulfilled his engagements, remained peaceful, and did not molest the territories of the company and its allies, nor admit Surjee-Row-Gautka into his service. By the treaty with Scindiah, which was completed on the 23rd of November, that of Surjee Anjengaum, made by general Wellesley, was confirmed: to restore to him Gwalior and Gohud, with the right to resume them in case he violated the treaty. The river Chumbul was made his boundary. In exchange for certain jaghires, amounting to fifteen lacs of rupees annually, which had been granted to some of his officers by the former treaty, he received an annual pension of four lacs of rupees for himself, a jaghire, worth two lacs of rupees, for his wife, and another, worth one lac, for his daughter. As for his father-in-law, Surjee-Row-Gautka—a man most hostile to the English, and who was supposed to have stimulated both Scindiah and Holkar to their late war—he was bound, like Holkar, not to admit him again to his counsels or service. No interference was made with his conquests between the rivers Chumbul and Taptee, nor with his arrangements with his tributary chiefs in Mewar and Marwar; but, on the other hand, he was required not to take into his service any Europeans, without consent of the British. French officers, indeed, who had served under M. Perron, were found to have directed the defence of the hill forts in this campaign, greatly to our damage.

These treaties were regarded by lord Lake, Sir John Malcolm—who had to negotiate them—and many men of eminence in Indian affairs, as based on a policy which could not last; that there could be no quiet in Hindustan, so long as the restless Mahrattas and Pindárries were not broken up, nor till the Indus was made the boundary of our Indian empire towards the north-west. We shall see that a few more years justified their foresight. These treaties, however, having, for the present, restored peace to the north, lord Lake, after giving a grand review of the army on the banks of the Hyphasis, to impress the Sikhs with a sense of our military superiority, commenced his march back to Delhi, and, in February, 1807, quitted his command in India; few commanders having rendered more brilliant services in that part of our empire, or left behind him more sincere esteem and admiration.

Parliament opened gloomily on the 21st of January, 1806. The total failure of Pitt's new continental coalition, the surrender of Ulm, the battle of Austerlitz, the retreat of Austria from peace with Napoleon, and of Russia into her northern snows, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and

Belgium nearly all continuing prostrate at the feet of Buonaparte, notwithstanding all the money spent afresh to stimulate the continental nations to do their own business, and take care of themselves—were killing Pitt, and had driven the king again to the verge of madness. Pitt had sought for renovation, in the autumn, at Bath; but its salutary waters and atmosphere had failed to repair the ravages in a constitution destroyed by rich dinners, late hours, hard drinking, and the mortification to a proud spirit which the utter failure of his great and absurd continental system had produced. He was dying at Putney as the house met, and the king was not in a condition to open the session personally. The royal speech, read by a commissioner, referred, with just pride, to the great victory of Trafalgar, and had but little to say on the defeat of all our endeavours on the continent. The opposition determined to move an amendment on the address on the point of this false and ruinous continental policy; but this was prevented by the announcement of the death of Pitt on the 24th, two days after the opening of parliament. Mr. Lascelles gave notice of a motion for a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. Fox moved that this question should be postponed till after the discussion on the address, which was considered by Pitt's friends as a great want of generosity in Fox; but it must be remembered that Fox and his party had, from first to last, protested against Pitt's policy as erroneous in theory, and mischievous in all its tendencies; as ruinous to this country, by its boundless interference with the affairs of the continental nations. The discussion on the amendment was therefore, in truth, a discussion on the real merits of Pitt—on his real services or dis-services to this country. It might not be generous, but, in a national point of view—the only view in which parliament had a right to entertain it—it was a just one, which, in government, is the more legitimate. The amendment was, of course, overruled, and it was voted, on the 27th of January, by a majority of two hundred and fifty-eight against eighty-nine, that Pitt should be buried in Westminster Abbey; which accordingly took place, the royal dukes, the archbishop of Canterbury, eight bishops, a great number of peers, and about a hundred members of the house of commons attending.

A second question regarding the late minister became immediately necessary. He had died greatly in debt. It was one of the best qualities of Pitt, that he never had a love of money, or an ambition to create a great estate at the expense of the country, like too many statesmen. On the other hand, he was perfectly incapable of managing his own affairs, whilst he thought himself capable of managing those of the whole world. In both cases, the only result of his plans was huge debt, and nothing more. At an early period of Pitt's ministerial career, though a bachelor, he was so hopelessly in debt, that his friend, Robert Smith, afterwards baron Carrington, had looked into his affairs, and declared that, of all scenes of domestic robbery by servants, and wild charges by tradesmen, he had never witnessed anything to compare with it. The financial management of his own income and that of the nation were just on a par in Pitt's case. He let his own money go like water, and he would have flung any quantity of the nation's property away on his quixotic scheme of propping up the thoroughly rotten and hopeless condition of the continental governments. A strong push was now made by such of Pitt's creditors as had advanced money to him, to be repaid by the nation. In this endeavour, none were more eager than his great friends and relatives, who had been enabled by him to draw a hundred-fold from the nation what they had lent him. Wilberforce, however, proposed that they should not only forego their individual claims, but should contribute each a moderate sum towards the raising of forty thousand pounds, which would pay his tradesmen; but here the great relatives and friends became dumb and motionless. Spencer Perceval offered a thousand pounds, and one or two others made some offers; but the appeal was vain, and a motion was made by Mr. Cartwright, on the 3rd of February, that the nation should pay this sum. This was carried at once.

The genius and services of Pitt to this country have been greatly overrated. That he was a man of great and persevering energies, and of a large amount of talent and eloquence, is certain; but he was of a cold, proud, self-deifying, imperious temperament, without either the deep insight or the comprehensive grasp of genius. He did not perceive that there was a movement going on in society; the nascent progress of more genuine ideas of national government, and therefore all his efforts were bent to maintain things as they were; to keep up the old notions of the balance of power, and to bolster on the worm-eaten theories of corrupt old dynasties those persons and principles that both God and man had condemned, and which, therefore, no minister, however able, no nation, however wealthy or warlike, could uphold. The whole mass of social and political life were in a state of transition, but Pitt and his colleagues were too superficial to perceive this; and they went on pledging the whole power of the nation, and the property of posterity, to arrest a movement as irresistible as that of the earth and the planets around her. Never was there so unfortunate a phrase as that long bepraised one of George Canning—"The heaven-born minister, who weathered the storm." If ever there was a minister particularly earth-born, of the earth, earthy, it was Pitt. Of that glance and spirit of heaven, which penetrate to the heart of things, and perceive the real and the eternal under the dying forms of the transitory and merely conventional, he was entirely destitute. His whole political theory was a mistake; his whole strenuous contest against that tempest from on high, which was shaking out of the nations their carious components, as a whirlwind rends from the forest its dead boughs, was a battle against nature and the [illegible] doctrines of man, as hopeless as that of [illegible] Olympus. The system of peace [illegible], in [illegible], was long eulogised as [illegible]. It was the shallowest of all shallow systems—a system of obstruction, like that of damming up a river which, in its ever-accumulating motumment, will ultimately sweep all obstacles before it. We behold the results in the condition of Austria at this moment. Pitt's system was equally as false, and has been swept from the face of Europe, leaving only one monument of its folly—the National Debt of England. As to weathering the storm, he perished in the very fury of it. He saw all his costly plans thrown to the

ground, and dashed into minutest fragments, and those simple, obvious, comparatively inexpensive means of that security, which he declared himself labouring for, alone triumphant. Our navy had saved the country, and nothing else was saved. We stood triumphant amid our waters, and should thus have stood, had we let France contend with the continental despots till she had scourged them into the real mood of successful resistance, with all our finances unmortgaged, ready to contribute to the final triumph by our fleets and our counsels; or, if we must have fought on land, it would have been at the right moment and with the right means—as we did at last—a real British army, of sufficient amount, and of practical discipline, before which no enemy can stand. One of the greatest delusions of Pitt was to put money and arms into hands that were too effeminate to use them effectually, and which often dropped those arms for the French to pick up and enslave them with. Yet the whole of the blame does not rest on the shoulders of Pitt — it originated in the defective political vision and spirit of the time; but it is our business, whilst recognising this, to leave the men of that day to worship their own idol; to assign to him and them their true place in the scale of national estimation.

Pitt dead, there remained a difficulty of no ordinary kind in the construction of a new cabinet. Various persons were applied to to take the dangerous and arduous post, who all declined, knowing the powerful opposition which would be arrayed against them by coalescing parties. Amongst these were lord Hawkesbury, Sidmouth, and the marquis Wellesley, who had just returned from India. There was nothing for it, then, but to endeavour to diminish the opposition of all parties by bringing in some of all parties, and hence the construction of what was called "All the Talents." Grenville assumed the helm as first lord of the treasury, and, of course, brought in Fox, notwithstanding the repugnance of the king. Fox became secretary of foreign affairs—Fox, who had so long and so vehemently condemned the whole of Pitt's foreign policy. Sidmouth, though refusing the responsibility of the premiership, accepted the office of privy seal; lord Fitzwilliam became lord president of the council; Grey, now lord Howick, first lord of the admiralty; lord Moira, master-general of the ordnance; lord Spencer, secretary of state for the home department; Windham, secretary for the colonies; lord Henry Petty, chancellor of the exchequer; Erskine, lord chancellor; and Sir Gilbert Elliot, now made lord Minto, apparently in reward of his loss of Corsica, president of the board of control. Sheridan was not trusted with a place in the cabinet, because he had been found to be not stanch to any party, and because, in his daily drunken fits, he had let out state or any other secrets. As to drunkenness, there were others, and those high in the cabinet, who could pretty well match Sheridan, Fox amongst them, but then they were more reticent in their cups, and were also more indispensable on account of their party position. Lord Auckland was made president of the board of trade, and lord Temple vice-president. Temple, also, was made joint paymaster of the forces with lord John Townshend, and general Fitzgerald secretary at war. In the law departments, lord Ellenborough, the chief justice of the king's bench, had, though quite out of rule, a seat in the cabinet; Pigott became attorney-general, Sir Samuel Romilly solicitor-general. The duke of Bedford was enabled to gratify his dependents by being appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Such was "All the Talents," amongst whom, however, did not appear Canning, who had more talent than three-fourths of them.

It was clear to every one that such a ministry could not long hold together. There were scarcely two of them who did not hold the most opposite and irreconcilable views. Fox, at the instigation of Francis, was desirous to call in question the proceedings of lord Wellesley in India, and lord Grenville was as resolute against it; Windham, Grenville, Fox, and Sidmouth, held, every one of them, different notions of foreign policy. Fox and some others were advocates of catholic emancipation; Sidmouth was utterly averse to it. Then, how were so many heads to find comfortable patronage for their swarms of followers?

Fox had now to attempt that accommodation with Buonaparte which, he had so long contended, was by no means difficult. An opportunity was immediately offered him for opening communications with the French government. A Frenchman, calling himself Guillet de la Gevrillière, made his way secretly into England, and solicited an interview with Fox on a matter of high importance. Fox granted it, and was indignant at discovering that it was a proposal to assassinate Napoleon. Fox ordered the man to be detained, and wrote at once to Talleyrand, informing him of the fact, and expressing his abhorrence of it. Talleyrand replied, complimenting Fox on the nobleness of his principles, and expressing the admiration of the emperor of it. "Tell him," said Buonaparte, as reported by Talleyrand, "that in this act I recognise the principles of honour and virtue in Mr. Fox;" and he added that the emperor desired him to say, that whatever turn affairs might now take, whether this useless war, as he termed it, might be put an end to or not, he was perfectly confident that there was a new spirit in the British cabinet, and that Fox would alone follow principles of beauty and true greatness. Those empty compliments made no way towards such a negotiation as a real burst of gratitude might have introduced, especially when accompanied by such confidence as Buonaparte avowed in Fox's sentiments; and shrewd men suspected that Gevrillière had most likely been dispatched by Napoleon himself, through Fouché, to test the reality of Fox's formerly asserted indignation, that Pitt, or any British minister, could be suspected of plans of assassination against the French emperor.

Still, Fox took the opportunity to sound the French government as to the possibility of peace. In a correspondence with Talleyrand, he said that England would be willing to treat on reasonable terms, the first condition of which was, that the emperor Alexander should be admitted to the treaty. This was at once refused; yet Fox did not give up the attempt, and, at length, the French government proposed that an English ambassador should go to Paris, to endeavour to arrange the principles of an agreement. Fox complied, and committed a diplomatic repetition of the error of the Addington ministry, in sending over lord Malmesbury.

Before an English plenipotentiary was permitted to proceed to Paris, the great points of the negotiation should have been brought forward, and it should have been seen

whether there was a probability of according. It should have been understood whether Buonaparte was disposed to surrender Naples again, which England demanded; to require the retirement of the Prussians from Hanover, even if nothing was said of Holland and Switzerland. To send a plenipotentiary without having ascertained these points was simply to enable Buonaparte to boast that he had sought to conciliate, and that British rapacity and ambition rendered all his overtures useless. This was what exactly occurred. Lord Yarmouth, late marquis of Hertford, who had been residing for years in France as one of Buonaparte's detenues at the peace of Amiens, was first sent. Lord Yarmouth arrived in Paris towards the end of May, and though it had been settled that the negotiations should, for the present, remain secret, the French had taken care to make every court in Europe well acquainted with the fact. Then one of the very first demands—having got the ambassador there—was for the recognition, not only of Buonaparte as emperor, but also of all his family as princes and princesses of the blood. Next they came to the surrender of Naples, but Talleyrand assured lord Yarmouth that the emperor, so far from giving up Naples, or any part of Italy, must have Sicily, which was in possession of the English, because Joseph Buonaparte, now made king of Naples, declared that it could not be held without Sicily. France, Talleyrand said, would consent to England holding Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, which we had taken again, and would not only restore Hanover to us, but also allow us to seize on the Hanse Towns and Hamburg! We were, in fact, to be permitted to set up for marauders, like themselves, and invade neutral states, and appropriate them; but, as for Naples or Sicily being restored, that was impossible. Lord Yarmouth also demanded that Dalmatia, Istria, and Albania should be restored, the latter to the Turks, whose empire should regain its entirety. These points were equally resisted. Meantime, Prussia had taken the alarm about Hanover, and Russia, fearful of our treating without her, sent to Paris count d'Oubril. Talleyrand managed to excite jealousies betwixt the English and Russian envoys, to such a degree, that d'Oubril quitted Paris hastily, and returned to St. Petersburg. Instead of peace, the elements of new heartburnings and wars every day developed themselves. Finding that lord Yarmouth did not succeed, Fox sent over the earl of Lauderdale, but he succeeded no better. Buonaparte insisted that Sicily should be given up to Naples, and a little mock monarchy should be created for Ferdinand, the ex-king, in the Balearic Isles, which were to be taken unceremoniously from Spain. Lord Lauderdale, after a month's useless waste of words, demanded his passports, and returned; and Fox had now had ample proof that no peace was to be effected with Napoleon, except upon the terms of leaving the continent to his dictation.

In parliament, business moved slowly, or, rather, was brought almost to a stand by the neutralising influences of the partisans of "All the Talents." No great majority could be obtained on any question, except on one or two, which we shall have immediately to notice. There was an attempt to censure the introduction of lord Ellenborough, as chief justice of the king's bench, into the cabinet. It was contended that it was contrary to the principle, if not the letter, of the constitution; that, besides a judge, having enough to do on the bench, he would have to sit as a judge on such appeals to the privy council which might be made thither against his own decisions; that, moreover, lord Ellenborough had suddenly changed the whole principles of his life for the sake of advancement, and, in the practice of his court, had, by the most rude and insolent language, never hesitated to carry causes in favour of the government and against the popular liberties. On the part of government it was argued that, both in queen Anne's reign and in that of George II., chief justices had had places in the cabinet; and the subject was evaded by moving the previous question.

Windham, on the 3rd of April, proposed his plan for the improvement of the army. Till this time enlistments had been for life, which gave men a strong aversion to enter it, and made it the resort chiefly of such as were entrapped in drink, or were the offscouring of society, who became soldiers, to enjoy an idle life, and often to escape hanging for their desperate crimes. He said that we could not have recourse to conscription in this country, and to get men, and especially a better class of men, we must limit the term of service, and increase the pay. To prepare the way for his contemplated regulations, he first moved for the repeal of Pitt's additional force bill. This was strongly opposed by Castlereagh and Canning, who contended that nothing could be better or more flourishing than the condition of the army; and that the repeal of Pitt's bill was only meant to cast a slur on his memory. Notwithstanding this, the bill was repealed by a majority, in the commons, of two hundred and thirty-five against one hundred and nineteen, and in the lords by a majority of ninety-seven against forty. Windham then moved for a clause in the annual mutiny bill, on the 30th of May, for limiting the terms of service. In the infantry, these terms were divided into three, of seven years each; and in the cavalry and artillery three also, the first of ten, the second of six, and the third of five years. At the end of any one of these terms, the soldier could demand his discharge, but his privileges and pensions were to be increased according to the length of his service. Notwithstanding active opposition, the clause was adopted and inserted. He then followed this success by a series of bills: one for training a certain number of persons liable to be drawn from the militia, not exceeding two hundred thousand; a bill suspending the ballot for the militia for England for two years, except so far as should be necessary to supply vacancies in any corps fallen below its quota; a bill, called the Chelsea Hospital bill, to secure to disabled or discharged soldiers their rightful pensions; a bill for augmenting the pay of infantry officers of the regular line; and one for settling the relative rank of officers of troops of the line, militia, and yeomanry. To these bills, which were all passed, was added a vote for the increased pay of sergeants, corporals, and privates of the line, and an augmentation of the Chelsea pensions, and the pensions of officers' widows. Lord Howick moved that the same benefits should be extended to the officers, petty officers, and seamen of the navy, and to the Greenwich pensioners which was carried. These were, undoubtedly, most substantial measures of justice to the two services; and the results of them soon became apparent enough in their beneficial effects on the condition of the army and navy.

But though lord Howick, as the new head of the admiralty, had obtained an addition to the naval pay, he was in no hurry to secure the just honours and rewards of those who had won the magnificent victory of Trafalgar. The new ministry appeared so completely occupied with taking care of themselves and their friends, as to have quite forgotten both those who had fallen in that terrible fight and they who survived. It was a considerable time before the case of Nelson was taken into consideration, and the grants and honours to his family were voted. Lord Barham, the first lord of the admiralty in the late administration, had, meantime, up to the last moment that he retained office, refused all acknowledgment of the services of those who had fought in that sanguinary and decisive combat, and now lord Howick was not much more attentive to them. Admiral Collingwood was a man of small fortune, and was actually feeling keenly the narrowness of his income; and he complained that not only was nothing more than a vote of thanks given to him, but that the ships were put into most incapable hands, and that there was a general disgust throughout the Trafalgar fleet at the report that not even medals were to be granted. It is to the honour of the duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., that he exerted himself with the king and with the admiralty to have proper consideration paid to the heroes who had so completely established the sovereignty of England on the ocean. At length, Collingwood was raised to the peerage, by the title of baron Collingwood, with a pension of two thousand pounds a-year, and of one thousand pounds a-year to his wife, in case she survived him, as well as five hundred pounds a-year to each of his two daughters. The thanks of parliament were voted to admiral Sir Richard Strachan for his capture of Dumanoir's ships which had escaped from Trafalgar, and to admiral Sir John Duckworth for his services in the West Indies; but the whole of the ministerial acknowledgments of the services of the navy at Trafalgar were marked by a most discouraging coldness and parsimony, in revolting contrast to their eagerness to secure advantages to themselves and their friends and supporters. There was an endeavour made, early in the session, to impeach the earl St. Vincent for mismanagement and neglect, as first lord of the admiralty, whilst he held that office, but failed. But whilst there was so little disposition to reward the services of the defenders of the country, there was no hesitation in augmenting the allowances to the junior branches of the royal family, which were now applied for and granted.

VIEW OF PESCHIERA.

The budget, which was opened on the 28th of March by lord Henry Petty, was a most astonishing display of the

CABINET OF "ALL THE TALENTS."

Earl Fitzwilliam.
Lord Granville.
Earl Spencer.
Lord Erskine.

Lane Barham.

C. J. Fox.

Lord H. Petty.

Lord Windham.
Earl Grey.
Lord Sidmouth.

case with which men forget all their complaints and demands of reform when they get into office. Fox and his colleagues, who had so vehemently condemned the war system and the lavish taxation of Pitt, now prepared for the fullest continuance of that system, and they rushed into still higher expenditure. The supplies demanded for the year were forty-eight millions nine hundred and sixteen thousand pounds. Of this, fifteen millions two hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds were for the navy; eighteen millions five hundred thousand pounds for the army; four millions seven hundred and eighteen thousand pounds for the ordnance. There were taxes already in force to the amount of thirty-two millions five hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred and seventy-one pounds; but, to make up the deficiency, the income-tax was at once raised from six and a half to ten per cent.; war taxes, including a tax of forty shillings a ton on pig-iron, and a petty tax on appraisements, were passed to the amount of nineteen millions five hundred thousand pounds, and a new loan was ordered of eighteen million pounds. Every person was brought under the sweep of the property tax down to fifty pounds a-year, and all persons claiming exemptions were compelled to pay in the first instance, and then go to the tax-office to obtain repayment—a process, from old experience, so difficult and irritating, that many persons rather lost their money than encounter the nuisance; and this, no doubt, was calculated upon. Ministers could not, from their past professions, defend these proceedings; they admitted that the complaints that were made were perfectly just, but they said they did not see how to carry on the government without these measures.

A ministry which, when out of office, had been so eloquent against the continental wars, who had been so profuse of blame of the burthensomeness of taxation, should have put forth their energies, and have resolved to confine themselves to the defence of the country by the navy, now found so omnipotent, which would have enabled them to dispense with a large amount of war taxes. They ought to have made a strict scrutiny into the abuses of office, and cut down sinecures and corrupt emoluments; but then they knew very well that they would cut down their majority, and must go out. So all the old system went on, and, instead of a decrease of taxation, there was a heavy increase of it. But ministers thought it a sufficient excuse that they did not bring the country into this unhappy position; they were quite content, nay, happy, however, to continue it in it. The almost solitary attempt of lord Henry Petty was, in enforcing some auditing of the public accounts. And, truly, there was enormous need of this. It was found that not a single account in the army pay-office had been audited since 1782; it was the same with the account of the stores for the same length of time; the navy accounts were in the same state; the accounts of the late war, ending with the peace of Amiens, had never been examined or audited; and all those relating to the expeditions to Holland and Egypt, and the enormous subsidies to foreign powers, had never passed under review at all! Yet all this time there had been a regular board of auditors, receiving twenty-eight thousand pounds a-year for doing nothing. This board was remodelled, and, to enable it to go through the work of so many years, and bring order out of chaos, the income of it was raised to forty-two thousand pounds, which, however, it was said, was only to continue on that scale till the arrears were brought up.

Such was the revelation of the mode of government of the so much-boasted Pitt—the "heaven-born minister." He appears to have troubled himself about nothing but the voting immense sums of money for foreign kings and fruitless expeditions. The money, once voted and collected, was suffered to be expended or wasted, as the heads of the different departments chose; no inquiries were made after it. If these sums did not reach the required objects, fresh ones were voted, and fresh loans raised. The officers of the different departments retained what sums they pleased in their hands, and speculated with them how and as long as they pleased. Pitt expended the country's wealth over rotten foreign instruments, which continually and universally broke in his hands, and yet he never seemed to see that they were rotten, or to feel one pang for the waste of the public substance, or take one measure for preventing that portion of it which stayed at home from being embezzled. If the people of England could only know the large amount of the present public debt which never went to do an hour's service to the country, but to enrich lazy officials, who thus left the public accounts without check or audit, it would, at least, entertain juster ideas of the reputations of statesmen whom party has elevated from criminals of gigantic proportions to objects of veneration.

Lord Henry Petty also introduced some stricter regulations into the office of treasurer of the ordnance, the post-office, the excise-office, the custom-house, and other offices, to prevent the practice of the public money lying in the hands of the officers to trade with. He also effected the removal of some of the commercial restrictions betwixt Great Britain and Ireland, permitting the free transit of grain between them. Romilly was anxious to have the system of government lotteries abolished; but ministers, though admitting the demoralising effects of them, declared that they could not do without them.

The best feature of "All the Talents" was the sincerity with which they went into the endeavours to suppress the slave trade. Pitt had always stood by Wilberforce and the abolitionists, to a certain degree, and had made some of his ablest speeches on this topic; but, beyond speaking, he had done little practically to bring his supporters to the necessary tone on the subject. The present ministry, though comprising several members decidedly hostile to abolition, and other mere lukewarm friends, went with much more spirit into the question, and lord Henry Petty had canvassed the university of Cambridge, and made many friends of the measure there. The royal family were decided opponents to the abolition of the slave trade, and George III. clung to this diabolical traffic with his usual narrow-minded obstinacy. The ministry, therefore, deserved praise for their support of Wilberforce and the abolitionists. Clarkson and the Society of Friends had been working indefatigably out of doors to great purpose, and it was now deemed possible to make a preparatory assault on the hideous trade. On the 1st of January the attorney-general brought in a bill to prohibit the exportation of slaves from any of the

British colonies. This, though it permitted the direct transport of slaves from Africa to those colonies, or to foreign colonies, cut off the convenience of making our islands depôts for this trade; and Pitt had already, by an order in council, prevented the introduction of slaves into the colonies conquered by us during the war. Wilberforce was so elated by the carrying of the attorney-general's bill, that he wanted to follow it up by one prohibiting the trade altogether; but Fox and Grenville declared that this was not yet practicable. But, on the 10th of April, they permitted Wilberforce to move an address to the king, requesting him to use his influence with foreign powers for putting down this traffic; and this being carried, Fox moved, in the commons, a resolution that the house considered the African slave trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and sound policy, and would, with all practicable expedition, proceed to take effectual measures for its abolition, in such manner and at such period as should seem advisable. This, too, was carried by a hundred and fifteen against fourteen. This was a great step, for it pledged the house of commons to the declaration that the trade was indefensible, and ought to be put an end to. Still more, to prevent that rush for securing slaves which the fear of the suppression of the trade, at no distant date, might occasion, a bill was also passed, prohibiting the employment of any vessel in that trade which had trafficked in it previous to the 1st of August, 1806, or been contracted for before June 10th, 1806. This act was limited to two years, and, spite of its benevolent intention, had one serious drawback—that of causing the vessels employed to be still more crowded, and therefore more fatal to the slaves.

The ministry were now involved in a transaction which produced them a plentiful crop of unpopularity. The country was already highly disappointed by the character of the financial measures, and now saw them engaged in an attempt to gratify the domestic resentments of the prince of Wales. We have already alluded to the disreputable circumstances attending his marriage with the princess Caroline of Brunswick. The prince, who was living in open adultery with the countess of Jersey, had become from the first—and, it is said, greatly through the arts and insinuations of his mistress—disgusted with his wife. Probably, they were not by any means suited to each other, but no wife could have tolerated the course of life of the prince. After little more than a year's cohabitation they separated, but not before a daughter was born. So long as the Pitt administration continued, all offensive measures of a public nature were warded from the unfortunate princess. The king had always been her decided protector; but now the whigs came in, who had ever been in alliance with the prince of Wales, and that exemplary gentleman conceived hopes that he might rid himself of her. The public had been for some time scandalised by disputes betwixt the prince and princess as to a proper separate allowance for her, and concerning the prince's endeavours to deprive her of the company of her own child; but, as he had not succeeded in taking away the infant, rumours were soon industriously spread that the princess, at Blackheath, was leading a very disreputable life. She herself wrote to the king, stating that, for two years, she had been surrounded by spies. At the head of these spies were Sir John and lady Douglas. Sir John was an equerry of the duke of Sussex, and he and his wife had fixed their residence near that of the princess, and insinuated themselves into her most intimate confidence. All that they could gather up or construe to the princess's disadvantage was duly communicated to the duke of Sussex, and by the duke to his brother, the prince. In 1805 they had supplied their employer or employers with a most startling story of the princess's having been delivered of a son, whom she was openly keeping in her house, under pretence that it was the child of a poor woman of the name of Austin, which she had adopted. Immediate steps were taken privately to get up a case. Samuel Romilly was sent for by the prince, who made him a relation of what was asserted against the princess, and the evidence which he had already on the subject. He told him that a written statement of the particulars should be sent to him, when he was to consult lord Thurlow, the old ex-chancellor. This narrative, written by lady Douglas, was brought to Romilly by colonel M'Mahon, one of the prince of Wales's household; and, when Romilly had carefully read it, he took it to Thurlow, accompanied by M'Mahon, on the 15th of December, 1805. At first, Thurlow declared that he did not believe the story; that he felt great compassion for a woman in the princess's situation in a foreign country; and that, in the first place, it was necessary that the prince should have better evidence than this paper furnished before any step was taken in the matter. In the end, however, he advised that means should be taken to endeavour to come at the truth, and he recommended a person of the name of Lowten, a barrister, or lawyer of some kind, as a likely man to sift this out.

The manner of Thurlow convinced M'Mahon that he was not anxious to have much to do with the business, and he therefore informed Romilly that the prince would confide the case to him with perfect confidence; but Romilly declined taking the responsibility of so delicate and important an affair alone, and recommended that Erskine should be consulted; but Erskine did not show much more liking for the sort of business than Thurlow, and Romilly had to proceed in it alone for some time. On the last day of 1805, Romilly met lord Moira, at that time a great companion of the prince of Wales, and Sir John and lady Douglas, at Lowten's chambers, that individual having accepted the office of director of the spies on the princess. Lady Douglas was minutely questioned on her statements, and seems to have impressed her questioners, Romilly amongst the rest, with the truthfulness of her assertions.

On the 23rd of February, 1806, Pitt died, the whigs came into power, and Romilly, a good whig, was appointed attorney-general. Lowten, during the interval that the new arrangements occupied Romilly and others, was actively pursuing his system of espionage; and, on the 18th of May, Romilly, at the prince's desire, again saw Thurlow. Matters had now greatly changed. The tory administration, which had kept these inquiries in check, was gone, and one was existing which was supposed favourable to it—which, at least, was desirous to oblige the prince. Thurlow, who always looked well at these matters, now declared that he

thought the evidence in the prince's hands too important not to be acted upon. He recommended that the business should be brought under the notice of Mr. Fox. This being reported to the prince, Romilly was sent by him to lord Grenville, who seemed to listen to his statement of the facts delivered in secret evidence, and, at once jumping to the conclusion that all was true, thought it impossible to avoid making the birth of the child a subject of parliamentary proceeding. On the 24th of May lord chancellor Erskine, who also appeared much more bold on the matter, read the written statements to the king, who decided that a private inquiry should take place; that the house of lord Grenville should be selected as the proper scene, and that lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough should undertake the inquiry, and report to him upon it.

This meeting and inquiry took place, accordingly, on the 1st of June. Romilly attended. The examination of witnesses went on for a week, these being brought thither with much secrecy, and without any intimation of what was going on being given to the princess of Wales. On the 7th the four lords of the council issued an order to bring six of the most confidential of the princess's servants before them. The duke of Kent then waited on the princess, and apprised her of what was going on, and that her servants must attend. Her royal highness at once said that all her servants were at the command of the council. The servants were accordingly examined, and appear, according to Romilly's own diary, to have uniformly given the most favourable testimony to the conduct of the princess, and to have contradicted at almost every point the statements of lady Douglas. Further: the reputed mother of the child, Sophia Austin, was examined, and proved that the child was veritably her own; had been born at the Brownlow Street Hospital on the 11th of July, 1802, and had been taken to the princess's house on the 15th of November, adopted by her, and had remained there ever since. "The result," says Romilly, "was a perfect conviction on my mind, and, I believe, on the minds of the four lords, that the child was the child of Sophia Austin." Yet, after this statement, and the statement of the unanimous testimony of the servants to the general conduct of the princess, he adds that the prince could not be blamed for what he had done; that, in fact, he had neglected the inquiry too long. Certainly, so far as regarded the reputation of the princess, against whom nothing could, after all, be brought, he had neglected it too long, or commenced it too soon. The public, who knew too well the disgraceful life of the prince, warmly espoused the cause of the accused woman. Wherever she appeared she was lustily applauded, and the prince complained that his enemies were doing all they could to injure him. His enemies were truly "those of his own house"—his own evil life and passions. The odium which this brought on the prince fell not less heavily on the cabinet which had shown such alacrity in endeavouring to traduce and ruin the character of a woman who, as a foreigner, was under the chivalrous protection of the nation into which she had married, and that at the instigation of such a husband as the prince of Wales. The four lords had certain obscene drawings laid before them, which had been sent in envelopes to certain persons, with inscriptions written upon them; and Romilly, who attended to produce letters to the prince and to the princess Charlotte from the princess of Wales, says that they were satisfied that the obscene sentences were in the writing of the princess. If so, it would seem that she had been too long in the company of her husband, for even Thurlow said that, when he first knew her, he could not believe her guilty of anything of the kind, and that, if she had written them, she was much changed. The four lords, however, made up their report on the 12th of July, and were obliged to pronounce her innocent of the whole charge about the child; but they observed that the conduct which had been sworn to, as observed by the princess towards captain Manby, was of a kind that deserved a most serious consideration.

This affair of the princess of Wales was not terminated till the end of January, 1807. When the report was laid before the king, he referred it to the cabinet, and they advised him to send a written message to the princess, acquitting her of the main charge, but observing that he saw in the depositions of the witnesses, and even in her own letter to him, defending her conduct, evidence of a deportment unbecoming her station. The fact was, that the princess—clearly, from her after proceedings, not the most prudent or cautious person—had felt herself unworthily treated, and expressed her resentment in terms not deemed courtly. The odium excited by these un-English proceedings against the ministry was intense, especially amongst the ladies all over the country; and, certainly, there is no portion of his life which does Romilly so little credit. The conservative opposition were very righteously severe on the conduct of the ministry in this matter; but when they themselves were in power, in the days of George IV., they went far deeper into disgrace in their secret proceedings against the same woman, and were more signally defeated, amid universal execration. Such is the estimate of the same act when in power and when out of it.

Whilst this inquiry was proceeding, there was an attempt made by Sir Philip Francis and his party to impeach the marquis of Wellesley for his policy in India. Mr. Paul took the lead in the charge, and it was intended to implicate his brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley, for his participation in it. The marquis's system had certainly been one of extensive annexation; of removing nominal princes, and placing certain provinces in the position of actual British possessions, instead of apparently independent ones, when their real independence had long vanished, and of breaking the power of the formidable Mahrattas. Sir Arthur had carried out his instructions with that military superiority which afterwards made him the greatest general of the age, and, no doubt, many a case might have been made out, which, according to our European ideas, would have excited astonishment; but there was nothing like the career of Warren Hastings to expose, and even that was not destined to be gone into now. On the 4th of July, as parliament was approaching its prorogation, Mr. Paul announced that he was not yet prepared with all the papers needed, and the question was ordered to stand over to the next session.

The English during this year were engaged in a variety of enterprises, and in very different and distant parts of the world, with a success as various. The most remarkable un-

dertaking was the defence of Lower Calabria, which showed what might be effected by British soldiers, if employed in sufficient numbers, and under able commanders. If we must fight at all for foreign nations, it is obvious that it should be done in masses, which can not only conquer, but keep what they conquer. The miserable policy of our ministers had hitherto been to send small bodies of men hither and thither in the face of overwhelming armies of French. Under such circumstances, brilliant but useless exploits might be performed, but no permanent result could be obtained. The English appeared, struck a blow, and then disappeared again, sacrificing men and money, and tantalising instead of benefiting their allies. By this imbecile policy, and by trusting the command to men of mere position, instead of such as had made their way by their courage and talent, "the French soldiers," Buonaparte said, at St. Helena, "had a great contempt for the English troops at the beginning of the war, caused, perhaps, by the failure of the expeditions under the duke of York, the great want of alertness in the English advanced posts, and the misfortunes which befell your armies. In this they were fools, as the English were well known to be a brave nation; yet it is difficult to conceive how little the French soldiers thought of yours, until they were taught the contrary."

We have given a rapid sketch of the attempt by a small Russian army and a smaller English one, under Sir James Craig, to support Ferdinand of Naples in his kingdom against the French. As general St. Cyr came back upon them, followed by Massena, with altogether sixty thousand, the at most seven thousand of English and Russians were obliged to retreat, the Russians embarking for Corfu, and the English crossing over into Sicily, whither the Neapolitan court fled, and took up its residence at Palermo. Joseph Buonaparte, supported by sixty thousand French bayonets, was now reigning at Naples, and St. Cyr besieging the strong fortress of Gaëta. Sir Sidney Smith was plying in the Neapolitan waters, with a small squadron, by which he, for a long time, enabled the brave defender of that stronghold to defy all the efforts of the French, renewing the memory of his exploits at Acre, and making the conquest of the place hopeless so long as he could remain there. But Sir Sidney was obliged to return to Palermo, to defend the coast and appease the fears of the royal family, and then the brave governor, the prince of Hesse-Philipsthal, received his mortal wound, and the fortress capitulated. Had Sir Sidney had a sufficient fleet there, and the power of remaining, no amount of French troops could have taken Gaëta.

In Calabria, the two sons of Ferdinand of Naples, prince Francis and prince Leopold, in conjunction with general Damas, held a force of fourteen thousand men, and endeavoured to arouse the mountaineers, and repel the advance of the French; but Regnier was dispatched against them, with a force of ten thousand, and soon defeated and dispersed the Neapolitans, making himself master of all the country, except the towns and fortresses of Maratea, Amantea, and Scylla. After three days of a bloody contest, Regnier took Maratea, and gave it up to the soldiery. The people were butchered in cold blood, the women violated, the town burnt. These atrocities aroused the mountaineers to such fury, that they beset and harassed the French on their march to Amantea like so many demons. Their progress was arrested: Amantea stoutly resisted; Scylla, though taken, was invested by enraged Neapolitans and peasantry, and Reggio was again wrested from them. At this crisis arrived Sir John Stuart in Sicily, to reinforce and take the command of the British troops, and, at the earnest entreaty of the queen, Sir John crossed into Calabria.

Sir John had fought in Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and against this Regnier, who served in Egypt as second in command to general Menou. He had written a book, in which he had traduced the English army most shamefully, declaring that officers and men were destitute of both skill and courage, unworthy the name of soldiers, and that the loss of Egypt was owing entirely to the incapacity of Menou. Both Sir John Stuart and his men burned to avenge themselves on the impudent slanderer. The 58th regiment, now with Sir John, was one of those calumniated, having been at the battle of Alexandria, and with Sir John afterwards. Sir John landed in Calabria on the 1st of July, in the gulf of Santa Euphemia, not far from Nicastro, and advanced to seek Regnier. He had not quite five thousand troops with him, all infantry, and a third of these Corsicans, Sicilians, and other foreigners in British pay. Regnier had started for Naples with ten thousand, but some of these were lost, and others stationed to occupy different posts. He is supposed to have had now ready for action seven thousand men, including three hundred horse. Sir John Stuart had only sixteen pieces of artillery, ten four-pounders, four six-pounders, and two howitzers, and he had much difficulty in dragging even these along with him, owing to the rough and thickety ground over which they had to pass. Regnier started at once to meet him, and to drive him into the sea. He does not seem to have been better provided with cannon.

On the 3rd of July Sir John Stuart learned that Regnier was near Maida, about ten miles from Sir John's landing-place. Leaving a detachment to guard the stores, Sir John, on the 4th, marched forward, under a burning sun, to come up with him. He was accompanied in his march by a crowd of sailors from Sir Sidney Smith's squadron, mounted on donkeys, who were anxious to see the fight, and certain of victory. Sir John found Regnier drawn up in a strong position on a woody slope below the village of Maida, flanked by a thick, scrubby wood on either hand, and having in front the river Amato, at this season of the year perfectly fordable. The position was formidable, and, had Regnier kept it, it must have tried the English severely to dislodge him, especially as they had no cavalry; but Regnier, probably honestly of opinion that the English need only be encountered to be beaten, descended from his vantage ground into the plain. One reason might be, that his cavalry could better avail him there; another, that, after his boasts, Lebrun, the commissioner of Buonaparte, who always, in the old jacobin style, had such a person in the field to watch the conduct of his generals, would be ready to condemn him, if he showed any delay when engaged with so despised an enemy. The two armies approached each other about nine o'clock in the morning. They fired two or three rounds at each other, and then advanced with fixed bayonets. The officer commanding the British advance column, seeing that the men were oppressed by the blankets which they carried at their

backs in that sultry weather, commanded a halt a little before they closed, and ordered them to let their blankets go. The French, seeing this momentary halt, were confirmed in their general's opinion of the cowardice of the English, and rushed on with loud cheers. They were bronzed and bearded veterans; the English, who composed the advance column, were chiefly young and beardless youths; rushed along their lines to encourage their men, but in vain; nothing could urge them to the points of the English bayonets. The hills around were crowded with the Calabrians, anxious spectators of the fight. When the English halted, they raised loud exclamations of dismay, believing they were about to fly, but the next moment they saw them springing forward with shouts and the French waver, turn, and

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

and an officer present informed Sir Walter Scott, that, as he glanced first on the grim-looking French, and then at the smooth, young faces of the British, he could not help feeling a momentary anxiety. But, no sooner were the English freed from their blankets, than they dashed forward with loud hurrahs; and the French, who, since the battle of Austerlitz, had boasted no soldiers in Europe could stand against them in a charge of bayonets, were, in their turn, staggered. Some few stood firmly to cross bayonets with the foe, but the greater part fell back. The French officers fly. The first light infantry—a crack French regiment—were the first to break and run for the hills. But it was too late; the English were at their backs, and pursued them with a terrible slaughter.

Regnier's left thus routed by our right, he rode furiously about, bringing all the force he could muster on our left, but there the result was just the same: the French scarcely stayed to feel the bayonets, but fled in headlong confusion. The French, by their own authorities, admit that they had one thousand five hundred men killed or wounded. Sir

STATUE OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

John Stuart reports that they buried seven hundred French on the field; the English lost only about fifty men killed, and less than three hundred wounded. But the greatest havoc amongst the fugitive French was made by the enraged Calabrians amongst the hills, besides the numbers that they brought prisoners into the English camp. The French, who never lose a battle without assigning false numbers or other false causes for it, reported that Sir John Stuart's force was vastly superior in numbers to their own; and general Colletta, a Neapolitan, serving in the French army, and in favour with Joseph Buonaparte and Murat, had the hardihood to state, in his history of this campaign, that the English fought in an entrenched camp on the shore, and under the protection of awful masked batteries, which mowed down completely Regnier's troops. A Frenchman, more honest than the rest of his countrymen, however, gave a very different account. This was Paul Louis Courier, a witty and able writer. In a letter to his friends, dated from Cassano on the 12th of August, and published in his memoirs, he says that bulletins and the *Moniteur* might say what they pleased, but that Regnier was most completely beaten; that the French did not stay to fight at all. He represents the numbers of the armies as equal, and, therefore, to the French, very disgraceful; but the fact being that the French were greatly superior in number, the disgrace was the more decisive; nor does it appear that Regnier, who had excused the French army in Egypt at the expense of Menou, was magnanimous enough to excuse his troops by assuming his own incapacity. The English took all the forts along the coasts, and drove the French into Upper Calabria, where they were joined, near Cassano, by Massena, with a powerful army. But the English force was not strong enough to do more than it had done. Malaria also began to decimate his troops, and Sir John Stuart returned, in August, to Sicily, carrying with him a great quantity of stores, artillery, &c., which the French had prepared for the reduction of Calabria. The chief benefit of the battle of Maida was to show that the English troops, in proper quantities, were able to drive the French before them, but that, in the small numbers usually set on expeditions, they were merely wasted. The battle of Alexandria, and now that of Maida, demonstrated that, if England would continue to fight on the continent, she must prepare to do it with a sufficient force; and the after campaigns of Portugal and Spain, and the conclusive battle of Waterloo, were the results of this public conviction. At the same time, the brilliant episode of Maida had wonderfully encouraged the Neapolitans and Calabrians. The white flag of the Bourbons was raised in almost every quarter of the kingdom: in the mountainous districts especially, the people flew to arms. Piccioli, a daring partisan, raised nearly the whole of the population of the Abruzzi; and Fra Diavolo showed himself with his bands in the Terra di Lavoro, and approached, sometimes, to the very suburbs of Naples. Joseph Buonaparte, the French intruded king, was once or twice on the very point of flying to the army in Upper Calabria, and many of his counsellors strongly advised it. Massena advised Joseph to remain, and assured him that he would soon reduce the whole kingdom to obedience to him. But, in fact, it took Massena and his successors five years to accomplish the subjugation, with the sacrifice of one hundred thousand men. In carrying out this subjection, the French, in their wrath, committed the most horrible atrocities, in burning towns and villages, murdering the inhabitants, violating the women, and desolating the olive and orange groves. In a word, they had to reduce that lovely country to a desert. In the words of Tacitus, "they made a solitude and called it peace."

Another successful expedition this year was one against the Cape of Good Hope. This settlement, so desirable for England, with its Indian possessions, had been yielded up by the Addington administration, at the peace of Amiens, most impolitic ly. A body of five thousand men was dispatched for its recovery, under Sir David Baird, in a fleet commanded by Sir Home Popham. They arrived in January, and the Dutch soldiers fled at the first attack. Retiring into the interior, general Beresford was dispatched after them, whereupon they surrendered, on condition that they should be sent to Holland without being deemed prisoners of war.

Had Sir Home Popham been satisfied with this well-executed piece of service, he would have merited honour; but, this being done, he suggested to Sir David Baird that an expedition might be made with advantage against the Spanish colonies in South America. It was reported—not truly, as it turned out—that these colonies were as poorly defended as they were wealthy. Sir David was weak enough to fall into the scheme, and, without any authority from home, as it would appear, for so important a proceeding, he permitted general Beresford to sail in Sir Home's squadron with a part of his forces. The fleet touched at St. Helena, and took in a few more soldiers, but the whole body did not then amount to more than sixteen hundred. With this contemptible handful of men, the English squadron entered the river La Plata, and landed the troops, on the 24th of June, at a short distance from Buenos Ayres. The few Spanish troops in the city were easily routed, and the place capitulated on the 27th, and Beresford entered and took up his quarters there. But he was not long left at peace. The Spaniards, discovering, as a matter of course, the insignificance of the force which had thus rashly surprised the city, collected in sufficient numbers to make prisoners of them all. A French officer in the Spanish service, M. Liniers, landed with a thousand men from Monte Video and Sacramento, and, being joined by the troops of the neighbourhood which had been repulsed by Beresford, appeared before the city on the 10th of July, and summoned the English to surrender. This was the signal for the inhabitants to rise *en masse* and fall on them. They were prevented escaping to their ships by the badness of the weather, and they were assailed from the windows and doors, and exposed to a general attack in the great square, and were compelled to yield, on condition of being allowed to re-embark; but no sooner had they laid down their arms, than Liniers, who probably looked on them as no better than filibusters, treated them as such, and marched them up the country, where they were rigorously treated. Four hundred of them had perished in this mad attempt. Meantime, Sir Home Popham had sent home upwards of a million of dollars, reserving two hundred and five thousand for the pay of the army. There were great rejoicings in London

at the news, and at the receipt of the specie. Popham, in his dispatches, represented himself as having conquered a great colony, and opened up a wonderful mart for our manufactures; and the ministry, delighted at the receipt of the dollars, though they had, on first hearing of the scheme, sent out orders to stop the squadron, now, on the 20th of September, issued an order in council, declaring Buenos Ayres and its dependencies open to our trade. Long before this order could have reached America the whole scene was reversed. Sir Home Popham had, indeed, blockaded the river La Plata, and had attempted to bombard Monte Video, but his ships could not get near enough. In October, reinforcements arrived from the Cape and from England, but not in sufficient strength to enable him to do anything decisive. He therefore contented himself with landing troops at Maldonado, and drove the Spaniards from the isle of Gorriti, where he lay to, and waited for greater reinforcements. We shall soon see the fate of these, and of this most disgraceful expedition.

This attempt was the more disgraceful, because Spain, being at war with England, there was no reason, according to the laws of war, why England should not make a strong and adequate effort, not to plunder and maraud on the coasts of the Spanish main, but to assist the inhabitants in throwing off the feeble and yet oppressive yoke of Spain, as Spain had done in the revolt of our own American colonies. A judicious and well-calculated expedition would, probably, have anticipated the independence of those vast and fertile regions by several years. The hour and the man were come, had England given effectual aid. The colonies were greatly discontented with the mother country, which continued to drain them without affording them the benefits of good government. Many districts had revolted, and were in a state of actual independence. There needed only a strong support by England to enable the whole of Spanish America to become free, and thus establish a friendly connection and a most lucrative one with us. There was a hero ready to head his countrymen, and there can be no doubt but that they would have accepted his leadership, had he come backed in a form which promised success. This hero was Miranda. He was a native of the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, and his grandfather had been governor of the province of Caracas. He himself was a colonel in the Spanish army, and had been intrusted with important operations in Guatemala. From his youth he was a devoted admirer of free institutions. He was inspired with a wonderful enthusiasm for the struggle of the North Americans for their independence, and, after that was achieved, visited the United States, and strengthened his republican sentiments by intercourse with the leading men of that great revolution. His *penchant* for republicanism ruined him with his own government, and he came over to Europe, and appeared as a zealous partisan in the French revolution. He served as a major-general in Belgium, and against the Prussian invaders, under Dumouriez; but he fell under the censure of that general, and had a narrow escape from the guillotine under the revolutionary tribunal. He became a zealous Girondist, and, after exciting successively the enmity of the directory and of Buonaparte, he came to England, and here exerted himself to induce the British government to embrace the cause of South American freedom. Both Pitt and Addington listened to him, but neither of them had the statesmanship to grapple with a design so bold and yet so noble. Had Canning then grasped the helm of affairs, the scheme was one to take hold of his comprehensive intellect, and he would probably have evoked a great and free South America, as he had made Canada, by Wolf, and India, by Clive, English. He would have done it, too, with half the expenditure of men and money which these ministers wasted over petty and fruitless enterprises on the coasts of Europe.

Disappointed in England, general Miranda turned to the United States. Jefferson, the president, was well enough inclined to favour Miranda's scheme, but, unfortunately, at that moment, the United States were in negotiation for the purchase of Florida from Spain, as they had purchased Louisiana from Napoleon. The negotiation failed through the refusal of Spain to part with the colony, and then Jefferson was quite ready to fall into Miranda's views. The constitution of the United States, indeed, forbade all wars of conquest; the American republicans had already learned perfectly well that system of sending out SYMPATHISERS, or, according to their more recent phrase, FILIBUSTERS, and then annexing. Jefferson, therefore, would not send a direct open expedition against Spanish America, nor was he very ready to furnish the needful funds; but he allowed Miranda to hire a ship, and collect adventurers. Had Miranda had funds, he might have carried out from New York a large armament; as it was, he was only able to hire a British armed vessel of eighteen guns, and muster in her a band of from three to four hundred sympathisers. On reaching St. Domingo he engaged two schooners, and, adding to his band, sailed thence for his native province in April. But his proceedings were already known to the Spanish governor of Venezuela, who sent out a twenty-gun brig and a sixteen-gun schooner to meet him. These vessels encountered him, at the end of April, near Puerto Cabello, and Miranda's two schooners were captured, but he himself escaped in the Leander to Trinidad. There, he was openly patronised by the English commanders of the ships of war; numbers of men flocked to his standard from the different islands, and, on the 2nd of August, Miranda landed at Vela de Coro, in the Caracas. But his little army was not important enough to inspire his countrymen with confidence in the result; on the contrary, alarmed at the idea of being involved in a hopeless attempt, they fled up the country; and Miranda, seeing that nothing could then be done, returned to Trinidad, and deferred his plans to a future day. The expedition having thus totally failed, on the 1st of December, nine months after the Leander sailed from New York, president Jefferson issued a proclamation against Miranda's enterprise, and stated that he had, in May, issued a proclamation to that effect; but this was not true. He had, indeed, issued a proclamation against the Leander for having killed an American citizen by a shot fired from it, and had prohibited the said Leander and her consorts from again entering the waters of the United States — a very different thing from prohibiting the expedition.

During this year, Buonaparte made another attempt to recover the mastery of St. Domingo. Dessalines was now

emperor, having a court full of black nobles and marshals, an exact parody of Napoleon's. A French squadron, under admiral Leissegues, consisting of five ships of the line, two frigates, and a corvette, managed to escape the English fleets, and, on the 20th of January, to anchor in the road of St. Domingo. They had just landed a body of troops, when Sir John Duckworth made his appearance with seven sail of the line and four frigates. Leissegues slipped his cables, and endeavoured to get out to sea, but the wind did not favour him; Sir John Duckworth came up with him, and, on the 6th of February, attacked and defeated him. Though Sir John had the superiority in number of vessels, the French vessels were, some of them, much larger ones; and one, the Imperial, was reckoned the largest and finest ship of their navy—a huge three-decker, of three thousand three hundred tons, and a hundred and thirty guns. Yet, in three hours, Sir John had captured three of the French line of battle ships; the other two ran on the rocks, and were wrecked. One of these was the gigantic Imperial. Nearly the whole of her crew perished, five hundred being killed and wounded before she struck. One of the frigates which escaped was afterwards captured by an English sloop of war in a very battered condition from a storm, in addition to the fight.

Another French fleet, under admiral Willaumez, left Brest at the same time with that of Leissegues, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, to assist the Dutch troops in defending it. The English, however, having taken it before his arrival, he went cruising about and picking up such stray British merchantmen as he could meet with betwixt the continents of Africa and South America. He then stood away for the West Indies, hoping to be able to destroy the English shipping in the ports of Barbadoes. Failing in that, he made for Martinique, which was still in the possession of the French. Willaumez had but six sail of the line, and the English admirals, Sir John Borlase Warren, who had the same number and a frigate, and Sir Richard Strachan, who had seven sail of the line and two frigates, were in eager quest of him. The British commanders, being aware that Willaumez had prince Jerome Buonaparte with him in command of the Veteran, were especially anxious to capture the brother of the French emperor; but Jerome was equally anxious that they should not, and he therefore gave Willaumez the slip in the night of the 31st of July, and set all sail for Europe. It was wonderful that Jerome did not encounter some of our men-of-war, and so reach England instead of France; but not only did he escape, but managed to fall in, on the 10th of August, with a British merchant fleet, convoyed only by an armed vessel of twenty-two guns, whilst he had seventy-four. He captured and burnt six of the traders; but, on the 26th of August, when approaching the French coast, he was in imminent jeopardy, for he fell in with three British men-of-war, an eighty-gun ship, and two thirty-six-gun frigates. By good fortune, he managed to outsail them, and escape into Concarneau Bay. His brother, the emperor, though excessively angry at his running away from Willaumez, proclaimed Jerome's exploits as something marvellous. He was stated to have encountered two English men-of-war, and made them run, and to have burnt nine merchantmen, instead of six. But Jerome had no taste for the sea, and these glories never tempted him back again to it.

Meanwhile, Willaumez, who had beaten about in search of the stray prince, was attacked by a terrible tempest, and then chased by Strachan in the Chesapeake. Of his six ships of the line he brought home only two, and was obliged to burn the British merchantmen that he had taken.

Another admiral was still less fortunate. This was Linois, who had been beaten off in his attack on a British India fleet of merchantmen, in the states of Malacca, some time before, and who had been cruising far and wide in pursuit of English prizes, whilst a number of English commanders were eagerly hunting after him. He was now returning home, when, in sight of the port of Brest, with only two of his ships remaining, admiral Sir John Borlase Warren stood in his way, and compelled him to surrender both of them.

In September, commodore Sir Samuel Hood captured five frigates, which issued from Rochefort, laden with troops, stores, arms, and ammunition for the French forts in the West Indies. But the most daring feats of bravery were performed by captain lord Cochrane, afterwards lord Dundonald, who, had he been properly estimated by the government, would have equalled or exceeded the services of Nelson. Early in this year he sent a number of boats up the Gironde, not far from Bourdeaux, to endeavour to seize and bring away two large brig corvettes, the nearest of which lay twenty miles up the river, protected by two heavy land batteries. The sailors successfully boarded and brought away the first vessel, having only three men wounded in the affair; the other corvette lay much higher up the river, but, hearing the firing, it fell down rapidly to the assistance of its companion vessel; but the English seamen beat it back, and carried away their prize in the face of crowds of armed militia, and greater crowds of people along the shores.

Whilst this daring action was in progress, lord Cochrane was not idle. He attacked with his single frigate one sixteen-gun and two twenty-gun corvettes, and drove them on shore. He then proceeded to Aix, to reconnoitre a strong fleet anchored in the roads, under cover of strong batteries. His little frigate, the Pallas, a twelve-pounder of thirty-two guns, was attacked by a forty-four-gun frigate and three brig corvettes, but they were compelled to retire without driving him from his station. He then landed part of the crew of the Pallas, who destroyed some signal-posts, which gave notice of all the movements of the British cruisers. One of these signal-posts was defended, but in vain, by a hundred French militia. He next attacked a battery of three thirty-six pounders, and a garrison of fifty men, spiked the guns, blew up the magazine, and flung the shot and shells into the sea. The frigate Minerva, of forty-four guns, and three corvettes, then ran out of harbour with studding sails and royals set, and commenced a simultaneous attack on the Pallas; but Cochrane soon reduced the Minerva almost to a wreck, and was on the point of boarding her, but two other frigates hastened out to her aid, and the Pallas, considerably damaged herself, was obliged to haul off. Such were the audacious doings of the British men-of-war in every quarter of the world, and in

these lord Cochrane stood always conspicuous for his unparalleled daring and adroitness.

The victory of Napoleon over Austria had wonderfully increased his influence with those German states which formed the confederation of the Rhine. Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and other of the small princes, especially those on the right bank of that river, were more than ever bound to him, and were prepared to follow him in any wars that he might make against other countries, or even their own fatherland. Whilst some of them received crowns for their unnatural subserviency, several smaller princes were sunk into the condition of mere nobles. The military contingents which he exacted from them amounted to sixty thousand men, and these he soon had in a state of discipline and efficiency, very different to that which they exhibited under the old German federation. Under Napoleon they behaved as well as any of his troops, showing that they needed only leaders of activity and talent to make good soldiers of them. Thus France superseded Austria in its influence over all the south-west of Germany.

Fêted on his way from the overthrow of Austria by the German princes of the Rhine, as though he had relieved them of some foreign oppression, instead of having humbled their brother Germans and imposed a foreign tyranny, Buonaparte had passed through applauding German cities, under a succession of triumphal arches, on his way to Paris. There he was received with general acclamation in January of this year. His return was compared to that of one of the victorious emperors of Rome, and it was proposed by Carion-de-Nisas, the same who had proposed his being made emperor, that a bronze column should be erected to his honour in the Place Vendôme, on which his statue should be placed. This was decreed, and the column was formed from two thousand cannon taken from the Austrians, and the whole of the victories over Austria were represented, in bas-relievos, running round it from bottom to top. But it was not Austria alone which felt the effect of this triumph of Napoleon's. Secure in his elevation through the passion of the French for military glory, he proceeded to complete that absolutism on which he had as yet only ventured in part. He reduced the senate and the tribunat to mere machines dependent on his will; he reorganised the bank of France, making it to suit his own convenience; he passed fresh and more stringent decrees against the introduction of English manufactures; he swept away the remains of the republican calendar, restoring that of St. Gregory; and he abolished the republican Pantheon, giving back to that church the name of St. Geneviève. He still continued it as the burial-place of the great men of France, but he undertook to say who were those great men. Henceforth they were the dignitaries of his new empire, the grand officers of state, and members of the legion of honour. He admitted men of letters and the arts; but then, such men must have made themselves his adulators, or they would be more likely to find sepulchres in Guiana or Cayenne. As for the abbey of St. Denis, the republicans had destroyed the monuments of the ancient dynasty of France there, and he now refitted it for the reception of the new race of emperors.

These emperors, he resolved, should be regarded as the successors of a new Charlemagne. He therefore made a new distribution of honours, and created feudal fiefs to be held under him and his posterity. Fifteen dukedoms, not of France, but of the French empire, were created, and territories assigned in the conquered countries; and, whilst his marshals and ministers were made dukes, his especial favourites or instruments were made princes. To notice these arrangements more particularly: Soult became duke of Dalmatia; Bessières, of Istria; Duroc, of Friuli; Champagny, duke of Cadore; Victor, duke of Belluno; marshal Moncey, duke of Conegliano; Mortier, of Treviso; general Clarke, duke of Feltri; Maret, his minister of state, duke of Bassano; Caulincourt, duke of Vicenza; and Savary, his deputy-murderer of the duke d'Enghien, duke of Rovigo. His sister Pauline, widow of general Leclerc, who perished in St. Domingo, he had now married to the Roman prince Borghese, and he gave her the Italian duchy of Guastalla. Murat, who had married another sister, he made grand-duke of Berg and Cleves, and marshal Berthier he made prince of Neuchatel. These territories, taken from Prussia, Bavaria, and Switzerland, he conferred, with all their rights and privileges, on these generals. The duchy of Parma he conferred on Cambacérès, and Piacenza on general Lebrun. Fouché he made duke of Otranto; marshal Lannes, duke of Montebello; marshal Massena, duke of Rivoli; Augereau, duke of Castiglione; Talleyrand he made prince of Benevento; and Bernadotte, prince of Ponte-corvo. As all these estates, if not the honours, lay outside France, it was evident that, on any decided reverse of fortune, they would all be as quickly lost as they were thus found. Within France, Buonaparte laid the foundations of hereditary aristocracy again, by creating *majorats*, or entail of property, on eldest sons, though contrary to the most deeply-struck principles of the revolution—that of the equal distribution of estates amongst families. Nor did he stop here. He had created dukes and princes, and resolved also to create kings. These were to be his brothers, who were to be placed on half the thrones of Europe, and set there as vassal monarchs doing homage and service to him, the great emperor of France. He expected them to be the obedient servants of France, or, rather, of himself, and not of the countries they were ostensibly set to govern. He began by making his brother Joseph king of Naples, in March, and, in June, he made his brother Louis king of Holland. He told them that they must never forget that their first duty was due to France and to himself. When Louis afterwards abdicated the throne of Holland, and Napoleon set up his son Louis, he repeated this injunction more forcibly, telling him to remember that his *first* duty was to the emperor, the *second* to France, and that his duties to the people over whom he reigned must come after these. He intended to make his brother Jerome king of Westphalia; but Jerome had married a Miss Paterson, the daughter of an American merchant, and he must have this marriage broken, and a royal one arranged, before he could admit him to this regal honour: he must also wrest part of this territory from Prussia.

Prussia, which had remained inactive whilst Buonaparte was winning over Bavaria and Würtemberg to his interests, and while he was crushing Austria, now that she stood alone, took the alarm, and complained that the French troops on the Rhine and in the Hanse Towns, which, by the

treaty of Presburg, ought to have been withdrawn from Germany, remained. The queen of Prussia and prince Louis, the king's cousin, were extremely anti-Gallic. They had long tried to arouse the king to resist the French influence in Germany, to coalesce with Austria while it was time, and to remove Haugwitz from the ministry, who was greatly inclined towards France. The emperor Alexander professed himself ready to unite in this resistance to France, and Frederick William began now to listen to these counsels. He withdrew his minister, Luchesini, from Paris, and sent general Knobelsdorff in his place. On the 1st of October, Knobelsdorff presented to Talleyrand a long memorial, demanding that the French troops should recross the Rhine immediately, in compliance with the treaty of Presburg; that France should desist from throwing obstacles in the way of the promotion of a league in north Germany, comprehending all the states not included in the confederation of the Rhine; and that the fortress of Wesel and those abbeys which Murat, since becoming grand-duke of Berg and Cleves, had seized and attached to his territory, should be restored.

Such language was certain to irritate, in no ordinary degree, the full-blown pride of Buonaparte. It is probable that he was only too desirous of finding a cause of quarrel with Prussia. He longed to avenge himself on her for keeping him in a state of tantalising uncertainty during his Austrian campaign; and he longed to bring the whole of Germany under his dominion. He replied, through Talleyrand, that Prussia had no right to demand from him that he should withdraw his troops from friendly states, and that they should remain there as long as he pleased. In fact, he was already watching the movements of Prussia. He was well aware of his negotiations with Russia, he had full information of the meeting and manœuvring of troops, and that the queen of Prussia, dressed in amazonian style, in the uniform of the regiment called by her name, had been at reviews of the army, encouraging the soldiers by her smiles and words. Already he had, weeks before, assembled his principal marshals, Soult, Murat, Augereau, and Bernadotte, in Paris, and, with them, sketched the plan of the campaign against Prussia. Four days before Knobelsdorff had presented the king of Prussia's letter to Talleyrand he had quitted Paris, and was on the Rhine, directing the march of his forces there, and calling for the contingents from the princes of the Rhenish confederation; nay, so prepared were his measures, that his army in Germany, under Berthier, stretched from Baden to Dusseldorff, and from Frankfort-on-the-Maine to Nuremberg. At the same time, he commenced a series of the bitterest attacks on Prussia in the *Moniteur* and other papers under his control, and of the vilest and most unmanly attacks on the character of the queen of Prussia, a most interesting and amiable woman, whose only crime was her enthusiastic patriotism. Calumny of the most unprincipled kind was always one of Buonaparte's most ready weapons; but he never used it in a more diabolical and disgraceful manner than against this good and popular queen. The Prussian soldiers, when they marched to Paris, in 1816, remembered and avenged these base insults to their queen; but, unhappily, not on Buonaparte, who had fled, but on the unfortunate French people.

But Buonaparte did not content himself with stabs at the reputation of his enemies—he resorted to his old practices of assassination. The booksellers of Germany, ignoring the dominance of Buonaparte in their country, though he had completely silenced the press in France, dared to publish pamphlets and articles against the French invasion and French rule in Germany. Buonaparte ordered Berthier to seize a number of these publishers, and try them by court-martial, on the plea that they excited the inhabitants to rise and massacre his soldiers. Berthier appointed seven colonels to constitute this court-martial. Amongst the booksellers thus arrested was John Philip Palm, of Nuremberg. The charge against him was, that he had published a pamphlet entitled, "*L'Allemagne dans son profond abaissement.*" This production was attributed to M. Gentz, a writer who was most damaging to the influence of Buonaparte, and Palm was offered his pardon if he would give up the author. He refused. Nuremberg, though occupied by French soldiers, was under the protection of Prussia, which was, just now, no protection at all. Palm was carried off to Braunau, in Austria. This place was still occupied by Buonaparte, in direct violation of the treaty of Presburg; so that Buonaparte, in the seizure and trial of Palm, was guilty of the breach of almost every international and civil law; for, had Palm been the citizen of a French city, his offence being a mere libel did not make him responsible to a military tribunal. The French colonels condemned him to be shot, and the sentence was immediately executed, on the 26th of August. The indignation and odium which this atrocious act excited, not only throughout Germany, but throughout the civilised world, caused Buonaparte, with his usual disregard to truth, to say that the officers had done all this without any orders from him, but out of their own too officious zeal; but the fact was notorious enough that he had ordered the trial and execution himself; indeed, it was announced in the Bavarian papers, which were under the influence of Buonaparte, that these trials were expressly ordered, and the sentence of Palm approved, by him. Palm left a widow and three children. A subscription was raised for them in Germany, and contributed to in England, Russia, and other countries; and, spite of this martial murder, and the condemnation of five other publishers to imprisonment and chains in French fortresses, the press of Germany continued to comment on the murder of Palm. Buonaparte, in order to strike terror into the press, ordered sixty thousand copies of the sentence of Palm to be printed and circulated through Germany; and the Germans, in return, printed sixty thousand copies of an affecting letter written by Palm to his wife and children just before his execution. The fate of Palm was not forgotten when, in 1813, the Germans rose against the French, and many of their regiments marched against them with the bloody figure of Palm emblazoned on their banners.

On the 9th of October the king of Prussia issued a manifesto from his head quarters at Erfurt, calling attention to the continual aggressions of France — those aggressions which Prussia had so long watched in profound apathy, and which, by timely union with Austria and Russia, might have been checked. But Prussia had, by her mean conduct, now stripped herself of all sympathy and all co-operation.

PRINCE JEROME BUONAPARTE.

She would have been very glad indeed of the money of England, but she had so far favoured the very aggressions of Buonaparte of which she now complained as to receive Hanover from him, and could not even now find it in her heart to surrender it, and make a powerful friend by that act of justice. The emperor of Russia was willing to co-operate, but Prussia had made her hostile manifestations before Alexander could approach with his army. In reply to the intimations of Prussia, that she would be glad of the support of England, lord Morpeth was sent to Berlin; but

the language of the Prussian ministry was still of the most selfish and impolitic character, and Lucchesini told lord Morpeth that the fate of Hanover must depend on the event of the coming war. With such a power no union could take place, and in this isolated and pitiable condition Prussia was left to try her strength with Napoleon. As for that ambitious soldier, he desired nothing so much as this encounter with Prussia; he saw in it the only obstacle to his complete dominion over Germany, and he was confident that he should scatter her armies at the first shock. He issued an address to his troops full of this confidence:—"They have dared," he said, "to demand that we should retreat at the first sight of their army. Fools! could they not reflect how impossible they found it to approach Paris—a task incomparably more easy than to tarnish the honour of the Great Nation! Let the Prussian army expect the same fate which they encountered fourteen years ago, since experience has not taught them that, while it is easy to acquire additional dominions and increase of power by the friendship of France, her enmity, on the contrary, which will only be provoked by those who are wholly destitute of sense and reason, is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean."

The Prussian people, however, on their part, were clamorous for war; they still prided themselves on the victories of Frederick, called the Great, and the students and young nobles were full of bravado. They expressed their contempt of the French and their desire to fight them by going and sharpening their swords on the door-steps of La Foret, the French ambassador, and they broke the windows of such ministers as they believed to be in the French interest. But, unfortunately, they had not generals like Frederick to place at the head of their armies. The duke of Brunswick, who, in his youth, had shown much bravery in the Seven Years' War, but who had been most unfortunate in his invasion of France, in 1792, was now, in his seventy-second year, placed in chief command, to compete with Napoleon. In his best days the duke would, probably, not have been able to compete with Buonaparte in strategy, but now he was grown close and sullen, admitted none of the other generals to his confidence except Möllendorf, and this excited a disgust amongst the officers, who ought to have been inspired with zeal by him.

Nothing could exceed the folly of his plan of the campaign. The whole force of Prussia, including its auxiliaries, amounted only to about one hundred and fifty thousand men. Of these the Saxons, who had reluctantly united with Prussia, and had only been forced into co-operation by the Prussians marching into their country, and, in a manner, compelling them, were worse than lukewarm in the cause; they were ready at any moment to join the French. Besides these, and the troops of Hesse-Cassel, they had not an ally except the distant Russians. On the other hand, Napoleon had a considerably superior army of his own in advance, and he had immense forces behind the Rhine, for he had anticipated a whole year's conscription. He had, moreover, his flanks protected by his friendly confederates of the Rhine, ready to come forward, if necessary. Under such circumstances, Prussia's policy ought to have been to delay action, by negotiation or otherwise, till the Russians could come up, and then to have concentrated her troops so as to resist, by their momentum, the onset of the confident and battle-practised French. But, so far from taking these precautions, the duke of Brunswick rushed forward at once into Franconia, into the very face of Buonaparte, and long before he could have the assistance of Russia. Instead of concentrating his forces, Brunswick had stretched them out over a line of ninety miles in length. He and the king had their head-quarters at Weimar; their left, under prince Hohenloe, was at Schleitz, and their right extended as far as Mühlhausen. The Prussians, in fact, appeared rather to be occupying cantonments than drawn into military position for a great contest. Besides this, they had roused the ill-will of their Saxon allies by the insolent and oppressive manner in which they had behaved in Saxony.

The Prussians, in truth, were in a condition of corrupt imbecility, that could no more stand against the genius and energy of Buonaparte than an old, rotten wall against a hurricane. If our English statesmen had known the condition of Germany at that time, as they ought to have known it before subsidising it as they had done to such an extent, they would have saved their money, and have awaited the regeneration which must come out of suffering and humiliation. The moral condition of Prussia at this moment is thus described by Wolfgang Menzel, one of the ablest historians of Germany, and the description would apply to Germany generally:—"All the higher officers of the army were old men, promotion depending not upon merit but upon length of service. The younger officers were radically bad, owing to their airs of nobility and licentious garrison life. Their manners and principles were equally vulgar. Women, horses, dogs, and gambling formed the staple of their conversation. They despised all solid learning, and when decorated on parade, in their enormous cocked hats and plumes, powdered wigs and queus, tight breeches and great boots, they swore at and cudgelled the men, and strutted about with conscious heroism. The arms used by the soldiery were heavy, and apt to hang fire; their tight uniform was inconvenient for action, and useless as a protection against the weather; and their food, bad of its kind, was stinted by the avarice of the colonels, which was carried to such an extent, that soldiers were to be seen, who, instead of a waistcoat, had a small bit of cloth sewn on the lower part of the uniform, where the waistcoat was usually visible. Worst of all, however, was the bad spirit that pervaded the army—the enervation consequent upon immorality. Even before the opening of the war, lieutenant Henry von Bulow, a retired officer of the greatest military genius, at that period, in Germany, and, on that account, misunderstood, foretold the inevitable defeat of Prussia, and, although far from being a devotee, declared that the cause of the national ignorance lay chiefly in the atheism and demoralisation produced by the government of Frederick II.; the enlightenment so highly praised in the Prussian states consisting simply in a loss of energy and power."

Buonaparte, confident of his triumph over an army at once so demoralised and ignorantly proud, commenced his campaign by addressing a letter to the king on the 8th of October, in which he insulted him on his letter to himself, which he compared to a wretched pamphlet, such as the

government of England hired wretched scribes at five hundred a-year to write; and he vented much disgraceful abuse of the queen in it, and much on prince Louis. Perceiving the fatal separation of the Prussians from each other, and from their supplies at Naumburg, he determined to cut their army in two, and then to cut off and seize their magazines at this place. He therefore ordered the French right wing, under Soult and Ney, to march upon Hof, while the centre, under Bernadotte and Davoust, with the guard commanded by Murat, advanced on Saalburg and Schleitz. The left wing, under Augereau, proceeded towards Saalfield and Coburg. The first of the French generals who came into action was Lannes, who marched from Graffenthal and assaulted prince Louis, who was in charge of the bridge over the Saal. Louis, with an inconceivable folly, quitted that post, which, well defended, must have covered the magazines at Naumburg from the French, and advanced to Saalfield, where he was defeated and killed. He had shown as much courage as he had showed little strategy, and, contending hand to hand with a French subaltern, that officer called on him to surrender; instead of which, he gave the officer a cut with his sword, who, in return, ran him through the body. The way to Naumburg was now open, and the French marched upon it. Buonaparte, more certain now than ever of victory, could not help writing another letter to the king of Prussia, at once taunting him, and offering to make peace with him, on condition that he abandoned his evil counsellors, and allied himself to France.

Buonaparte's amazement at the want of military talent in the Prussians was unbounded. He compared the duke of Brunswick to another Mack, and exclaimed:—"The Prussians are more stupid than the Austrians!" On some of the prisoners informing him that he had been expected by way of Erfurt when he was already near Naumburg, he said:—"How egregiously they deceive themselves, those pigtails!" Had they united their forces properly, and fallen on him simultaneously from Weimar, Jena, and Halle, or had they retired into Franconia, and fallen upon his rear, his position must have been perilous; but, says Menzel, such a thing never entered the heads of the Prussian generals, who waited to be beaten by him one after another. Naumburg was seized, and its magazines committed to the flames, and this, at the same moment that it ruined their resources, apprised them that the French were in their rear; and, still worse, were betwixt them and Magdeburg, which should have been their rallying point.

To endeavour to make some reparation of their error, and to recover Naumburg, the duke of Brunswick marched in that direction, but too late. Davoust was in possession of the place, and had given the magazine to the flames, and he then marched out against Brunswick, who was coming with sixty thousand men, though he had only about half that number. Brunswick, by activity, might have seized the strong defile of Koesen; but he was so slow, that Davoust forced it open, and occupied it. On the evening of the 13th of October the duke was posted on the heights of Auerstadt, and might have retained that strong position, but he did not know that Davoust was so near; for the scout department seemed as much neglected as other precautions. Accordingly, the next morning, descending from the heights to pursue his march, his advanced line suddenly came upon that of Davoust in the midst of a thick fog, near the village of Hassen-Haussen. The French and Prussian cavalry came into instant collision. The Prussian was much the more numerous, and behaved with great gallantry. They not only repulsed the French cavalry, but made several vigorous charges on the infantry, but without being able to break its squares. Then the French horse rallied again, and repulsed the Prussian cavalry in turn, and drove them from the woods and the village of Spilberg. The battle continued from eight in the morning till eleven, when the duke of Brunswick was struck in the face by a grape-shot, and blinded of both eyes. His enemies said this was Fortune's revenge, as he never would see when he had his eyes open. The loss of the duke was followed by that of general Schmettau and other officers of distinction. This, and the severe slaughter suffered by the Prussians, now made them give way. The king of Prussia, obliged to assume the command himself, at this moment received the discouraging news that general Hohenloe was engaged at Jena, with the main army, against Buonaparte himself. He resolved to make one great effort to retrieve the fortune of the day: he ordered a general and determined charge to be made along the whole French line. It failed; the Prussians were beaten off, and there was a general route. The flying Prussians took the way towards Weimar, where were the head quarters of their army.

But, as the king had learned, that division of the army was also in action, and against the French emperor. Napoleon arrived in Jena on the 13th of October. He had sent the orders to Davoust to attack Brunswick at Auerstadt, and he, at the same time, prepared to attack the Prussians, under Hohenloe. They possessed the most commanding situation on the heights of Jena, whilst his forces were in the deep valleys of the Saal. General Tauenzien occupied the defile by which was the only ascent to the upper plain, and which a few hundred students of Jena might have effectually defended by simply rolling stones down it on the heads of the enemy. With one of those pieces of unaccountable folly which astonish us continually in the Austrian and Prussian campaigns, Tauenzien retired from the head of the defile, as prince Louis had done from the Saal bridge, and Buonaparte ordered his troops immediately to ascend and take post on the high ground of the Landgrafenberg. Going himself at night to observe the fulfilment of his orders, he found the whole of marshal Lannes' artillery sticking in the ravine. He immediately seized a lantern, ordered others to do the same, and set the pioneers to clear away rocks and stones, and he soon had the cannon all on the upper ground. He then advanced to observe the bivouacs of the Prussians, and returning in the dark, and on foot, towards his own lines, was mistaken by a sentinel for an enemy, and fired at. The firing immediately was followed by others in the advanced post, and he had a very narrow escape for his life. He only saved it by flinging himself at once on his face, and continuing so till the mistake was made known.

Though Napoleon was now on the Landgrafenberg, there was still the Dornberg commanding his whole position, and the Windknollen, a yet higher ground, whence an active general could have annihilated the French troops, had he

duly planted them with batteries. But prince Hohenloe had done nothing of the kind, and was comfortably sleeping at Capellendorf, as though no enemy, let alone such an enemy, were at hand. He was only aroused the next morning by the roar of the French artillery. He was still under the hands of his barber when Tauenzien was driven from the Dornberg. Hohenloe led his troops up the hill-side, to endeavour to cover this position, but the French, now on the summit, showed the pre-eminent advantage of the post by mowing down his men as fast as they ascended the steep. General Rüchel advanced to support Hohenloe, but was also compelled to fall back. Meantime, Buonaparte had encouraged his army on the plain by telling them that the Prussians had allowed themselves to be cut off from all their provisions and ammunition, just as Mack had done at Ulm. The Prussians, however, fought bravely, but without effect. Their strongest position was now on their left, where they were covered by a village and some woods. Augereau, supported by Lannes, threw all his force on that quarter, and drove the Prussians from it. Then the route became general, and, to render it complete, Napoleon flung one mass of troops after another upon them, and Murat, at the head of the cavalry, galloped after them, and committed havoc amongst them. The whole chaotic route rolled towards Weimar, where they came in contact with the equally disorganised army fleeing from the defeat of Auerstadt. The scene of horror and confusion was indescribable. They were anxious to retreat direct into Prussia, and to make for the fortified city of Magdeburg, but the French cut off that chance, and they could only hope to reach that city by a very circuitous route. Numbers of regiments disbanded, and fled for their homes, especially those who had lost their officers; others strove to reach the strong town of Erfurt, into which Möllendorf escaped with fourteen thousand men. Nearly all the artillery fell into the hands of Buonaparte, with other spoil, which excited the merriment of the French; amongst these were a vast number of officers' equipage, provided with mistresses, articles belonging to the toilette, and epicurean delicacies. These effeminate officers were the first, says their own historian, Menzel, to hide behind hedges and walls. Möllendorf surrendered the strongly-fortified city of Erfurt at the first summons of Murat. The hereditary prince of Orange was taken prisoner there. Other bands were stopped as they attempted to cross the Hartz Mountains. Prince Eugene of Würtemberg, with sixteen thousand men who had never been brought into the action, foolishly advanced towards Halle against a much superior force, under Bernadotte, who utterly defeated him. Kalkreuth and twenty thousand men joined the prince of Hohenloe, and then indignantly resigned his command, having been left without any share in the battle. Hohenloe, on reaching Magdeburg, was refused entrance by the commandant Von Kleist, and even forage and ammunition, and was compelled to make a fatiguing march through the sandy Mark towards Berlin. Kleist, on the first summons of Ney, surrendered Magdeburg, either through cowardice or treachery. His officers, says the German historian, were as ready as himself to surrender, that they might return home to their pleasures. They only thought of themselves, and took no care for their soldiers. Hohenloe continued his flight for the Oder. He eventually reached the heights of Prenzlow, but there and at Passewalk he surrendered with twenty thousand men. Such was this Prussian campaign, in which the boasted army of Frederick II. was completely dispersed in a mere struggle of three weeks. When Henry von Bulow, who had predicted all this, heard of it in his fortress, he exclaimed:—"That is the consequence of throwing generals into prison, and putting idiots at the head of the army!" This unfortunate man, as if to take vengeance on him for his prophecies, was delivered to the Russians, on the plea that he had condemned their conduct at Austerlitz, and was so barbarously treated by them that he died of his injuries at Riga.

The only individuals who really showed courage and talent were lieutenant Von Hellwig, who attacked the French guard which was escorting the fourteen thousand Prussian prisoners from Erfurt, and set them at liberty; a Prussian ensign, only fifteen years of age, who, pursued by the French cavalry, rather than surrender his colours, sprang with them into the Saal, and was crushed to death by a mill-wheel; and general Blücher, who, disgusted at the continued retreating of Hohenloe, in spite of his remonstrances, separated from him, intending to join him again at Prenzlow, and fight his way, through many adventures, to Radkan, in the hope of finding ships to carry him across the Baltic; but, finding none, he was compelled to surrender, with ten thousand men.

Napoleon marched triumphantly forwards towards Berlin. In Leipzic he confiscated English merchandise, to the value of about three millions sterling. He entered Berlin on the 25th of October. As he had traversed the field of Rosbach, where Frederick II. had annihilated a French army, he ordered his soldiers to destroy the small column that commemorated that event. He took up his residence in the palace of the king of Prussia at Berlin, and it is difficult to determine whether his conduct or that of the Berliners was the most contemptible on this occasion. Instead of receiving him in mute sorrow, as the Austrians had received him at Vienna, they cried, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and called on one another to shout heartily, lest he should take vengeance on them for their apathy. The citizens, says Menzel, were in a hurry to betray the public money and stores, which were concealed, to the French. Hulin, the new French commandant, desired the chief magistrate, politely, to order the civic guard to give up their arms; but this official immediately commanded them to give them up on pain of death. To a man who discovered a great store of wood to Hulin, he replied:—"Leave the wood; your king will want plenty of gallows to hang traitorous rogues, like you." Buonaparte said he did not know whether to rejoice or feel ashamed when he saw the dastardly conduct of the Prussians; and yet his own conduct was little better. The wounded and blind duke of Brunswick had himself to entreat of the conqueror that his hereditary state of Brunswick might be left him, but Buonaparte refused in harsh and insulting terms. He upbraided him with his celebrated proclamation on entering France in 1792; with his miserable campaign in France; and with his recent demand that the French should recross the Rhine. He declared that

he was the instigator of the whole war, and that he should deprive him for ever of Brunswick. He accordingly ordered his troops to march on that territory and town, and the dying duke was compelled to be carried away on a litter by men hired for the purpose, for all his officers and domestics had deserted him. He found no rest till he reached the Danish territory, where, at Ottensen, near Altona, he expired. Buonaparte had a particular pleasure in persecuting this unhappy man, because he was brother-in-law to George III. and father-in-law to the heir to the British crown; but he, moreover, wanted his dukedom to add to the kingdom of Westphalia, which he was planning for his brother Jerome. The duke's son requested of Buonaparte leave to lay his body in the tomb of his ancestors, but the ruthless tyrant refused this petition with the same savage bluntness, and the young duke vowed eternal vengeance, and, if he did not quite live to discharge his oath, his black Brunswickers did it at Waterloo.

At both Berlin and Potsdam Napoleon continued to display the same petty spirit of insult and rapacity. He seized the sword, hat, and belt of Frederick II. at his tomb at Potsdam and from Sans-Souci, and sent them to Paris, declaring that he would not part with that sword for twenty millions of livres; he seized and sent to Paris, also, the finest paintings and other works of art that he could find in Prussia; he issued bulletins and proclamations charged with the most insulting language to the king, and still more to the queen of Prussia, whom he regarded as the head of the war party; he used equally offensive terms towards the Prussian nobility, threatening to make them beg their bread. His conduct and language inspired the French generally with insolence towards the Prussians, and their language and behaviour filled them with a spirit of bitterness that did not die out till it had avenged itself in the invasion of France. There was, however, one occasion in which Napoleon seemed to recollect the magnanimity which should distinguish a conqueror. The prince Hatzfeld, the late Prussian governor of Berlin, was arrested and tried by a military commission, for having written some letters to prince Hohenloe, whilst still at the head of the army, informing him of the motions of the French. This he thought fit to treat as treason against him, although Hatzfeld was merely serving his own prince, whom France had conquered. The military tribunal sentenced him to death. His wife threw herself at the feet of Napoleon, and demanded justice for the wrong of his arrest, not knowing what was the charge against him. Napoleon handed her the intercepted letter of her husband. She read it, and remained as if paralysed, expecting no forgiveness from such an enemy. "Well, madame," asked Buonaparte, "is this an unjust charge?" The princess could only answer by her tears. He took the letter from her hand, saying, "Madame, were it not for this letter, there would be no proof against your husband;" and he threw it into the fire. The act was just, but we cannot call it generous; for to have shot the prince on such a charge would have been only adding one more murder to the many he had already committed.

The strong towns and fortresses of Prussia were all surrendered with as much rapidity as the army had been dispersed. They were, for the most part, commanded by imbecile or cowardly old villains; nay, there is every reason to believe that, in many instances, they sold the places to the French, and were paid their traitor-fees out of the military chests of the respective fortresses. In many cases the soldiers and inhabitants were so enraged at them, that they only escaped alive through the protection of the French. The strong fortress of Hameln was yielded by baron von Schöler; Plassenburg, by a baron von Becker; Nimburg, on the Weser, by a baron von Dresser; Spandau, by a count von Benkendorf. The citadel of Berlin capitulated without a blow, and Stettin, though well provided with the material of war, was surrendered by a baron von Romberg. Custrin, one of the strongest fortified places, was opened to the French when the king had scarcely quitted it. In Silesia the same disgraceful scenes took place. The French, under Vandamme, accompanied by a body of Bavarians and Würtembergers, quickly overran the whole country. Glogau, Breslau, Burg, Schweidnitz, all were yielded up in the same manner. In Glogau, when the commandant, von Reinhardt, was urged to fire on the besiegers, he replied, "Ah! you do not know what one shot costs the king!" When old count von Haath had the windows of his hotel broken by the enraged people, he said to the landlord, "Sir, you must have some enemies." A few fortresses, as Glatz, Neisse, Kosel, and Silberberg, only made a firm stand. The last, situated on an impregnable rock, refused all terms of surrender.

Whilst these events were so rapidly progressing, Louis Buonaparte, the new king of Holland, with an army of French and Dutch, had overrun, with scarcely any opposition, Westphalia, Hanover, Emden, and East Friesland. The unfortunate king of Prussia, who had seen his kingdom vanish like a dream, had fled to Königsberg, where he was defended by the gallant L'Estoc, and awaited the hoped-for junction of the Russians marching to his aid. Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, forgetting the slighted advice which he had offered to Prussia to unite with Austria, opened Stralsund and Riga to the fugitive Prussians.

Having put Prussia under his feet, Buonaparte proceeded to settle the fate of her allies, Saxony and Hesse-Cassel. Saxony, which had been forced into hostilities against France by Prussia, was at once admitted by Buonaparte to his alliance. He raised the prince to the dignity of king, and introduced him as a member of the confederacy of the Rhine. The small states of Saxe-Weimar and Saxe-Gotha were admitted to his alliance on the same terms of vassalage; but Hesse-Cassel was wanted to make part of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and, though it had not taken up arms at all, Buonaparte declared that it had been secretly hostile to France, and that the house of Hesse-Cassel had ceased to reign. Louis Buonaparte had seized it, made it over to the keeping of general Mortier, and then marched back to Holland. Mortier then proceeded to reoccupy Hanover, which he did in the middle of November, and then marched to Hamburg. He was in hopes of seizing a large quantity of British goods, as he had done at Leipzic, but in this he was disappointed, for the Hamburg merchants, being warned by the fate of Leipzic, had made haste, disposed of all their British articles, and ordered no fresh ones. Buonaparte, in his vexation, ordered Mortier to seize the money in the banks; but Bourrienne wrote to

him, showing him the great impolicy of such a step, and he refrained.

But his great measure, at this period, was the blow aimed at the commerce of England, and comprised in his celebrated Berlin Decrees, promulgated on the 21st of November. He had subjugated nearly the whole of the European continent. Spain, Portugal, Italy, on the south of France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Prussia, to the north, with nearly the whole sea-board of Europe, were under his hand and his armies. He had found that he could not invade England; her fleet had risen triumphant, his own fleet had disappeared like a vapour at Trafalgar. As, therefore, he could not reach her soil, he determined to destroy her by destroying her commerce, on which he imagined not merely her prosperity but her very existence depended. As he was master of nearly all continental Europe, he supposed it as easy for him to exclude by his fiat the merchandise of England, as to put down old dynasties and set up new ones. He had yet to learn that commerce has a conquering power greater than that of martial genius or of arms. "The delirium," says Fouché, "caused by the wonderful results of the Prussian campaign completed the intoxication of France. She prided herself upon having been saluted by the name of the Great Nation by her emperor, who had triumphed over the genius and the work of Frederick. Napoleon believed himself the son of Destiny, called to break every sceptre. Peace, and even a truce with England, were no longer thought of. The idea of destroying the power of England, the sole obstacle to universal monarchy, now became his fixed resolve. It was with this view that he established his continental system, the first decree concerning which was dated from Berlin. He thought not merely of subjecting England by this—he believed he should effect her destruction."

These were his first decrees:—I. The British Isles were declared in a state of blockade. II. All commerce and correspondence with England was forbidden. All English letters were to be seized in the post-houses. III. Every Englishman, of whatever rank or quality, found in France, or the countries allied with her, was declared a prisoner of war. IV. All merchandise or property of any kind belonging to English subjects was declared lawful prize. V. All articles of English manufacture, and articles produced in her colonies, were, in like manner, declared contraband and lawful prize. VI. Half of the produce of the above confiscations was to be employed in the relief of those merchants whose vessels had been captured by the English cruisers. VII. All vessels coming from England or the English colonies were to be refused admission into any harbour in or connected with France. These decrees were to be promulgated and made

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH FLEET BY SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, OFF ST. DOMINGO.

TRIAL OF PALM, THE BOOKSELLER, BY COURT-MARTIAL.

binding wherever the French power extended. We shall see that these decrees had no effect whatever in checking the commerce of Great Britain; on the contrary, it continued to increase all through the continental wars and embargo of Buonaparte; but the distress to the continental merchants, and the exasperation of the people deprived of the English manufactures, became immediately conspicuous. Bourrienne says that the fiscal tyranny thus created became intolerable. At the same time, the desire of revenue induced Buonaparte to allow his decrees to be infringed by the payment of exorbitant licenses for the import of English goods. French goods, also, were lauded with incredible impudence, though they were bought only to be thrown into the sea. Hamburg, Bourdeaux, Nantes, and other continental ports solicited, by petitions and deputations, some relaxation of the system, to prevent universal ruin. They declared that general bankruptcy must ensue if it were continued. "Be it so," replied Buonaparte, arrogantly; "the more insolvency on the continent, the more ruin in England." As they could not bend Buonaparte, merchants, douaniers, magistrates, prefects, generals—all combined in one system of fraudulent papers, bills of lading, certificates by which English goods were admitted and circulated under other names, for sufficient bribes. The only mischief which his embargo did was to the nations of the continent, especially Holland, Belgium, Germany, and to himself; for his rigour in this respect was one of the things which drove the whole of Europe to abominate his tyranny, and rejoice in his eventual fall.

Whilst issuing these decrees, Napoleon was also planning further conquests in Russia, and, for this purpose, he sent an order for a new conscription of eighty thousand men. This was submitted to, but the senate dispatched a deputation to him at Berlin, praying him to make the Oder the limit to his conquests. Buonaparte was highly incensed at this presumption, but he sent the deputation back again, loaded with the spoils of Potsdam and Berlin, including three hundred and forty-six stand of colours taken from the Prussians, as the best panacea for the impatience of the French nation.

The emperor of Russia was now fast advancing towards the Vistula in support of Prussia, and the contest appeared likely to take place in Poland; and Buonaparte, with his usual hollow adroitness, held out delusive hopes to the Poles of his restoring their unity and independence, in order to call them into universal action against Russia and Prussia. Had he really been the great man which his worshippers have represented him—had he really desired to conquer only to avenge the nations of their oppressors, and restore them to freedom—he would truly have been one of the grandest characters that ever appeared in history; but Buonaparte was no such man. He had a great genius for military action, and an insatiable and most selfish ambition for treading every nation under his feet, and making them feudatories of France. Now was his opportunity, had he desired to play a truly august and god-like part. Never had a people been so ruthlessly and detestably torn in pieces and shared up amongst these great cormorant powers. Two of those powers were already thrown down by Buonaparte; he was advancing against the third. A simple, honest, and hearty declaration, that he would restore Poland to all its ancient rights, integrity, and independence would have brought over to him every Pole, to a man; nothing could have been easier than to accomplish that noble object, and all mankind would have honoured the achiever of so righteous a deed to the end of time. But Buonaparte was incapable of feeling such honour—of appreciating such glory. He was incapable of more than a juggling, swindling use of dubious phrases, for the purpose of bringing the Poles to work his will, and then adding their country to the rest of those now chained to his chariot-wheels. There were Poles weak enough, or sufficiently blinded by their love of country, to listen to and believe such mountebank addresses as that which he issued at Posen on the 1st of December:—"The love of country—that national sentiment—has not only been preserved in the heart of the Polish people, but it has been strengthened by misfortune. Their first passion, their strongest desire, is to become a nation. The richest amongst them quit their châteaux, to come and demand, with loud cries, the re-establishment of the kingdom, and to offer their sons, their fortunes, their influence. This spectacle is truly touching. Already have they everywhere resumed their ancient costume — their ancient customs. Will the throne of Poland be established? Will this great nation recover its existence and independence? From the bottom of the grave, will it rise again to a new life?" But, whilst asking these questions, Buonaparte took care not to answer them in the affirmative. There was no hearty declaration that he would fight with them for that cause, and the disappointed people shrunk back in hopeless suspicion. There were, indeed, some of the nobles weak enough to believe in Buonaparte's stage speeches, and to prostrate themselves at his feet in the vilest adulation, using this language:—"Already we see our dear country saved, for in your person we adore the most just and the most profound Solon. We commit our fate and our hopes into your hands, and we implore the mighty protection of the most august Cæsar!" Buonaparte had, moreover, a number of Poles, the remnant of the army of Kosciusko, serving in his army. If they were not able to save their own country, they delighted to assist in trampling down those robber powers which had dismembered their fatherland. Amongst the most distinguished of these was the general Dombrowski. Buonaparte sent for him to head-quarters, and employed him to raise regiments of his countrymen. By such lures, he obtained a considerable number of such men; but his grand scheme was to obtain the presence and the sanction of the great and popular patriot, Kosciusko. If he were to appear and call to arms, all Poland would believe in its destinies, and rise. Kosciusko was living in honourable poverty near Fontainebleau, and Buonaparte had made many attempts to engage him in his service, as he had done Dombrowski; but Kosciusko saw too thoroughly the character of the man. He pleaded the state of his wounds and of his health as incapacitating him for the fatigues of war, but he privately made no secret amongst his friends that he regarded Napoleon as a mere selfish conqueror, who would only use Poland as a tool to enslave other nations, never to enfranchise herself. In vain did Buonaparte now urge him to come forward and fight for his country; he

steadfastly declined; but Buonaparte resolved to have the influence of his name, by means true or false. He sent him a proclamation to the Poles, requesting him to put his name to it. The patriot refused, at the risk of being driven from France; but Buonaparte, without ceremony, fixed his name to the address, and published it on the 1st of November. It declared that Kosciusko was coming himself to lead his countrymen to freedom. The effect was instantaneous; all Poland was on fire, and, before the cheat could be discovered, Dombrowski had organised four good Polish regiments.

Napoleon now called up his auxiliary forces from Saxony, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and from all the confederation of the Rhine, as well as new battalions from France, and advanced against the Russians. In the first place, the French, who had completed the subjugation of the Prussian states east of the Oder, and taken Glogau, Breslau, Graudenz, &c., pushed forward towards Poland, to attack the Russian general, Benningsen, who advanced to Warsaw, and occupied it in conjunction with the Prussians. Benningsen, however, finding the Prussians few and dispirited, fell back beyond the Vistula, and Murat, at the head of the French vanguard, entered Warsaw on the 28th of November. He was soon after joined there by Buonaparte, and Warsaw being put into a state of defence, the French army advanced to the Vistula and the Bug, in spite of the lateness of the season. Benningsen again retreated behind the Wkra, where he united his forces with those of generals Buxhowden and Kaminskoi. Kaminskoi took the supreme command. When Napoleon arrived in the Wkra on the 23rd of December, he formed his army into three divisions, and forced the passages of the river. Kaminskoi fell back behind the Niemen, and the French pursued him, committing some injury on him. This trifling advantage Napoleon converted, in his bulletins to Paris, into the rout and general defeat of the Russians. It was true that the Russians were destitute of stores, having applied to England for money, and obtained only eighty thousand pounds. They fought, therefore, under great disadvantages, against an army furnished with everything. Notwithstanding, Benningsen, who was by far the most vigorous of their generals—for Kaminskoi was fast falling into lunacy — posted himself strongly behind Pultusk, his right led by Barclay de Tolly, and his left by Ostermann. Kaminskoi ordered Benningsen to retreat, but he refused, and stood his ground. At first, Barclay de Tolly was driven back by Lannes and Davoust, but Benningsen converted this disadvantage into a *ruse*, ordering Tolly to continue his retreat, till the French were drawn on, so that he could bring down his left wing on them with such effect, that he killed and wounded nearly eight thousand of them, having, however, himself five thousand killed and wounded. Lannes and five other generals were amongst the wounded. The French seized the opportunity of darkness to retreat with such speed, that the next morning not a trace of them could be seen near Pultusk. Prince Galitzin fought another division of the French the same day at Golynim, and with the same success. Had Benningsen had the chief command, and brought down the whole united Russian army on Napoleon, the victory must have been most decisive; as it was, it taught the French that they had different troops to Prussians or Austrians to contend with. They drew off, and went into winter quarters at Warsaw and the towns to the eastward. The chief command of the Russian army was now conferred on Benningsen, and so far from Buonaparte having, as he boasted, brought the war to a close with the year, we shall find Benningsen, at the head of ninety thousand men, soon forcing him into a winter campaign.

On the 13th of September Charles James Fox died at Chiswick House, the residence of the duke of Devonshire. He had been for a considerable time suffering from dropsy, and had got as far as Chiswick, in the hope of gathering strength enough to reach St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, his own house. But his days were numbered; free living had shortened these, as it had done those of Pitt. He was only fifty-eight years of age. During his illness his colleagues and so-called friends, with that strange coldness and selfishness which have always distinguished the whigs, with very few exceptions, never went near him. Those honourable exceptions were the duke of Devonshire, who had offered him his house, the prince of Wales, his nephew, lord Holland, his niece, Miss Fox, and his old friend, general Fitzpatrick. Still, Fox was not deserted by humbler and less known friends. Lords Grenville and Howick, his colleagues, rarely went near him, and all the ministry were too busy anticipating and preparing for the changes which his decease must make. When this event took place, there was a great changing about, but only one new member of the cabinet was admitted, lord Holland, and only one resigned, the earl Fitzwilliam. Lord Howick took Fox's department, that of foreign affairs; lord Holland became privy seal; Grenville, first lord of the admiralty; and Tierney, president of the board of control. Sidmouth, afterwards so prominent in tory cabinets, still sate in this medley one as president of the council, and lord Minto was gratified by the governor-generalship of India. At the same time, Philip Francis was invested with the order of the Bath. As parliament was not sitting at the time of Fox's death, ministers ordered his interment in Westminster Abbey, and he was carried thither on the 10th of October, the twenty-sixth anniversary of his election for Westminster, and laid almost close to the monument of Chatham, and within eighteen inches of the grave of his old rival, Pitt. Never were two men of more opposite natures: Pitt, all coldness and pride; Fox, all warmth and good nature. Pitt, an apostate to liberty; Fox, always its steady though not always prudent friend. Could Fox have swayed the counsels of this country as long as Pitt did, he would not, perhaps, have been able to preserve peace, but we believe he would have confined war, as far as this country was concerned, to a defensive and a maritime one, and would have extended his efforts to obtain terms for the continental nations, rather than to stimulate them into an opposition to France which they were too demoralised and effeminate to succeed in. The ease with which Prussia was defeated, and its boasted army scattered to the winds, almost immediately after Fox's death, showed how completely these nations required shaking out of their rottenness, and reconstructing.

Parliament was suddenly dissolved by the All the Talents ministry, in the hope of acquiring a better majority, but this hope was not brilliantly realised. The new parliament

assembled on the 19th of December, and one of its first topics was the situation of Prussia, now, after all its waverings and shiftings, plunged into a war with France. In the royal speech, which was read by commission, it was stated that, notwithstanding the conduct of Prussia in seizing on Hanover, no sooner was the rupture with France made known, than his majesty had endeavoured to accommodate differences, and to offer aid to Prussia. The almost instant prostration of that power had, however, prevented this. The speech then noted, with satisfaction, the determined resistance to France of Sweden and Russia. According to the theory of Pitt, a liberal subsidy ought to have been sent to these powers, to enable them to take the field against Buonaparte—for it was the idea of his party that no nation could carry on war without the money of England; but when Alexander of Russia applied for such support, the present ministry sent him only eighty thousand pounds. Lord Hawkesbury, in the lords, and Canning, in the commons, censured the ministry severely for not having acted as Pitt would have done, by furnishing funds to both Prussia and Russia. Canning, moreover, complained that, whilst the French never failed to make the most of their victories, we seemed to be ashamed of ours, and had not even passed a vote of thanks to Sir John Stuart and his officers for their gallant conduct at Maida, in Calabria. Canning, more unluckily, blamed ministers for not giving praise enough to Sir Home Popham and general Beresford for their seizure of Buenos Ayres; but lord Howick informed him of the real facts of that unlucky enterprise, and endeavoured to exempt himself from blame by saying that he had advised the recall of the expedition—forgetting, however, to add that, after the first news of success, he had joined in sending out fresh forces to reinforce Beresford, and that the disastrous choice of general Whitelocke had been approved by him.

On the 22nd of December lord Grenville presented to the house of lords the papers relative to the late negotiations with Napoleon, and the same day the votes of thanks which Canning had called for were passed, in both houses, to Sir John Stuart, brigadier-general Lowry Cole, brigadier-general Ackland, and the other officers engaged in the brilliant affair of Calabria. Windham declared that the battle of Maida was on a par with those of Creçy, Agincourt, and Poictiers; that it had broken the spell of French superiority in war, and proved that we could beat them, even under great disadvantage of numbers. Canning cordially assented to this, but censured ministers for not sending sufficient forces to Calabria, so as to enable us to drive the French completely out, instead of leaving the brave Calabrians to their vengeance after we had promised to secure them from their domination. At the close of this debate parliament adjourned for the Christmas recess, and thus terminated the eventful year of 1806.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

Parliamentary Discussions on the War—Enormous Frauds in the Military Department—Prosecution of Davison, Treasurer of the Ordnance—Abolition of the Slave Trade—"All the Talents" resign—Ministry of the Duke of Portland—Dissolution of Parliament—Immense purchase of Seats by Ministers—Restrictions on Ireland—Popular Education opposed—Failure of General Whitelock at Buenos Ayres—Failure of Sir John Duckworth before Constantinople — Abortive Attempt on Egypt, under General Frazer—War declared by Turkey against England, and Alliance made with the French—Deposition of the Sultan Selim by Mustapha—Triumph of French Diplomacy in Turkey—Capture of Curaçoa by the English—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Declaration of War by Denmark—Seizure of Heligoland by England—Also of the Danish West India Islands—Terrible Repulse of the French by the Russians and Prussians at Mohringhen and Eylau—Battle of Friedland—Treaty of Tilsit, betwixt Buonaparte, Alexander of Russia, and the King of Prussia—Buonaparte's Treatment of Poland—Retreat of the Swedes from Stralsund—Seizure of Portugal by Buonaparte—Seizure of Rome by him—Tuscany annexed to France—Charges against the Marquis of Wellesley's Indian Administration set aside—The Royal Family of Spain kidnapped by Buonaparte, and the Crown of Spain conferred by him on his Brother Joseph—Murat made King of Naples—Terrible Excitement of the Spanish People—Massacre by them of French Soldiers—The People fly to Arms, and seek Aid from the English—Five Thousand Men sent to Spain—General Custanos commences the War against the French—The Spaniards swear Fealty to Ferdinand VII.—General Cuesta beaten by the French at Rio Seco—Dupont and Vedel surrender to the Spaniards in Andalusia—King Joseph Buonaparte flies from Madrid—The Siege of Zaragossa abandoned—General Dubesme driven from Gerona—Marshal Moncey from Valencia—Like Spain, Portugal rises on the French—Sir Arthur Wellesley lands at Oporto with Ten Thousand Men, and is joined by General Spencer, with Four Thousand more—Wellesley defeats the French at Roriga, but is superseded by Sir Hugh Dalrymple—Wellesley defeats Junot at Vimiera—Junot capitulates with the British at the Convention of Cintra—Sir John Moore appointed to the Command in Portugal—Advances to Salamanca, in Spain—Buonaparte hastens to Spain—Defeats the Spaniards, and recovers Madrid—Retreat of the English—Battle of Corunna—Death of Sir John Moore—Evacuation of Portugal by the British.

PARLIAMENT assembled for business, after the Christmas recess, on the 2nd of January, 1807. Addresses were moved in the lords by lord Grenville, and in the commons by lord Howick, to the king, expressing approbation of his majesty's endeavours to procure peace, and, seeing that these had failed, promising him cordial support in prosecuting the war. In both houses the ministers made long explanations of the principles on which they had proposed to settle the peace. They had been willing to treat on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, or actual possession, with some few exceptions. They demanded the restoration of Hanover, and of Naples to the king of Naples. This would have left Buonaparte the enjoyment of almost everything that he had made himself master of, and would have made a most humiliating termination of a struggle in which we had aimed at such mighty things, and for which we had covered ourselves and posterity so heavily with debts. The more truly dignified conduct would have been to have stood firm, and wait for the arrival of those reactions which must always come after such a violent and mushroom growth as that of the power of Buonaparte. It was certain that he must exhaust France, or the patience of the nations on which he was now treading. When once the spirit of the nations was aroused in earnest, then they would combine, and fight effectually for their liberties. Till then—till they were trodden on and insulted out of their effeminacy—all help to them was useless; but, when this temper once arose, then would be the time for England to lend a really helping hand, as she had already committed herself to such interference. At present, her attitude was one of mere self-defence, which she could maintain with ease, and at little cost. The endeavours of ministers, therefore, to treat with Buonaparte in the height of his insolence and power, could only, as it did, end in our humiliation. These sentiments were freely expressed

in the house of commons by Mr. Montagu and others, who properly blamed Fox for subscribing himself in writing to Talleyrand "with perfect attachment," and ministers for selecting lord Yarmouth and lord Lauderdale as ambassadors, the former of whom, being a prisoner in France, was naturally too anxious for peace, as it would liberate him, and the latter, because he had been formerly in close intimacy with the Girondists, and had actually sate in the national assembly, and calmly listened to proposals for the destruction of England. Whitbread only was simple enough to believe that, had Fox lived, a satisfactory peace would have been accomplished.

But, as all now saw that war must go on, both houses prepared themselves for the usual large votes of supply. According to Windham's statement, we had 125,631 regulars in the army, of whom 79,158 were employed in defending our West India islands, 25,000 in India, and upwards of 21,000 foreigners in our pay. Besides this, for home defence, we had 94,000 militia and fencibles, and 200,000 volunteers; so that altogether we had 334,000 men under arms. It was, therefore, contended, and with reason, that, as we had so deeply engaged ourselves in fighting for our allies on the continent with such a force, we might have sent 20,000, with good effect, to unite with Alexander of Russia against Buonaparte, and not have let him be repulsed for want of both men and money. This, indeed, was the disgrace of All the Talents, that they put the country to the expense of an enormous war establishment, and did no real service with it. The supplies, however, were as freely voted as ever. There were granted, for the navy, £17,400,337; for the regular army, £11,305,387; for militia, fencibles, volunteers, &c., £4,203,327; ordnance, £3,321,216. The number of sailors, including 32,000 marines, was fixed at 130,000.

The manner in which a great deal of these vast sums, so freely voted, was spent, was, at this very moment, staring the public most fully in the face, through the military inquiry set on foot under the administration of Pitt, and continued under the present ministry. It appeared that amongst Pitt's supporters was one Alexander Davison, a banker, and colonel of a regiment of volunteers. At his election at Ilchester, he and two others had been convicted of gross bribery in 1804, and condemned to twelve months' confinement in the Marshalsea prison; but no sooner was his sentence expired, than Pitt, as a reward for his sufferings in his service—for this bribery, like a great deal more, was perpetrated in order to bring in Pitt's men, for of such was his great standing majority composed—made this man treasurer of the ordnance! When we hear the tory party and the tory historians lauding the *patriotism* of Pitt, we should bear these things in mind. This was one out of numbers of such appointments; this was the way in which the country was robbed by wholesale to keep up the power of Pitt, to maintain him in his place. We are told that Pitt died poor, and in debt; yes, and he made his country poor too, and loaded it with debts that will remain at a heavy charge of interest for ages. The vice of Pitt was not avarice, nor the ambition of making himself a millionaire—it was the love of power and distinction. He enjoyed, above all things, the exercise of the national rule, for that lay in him, and not in the king. For this, the most corrupt practices were employed throughout the whole system of government; the most corrupt harpies were elected by bribery for parliament, and placed in the most responsible situations. Whilst, therefore, he threw the money of England by handfuls to helpless kings and princes on the continent, he allowed it to be embezzled with equal license at home. Villanous officials, villanous contractors — this Davison was a contractor as well as official — villanous colonels, called clothing colonels, fleeced the country and the unfortunate troops in every direction. Whilst the best food and decent clothes were paid for, the very worst were furnished, and the difference pocketed by these scoundrel officials and agents. If the national debt could be sifted of all the amount thus fraudulently imposed upon it by these means, its portentous bulk would be wonderfully diminished; and how little is our satisfaction to think how large a proportion of our taxes are yet paid by us for the rascality of these dishonest agents of dishonest governments.

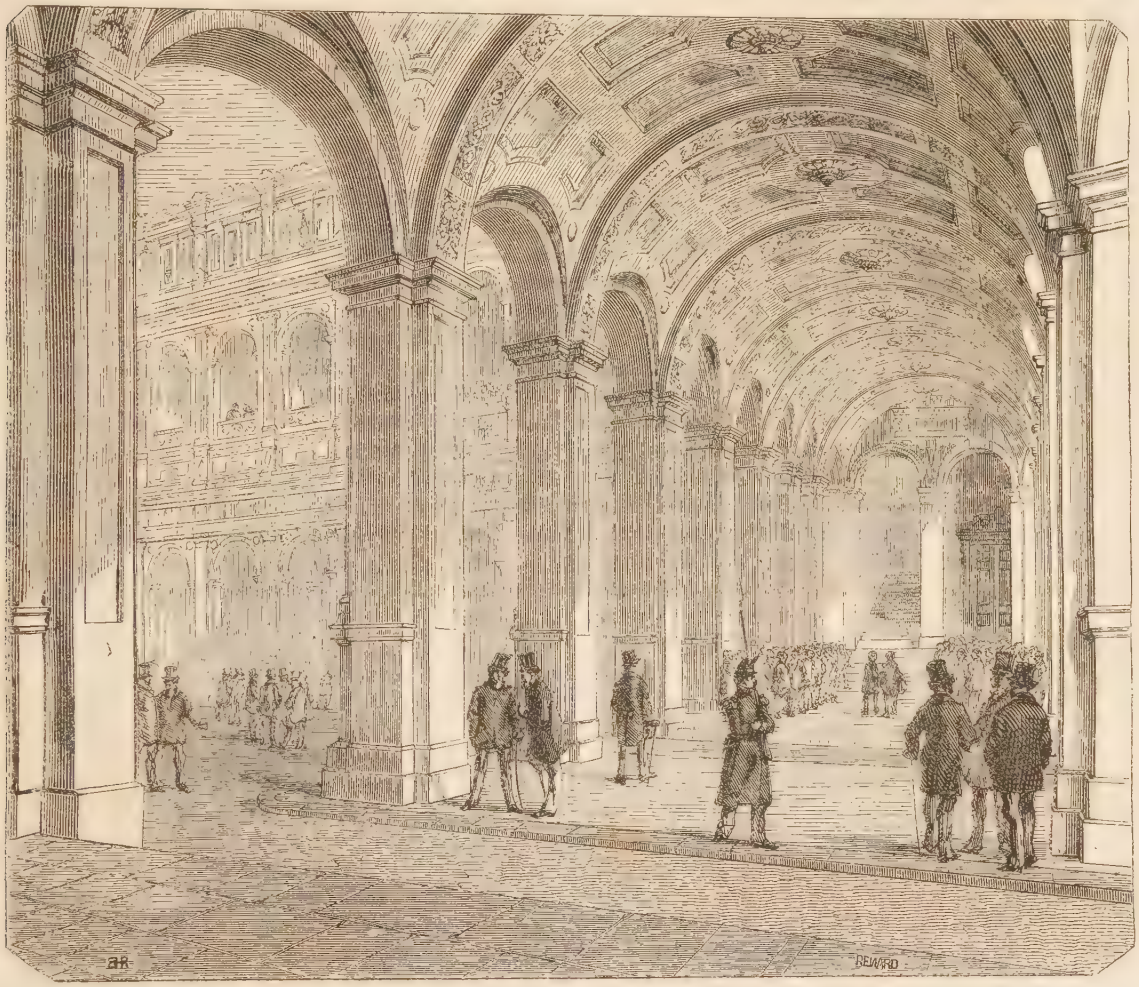
Davison, it now came out, through the researches of the committee, being made treasurer of the ordnance by Pitt, with the full knowledge of his character as a contractor and corruptionist, had been in the habit of drawing large sums from the treasury long before they were wanted, and had generally from three million to four million pounds of the national funds in his hands to trade with, of which the country lost the interest! Nor was this all: there had been an understanding betwixt himself, Delauny, the barrackmaster-general, and Greenwood, the army agent. All these gentlemen helped themselves largely to the public money, and their accounts were full of misstatements and overcharges. Those of Delauny were yet only partly gone through, but there was a charge of ninety thousand pounds already against him for fraudulent entries and impositions. As for Davison, there was found to be an arrangement betwixt him and Delauny, by which, as a contractor, he was to receive of Delauny two-and-a-half per cent. on beds, sheets, blankets, towels, candles, beer, forage, &c., which he furnished for barrack use. Besides this, he was to supply the coals as a merchant. Having always several millions of the country's money in hand, he bought up the articles, got his profit, and then his commission, without any outlay of his own. But he had managed so, that, as far as regarded these articles, the committee could arrive at no precise idea of the amount of his frauds; but in coals they obtained the most perfect statement. He was bound to purchase and send in the coals during the summer or autumn, when they were cheapest, and at the regular wholesale price. He had, indeed, bought them at the cheapest season; but, as he had the country's money to pay with, he kept them till the dearest season before delivering them in. According to contract, he was bound to produce certificates of the coals being of a proper quality and price, signed by persons of the highest respectability; but Davison had paid no attention to this—probably, he had his own good reasons for it—and the certificates were from men of the very worst characters—the chief of them, one George Richard Walker, who had been a coal-dealer himself, and who had furnished candles to Davison—a man so thoroughly bad, that he was

afterwards hanged for forgery. Thus rolling in riches at the expense of the country, and still more at that of the poor soldiers, Davison spent his evenings in voting for Pitt, and his days in purchasing large estates, the most valuable pictures, and the most splendid furniture and houses. He gave the most superb dinners, and invited, not only his patron Pitt, but the prince of Wales and numbers of the nobility.

Lord Archibald Hamilton gave notice of a motion for the prosecution of Davison at common law, but ministers said they had put the matter into the proper hands, and that Davison had been summoned to deliver up all his accounts, that they might be examined, and measures taken to recover any amount due by him to the treasury. But lord Henry Petty talked as though it was not certain that there were sufficient proofs of his guilt to convict him. The attorney-general, however, was ordered to prosecute in the court of king's bench, but the decision did not take place till April, 1809, more than two years afterwards, and then only the miserable sum of eighteen thousand one hundred and eighty-three pounds had been recovered, and Davison was condemned to twenty-one months' imprisonment in Newgate. Such are always the miserable results of inquiries into peculations on government. There are so many concerned in the same practices, that the probing into the sore is very tenderly made. In the course of the session still further frauds were discovered, not only in the barrack department, but in the naval department; but no effectual measures were taken to prevent their recurrence. A modern historian has very justly said on this occasion:—"As in other departments, the capital fault lay in appointing to the superior offices men of rank and fashion, who, being above their duties, and ignorant of details, trusted to contractors and underlings, who robbed the country and disgraced their principals. There was most rarely, if ever, any connivance between the heads of departments and the plunderers; but there was shameful negligence, and, very often, a total incompetence in the chiefs."

But the great glory of this session was not the exposure of Davison and his fellow-thieves, but the stop put to the operations of a much greater class of thieves. The death of Fox had been a sad blow to Wilberforce and the abolitionists, who had calculated on his carrying the prohibition of the slave trade; but lord Grenville and his cabinet, who were pledged to the question of catholic emancipation, and felt that it would be certain to turn them out, from the king's inveterate opposition to it, seemed to have made up their minds to have the glory of achieving the grand object of so many years' exertion for the suppression of the African slave trade. Wilberforce, to his inconceivable joy, discovered that Spencer Perceval, the proposed new minister, and his party were equally willing to co-operate for this purpose. The king and royal family alone remained as adverse to the abolition of slavery as they were to the emancipation of the catholics. The abolitionists, however, had so imbued the country at large with the sense of the barbarity and iniquity of the traffic, that royal prejudice could no longer swamp the measure, nor aristocratic apathy delay it. Lord Grenville brought in a bill for the purpose into the peers on the 2nd of January: the 12th was fixed for the second reading. Before this took place, counsel was heard, as usual, at the bar of the house, against the measure, who repeated all the terrible prognostics of ruin to the West Indies and to this country from the abolition, with which the planters and proprietors of the West Indies, the merchants and slave-captains of Liverpool and Bristol, had so often endeavoured to alarm the nation. The emptiness of these bugbears had, however, been now too fully exposed to the nation by the lectures, speeches, and pamphlets of the abolition society, and Wilberforce had all along merely to use the arguments in parliament with which they had abundantly furnished him. Lord Grenville now introduced the second reading by an elaborate speech, in which he condemned and summed up these arguments. He was warmly supported by the duke of Gloucester—a liberal exception to his family—by lords King, Selkirk, Rosslyn, Northesk, Holland, Suffolk, Moira, and the bishops of Durham, London, and others. The dukes of Clarence and Sussex as zealously opposed him, as well as lords Sidmouth, Eldon, Ellenborough, Hawkesbury, St. Vincent, and many others. The second reading was carried, after a debate, which continued till five o'clock in the morning, by one hundred against thirty-six. The third reading was also carried with equal ease, and the bill was carried down to the commons on the 10th of February. Lord Howick proposed its reading in an eloquent speech, and it was opposed, with the usual prognostics of ruin, by Mr. George Hibbert, captain Herbert, and general Gascoyne, who said the nation was carried away by sentimental cant, the result of an enormous agitation by the quakers and saints. The first reading, however, passed without a division, and the second on the 24th of February, by two hundred and eighty-three against sixteen. The house gave three cheers. Seeing the great majority, and that the bill was safe, lord Grenville recommended Wilberforce to strengthen it by inserting the penalties, which he did; but they left a great advantage to the slave merchants by allowing them to clear out their vessels from this country by the 1st of May, and gave them time to deliver their human cargoes in the West Indies till the 1st of January, 1808—a liberty which was sure to create a great sending out of vessels for the last occasion, and as great a crowding of them. However, the accursed trade was now doomed, as far as English merchants could go, though it was found by experience that it was not so easy to suppress it in reality. It has constantly entailed on England the cost of the employment of a fleet to endeavour to arrest the traffic, and, after all, in vain; for Spain continues to this day to prosecute this infernal trade, and North Americans indulge in it. When it was seen that it must be carried, lords Eldon, Hawkesbury, and Castlereagh, who had hitherto opposed it, declared themselves in favour of it. It was carried in both houses by large majorities, and received the royal sanction on the 25th of March. So easily was the bill passed, at last, that lord Percy, the day after it had passed the commons, moved in that house for leave to bring in a bill for the gradual emancipation of the slaves; but this being deemed premature, and calculated to injure the operation of the bill for the abolition of the trade, and to create dangerous excitement in the West Indies, the motion was discouraged, and so was dropped.

The Grenville ministry was approaching its extinction. It had done a great work in the abolition of the slave trade, but there was another species of abolition which they were disposed to further which was not quite so acceptable. They had supported Wilberforce and his party in their measure for the negroes, but Wilberforce and his friends were by no means willing to support them in liberating the catholics from their disabilities. Grenville and Fox had made no particular stipulation, on taking office, to prosecute about it; they had offended the church party, of which Wilberforce might be said to be leader, by their more liberal conduct towards the catholics. Though the king was obstinately opposed to any relaxation of the restraints on this class of his subjects, yet the Fox and Grenville ministry had introduced a milder and more generous treatment of the catholics in Ireland. The duke of Bedford, as lord-lieutenant, had discouraged the rampant spirit of orangeism, and admitted catholics to peace and patronage. He had



GALLERY LEADING TO THE HALL OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE, PARIS.

the catholic claims, but they were deeply pledged to this by their speeches of many years. It was, therefore, highly honourable of them, though very impolitic, to endeavour to do something, at least, to show their sincerity. They were opposed by powerful parties on account of other of their principles than this; they had always protested against our universal war-mania, and their endeavour to keep, as much as possible, out of the contests of the continent had deeply offended the war party; they were accused of not having supported Alexander of Russia, and of being the cause of his defeat, as if Russia and Prussia were not capable of defending themselves against France, had they gone ably abandoned the dragooning system, and had managed to settle some disturbances which broke out in the autumn of 1806, without even proclaiming martial law. These measures had won the cordial attachment of the catholics both in Ireland and England, but, in the same proportion, had exasperated the church and war party against them in both countries. Their adding another three-and-a-half per cent. to the income and property tax had embittered these parties in addition to these other causes, and the antagonism to them was every day becoming stronger. Yet they resolved, in spite of all this, to make an attempt to do some justice to the catholics. As we have observed, it was more

honourable than prudent, for, under the circumstances, there was no chance of carrying their object, and it was sure to precipitate their dismissal. Perhaps they saw that this was inevitable, and therefore only wished to show to the catholics that they were honestly mindful of their professions when out of office. They managed to carry an additional grant to the college of Maynooth, and, on the 4th of March, when this grant was debated, Wilberforce, though wanting the support of ministers for his slave-trade bill, made a violent speech against all concessions to the catholics. He declared the protestant church the only true one, and, therefore, the only one which ought to be supported. "He did not profess," he said, "to entertain large and liberal views on religious subjects; he was not, like Buonaparte, an honorary member of all religions." Undeterred by these prognostics of resistance, lord Howick, the very next day, moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable catholics to hold commissions in the army and navy on taking a particular oath. He said that it was a strange anomaly that catholics in Ireland could hold such commissions since 1793, and attain to any rank except that of commander-in-chief, of master-general of the ordnance, or of general of the staff, yet, should these regiments be ordered to this country, they were, by law, disqualified for service. He proposed to do away with this extraordinary state of things, and enable his majesty, at his pleasure—for it only amounted to that, after all—to open the ranks of the army and navy to all subjects, without distinction, in Great Britain as well as Ireland.

No sooner was this motion made than Spencer Perceval rose to oppose it. He had been selected to the chancellorship of the exchequer and the lead of the house of commons in a new ministry. To induce him to give up his lucrative practise at the bar for this office, he had been promised the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster for life. Sidmouth, Ellenborough, himself, and others, had already been several times closeted with the king, and the plan of a conservative ministry had been decided on. He professed to see in this measure only one of a number which would end in destroying the protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and, not stopping there, would go on to annihilate all the defences against popery and dissent which the wisdom of our ancestors had set up. The bill was, notwithstanding, brought in, read a first time, and the second reading fixed for the 12th of March. But now it was found that the king, who had consented to some compromise on the question, seeing his way clear with another ministry, refused even his qualified consent to the prosecution of the measure. The ministers postponed the second reading to the 18th, promising an after statement of their reasons. But their reasons were already well known in both houses of parliament through the private communications of the embryo cabinet. The bargain for the permanent possession of the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster for Spencer Perceval had long transpired, and on the 19th of February, more than a fortnight before lord Howick had introduced the army and navy catholic bill, and before the grant of the additional sum to the college of Maynooth, Mr. Banks had moved that no office, employment, or salary should be granted in reversion in any part of his majesty's dominions. This was warmly supported by the ministry and their friends. Mr. Plumer directly attacked Spencer Perceval on the subject, and said a motion like this ought to have been carried forty years ago. It was retorted that, indeed, it would have been very well for them, if a certain family—meaning that of the Grenvilles — had not been loaded with sinecures, amounting to sixty thousand pounds a-year. Mr. Martin moved that an address to his majesty should convey the sense of Mr. Banks' motion, observing that from the year 1660 to the present time, the duchy of Lancaster had only had two chancellors appointed for life—namely, lord Lechmere, in 1717, and Dunning, then created lord Ashburton, in 1782. Mr. Martin's motion for the address was ably supported by Mr. Ward, afterwards lord Dudley and Ward, by lord Henry Petty, Sheridan, and the friends of the ministry. Spencer Perceval declared that he had received no promises of the chancellorship of the duchy for life, which, notwithstanding his religious character, must have been a pitiable quibble, as the thing was not only notorious, but was afterwards carried into effect. The motion was vehemently opposed by the friends of the incoming cabinet—especially by Mr. Montagu, Sturges Bourne, and Johnstone. The latter went again into violent strictures on the manner in which lord Grenville had helped himself and family. He instanced his pushing through the house a bill at nine o'clock at night to enable him to hold the office of auditor of accounts with its vast emoluments, whilst another was to discharge the duties; the increase of salary to another member of the family, as first lord of the admiralty, and that not by means of parliament, but clandestinely; the holding by another of the tellership of the exchequer; and a number of similar boons to the Grenvilles. These were only too true, for the whigs were never guilty of neglecting themselves; and Johnstone was equally merciless in pressing on another whig weakness. He said they had boasted of the retrenchments they were going to make; the economy which they were about to enforce; but he looked in vain for these results. "On the contrary," he said, "the accounts of the army remained as they were; the India commissioners long ago appointed, at large salaries, had not yet even sailed." These were trying details for the nerves of the ministry, but the address of Mr. Martin was carried, notwithstanding, by two hundred and eighteen against one hundred and fifteen.

On the 25th of March there were motions made in both houses for an adjournment: this was to allow the new ministry to be announced in the interval. In the lords, earl Grenville seized the opportunity to make some observations in defence of the conduct of his cabinet during its possession of office. He said they had entered it with the determination to carry these important measures, if possible: the sinking fund, the abolition of the slave trade, and the relief of the catholics. He was happy to say that they had carried two of them; and, though they had found the resistance in a certain quarter too strong for them to carry the third, they conceived that never did the circumstances of the times point out more clearly the sound policy of granting it. France had wonderfully extended her power on the continent; peace between her and the nations she had subdued would probably lead Buonaparte to concentrate his warlike efforts on this country. What so wise, then, as to have

Ireland attached to us by benefits? With these views, the king, he said, had been induced to allow ministers to make communications to the catholics of Ireland through the lord-lieutenant, which he had seemed to approve; yet, when these communications as to the intended concessions had been made, his majesty had been induced to retract his assent to them. Ministers had then endeavoured to modify the bill, so as to meet his majesty's views; but, not succeeding, they had dropped the bill altogether, reserving only, in self-justification, a right to make a minute on the private proceedings of the cabinet, expressing their liberty to bring this subject again to the royal notice, as circumstances might seem to require; but now his majesty had called upon them to enter into a written obligation never again to introduce the subject to his notice, or to bring forward a measure of that kind. This was more than could be expected of any ministers of any independence whatever. Lord Sidmouth followed, and let it be understood that he did not go along with his colleagues in their desires for catholic emancipation. He said he would allow the catholics to enjoy toleration under the act of 1793, but he thought further liberties would endanger our constitution in church and state. Lord Erskine appears to have acted a strange and inconsistent part on the occasion. He took a private opportunity of warning the king not to dismiss his ministers on this question, as it would greatly exasperate Ireland, and to assure him that, if he did, he would never enjoy another hour's peace; yet we shall hear him speedily qualifying this opinion in public.

The king now announced to ministers his fixed resolve to call in another cabinet, though the whigs had endeavoured to keep office by dropping the bill, and, on the 25th of March, they delivered to the king their seals of office. Erskine alone retained his for a week, that he might pronounce his decrees on the chancery suits which had been heard by him; and, two days before he parted with the seal, he took the opportunity to make his son-in-law, Edmund Morris, a master in chancery. This was regarded as a most singular act, Erskine being no longer *bonâ-fide* chancellor, but only holding the seal for a few days after the resignation of his colleagues, to complete necessary business. The house adjourned to the 8th of April, and, before this day arrived, the new appointments were announced. They were, the duke of Portland, first lord of the treasury; lord Hawkesbury, secretary of the home department; Canning, secretary for foreign affairs; lord Castlereagh, secretary for war and the colonies; the earl of Chatham, master of the ordnance; Spencer Perceval, chancellor and under-treasurer of the exchequer; lord Camden, lord president of the council; lord Bathurst, president of the board of trade, with George Rose as vice-president; the earl of Westmoreland, keeper of the privy seal; lord Eldon, lord chancellor; and the duke of Richmond, lord lieutenant of Ireland. On the 3rd of April lord Mulgrave was announced as first lord of the admiralty, and the hon. Robert Dundas president of the board of control. On the 8th of April, the very day on which parliament again met, lord Melville was again restored to a place in the privy council, and, in a few days after, George Rose was further promoted by being made treasurer of the navy

Before the reassembling of parliament, the new ministers had done all in their power to arouse a "No popery!" cry in the country, because they intended to advise a dissolution of parliament—although this had only sate four months—in order to bring in a more anti-catholic and anti-reform body. On the 9th of April, the day following the meeting of parliament, Mr. Brand moved a resolution, that it was contrary to the first duties of the confidential advisers of the crown to bind themselves by any pledge to refrain from offering the king such counsel as might seem necessary to the welfare of the kingdom. The new ministers, who had probably entered office without any such pledge being demanded, for their sentiments were too well known to the king, yet, seeing that this was the first of a series intended to end in a vote of want of confidence in such ministers, at once opposed it, and threw it out by two hundred and fifty-eight to two hundred and twenty-six. The marquis of Stafford made a similar motion in the lords, and Sidmouth now spoke and voted against his late colleagues, to whom he must have been throughout opposed on all points; but the strangest thing must have been to hear Erskine, whilst supporting the motion, avowing his great repugnance to the catholics, as people holding a gross superstition, the result of the darkness of former ages, and declaring that he never thought of encouraging them, but rather that they might feel inconvenience, though suffering no injustice: as if this were possible; for, if suffering no injustice, they could feel no inconvenience. And this, after assuring the king that he would never again enjoy peace if he dismissed his ministers for desiring to encourage them! The marquis of Stafford's motion was rejected by a hundred and seventy-one against ninety.

Parliament was prorogued on the 27th of April, for the avowed purpose of a dissolution; and in the speech by commission, ministers stated that it was necessary the people should be appealed to as soon as possible, whilst the effect of "the late unfortunate and uncalled-for agitation was on their minds." Immediate preparations were made for a most determined contest. Money was spent on both sides most prodigally, but the new ministers had the greater command of it—their opponents said, out of the king's privy purse; but, whether that were so or not, on the system then in vogue, of ministers in different departments drawing even millions from the treasury long before they were legitimately wanted, they could have no lack of means of corruption; and this corruption, in bribery and in purchasing of seats, never had been carried further than on this occasion. It was calculated that it would cost Wilberforce eighteen thousand pounds to get in again, and this sum was at once subscribed by his friends. Tierney offered ten thousand pounds for two seats, and could not get them. Romilly, who was utterly averse to all this corruption, was compelled to give two thousand pounds for a seat for the borough of Horsham, and then only obtained it through favour of the duke of Norfolk. Seats, Romilly says, might have been expected to be cheap after a parliament of only four months' duration, but quite the contrary; never had they reached such a price before. Five and six thousand pounds was a common sum given, without any stipulation as to the chance of a short parliament. He names particular holders of

boroughs who had sold all they had to government. And such was the hocus-pocus of an English parliament!—such were the means by which those who had the impudence to call themselves the representatives of the people stole into the house of commons, and bought the power to vote away some fifty millions of the people's money annually, taking good care to reimburse themselves, and settle all their relatives and dependents on the funds of the nation! These were the men, too, who continually boasted that the British constitution was the glory and the envy of the world! The animus which was excited in the public mind against the catholics by the incoming ministers, for party purposes, was terrible. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and other religious societies took the field in the bigot outcry. The catholics of England, alarmed at the violence of the sensation stirred up against them, and, fearing a repetition of the Gordon riots, published an address to their fellow-countrymen, protesting their entire loyalty to the crown and constitution. Henry Erskine, lord Erskine's brother, wittily said that, if lord George Gordon were but alive, instead of being in Newgate, he would be in the cabinet. The ministers found that they had obtained a powerful majority by these means, and when parliament met, on the 22nd of June, they were enabled to reject an amendment on the address, by a hundred and sixty against sixty-seven in the lords, and by three hundred and fifty against a hundred and fifty-five in the commons. One of the very first things which ministers did was to reverse the mild system of the late cabinet in Ireland, and to restore the old *régime* of coercion. A bill was brought into the commons by Sir Arthur Wellesley, now again secretary to the lord lieutenant, giving authority to the latter functionary to proclaim counties in a state of insurrection, and to prohibit any person being out of his house between sunset and sunrise, under severe penalties. Then followed another bill, compelling all persons to register what arms they had, and authorising, on the part of the magistracy, domiciliary visits in search of arms. Education of the people, both there and in England, was discouraged. A bill for establishing a school in every parish in England, introduced by Whitbread, was allowed to pass the commons, but was thrown out in the lords.

Yet, under such unpromising circumstances, Mr. Banks brought in his bill aimed at Spencer Perceval, which the dissolution had put a stop to. It was intended to prevent the crown granting places by reversion and for life. This passed the commons quietly enough, because it was sure of its quietus in the lords. There it was briskly assailed by lord Arden, the elder brother of Perceval, and himself in possession of the lucrative office of registrar of the admiralty, also granted by reversion, and with a second reversion to Spencer Perceval, in addition to his life-grant of the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster. This bill was thrown out, but Banks then introduced another, restraining the crown from granting any office in reversion before the end of six weeks after the meeting of next session of parliament, and this was allowed to pass; for the mischief, as far as it regarded Spencer Perceval, was already done. Parliament was then prorogued on the 14th of August.

The expeditions planned by the Grenville ministry against different distinct points were, this year, attended by disgraceful results, and the news of their failure came in to enable the new ministry to throw additional odium upon them. The news of the seizure of Buenos Ayres by Sir Home Popham and general Beresford, had induced the late cabinet to overlook the irregular manner in which their enterprise had been undertaken. They sent out admiral Sir C. Stirling to supersede Sir Home Popham, who was to be brought before a court martial, but he took out with him a fresh body of troops, under general Auchmuty. These troops landed at Monte Video on the 18th of January, and, after a sharp contest against six thousand Spaniards, and the loss of five hundred and sixty English killed and wounded, the place was taken on the 2nd of February. At the same time, brigadier-general Craufurd had been dispatched with four thousand two hundred men to conquer Chili. The Grenville ministry seemed to have an idea that the Spaniards were so weary of their own government, that the English had only to appear in any of their immense colonies with a handful of men to receive their surrender. But, though these colonies might be tired of the maladministration and ceaseless exactions of the Spanish home government, it was one thing to desire independence, and another to be subjected to a foreign yoke. Had the English government only wished to liberate the Spanish South American colonists, and to seek their recompense in the trade that would naturally have sprung up with them, they had only to support Miranda and other Spanish revolutionists to have succeeded, and to have won the honour of being benefactors to oppressed nations. But no such liberal ideas animated them, and they were soon taught their folly in the exasperation of the colonies which they thought of winning so facilely. The news of the recapture of Buenos Ayres reached London in time to enable them to overtake Craufurd at the Cape, and to order him to abandon the voyage to Chili, and to hasten to Buenos Ayres, to support our forces there. Both Craufurd and Auchmuty were brave and able generals, but they were only brigadiers, and the Grenville government could not judge of a man's talent, except through his rank. They could not, like Chatham, see the man of genius in the poor lieutenant; they, therefore, dispatched a full general to take the chief command at Buenos Ayres. This full general proved a very empty one on trial. He was a general Whitelock—a man standing well with the king and court, who had been promoted without the necessity of much real service. It has been said that there was but another general more utterly unfitted for any responsible command in Europe, and that was the Austrian Mack. Indeed, Whitelock, in almost the only opportunity which he had had, which was some years before in St. Domingo, was accused of having shown that Whitelock and white feather were synonymous, and ought to have been then and there cashiered. Yet, such was the man appointed to take the command at Buenos Ayres over the heads of really effective officers! Whitelock arrived at Monte Video towards the end of May, and found the English army, with what he brought, amounting to nearly twelve thousand men, in fine condition. With such a force Buenos Ayres would have soon been reduced by a man of tolerable military ability. But Whitelock seems to have taken no measures to enable his troops to cross directly to

that city, and carry it by a sudden and brilliant assault. Instead of providing himself with boats or rafts to carry his army across the river Chiuelo, near the town, he had not even really ascertained that the bridge over which general Beresford had passed in June of last year was destroyed. He therefore went up the country, seeking for a ford, and sent major-general Gore with the light troops to seek for one in another place. Gore soon found one, only two miles above the bridge, and crossed there; but Whitelock, instead of waiting to learn his success, had gone northwards with the rest of the troops, and whilst he might have been across and made a rush on the city, Gore was waiting for him in danger of being surrounded and cut off by the Spaniards, who were now grown numerous, and still acting under the directions of the clever Frenchman, Linières. Whitelock went on leading his men through bogs and thickets, till they were nearly worn out, and it was not till the 3rd of July that he managed to join major-general Gore, who had taken possession of a commanding elevation, overlooking the city. The great hope of success lay in the rapidity with which the assault was made: all this was now lost. The rain poured in torrents, and the men had no shelter, and were half starved for want of provisions. All this time the Spaniards had been putting the city into a state of defence. They had armed the whole male population, and posted them at the windows and on the flat roofs of the houses, behind the parapets; they had barricaded the streets, and placed batteries of cannon to sweep them with grape-shot. It would have been only prudent for the general to have considered whether, under the circumstances, he would make the attack, and whether he might not be able to reduce it by blockade. His vessels were too far off, owing to the shallow water, to render him any service in the storming. His men were famished and half drowned with the deluges of rain, from which they had no protection; but there was little hope of reducing the place by bombardment, for the houses were constructed with but little wood, and that the incombustible Brazil timber. The walls, too, were of such soft brick that balls and shells could pass through them as through mud walls, without making any considerable breaches and fractures. After another day was lost in deciding on the mode of proceeding, Whitelock determined to attempt to carry the place by storm, destructive as that mode must have appeared to any one, the streets and squares being commanded by from fifteen to twenty thousand men, posted at windows and on roofs, and two hundred cannon ready to clear the streets.

Still, on the morning of the 5th of July, the order was issued to storm. The troops advanced in three columns from different sides of the town, headed severally by generals Auchmuty, Lumley, and Crauford. Whitelock said that it could be of no use to delay the advance towards the centre of the town by attacking the enemy under cover of their houses; it could only occasion the greater slaughter. The command, therefore, was to dash forward with unloaded muskets, trusting alone to the bayonet. Much blame was cast on Whitelock for this order, but there seems strong reason in it, considering the wholly uncovered condition of the troops against a covered enemy, and that the only chance was for each division to force its way as rapidly as possible to certain buildings where they could ensconce themselves, and from whence they could direct an attack of shot and shells on the Spaniards. General Auchmuty, accordingly, rushed on against every obstacle to the great square—Plaza de Toros, or Square of Bulls—took thirty-two cannons, a great quantity of ammunition, and six hundred prisoners. Other regiments of his division succeeded in getting possession of the church and convent of Santa Catalina, and of the residencia, a commanding post; but brigadier-general Lumley was not so fortunate. He headed two regiments, the 36th and the 88th. They advanced under a most murderous fire from the grapeshot in the narrow streets, and the musketry from the windows and housetops. The 88th was compelled to yield; and the 36th, greatly reduced, and joined by the 5th—which had taken the convent of Santa Catalina — made their way to Sir Samuel Auchmuty's position in the Plaza de Toros, dispersing a body of eight hundred Spaniards on their way, and taking two guns.

Meantime, general Craufurd had made his way to the Dominican convent, had secured it, and assailed the enemy from the top of the building; but he was soon compelled—by showers of grape and musket balls—to retire from the top. He had lost a great number of men; major Trotter, one of his best officers, was killed; and colonel Parke, who commanded the left division of his brigade, was compelled to surrender, and five or six thousand men drew up before Craufurd's post with cannon to drive in the gates. As he was quite separated from the rest of the forces, and perceived that the firing had ceased, he inferred that the assault had failed, and therefore capitulated at four o'clock in the afternoon. All this time Whitelock had kept himself in safety outside of the place, and though, in his defence, he said that he had pushed forward the dragoons to ascertain the situation of Craufurd, the fact was, that, during the remainder of the evening and the following night, Craufurd was left without any knowledge of the fate of the rest of the storming force. Whitelock pleaded that it was the failure of Craufurd which compelled him to surrender the city, for, of the three objects aimed at, the other two had been accomplished, and that the town might have been commanded from the Plaza de Toros and the residencia, had Craufurd stood firm at the Dominican. But no means had been effectually taken to let Craufurd know that, and the next morning Linières informed Whitelock of the surrender of part of Lumley's division and the whole of Craufurd's, and recommended him to capitulate, for, in case of his refusal, he would not guarantee the lives of the prisoners from the exasperation of the people. He promised that, on his agreeing to retire, he should be allowed to remove his troops without molestation, and receive back not only the prisoners now made, but those taken with general Beresford the former year.

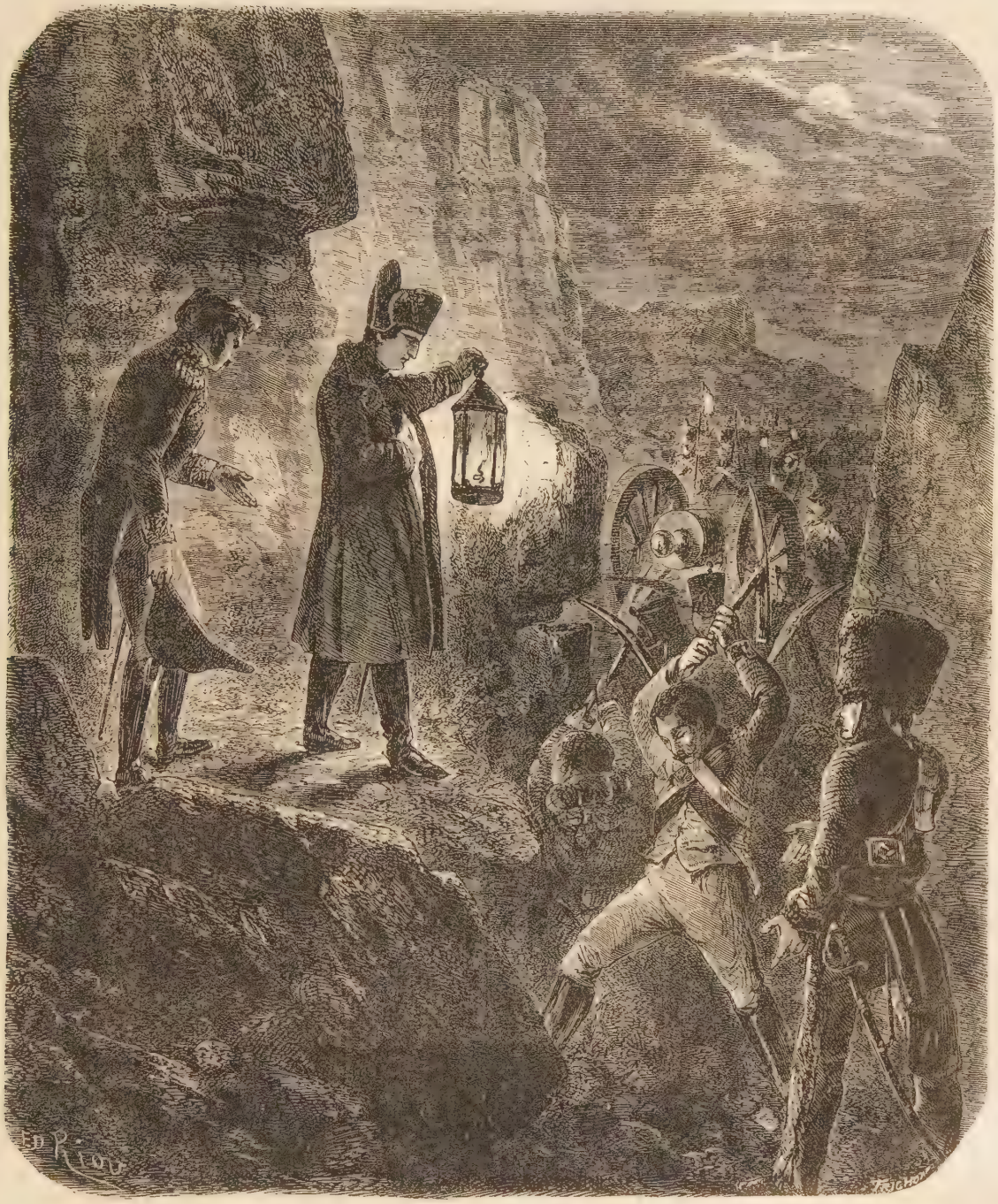
Whitelock, at first, made demur, representing the advantages he had already gained, but the threats used against the prisoners, he stated, and the persuasion of himself and the other generals, that, such was the animosity of the whole colony against the English for their attempt at possessing themselves of it, that it would be impossible to conquer it, at length induced him to accept the offered terms. Rear-admiral Murray, who, on the 7th of July, signed the treaty

with Whitelock and Linières, also gave it as his opinion that the prosecution of the enterprise was useless, since it was clear that the inhabitants of the colony did not wish for the dominion of the British. The conditions of the treaty were—that general Whitelock's army, with its arms, equipage, and stores, was to be conveyed across the La Plata to Monte Video; his troops to be supplied with provisions; and that at the end of two months the English were to surrender Monte Video, and retire from the country.

Such was the humiliating result of the attempt on Buenos Ayres. That that colony was not to be conquered by a force of twelve thousand was so clear, that the ministry who attempted it were deserving of the severest censure for their ignorance, as well as for their illiberal rapacity. They might have assisted Miranda to free the colony, but they wanted to seize it for themselves, and they were justly punished. As it was, the most condensed odium fell on the general, and nothing could be more disgraceful and incompetent than his conduct; but, then, theirs was the fault for choosing such a general. Nothing could exceed the fury of all classes at home against Whitelock on the arrival of the news of this disgraceful defeat. It was reported that he had made the men take their flints out of their guns before sending them into the murderous streets of Buenos Ayres; and, had he arrived with his despatches, his life would not have been safe for an hour. There was a general belief that the court was protecting him from punishment; and, in truth, the delays interposed betwixt him and a court-martial appeared to warrant this. It was not till the 28th of January that he was brought before such a court at Chelsea Hospital, when he was condemned to be cashiered, as wholly unfit and unworthy to serve his majesty in any military capacity whatever.

CHATEAU OF FONTAINEBLEAU, FAVOURITE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.

Another expedition, planned by the Grenville ministry, produced no favourable result. This was to Constantinople. Buonaparte had sent thither the artful and audacious Sebas-



NAPOLEON EXTRICATING LANNES' ARTILLERY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF JENA.

tiani, and general Andreossi, to destroy the English influence, and to engage the sultan in war with Russia, so as to act as a most effectual diversion of the Russian forces, whilst he himself was engaged with the czar in the north. The French agents had completely succeeded in their plans against Russia. The sultan assumed an attitude which compelled Alexander to keep a strong army on the Lower Danube, thus weakening his force against Napoleon, and distracting his attention. There appeared every probability that the English influence would be equally swamped in Turkey by the French, and it was determined to send a naval squadron to Constantinople to overawe the sultan Selim, and to compel the removal of the French intriguants. Had this expedition been committed to such a man as Sir Sidney Smith, there is little doubt but that it would have been entirely successful; but it was altogether most miserably

mismanaged, and therefore failed. To have been effectual it should have been sudden. There should have been no previous negotiation about it; the ships should have appeared off Constantinople, and then and there the ambassador should have stated his terms and have insisted on them.

Instead of this, our ambassador, Mr. Arbuthnot, commenced his negotiations for the strengthening of the English alliance in conjunction with Russia, and for the restriction of the French influence. But, besides England, Russia had no advocates with the Porte, for her designs were too notorious in Turkey. The victories of Buonaparte now in Austria and Prussia gave the French great *éclat* with the Turks, and Sebastiani made the utmost of this advantage. He was zealously supported by Spain and Holland. In the midst of these negotiations, Admiral Louis appeared off Constantinople with one ship of the line and one frigate. It should have been a whole fleet, and the effect would have been decisive. As it was, there was immediately a rumour that a great English fleet was on the way, and accordingly the Turks were in a hurry to strengthen their fortifications, and make every arrangement for defence. They were ably assisted in these measures by Sebastiani, Andreossi, and a number of French engineer officers. The Russian ambassador, Italinsky, took his departure, not thinking himself safe, and Mr. Arbuthnot soon began to fear for the security of his own person, and got away by requesting the captain of the English frigate to invite himself and the whole diplomatic staff on board. This was done, and suddenly, the whole being on board, the frigate fell down the sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles unmolested by the batteries, and anchored off the island of Tenedos. Here Arbuthnot reopened negotiations, stating his reasons for withdrawing to this distance, but expressing still the desire of England to conclude amicable terms with the Porte. That the Turks did not want to come to an open rupture with England had been sufficiently evident by their permitting admiral Louis to ascend the Dardanelles with vessels of war, contrary to existing treaties. The sultan, therefore, sent Feyzi-Effendi, a Mussulman of high rank, to treat with Arbuthnot on the Dardanelles. Arbuthnot's plan was to await the time for the arrival of the English fleet, which the French had already declared was on the way, and with which a member of the English embassy had foolishly threatened the Porte. Feyzi-Effendi, who was more favourable to the English alliance than the French, was extremely easy, and conceding about delays; but the French, who had taken care to hasten to the spot, were vehemently urgent for him to come to an instant decision. M. de Lascours, Sebastiani's aide-de-camp, urged Feyzi-Effendi to strengthen his batteries at the mouth of the Dardanelles, assuring him that the English would soon be there in great force; but Feyzi replied that it was not written in the book of fate that the English would come. However, on the 10th of February Sir John Duckworth appeared off the Dardanelles, and, joining his squadron with that of admiral Louis, the English fleet now consisted of eight line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and two bombs. But on the 14th, the Ajax, one of the men-of-war, took fire, and blew up, killing two hundred and fifty of the people on board. They had then to wait till the 19th for a breeze that would carry them through the straits. The British ships passed the batteries under a brisk fire, without replying, and, about half-past nine in the morning, the squadron came abreast of the batteries and fortifications of Kelidil-Bahar and Sultanie-Kalessi, which guard the narrowest parts of the straits from the opposite shores of Europe and Asia, there not more than a mile and a quarter apart. These were commanded by the capitan-pasha and Feyzi-Effendi, who had suddenly awaked out of his fatalistic dream that the English would not come. From both forts the squadron was saluted by a heavy fire, to which it replied in such style that the forts were soon deserted, in spite of all the exertions of the French to keep the Turks at their posts. A little beyond the castle of Abydos, on the Adriatic side, was lying a small Turkish squadron, consisting of a 64-gun ship of the line, four frigates, four corvettes, two brigs, and two gunboats. Whilst admiral Duckworth pursued his course toward Constantinople, Sir Sidney Smith, the second in command, who ought to have been first, was left with about half a dozen ships to attack this squadron. One of the brigs cut its cable, and made all haste for Constantinople, to carry the news; and the English admiral seems to have taken no pains to pursue and stop it. Sir Sidney soon destroyed, or drove on shore, all the Turkish vessels except one corvette and one gunboat, which were captured. The vessels which drove on shore were set fire to and exploded, and the gallant Sir Sidney, who had done all this work in less than an hour, threw a few shells to disperse some Turkish soldiers, horse and foot, who had gathered on the hills, and then sent on shore lieutenant Mark Oakes and his marines, from the Pompeii, who drove the few remaining Turks from the fort, and spiked its thirty-one guns. All this had been done in admirable style, for there was a man at work who seldom did things by halves. The whole loss of the English in doing what the Turks thought impossible was ten killed and seventy-seven wounded. A gross neglect, however, had been committed by Duckworth, or, rather, by Arbuthnot, in not recalling Berto-Pisani, who had been engaged as dragoman in the negotiations with Feyzi-Effendi. He was left on shore at the village of the Dardanelles, to the mercy of the Turks, and was in the greatest peril of his life from the enraged Turks. He escaped death, but was sent prisoner of war to Brusa, and afterwards to Kutaiah, in the interior of Asia Minor, where he suffered a miserable captivity till the peace between Turkey and England. Feyzi-Effendi lost his head on the charge of treason, and the capitan-pasha, though he saved his life, lost his office and property.

On the 20th of February Sir John Duckworth came to anchor off the Prince's Island, opposite to Constantinople, and at about ten miles distance. Now was the time to have struck an effectual terror by demanding the immediate dismissal of the French; and to have commenced storming the town unless the demand was at once complied with. This would certainly have been Sir Sidney Smith's mode of proceeding, and it would assuredly have succeeded. The whole population was in a panic, expecting every moment the commencement of the bombardment; and the sultan sent Ismail Bey to request Sebastiani and his suite to quit Constantinople without delay. But Sebastiani replied that there was no cause of alarm from the English, he was perfectly indifferent

to their presence; and that, as he was under the protection of the Porte, he should not quit Constantinople without an express order from the sultan. Had Sir Sidney Smith been in command, Sebastiani would soon have received this order, for he would have quickened the sultan's movements by some shot and shells sent into his seraglio; but Duckworth was made of much more phlemagtic stuff. The wind on the 21st was fair, and the whole fleet expected the order to put across and commence bombarding the city. Instead of that, however, Sir John sent a fresh message and menace. As this received no answer, and yet was followed by no prompt action, the Turks at once took heart, went on fortifying and planting batteries, and continued to amuse Sir John from day to day with hopes of treating, employing the time only to make their defences, under the supervision of Sebastiani and the French engineers, the more perfect. It is almost impossible to imagine a British admiral so besotted as to continue this course for ten days; yet this was precisely what Sir John Duckworth did. By this time every possible point of defence had its batteries, soldiers had poured into Constantinople, and every male inhabitant was armed, and foaming with fury at the English. On the 27th the Turks had grown so bold as to land on the Isle of Proti, within cannon-shot of Sir John's anchorage, and began erecting a battery to play upon his ships. He did take the trouble to dislodge them with a few shells, but seems to have taken no measures for capturing this detachment, as he readily might have done. Sebastiani and his Frenchmen were in a state of triumph. They assured the sultan that Napoleon would relieve Turkey of all fears from Russia, by marching to Petersburgh, and compelling the czar to accept his own terms. The Spanish ambassador seconded these representations zealously, and persuaded the sultan that his true policy was to break with the English, who had thus insulted him in his capital, and make alliance with victorious France. It was clear that Sir John Duckworth had made a total failure of the expedition; he had talked and written when he should have acted, and it was now hopeless to attempt anything against the place. He had exasperated the Turks, raised the French wonderfully in their opinion, and there was nothing for it but to draw off. There were now not less than twelve hundred cannon placed ready to reply to any hostilities from the fleet. Strong bastions and parapets had been erected on both sides of the port, and at the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. The Maidens' Tower, between the point of Scutari and the seraglio point, was mounted with immense guns, and provided with a furnace for throwing red-hot shot into the fleet.

On the morning of the 1st of March, Sir John weighed anchor to return from his ignominious, abortive mission. The wind was fair for him, but his return was now not so easy a matter. Whilst he had been wasting his time before Constantinople, Turkish engineers, who had studied under the French, had been sent down to the Dardanelles with two hundred well-trained cannoneers. Numbers of troops had been collected on each side of the straits, and the batteries were supplied with enormous cannons, capable of carrying granite balls of seven or eight hundred pounds' weight. Sir John made a bravado of his force, by sailing the fleet to and fro during the day before Constantinople—a manœuvre particularly ridiculous, as he had done nothing at all with his ships. Towards nightfall he dropped down towards the straits, and the next day cast anchor before passing the castles and batteries, that he might sail through the straits by daylight, when the enemy could best see him. The navigation was perfectly safe by night, and then he probably might have passed without any damage whatever; but Sir John seems to have had a singular notion of doing the whole of this business. On the morning of the 3rd he accordingly sailed through the straits, and was sharply assailed by the cannon of the forts and batteries, the stone shot doing some of his ships great damage, and the loss of men being twenty-nine killed and a hundred and forty wounded. When he came to an anchorage betwixt the isles of Tenedos and the plains of Troy, he was joined by Siniavin, the Russian admiral, who is said to have proposed to him that they should return unitedly to Constantinople, and compel the Turks to dismiss the French, but Sir John said that it was useless, for, where a British fleet had failed, no other would succeed.

This disgraceful failure appeared to excite little interest at home. It was not till May, 1808, that colonel Wood, in the house of commons, moved for the production of the log of the Royal George, Duckworth's flag-ship; it was refused. A few days afterwards, on the 20th of May, Mr. M. A. Taylor moved a vote of censure on the late ministry, who planned the expedition, for not having sent out a sufficient fleet; but, in truth, the fleet was strong enough—it was the commander who was weak. Taylor contended that lord Collingwood ought to have been allowed to name the commander, and not the ministers. Windham defended the late ministers, and Canning seemed so little to desire to bring blame on the late administration, that he got rid of the motion by moving the order of the day, and Sir John was well content to let the matter pass away without demanding a court-martial to clear his honour.

But, before this date, Sir John had been sent to assist in a still more abortive enterprise. There was a rumour that Buonaparte had promised the Grand Turk to aid him in recovering the provinces which Russia had reft from Turkey on the Danube, in the Crimea, and around the Black Sea, on condition that Egypt was given up to him. To prevent this, an expedition was fitted out to seize on that country. Between four and five thousand men were sent from our army in Sicily, under major-general Mackenzie Frazer. They embarked on the 5th of May, and anchored off Alexandria on the 16th. The following morning general Frazer summoned the town and fortresses to surrender, but the governor of Mehemet Ali replied that he would defend the place to the last man. On that day and the following, a thousand soldiers and about sixty sailors were landed, and, moving forward, carried the advanced works with trifling loss. Some of the transports which had parted company on the voyage now arrived, the rest of the troops were landed; and, having secured the castle of Aboukir, Frazer marched on Alexandria, taking the forts of Caffarelli and Cretin on the way. On the 22nd, Sir John Duckworth arrived with his squadron; the English army expected to hear that he had taken Constantinople, and his ill news created a just gloom amongst both officers and men. The people of Alexandria

appeared friendly; but the place was, or seemed to be, destitute of provisions; and the transports had been so badly supplied that the men were nearly starved before they got there. The Alexandrians assured General Frazer that, in order to obtain provisions, he must take possession of Rosetta and Rhamanieh. Frazer, therefore, with the concurrence of Sir John Duckworth, dispatched major-general Wauchope and brigadier-general Mead to Rosetta, with one thousand two hundred men. This was only a week after the entrance of Alexandria. These officers conducted their enterprise with the most extraordinary want of circumspection. They allowed themselves to be inveigled into the town—finding no opposition—without taking measures to secure their retreat, but acting as if they were entering a place where the inhabitants were perfectly friendly. No sooner was the whole of the little force within the narrow streets of Rosetta than the gates were closed upon them, and a simultaneous discharge of firearms opened upon them from roofs and windows. They were taken, blindly, in a most murderous trap. Three hundred of them fell dead, or dying; and amongst them, Wauchope himself. The troops they had to contend with were not Egyptians, but wild and desperate Albanians. They made all haste to break their way out of the town again; but, before this was accomplished, their loss in killed and wounded was four hundred, or one-third of their number. They retreated, in order, to Alexandria, for the Albanians had no desire to encounter them hand to hand in the open field. At this critical moment, when the little army was thus so wofully reduced, and the remainder was nearly perishing of hunger, Sir John Duckworth surrendered his command to rear-admiral Louis, and returned to England.

In this situation the surbadji, or chief magistrate of Alexandria, again represented to Frazer that there would be a famine in the city, and the British commander again sent two thousand five hundred men, under brigadier-general Stewart and colonel Oswald, to take Rosetta by regular siege. There is great reason to believe that general Frazer was designedly deceived by the surbadji, under instructions from Mehemet Ali, the viceroy pasha of Egypt; that plenty of provisions might have been brought into Alexandria by water, but that, seeing the smallness of the British force, it was hoped to reduce it by such fatal expeditions, and then to fall on it by a general attack, and destroy it. Frazer and his officers seem to have acted as though they had a force that must overawe the enemy, and to have trusted their enemies as though they were the sincerest of friends. The troops reached Rosetta on the 9th of April, and posted themselves on the heights above it. They summoned the town formally to surrender, and received an answer of defiance. Instead of proceeding to bombard the town at once, major-general Stewart waited for the arrival of a body of mamelukes. The mamelukes had been in deadly civil strife with Mehemet Ali, and had promised to co-operate with the English; and this was one of the causes which led the British government to imagine that they could make themselves masters of Egypt with so minute a force. But the mamelukes did not appear. Whilst waiting for them, colonel Macleod was sent to occupy the village of El Hammed, to keep open the way for the expected succour; but Mehemet Ali had mustered a great force at Cairo, which kept back the mamelukes; and, at the same time, he was reinforcing both Rosetta and Rhamanieh. Instead of the mamelukes, therefore, on the morning of the 22nd of April, a fleet of vessels was seen descending the Nile, carrying a strong Egyptian force. Orders were sent to recall colonel Macleod from El Hammed; but too late; his detachment was surrounded and completely cut off. The besieging force—scattered over a wide space, instead of being in a compact body—were attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, having no intrenched camp, were compelled to fight their way back to Alexandria as well as they could. When Stewart arrived there he had lost not one-third of his force, like general Wauchope, but one-half of it! In little more than a month the army of five thousand men had been reduced to three thousand four hundred. No mamelukes ever came to the assistance of the English; and, what was worse was than that, no succours came from home. The new ministry had come into power on the 25th of March, and were soon made aware of the real situation of the troops. But they left them to their fate! They could have soon sent them out sufficient reinforcements from Malta or Messina, to bring them off with safety; but, with that cold-blooded spirit of party, which has so often disgraced England—which dictated the infamous peace of Utretcht, and had done so many like deeds—these brave men were left to suffer and perish, and the fame of England to be tarnished, because as it was the late ministry who sent them out the utter failure of the expedition would add to their disgrace. The real disgrace, the infamy was theirs, who thus balanced their own party pride against the lives of their fellow-men, and the honour of their country.

Mehemet Ali, in proportion as he saw the English force diminished, augmented his own. He collected and posted a vast army betwixt Cairo and Alexandria, and then the Alexandrians threw off the mask and joined their countrymen in cutting off the supplies of the English, and murdering them on every possible occasion at their outposts. Frazer held out, in the vain hope of aid from the mamelukes or from home, till the 22nd of August, when, surrounded by the swarming hosts of Mehemet Ali, and his supplies all exhausted, he sent out a flag of truce, offering to retire on condition that all the British prisoners taken at Rosetta, at El Hammed, and elsewhere, should be delivered up to him. This was accepted, and on the 23rd of September the ill-fated remains of this army were reimbarked and returned to Sicily.

Thus was destroyed in Egypt all the prestige of the battles of Alexandria and Aboukir Bay, by the folly of the Grenville ministry in sending out so inadequate a force for such an enterprise, and the inhuman party pride of the Portland ministry. The consequence of these two badly-planned and worse-executed expeditions was the declaration of war against England by the Porte, the seizure of all British property in the Turkish dominions, and the formation of a close alliance betwixt Turkey and France.

But the triumph over the English had not relieved the Turks of the Russians. Admiral Siniavin still blockaded the Dardanelles, and another Russian squadron, issuing

from the Black Sea, blockaded the mouth of the Bosporus. The Turks issued boldly out of the Dardanelles and attacked Siniavin on two occasions, on the 22nd of May and on the 22nd of June; but, on both occasions, they lost several ships, and were expecting heavier inflictions from the Russians, when they were suddenly relieved of their presence by the news of the treaty of Tilsit, which had been contracted betwixt Alexander of Russia and Buonaparte. Alexander, by this, ceased to be the ally, and became the enemy of England. It was necessary, therefore, for Siniavin to make all speed for the Baltic before war could be declared betwixt the two nations, after which his return would be hopeless. The Russian admiral, however, before quitting the Mediterranean, had the pleasure of taking possession of Corfu, which Buonaparte had made over to Alexander.

To the sultan Selim these advantages were, however, lost. His subjects, or rather the osmanlies and janissaries, had rebelled, and, before the second of the sea-fights with the Russians, he had ceased to reign. Selim had commenced a very necessary, but very perilous, system of reforms in his empire. Two of his immediate predecessors had made some slight movements in that direction, but Selim, without possessing the callous and determined character necessary to enable a prince, in a corrupt and fanatic nation, to succeed, had entered on very extensive innovations. From the moment of mounting the throne, he had set about to break down some of those religious prejudices which the doctrines of the Koran foster, and which had stopped all progress of knowledge and civilisation in the realm. He had surrounded himself with Europeans and Greeks, who were acquainted with other countries, and the arts and more liberal customs of those countries. He had encouraged his wealthier subjects to travel themselves, so as to weaken their prejudices, and he had sent ambassadors to reside in the principal courts of Europe. These measures might have passed with impunity, but Selim set himself also to reform his army, and model it and equip it after the fashion of the European armies; and here he struck against a formidable power, which ruined him: he aroused the jealousy of the janissaries. He introduced a new army on the European model, called the "nizam-gedittes." These were clothed in a costume nearly approaching that of the Christian armies—a measure which excited the deep resentment of the great body of the people, who regarded this as an actual abandonment of the national faith. They were like the European troops, and were commanded by French, Italian, and other European officers. These troops amounted to ten thousand, and to them was attached a small corps of artillerymen, who had been taught by the French to manage the light field-pieces, which had been presented to the sultan by the French directory, in 1796. These nizam-gedittes were lodged in splendid barracks, built purposely for them, and the cost was met by some new taxes, which were extremely unpopular, and which were collected with considerable rigour. All, however, remained quiet so long as the mufti, or head of the religious system, was friendly; but the friendly one died, and a new one succeeded, who was a fiery fanatic, and utterly hostile to every reform, and to sultan Selim for their introduction. The osmanlies, under his encouragement, began to foment disaffection and resistance amongst the people. The janissaries, mortally jealous of the new troops, and of the general reform of the army, seized the occasion to show their animus. They demanded, on the breaking out of the war of 1806, to be sent against the Russians, though, from their want of discipline, they were sure to be beaten, and thus the nizam-gedittes were kept back from this service, for which they were far better adapted, and the sultan was, moreover, from this demand of the janissaries, compelled to separate his model troops, and send part of them into Asia Minor. The odas of the janissaries having thus broken down the reliable guard of the sultan, showed every symptom of rebellion. At this moment the sultan most injudiciously attempted to carry out some of his military reforms. He determined to dress and discipline the yamacks, or assistants at the batteries, after the European fashion, and incorporate them in the nizam-gedittes. At the end of May, and whilst still menaced by the Russian fleets, the sultan sent Mahmoud-Effendi to the castles of the Bosporus, to put the men into the new dresses. These yamacks consisted of wild and ferocious Albanians, Georgians, Circassians, and other adventurers. The moment the effendi unpacked the blue jackets and tight trousers, these desperadoes fell upon him, and endeavoured to strangle him. The nizam-gedittes flew to his assistance, and he escaped as far as the village of Buyukderé, where both he and his secretary were killed. In the meantime, the nizam-gedittes and the yamacks were engaged in a murderous struggle. The nizam-gedittes were worsted, and such as survived retreated to Constantinople. The yamacks assembled in great numbers, put one Cabakchy-Oglou, an ignorant and desperate ruffian, at their head, and sent word to the janissaries that now was the time to stand forward in defence of their ancient privileges and customs. The Spanish ambassador, who was in the village of Buyukderé, near which the yamacks were encamped, hastened to Constantinople, and warned the ministers of the danger; but they remained inactive in their fatalism, and, on the 29th of May, Cabakchy-Oglou was in Constantinople at the head of his fanatic yamacks. These were instantly joined by the janissaries, the galiongees, or sailors of the fleet, the topgees, or cannoneers, and by a vast mob. They proclaimed death to all who had been concerned in carrying out the reforming decrees of the sultan, and ministers and officials of all kinds were murdered, and their bleeding heads piled around the Greek obelisk facing the grand mosque of Santa Sophia. The mufti and oulemas were in secret concert with these bloody reactionists, and they next proceeded to depose sultan Selim, and place his cousin Mustapha on the throne in his stead. Had the sultan been as bloody and determined as themselves, he would have taken off Mustapha's head, for he had him safe in the seraglio, and have fallen on the yamacks with his nizam-gedittes; but Selim was of too gentle and too unsanguinary a disposition to carry through great reforms amongst fanatic mussulmans; he submitted quietly, was removed, and Mustapha installed in his place. Selim was not immediately bow-stringed, but Mustapha did not spare him long. All reform was then, for a time, stopped; the janissaries and the yamacks retained all their old supremacy, and the French obtained all the influence they coveted with the new sultan.

One of the events of the early part of this year was the

capture of the Dutch island of Curaçoa, by a squadron under captain Brisbane; but by far the most prominent naval transaction of the year was the seizure of the Danish fleet off Copenhagen — a proceeding which occasioned severe censures on England by Buonaparte and the continental nations under his domination. The opposition at home were equally violent in the outcry against this act, as in open violation of the laws of nations, Denmark then being nominally at peace with us. But, though nominally at peace, Denmark was at heart greatly embittered against us by our bombardment of its capital in 1801, and it was equally disposed to fall into and obey the views of Napoleon, who was now master of all Germany, at peace with Russia through the treaty of Tilsit—yet to be related — and, therefore, able any day to overrun Denmark. Buonaparte was enforcing his system of exclusion of England from all the ports of the continent, and it was inevitable that he would compel Denmark to comply with this system. But there was another matter: Denmark had a considerable fleet and admirable seamen, and he might employ the fleet greatly to our damage, probably in endeavouring to realise his long-cherished scheme of the invasion of England; at the least, in interrupting her commerce, and capturing her merchantmen. The English ministers were privately informed that Buonaparte intended to make himself master of this fleet, and they knew that there were private articles in the treaty of Tilsit, betwixt Russia and France, by which he contemplated great changes in the north, in which Denmark was believed to be involved. Upon these grounds alone the English government was justified, by the clearest expressions of international law, in taking time by the forelock, and possessing themselves of the fleet to be turned against them; not to appropriate it, but to hold it in pledge till peace. Grotius is decisive on this point:—"I may, without considering whether it is manifest or not, take possession of that which belongs to another man, if I have reason to apprehend any evil to myself from his holding it. I cannot make myself master or

TURKISH VESSELS OFF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ATTACK ON SERAGLIO AND PALACE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

proprietor of it, the property having nothing to do with the end which I propose; but I can keep possession of the thing seized till my safety be sufficiently provided for." This view would fully have justified the English government, had nothing further ever become known. But since peace and altered circumstances have taken place, research in the foreign office of France has placed these matters in their true light. The treaty of Tilsit is found to contain, as was then asserted, certain secret articles by which Alexander was permitted by Napoleon to invade and appropriate Finland, and Napoleon was authorised by Alexander to enter Denmark, and take possession of the Danish fleet, to employ against us at sea. These secret articles, revealed to the British government by a party cognizant of them, produced the measure we are about to detail, and the now established proofs of their existence present the full justification of the deed. Fouché, in his memoirs, admits the knowledge of these secret articles. "The success of the attack on Copenhagen," he says, "was the first thing which deranged the secret article of the treaty of Tilsit, by virtue of which the navy of Denmark was to be put at the disposal of France. Since the catastrophe of Paul I., I had never seen Napoleon in such a transport of rage. That which struck him most in this vigorous *coup de main* was the promptitude and resolution of the English ministry." No man at this time was so virtuously indignant as Alexander of Russia at thus assailing a power not actually at war. He issued a manifesto against England, denouncing the transaction as one which, for infamy, had no parallel in history, he himself being in the act of doing the same thing on a far larger scale, and without that sufficient cause which England could show, and without any intention of making restitution. We only seized a fleet which was on the point of being turned against us, and to be returned at the end of the war; he invaded Sweden, while at peace, and, without any declaration of war, usurped a whole country—Finland, larger than Great Britain. Russia, in fact, had brought Denmark into this destructive dilemma by its insidious policy; but, having seized Finland, in five years more it committed a still greater robbery on Denmark than it had done on Sweden, by contracting with Bernadotte to wrest Norway from Denmark, and give it to Sweden. For the reasons here stated, early in the summer a powerful fleet was fitted out with the utmost dispatch and secrecy by the new ministry, and dispatched to the Baltic. The fleet consisted of twenty-five sail of the line, more than forty frigates, sloops, bomb-vessels, and gun-brigs, with three hundred and seventy-seven transports to convey over twenty-seven thousand troops from Stralsund, a great part of which were Germans in British pay. Admiral Gambier commanded the fleet, and lord Cathcart the army, having second in command Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose services in India and Portugal already placed him second to none in reputation. On the 1st of August the British fleet was off the entrance of Gothenburg, and admiral Gambier sent commodore Keats into the Great Belt to cut off any passage from Holstein for the defence of Copenhagen. Admiral Gambier himself entered the Sound, passed the castles without any attack from them, and anchored in Elsinore Roads. By the 9th of August the whole fleet and the transports were collected there, and Mr. Jackson, who had been many years British envoy in the north of Germany, and knew most of the Danish ministers, was dispatched to Kiel, in Holstein, where the crown prince lay with an army of from twenty thousand to thirty thousand men, to endeavour to induce him to enter into an alliance with Great Britain, and to deliver the fleet to its keeping till the peace, stating the sad necessity that the English commanders would otherwise be under of taking possession of it by force. The crown prince, though the British had made it impossible to cross over and defend the fleet, received the overture with the utmost indignation, and is said to have upbraided the English for not having succoured their ally the emperor of Russia, attributing the subsequent success of the French to this neglect, and the treaty of Tilsit as its crowning result. This was simply saying that neither Russia nor any part of the Continent was capable of making war without England. Mr. Jackson returned to admiral Gambier, and the crown prince sent a messenger in all haste to order Copenhagen to be put into a state of defence. But there was scarcely a gun upon the walls, and the whole amount of population within them, exclusive of the sailors, were twelve or thirteen thousand men, inclusive of five thousand five hundred volunteers and militia. On the 11th, the crown prince himself and his suite crossed over from Holstein to Copenhagen, the English fleet allowing him to pass unmolested. He gave fresh commands to hurry on the defences, and then himself crossed into Jutland. After being detained by contrary winds, admiral Gambier advanced up the Sound, on the 16th landed part of the forces at Wedbeck, and then sailed forward and cast anchor before Copenhagen. There the commanders issued a proclamation expressing the most friendly feelings towards the prince and people of Denmark, but stating the reasons which rendered it necessary to prevent the Danish fleet being made subservient to the designs of France, and pledging the British government that, if the fleet were delivered up as a deposit to England, it should be faithfully restored at a general peace. If this offer were refused, then the responsibility would remain with Denmark, admitting the impossibility of any force being able to prevent the capture of the ships. The prince issued a counter-proclamation, ordering the seizure of all British vessels and property. On the 17th, during a calm, a number of Danish gunboats came out of the harbour, fired at some of our transports coming from Stralsund, burnt an English vessel, and attacked with round and grape shot the picquets of lord Cathcart's army. These vessels were driven back again by bombshells, and that evening admiral Gambier took up a nearer station north-east of the crown battery, the Trekroner. He then proceeded to surround the whole of the island of Zealand, on which Copenhagen stands, with our vessels. The division of the army landed at Wedbeck having now marched up, was joined by other divisions, and proceeded to entrench themselves in the suburbs of Copenhagen. They were attacked by the gun-boats, but, on the 27th, they had covered themselves by a good battery, and they then turned their cannon on the gun-boats, and soon compelled them to draw off. On the 29th, Sir Arthur Wellesley marched to Kooge, against a body of Danish

troops which had strongly fortified themselves there in order to assail the besiegers, and he quickly routed them. The Danish troops then made several dashing sorties from Copenhagen, while their praams, gun-boats, and floating batteries attacked our advanced vessels, and managed, by a ball from the Trekroner, to blow up one of our transports. The French had now arrived at Stralsund, and commodore Keats was sent to blockade that port, to prevent their crossing over into Zealand; nothing but the extreme rapidity of the movements of the British preventing a powerful army of French being already in Copenhagen for its defence.

On the 1st of September the British commander made a formal demand for the surrender of the fleet. The Danish general requested time to communicate this demand to the crown prince, but the vicinity of the French would not permit this, and the next day, the land batteries on one side, and our bomb-vessels on the other, began to fling shells into the town. The wooden buildings were soon in a blaze, but the Danes replied with their accustomed bravery to our fire, and the conflict became terrible. The bombardment of the English continued without cessation all day and all night till the morning of the 3rd. It was then stopped for an interval, to give an opportunity for a proposal of surrender; but, none coming, the bombardment was renewed with a terrible fury. In all directions the city was in a blaze; the steeple of the chief church, which was of wood, was a column of fire, and in this condition was knocked to pieces by the tempest of shot and shells, and its fragments scattered, as the means of fresh ignition, far around. A great timber-yard taking fire added greatly to the conflagration. The fire-engines, which the Danes had plied bravely, were all knocked to pieces, and, to prevent the utter destruction of the city, on the evening of the 5th the Danish governor issued a flag of truce, and requested an armistice of twenty-four hours. Lord Cathcart replied that, under the circumstances, no delay could be permitted, and that, therefore, no armistice could take place, except accompanied by the surrender of the fleet. This was then complied with, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir Home Popham, and lieutenant-colonel George Murray went on shore to settle the terms of the capitulation. This was completed by the morning of the 7th, signed, and ratified. The English were to be put at once into possession of the citadel and all the ships and maritime stores, and, within six weeks, or as much earlier as possible, they were to remove these, and evacuate the citadel and the isle of Zealand. All other property was to be respected, and everything done in order and harmony; all prisoners were to be mutually exchanged, and all English seized in consequence of the proclamation to be restored. The whole of these measures were completed within the time specified, and seventeen ships of the line, eleven frigates, fourteen corvettes, sloops, brigs, and schooners, and twenty-five gun-boats became the prize of the British, besides a vast amount of masts, spars, timber, sails, cordage, and other naval stores. There were two thousand and forty-one long guns, two hundred and two carronades, and two hundred and twenty-two mortars. Some of the ships, however, were old, not worth repairing, many others required great repairs, and, before they got clear of Cattegat, an eighty-gun ship ran aground of a sand-bank and was destroyed, and nearly all the gun-boats perished in a storm. The prize-money due to the troops alone was estimated at a million sterling. The loss to the English during the whole of the operations amounted only to fifty-six killed, a hundred and seventy-nine wounded, and twenty-five missing. The loss to the Danes was said to be much exaggerated by them, but probably amounted to about a thousand; and this number needed not to have been so great, for free leave was given by the English for any of the inhabitants to withdraw, but this was refused by the Danish governor. Three hundred houses were destroyed, and the greater part of the rest were more or less injured.

On the 21st of October the British fleet sailed from Copenhagen Roads; at Helsinfors the fleet was saluted by the king of Sweden, who invited the admirals to breakfast; and, by the end of the month, was anchored in Yarmouth Roads safely, with all its captives. Fresh offers of alliance with Denmark were made before leaving, accompanied with promises of restoration, but were indignantly refused by the crown prince; and no sooner were the English gone, than the Danes converted their trading-vessels into armed ones, and commenced a raid amongst the British merchants, now in the Baltic, for the protection of which some men-of-war ought to have been left. The crown prince, now thrown completely into the arms of the French, made a declaration of war against England, and the British government issued an order for reprisals on the ships, colonies, and property of the Danes. They also seized on the island of Heligoland, a mere desolate rock, but, lying at the mouth of the Elbe, and only twenty-five miles from the mouths of the Weser and the Eyder, it was of the greatest importance, during the war, as a safe rendezvous for our men-of-war, and as a depôt for our merchandise, ready to slip into any of the neighbouring rivers, and thus, by smugglers, to be circulated all over the continent, in spite of Buonaparte's embargo. It seemed, also, to remind the people of those regions, that, though Buonaparte ruled paramount on land, there was a power on the sea that yet set him and all his endeavours at defiance.

In the West Indies, a squadron, commanded by admiral Cochrane, and a small force, by general Bowyer, reduced the Danish islands of St. Thomas, St. John's, and Santa Croce, and a great many of their merchantmen were made prizes of.

The military transactions of the continent this year were of the most remarkable kind. Buonaparte, after his repulse at Pultusk, had retired to Warsaw, which he entered on the first day of the year, 1807. He calculated on remaining there till the return of spring. "Our halt," says Savary, "was delightful. With the exception of theatres, the city presented all the gaieties of Paris. Twice a-week the emperor gave a concert, after which a court was held, which led again to numerous meetings in private parties. On these occasions, the personal beauty and graceful manners of the Polish ladies were conspicuous. The time passed agreeably." But Benningsen, the Russian general, was determined to interrupt this pleasant sojourn. He had an army of eighty thousand or ninety thousand men, with a very bad commissariat, and equally badly defended from the severity of the winter. The king of Prussia was cooped up in Königsberg, with an army of a very few thousand men, and his situation was every day rendered more critical by the ap-

proach of the divisions of Ney and Bernadotte, whom the treacherous surrender of the Prussian fortresses by their commanders had set at liberty. Graudentz, the key of the Vistula, indeed, continued to hold out; and when the French told Courbiere, the governor, that it was useless holding out, as there was no longer any king of Prussia, he bravely replied:—"Well, be it so; at all events, I am king of Graudentz." But Graudentz was now sorely distressed for provisions, and the few other fortresses, such as Colberg, bravely defended by Gneisenau, and Pillau by Herrman, were in the like case. The brave Blücher had retired to the isle of Rügen, and Schill, who had formed a sort of guerilla troop of horse, with which he did such exploits that they are yet sung by the students with enthusiasm, had been shut up by Loucadou, the imbecile governor of the fortress of Graudentz, before Courbiere succeeded him.

But Benningsen hastened to relieve the king of Prussia at Königsberg; his Cossacks spread themselves over the country with great adroitness, surprising the French convoys of provisions. More Cossacks were streaming down to their support out of the wintry wilds of Russia, and the French were forced from their pleasant quarters in Warsaw, to preserve the means of their existence. On the 25th of January a bloody encounter took place at Mohrungen, where the French, though they claimed a victory, really sustained a decided defeat. This success enabled L'Estocq, the Prussian general, to relieve Graudentz. Buonaparte, alarmed at these advances, determined to turn out and force the Russians eastward, towards the Vistula, as he had forced the Prussians at Jena with their rear turned to the Rhine. To take the Russians thus in the rear, he ordered Bernadotte to engage the attention of Benningsen on the right whilst he made this manœuvre on the left. But Benningsen, fortunately, learned their strategem, by the seizure of the young French officer who was carrying Buonaparte's dispatches to Bernadotte. Benningsen was therefore enabled to defeat Buonaparte's object. It was his interest to have avoided an engagement with the French, and to have worn them out by intercepting their supplies and harassing their outposts; but his own destitution did not permit this. Amid the horrors of a winter in those latitudes, in the month of February, his troops had no resource but to hunt about and dig out the hoards of provisions buried by the Polish peasants. This labour, added to their military duty, left them scarcely time to lie down; and then they had no bed but the snow, no shelter but the snow-fraught sky, no covering but their rags. It was necessary to fight the French, or to perish of frost and famine. Benningsen, therefore, concentrated his troops on Preuss-Eylau, where he determined to risk a battle. But he was not allowed to occupy this position without several brisk encounters, in which the Russians lost upwards of three thousand men. The battle of Eylau took place on the 8th of February. The position of the two armies was this:—The Russians occupied a space of uneven ground, about two miles in length and a mile in depth, with the village of Serpallon on their left; on their front the town of Preuss-Eylau, situated in a hollow, and occupied by the French, who also extended their lines along a range of hills, parallel to the Russian army, and, in a great measure, commanding it. The space betwixt the hostile armies was open and flat, and intersected with frozen lakes. They could see each other's position during the previous night by the pale glimmering of the watch-lights on the snow.

The French had the superiority in numbers. Sir Robert Wilson rates them at ninety thousand men opposed to sixty thousand; but others calculate the French at eighty-five thousand, and the Russians at seventy-eight thousand. The Russians were superior in cannon, having four hundred and sixty, the French only three hundred and eighty; but the French had sixteen thousand cavalry, the Russians by no means so many, and the country was favourable to the evolutions of horse.

The battle began at daybreak. Two columns of the French advanced—that of Ney, preceded by one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and that of Augereau. The Russians, though half famished and half naked, fought heroically, and beat back these battalions, cutting up the division of Augereau fearfully with their cannon. Augereau himself and two other generals were desperately wounded; fourteen thousand men and officers were killed, wounded, or captured. Of the sixteen thousand of that division only one thousand four hundred regained the town of Eylau; Augereau's division might be said to be annihilated. An attack on the Russian left was equally unsuccessful. The Russian infantry stood like stone walls, and repulsed the enemy: their cavalry came to their support, and chased the assailants back, and took a number of standards and imperial eagles. About mid-day a severe snow-storm set in, and drove in the face of the Russians, mingled with the smoke of the burning village of Serpallon, that rolled along the line. The French seized this opportunity to advance six columns, with artillery and cavalry, close to the Russian lines before they could perceive them; but Benningsen brought up his reserve at this critical moment in person, and, uniting with the first line, they bore back the French at the point of the bayonet, and of the long Cossack spears, which, protruding through the smoke and snow-drift, took the French by surprise. The division of Soult and the cavalry of Murat, which were thus engaged, were thrown into disorder. A regiment of cuirassiers, which had made a dash in the onset, and cut through Benningsen's line, were immediately surrounded by the Cossacks, under the Hetman Platoff, were unhorsed by the long spears, and slain. Only eighteen escaped alive; and the Cossacks, immediately putting on the shining cuirasses of the fallen, appeared in the front of the amazed French in these spoils.

Victory now appeared to declare for the Russians; but, at this moment, Davoust succeeded in gaining the rear, for which he had been for some hours manœuvring, and threw the Russian left wing into disorder, so that they were compelled to retire and form themselves anew. The French then pressing vigorously on them, the battle was again changed by the appearance of L'Estocq and his Prussians, who had been long expected, and who, now rushing down on the French in three columns, never fired a musket till within a few paces of the enemy, when, acting under their honest and brave commander—very different to the Prussians at Jena—they drove back the French of Davoust and Bernadotte, and again restored victory to the Russians.

But this was but for a moment: the battle of Eylau was a battle of the most extraordinary succession of changes. Ney, at this instant, drove in a Prussian detachment, and carried the village of Schloditten, thus cutting off the communication with Königsberg, the quarters of the king. Hearing the shouts of the French, Benningsen sent a body of troops to storm the village, and, at ten o'clock at night, Ney was driven out of Schloditten, his troops dyeing the snow as they retreated with their blood. Thus closed the battle. It was such a check as Buonaparte had never yet experienced. He had been beaten at every point; Augereau's division was nearly destroyed; that of Davoust, nearly twenty thousand in number, had been repulsed by a much inferior body of Prussians. Fifty thousand men are said to have been killed and wounded, of which thirty thousand were French. Twelve eagles had been captured, and remained trophies in the hands of the Russians.

Had Benningsen had a good commissariat, the doom of the French was certain. The army, famishing and in rags, was still eager to push their advantages the next day, and the French, if compelled to retreat, as there was every prospect, must have fallen into utter demoralisation, as they always do in flight, and the war would have been soon at an end. At midnight the Russian and Prussian generals held a council on this point, on horseback, on the field. The general sentiment was in favour of renewing the contest on the morrow. Tolstoy undertook to lead the attack on the French lines; L'Estocq urged the same measure. They pledged their lives, that if Benningsen would advance, Buonaparte would retreat, and dwelt on the vast moral effect of this on Austria, on all Germany, on all Europe. But Benningsen, sensible of his utter destitution of provision for his army, and that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, hesitated to proceed to a second action with an army reduced twenty thousand in number, and thus to risk being cut off from Königsberg, endangering the person of the king of Prussia; and thus the extreme caution, or rather, perhaps, the necessities of the Russian general, were the rescue of Buonaparte. He resolved to retreat upon Königsberg. No doubt he was influenced by the knowledge that he himself had no other army, nor any other resources to fall back upon, within any short space of time, whilst Buonaparte had, besides the army now with him, another of thirty thousand or forty thousand on the Vistula; in Silesia, twenty-one thousand; on the frontiers of Hanova, eight thousand; near Dantzic, twenty-four thousand; and, in Pomerania, twenty-six thousand, all elate with victory, and capable of being rapidly marched down in support of each other.

The Russians began their retreat, but some of them not till daylight, and then marched close past Eylau, in the very face of the French, who were, probably, as much astonished as pleased at the spectacle. Benningsen could scarcely have known the extent of the French losses, when he decided to retire. But Buonaparte, notwithstanding that he claimed the victory, was glad now to offer a suspension of hostilities to the king of Prussia, in order to a separate peace, hinting that he might be induced to waive nearly all the advantages derived from the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, and restore the bulk of his dominions. Frederick William, however great the temptation, refused to treat independently of his ally, the czar. On this, Buonaparte, so far from pursuing the Rus as he would have done had he been in a capacity for it, remained eight days inactive at Eylau, and then retreated on the Vistula, followed and harassed all the way by swarms of Cossacks. On this Benningsen advanced, and occupied the country as fast as the French evacuated it. There were various skirmishes, in which the French were surprised by the Cossacks, and prisoners made, but Buonaparte did not venture to turn back and engage in another general battle. The emperor Alexander could soon have raised another host of men, but he was destitute of money and arms. He therefore applied to England for a loan, which "All the Talents" thought fit to decline. This, at such a crisis, was impolitic. England ought never to have mixed in this continental *mêlée*, on the sure principle that nations, if worthy of independence, can assert it, but having entered into such an alliance with the czar, at this moment, when aid might have turned the scale, it was equally ungenerous and impolitic to refuse it. It is certain that it filled Alexander with disgust and resentment, and led to his negotiations soon after with Buonaparte at Tilsit. Soon after this the conservative or Portland ministry came in, supplies of muskets and five hundred thousand pounds were sent, but these were, in fact, thrown away, for they did not arrive till the czar had made up his mind to treat with Napoleon.

On his return to the Vistula, Buonaparte displayed an unusual caution. He seemed to feel that his advance into Poland had been premature, whilst Prussia was in possession of Dantzic, whence, as soon as the thaw set in, he was open to dangerous operations in his rear, from the arrival of an English army. He therefore determined to have possession of that post before undertaking further designs. The place was invested by general Lefebvre, and defended by Kalkreuth, but capitulated at the end of May. Buonaparte all this time was marching up fresh troops to fill up the ravages made in his army. But, spite of his boastful bulletins, Europe began to be aware that he was dealing with a general who was causing him deep anxieties as well as losses.

The Russians made a determined attack on Ney's division, stationed near Gutstadt, and defeated him, and pursued him to Deppen, where Napoleon appeared for his rescue, and, in his turn, pressed hard on the rear of Benningsen, who retired at his approach. The Cossacks of Platoff, even then, skirmished in the very face of the French van, endangered the person of Napoleon, and, when assailed by a superior force of cavalry, dispersed, and re-formed on fresh points. The Russians fell back on Heilsberg, and there concentrated their forces. On the 10th of June the French came up, and a desperately-fought battle took place, which was kept up till midnight, and then ceased without any decided advantage to either party, but with immense loss on both sides. The Russians then crossed the Aller, and placed that as a barrier betwixt them and the French, in order that they might avoid the arrival of a reinforcement of thirty thousand men, who were on the march.

Thus occupying the right bank of the Aller, and the French the left, or western side, the Russians advanced to Friedland, not many miles from Eylau. At Friedland was a long wooden bridge crossing the Aller, and there, on the 13th of June, Buonaparte, by a stratagem, succeeded in

drawing part of the Russians over the bridge by showing only Oudinot's division, which had been so severely handled at the battle of Heilsberg. The temptation was too great. Benningsen forgot his usual caution, and allowed a division of his army to cross and attack Oudinot. Oudinot retired fighting, and thus induced more of the Russians to follow, till, finding his troops hotly pressed, Benningsen marched his whole force over, and then Napoleon showed his whole force. Benningsen saw that he was entrapped, and must fight, open his chance of union with L'Estocq and his Prussians. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Benningsen fought desperately. The battle continued from ten o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, when Buonaparte brought up his full force in person for one of those terrible and overwhelming shocks by which he generally terminated a doubtful contest. There was such a simultaneous roar of musketry and cavalry as seemed enough to sweep away the Russians like chaff. The batteries poured down upon them a

GENERAL MURAT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

under great disadvantages, with an enfeebled army, and in an open space, where they were surrounded by a dense host of French, who could cover themselves amid woods and hills, and pour in a tempest of cannon-balls on the exposed Russians. It was the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, and Buonaparte believed the day one of his fortunate ones. Benningsen was obliged to reduce his number, by sending six thousand men to defend and keep open the bridge of Allerburg, some miles lower down the Aller, and which kept rain of no less than three thousand ball and five hundred grape-shot charges; yet the Russians did not flinch till they had at least twelve thousand killed and wounded. It was then determined to retreat across the river, and, two fords having been found, the czar's imperial guard charged the troops of Ney with the bayonet, and kept them at bay till the army was all over. The transit was almost marvellous in its success. All their cannon, except seventeen, were saved, and all their baggage.

MEETING OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA AT TILSIT.

As at Eylau, so at Friedland, Napoleon made no attempt to follow the Russians. The dreadful carnage of these battles, so different to that with the Austrians and Prussians, seems to have daunted him to a considerable degree. It was difficult to call them victories, for they resulted in nothing but in a slaughter of his men, which he saw began greatly to disgust his troops. At Eylau, twelve thousand of the French had quitted the ranks as soon as it grew dusk, on pretence of looking after the wounded. Here they did not appear at all elated by the retreat of the enemy.

But the battle, nevertheless, produced important consequences. The king of Prussia did not think himself safe at Königsberg, and he evacuated it; and the unhappy queen prepared, with her children, to fly to Riga. The Russians retreated to Tilsit, and there Alexander made up his mind to negotiate with Napoleon. He was far from being in a condition to despair: Gustavus, the king of Sweden, was at the head of a considerable army at Stralsund; an English expedition was daily expected in the Baltic; the spirit of resistance was reawakening in Prussia; Schill, the gallant partisan leader, was again on horseback, with a numerous body of men, gathered in various quarters; and Hesse, Hanover, Brunswick, and other German provinces were prompt for revolt on the least occasion of encouragement. Buonaparte felt the danger of crossing the Niemen, and advancing into the vast deserts of Russia, with these dangerous elements in his rear. Besides, the presence of Buonaparte was necessary in France. He had been absent from it nearly a year; he had drawn heavily on its resources, and a too long-continued strain without his presence might produce fatal consequences. To leave his army in the north was to leave it to certain defeat, and with the danger of having all Germany again in arms.

These circumstances, well weighed by a man of genius and determination, would have induced him to make a resolute stand, and to draw his enemy into those wilds where he afterwards ruined himself, or to wear him out by delay. Alexander, however, had not the necessary qualities for such a policy of procrastination; we shall see it was afterwards Bernadotte who planned for him the final Russian campaign, and enabled him to carry it into effect. He was now depressed by the sufferings of his army; he was indignant against England; he made overtures to Napoleon, and they were gladly responded to, for Buonaparte had great need of them. Talleyrand, who had arrived at Königsberg, said to Savary, who had received orders to prepare bridges to cross the Niemen:—"Do not hurry yourself. Where is the utility of going beyond the Niemen? What are we to find beyond that river? The emperor must renounce his views respecting Poland: that country is good for nothing; we can only organise disorder there; we have now a favourable opportunity of making an end of this business, and we must not let it escape."

Accordingly, Benningsen communicated Alexander's willingness for peace, on the 21st of June, and the armistice was ratified on the 23rd. Buonaparte determined then, as on most occasions, to settle the treaty, not by diplomatists, but personally, with the czar—a particular which his nephew and copyist, the present emperor of the French, imitated at Villafranca. A raft was prepared and anchored in the middle of the Niemen, and, on the morning of the 25th of June, 1807, the two emperors met on that raft, and embraced, amid the shouts of the two armies arranged on each bank. Buonaparte was attended by Murat, Berthier, Bessières, Duroc, and Caulaincourt; Alexander by his brother, the archduke Constantine, the count de Lieven, and generals Benningsen and Ouwarrow. The two emperors retired to a seat placed for them on the raft, and remained in conversation two hours, during which time their attendants remained at a distance. When the emperors came forth, they introduced their followers to each other, and there was an immediate show of great mutual cordiality. The town of Tilsit was declared neutral ground, and became a scene of festivities, in which the Russian, French, and even Prussian officers, who had been so long drenching the northern snows with each other's blood, vied in courtesies towards each other. Amongst them the two emperors appeared as sworn brothers, relaxing into gaiety and airs of gallantry, like two young fashionables. On the 28th the king of Prussia arrived, and was treated with a marked difference. He was bluntly informed, that whatever part of his territories were restored would be solely at the solicitation of the emperor of Russia. The queen did not arrive at Tilsit for some days after the king. She had seen Alexander at Königsberg, and was so overcome by emotion, that, amid her tears, she could only say, "Dear cousin!" It may be supposed what must have been her trial in having thus to meet the haughty and unmanly conqueror, who had not only deprived her and her husband of their kingdom, but had endeavoured, in coarse and insulting terms, to deprive her of her character. Yet she did her best to conceal her feelings, and to ingratiate herself with the man who held so much of the world's destinies in his hands. She said to him:—"Forgive us this fatal war; the memory of the great Frederick deceived us. We thought ourselves his equals, because we are his descendants—alas! we have not proved such." Buonaparte appeared to be favourably impressed by the beauty and sorrow of the queen; but, in his letters to Josephine, he boasted that he was proof against all her arts, and though he seemed, while present with her, to grant her requests, he was sure to send her afterwards a written refusal. On one occasion he offered her a very magnificent rose. The queen appeared at first disinclined to receive it, for the present of a full-blown red rose, in the flower-language of Germany, is tantamount to a declaration of love; but, recollecting herself, she took it, with a smile, saying:—"At least with Magdeburg!" "Your majesty will be pleased to remember," said Buonaparte, with more of his native hauteur than of French politeness, "that it is I who offer, and that your majesty has only the task of accepting." The loss of the kingdom, its dismemberment by the conqueror—a mere fragment only being awarded to the king—and the insults that she had received from Buonaparte through all these misfortunes, were too much for her. Her health gave way irretrievably, and she died on the 19th of July, 1810, having often said, that, as Mary Tudor of England said of Calais, if her heart was examined after death, the word Magdeburg would be found inscribed on it.

By the terms of the treaty of Tilsit, Prussian Poland was taken away, but not to incorporate it with a restored Poland,

as Buonaparte had delusively allowed the Poles to hope. No; a restored Poland was incompatible with a treaty of peace with Russia, or the continuance of it with Austria. It was handed over to the duke of Saxony, now elevated to the title of king of Saxony and duke of the grand duchy of Warsaw—the name which Prussian Poland assumed. The Polish patriots, who had put faith in the hollow words of Buonaparte, now loudly lamented the discovery of how he had duped them, or cursed him bitterly in secret. Alexander, with all his assumed sympathy for his fallen cousins of Prussia, came in for a slice of the spoil, having the province of Bialystok made over to him, and ceding the lordship of Jever to Holland as an ostensible equivalent. Dantzic, with a certain surrounding district, was recognised as a free city, under the protection of Prussia and Saxony; but Buonaparte took care to stipulate for the retention of a garrison there till the conclusion of a general peace, so as to stop out any British armament or influence. To oblige the emperor of Russia, he allowed the dukes of Saxe-Coburg, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who were the czar's relations, to retain possession of their territories; but he returned to Prussia only about one-half of the provinces which he had seized, reducing her very much to the limits in which Frederick, called the Great, had found her before his usurpations. In the articles of the treaty, which were made public, Alexander paid a nominal courtesy to his ally, Great Britain, by offering to mediate betwixt her and France, if the offer were accepted within a month; but amongst the secret articles of the treaty was one binding the czar to shut his ports against all British vessels, if this offer were rejected. This was a sacrifice demanded of Alexander, as Great Britain was Russia's best customer, taking nearly all her raw or exported produce. But this sacrifice had ample compensation in other secret articles. In return for this, and for Alexander's connivance at, or assistance in, Buonaparte's intention of seizing on Spain and Portugal, for the taking of Malta and Gibraltar, and the expulsion of the English from the Mediterranean, Alexander was allowed to invade and annex Finland, the territory of Sweden, and, giving up his designs on Moldavia and Wallachia, for which he was now waging an unprovoked war, he was to be allowed to conquer the rest of Turkey, if he could, and establish himself in the long-coveted Constantinople. Thus these two robbers shared kingdoms at their pleasure. Turkey and Finland were regarded by them as properly Russian provinces, and Spain, Portugal, Malta, Gibraltar, and, eventually, England, as natural provinces of France. In this cool appropriation of their neighbours' lands, the selfish, though professedly pious, Alexander had the advantage, for he could readily annex Finland, and could do the same by Turkey, with far more ease than Buonaparte could conquer Malta and Gibraltar, defended by the invincible fleets of England. As for the conquest of England, that was hopeless, so long as these fleets existed, and that of Spain was extremely doubtful. Buonaparte had cause, both in the results of his treaty, and in Alexander's subsequent conduct, to confess that he had outwitted him, and to cause him to nickname him the *Greek*—that is, in his meaning, a trickster.

Having, however, to their present satisfaction, arranged this programme of future robberies, the two emperors broke up the conference on the twentieth day, the treaty betwixt Russia and France having been signed on the 7th, and that between France and Prussia on the 9th of July. Frederick William published an address to the provinces which were rent from him, expressive of his deep grief, but also expressive of an undeclared but not abandoned hope. He said, in conclusion, neither force nor fate should ever efface the remembrance of them from his heart. Buonaparte returned to France the triumphant master of nearly the whole continent. He might be said, indeed, to rule the whole of it, by direct domination, or by the terror of his arms. His passage through Germany was distinguished by the flocking round of almost all that had rank or distinction to do him a slavish homage. The picture drawn of the mind and condition of Germany at this moment, by Wolfgang Menzel, one of their best and most impartial historians, is most humiliating:—

"The whole of western Europe bowed in lowly submission before the genius of Napoleon. Russia was bound by the silken chains of flattery; England, Turkey, Sweden, and Portugal alone bade him defiance. England, whose fleets ruled the European seas, who lent her aid to his enemies, and instigated their opposition, was his most dangerous foe. By a gigantic measure, known as the continental system, he sought to undermine her power; but his attempt to ruin the commerce of England recoiled ruinously on himself. But the continent, meantime, paid him a base homage. Napoleon returned to Germany in the autumn of 1808, to make more determinate arrangements with Alexander of Russia and his German satellites for the movement on Spain. For this purpose, he held a personal conference, in October, at Erfurth, whither the princes of Germany hastened to pay their homage, humbly as their ancestors of yore to the conquering Attila. The company of actors, brought in Napoleon's train from Paris, boasted of gaining the plaudits of a royal *parterre*, and a French sentinel, happening to call to the watch to present arms to one of the kings there dancing attendance, was reproved by his officer with the observation, '*Ce n'est qu'un roi!*' Both emperors, for the purpose of offering a marked insult to Prussia, attended a great hare hunt on the battle-field of Jena. The kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Westphalia, Saxony, the prince primate, the hereditary prince of Baden and of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the duke of Weimar, the princes of Hohenzollern, Hesse-Rotenburg, and Hesse-Philipsthal, were present. No one belonging to the house of Austria was there; of that of Prussia, there was prince William, the king's brother. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of that day noted, as a high honour paid to Goethe, the one hour's conversation held with him by Napoleon. Yet Wieland, oppressed by age, was allowed to stand an hour in Napoleon's presence, and his asking leave to retire from exhaustion was considered by Buonaparte as an unwarrantable liberty. The literary heroes of Weimar took no interest in the country from which they had received so deep a tribute of admiration; not a patriot sentiment escaped their lips. At the time that the deepest wound was inflicted on the Tyrol, Goethe gave to the world his frivolous 'Wahlverwandschaften,' followed by a poem in praise of Napoleon, of whom he says—

'Doubts that have baffled thousands, he has solved;
Ideas o'er which centuries have brooded,
His giant mind intuitively compassed.'

"The period immediately subsequent to the fall of the ancient empire forms the blackest page in the history of Germany. The whole of the left bank of the Rhine was annexed to France; the people groaned beneath exorbitant taxes and the conscription. The commerce on the Rhine had almost entirely ceased. The great and dangerous robber bands of Damian Hessel and of Schinderhannes afford abundant proof of the demoralised condition of the country. In Würtemberg, the new aristocracy, modelled on that of France, was unbearable. The conscription and taxes were crushing, and the peasants were ruined by the great hunts which Matthisson, the court poet, celebrated as festivals of Diana. Personal freedom was restricted by innumerable decrees; freedom of speech was strictly repressed. A swarm of informers ensnared those whom the secret police were unable to entrap. The secrecy of letters was violated. Trials in criminal cases were no longer allowed to be public; sentences were passed in political cases, not by the judges, but at the despots' caprice. The people were disarmed, and not even the inhabitants of solitary farms and hamlets were allowed to possess arms to defend themselves against wolves and robbers. The members of the higher aristocracy were compelled, under pain of being deprived of a third of their income, to spend three months in the year at court. The citizens were oppressed by a variety of new taxes, and by newly-created monopolies of tobacco, salt, &c., and by the tenfold rise of the excise and customs duties.

"In Bavaria, patriotism was more unknown than in any other part of Germany. Christopher von Aretin, in 1810, published a work against the few German patriots still remaining, whom he denounced as preachers of Germanism, criminals, and traitors, by whom the Rhenish confederation was polluted. Charles von Dalberg, the prince-primate, and grand duke of Frankfurt, flattered the foreign tyrant to an extent unsurpassed by the other base sycophants abounding at the time. He would fold his hands, and invoke blessings from the Most High on the almighty ruler of the earth, and celebrate his victories with hymns of joy, whilst his ministers tyrannised over the people. In Würtzburg, Saxe-Coburg, but perhaps above all in Saxe-Weimar, the same base adulation reigned. There the great poets assembled by the deceased duchess Amalia, scattered unceasing incense around Napoleon; but no one came near John Müller, the historian. In an address to the estates of Westphalia he said:—'It is a marked peculiarity of the nations of Germany, that whenever God, in His wisdom, resolved to bestow upon them a new kind, or a higher degree, of civilisation, the impulse has ever been given from without. This impulse was given to us by Napoleon—by him, before whom the earth is silent, God having given the whole world into his hands; nor can Germany, at the present period, have a wish ungratified, Napoleon having recognised her as the nursery of European civilisation. Too sublime to condescend to every-day polity, he has given durability to Germany. Happy nation! what an interminable vista of glory opens to thy view!' We might name a host of similar writers crawling at the feet of Buonaparte. Crome and Zschokke, a native of Magdeburg, naturalised in Switzerland, who declared that Napoleon had done more for Swiss independence than William Tell; Murhard, Schütz, Kosegarten, Benturini, who declared Buonaparte to be 'a second incarnation of the Deity—a second saviour of the world;' and Posselt, who, in his 'European Annals,' exclaimed, 'Let us raise to Napoleon a national monument worthy of the first and only benefactor of the nations of Germany. Let his name be engraved, in gigantic letters of shining gold, on Germany's highest and steepest pinnacles, whence, lighted by the effulgent rays of morn, it may be visible far over the plains on which he has bestowed a happy futurity!'

"Such was the deplorable condition into which Germany had now fallen; but the unprincipled address of Müller formed, as it were, the turning-point of German affairs. Self-degradation could go no further. The spirit of the sons of Germany began to rise; and with manly courage they sought, by their future actions, to wipe off the deep stain of their former guilt and dishonour. Amongst the unbending few, Blücher, at that time governor of Pomerania, restrained his fiery nature, and endured in patience, silently brooding over deep and implacable revenge."

But the Swiss were not at all behind the Germans in the race of servility. The same historian says:—"The Swiss testified the greatest zeal on every occasion for the emperor Napoleon, celebrated his *fête*-day, and boasted of his protection, and of the freedom they were still permitted to enjoy. Freedom of thought was expressly prohibited. Sycophants in the pay of the foreign ruler—as, for instance, Zschokke—alone guided public opinion. The Swiss shed their blood in each and all of Napoleon's campaigns, and aided him to reduce their kindred nations to abject slavery. They denounced any one as an enemy to his country who condemned the service of the Swiss soldiers in the French army. And such was the frightful prostitution of language introduced that the Landamann, on the opening of the Federal Diet, in 1806, lauded 'the omnipotent benevolence of the gracious mediator, the emperor Napoleon!'"

On the 29th of July Napoleon arrived at his palace of St. Cloud, and received the homage of the senate and other constituted bodies. The language of literary men there, too, vied with that of Germany. Lacepède, the celebrated naturalist, as speaker of the senate, declared that Napoleon had done, in the course of a few months, what it would seemingly have required ages to effect. He arrayed him in both omnipotence and omnipresence; and added—"We cannot offer your majesty praises worthy of you. Your glory is too much raised above us. It will be the task of posterity fully to estimate it." "So," says Sir Walter Scott, "spoke the president of the French senate; and who that wished to retain the name of a rational being, dared have said that, within the period of seven years, the same senate would be carrying to the downfallen and dejected king of Prussia their congratulations on his share in the overthrow of the very man whom they were now adoring as a demi-god?"

The restless spirit of Buonaparte did not allow him any repose, even after his subjugation of the greater part of the north of Europe.—Whilst he had been contending with the

Russians, he had been planning fresh campaigns — fresh conquests at the opposite extremity of the continent. Godoy, the favourite of the king of Spain, and the paramour of his dissolute queen, who had professed great admiration of Buonaparte, seeing him so deeply engaged in Germany, had suddenly called out a considerable army, and addressed it in a vaunting but mysterious way. The news of this reached Buonaparte on the field of Jena, and, discovering by this means the real sentiments of the Spanish favourite towards him, he vowed vengeance on Spain. It was by no means the first time that he had contemplated the conquest of Spain and Portugal, but this circumstance inspired him with a new impulse in that direction, and a plausible excuse. In his interviews with Alexander of Russia, these views had been avowed; and now, no sooner had he returned to Paris than he commenced his operations for that purpose. He blended this scheme, at the same time, with his great one of shutting out the English trade from the whole continent. Russia had, by the treaty of Tilsit, entered into a compact to enforce this system in her ports. Holland was compelled to submit to it. The kingdom of Westphalia was now in the hands of his brother Jerome, who had been compelled to separate from his American wife, Elizabeth Paterson, and had been married to a daughter of the king of Würtemberg, so that the territories now comprised in the new kingdom of Westphalia were under the same law of exclusion. He had extended it to the Prussian ports since his conquest of that country, and to the Hanseatic towns. Denmark was ready to comply, and the treaty with Russia extended his embargo ostensibly to the whole western shores of the Baltic. But Alexander was as little faithful in this part of the treaty as in some others. In fact, he dared not strictly enforce the exclusion of British trade, were he so disposed. Nearly the whole heavy produce of Russia—hemp, iron, timber, wax, pitch, and naval stores, which constituted the chief revenues of the Russian boyards—was taken by the English, and paid for in their manufactures. To have cut off this trade would have made the life of Alexander as little secure as that of his father, Paul, had been. The Russian and English trade therefore continued, under certain devices, and notwithstanding the ukases of the czar to the contrary. Buonaparte knew it, but was not prepared to open up a new war with Russia on that account—at least, at present. He was now turning his attention to the south.

Spain and Portugal — still nominally existing under their native princes, but very much under the influence of Buonaparte — admitted British goods to a great extent. Buonaparte himself had winked at the introduction of them into Portugal, because that country had paid him large sums to permit it. But now he determined to enforce a rigid exclusion, and to make the breach of his dictated orders a plea for seizure of the country. In fact, he had long resolved to seize both Spain and Portugal, but to employ Spain first in reducing her neighbour, and by that very act to introduce his troops into Spain herself. He complained, therefore, that Portugal had refused to enforce the Berlin decree; and he entered into a treaty with Spain at Fontainebleau, which was signed on the 27th of October. By this infamous treaty, Spain agreed to assist France in seizing Portugal, which should be divided into three parts. The province of Entre Minho y Douro, with the town of Oporto, was to be given to the king of Etruria, the grandson of the king of Spain, instead of Etruria itself, which Buonaparte wanted to annex to France, and this was to be called the kingdom of Northern Lusitania. The next part, to consist of Alentejo and the Algarves, was to be given to Godoy, the queen of Spain's paramour, who was to take the title of prince of the Algarves. The third, including the provinces of Tras-os-Montes, Beira, and Estremadura, was to remain in the hands of the French till the end of the war, who would thus be at hand to protect the whole. In fact, it never was the intention of Buonaparte that either Godoy or the king of Etruria should ever be more than temporary puppets; but that the whole of Spain and Portugal should become provinces of France under a nominal French king.

No sooner was this treaty signed than Junot was ordered to cross the Bidasoa with thirty thousand men, and march through Spain for the Portuguese frontier. Two additional armies, partly of French and partly of Spaniards, supported him, and another army of forty thousand was stationed at Bayonne, intended, it was said, to act as an army of reserve, in case the English should land and attempt to defend Portugal, but in reality it was intended for the subjugation of Spain itself. Junot, who had formerly been Buonaparte's ambassador at the court of Lisbon, and who had shown himself one of the most rapacious and unprincipled of men, so much so that Buonaparte himself had stigmatised him as a monster, made rapid marches through Spain. The prince regent of Portugal, knowing that resistance was vain, sent the marquis of Marialva to state to the courts of France and Spain that he had complied with the whole of their demands, as regarded the admission of British goods, and demanded the arrest of the march of the invading army. But no notice was taken of this, and Junot pushed on with such speed as to exhaust his troops with fatigue. He was anxious to seize the persons of the royal family, and therefore this haste, accompanied by the most solemn professions of his coming as the friend and ally of Portugal—as the protector of the people from the yoke of the English, the maritime tyrants of Europe.

But the royal family put no faith in these professions; they resolved not to wait the arrival of the French, but to muster all the money and valuables that they could, and escape to their South American possessions. Whilst these preparations were making in all haste, the British traders collected their property, and conveyed it on board British vessels. The inhabitants of the British factory, so long established in Lisbon, had quitted it on the 18th of October, amid the universal regret of the people. The ambassador, lord Strangford, took down the British arms, and went on board the squadron of Sir Sidney Smith, lying in the Tagus. On the 27th of November the royal family, amid the cries and tears of the people, went on board their fleet, attended by a great number of Portuguese nobility; in all, about one thousand eight hundred Portuguese thus emigrating. The prince regent accompanied them, sensible that his presence could be of no service any longer. The weather was as gloomy as the occasion, and a more affecting scene could not well be

witnessed. The British ambassador put the squadron at their service, to guard them on the voyage, and pledged his country never to recognise any government which the usurper might establish in Portugal. The fleet of the royal emigrants were still in the Tagus, under the safe protection of Sir Sidney Smith's men-of-war, when Junot and his foot-sore troops entered Lisbon, on the 1st of December. He was transported with rage when he saw their departing sails, for he had received the most imperative injunctions to secure the person of the prince regent, from whom Napoleon hoped to extort the session of the Portuguese American colonies. They were now safe from his grasp, and Junot trembled at the idea of his master's fury at the escape. In his desperate march to accomplish this object, his troops, who were chiefly conscripts, little more than boys, entered Lisbon in the most lame, worn-out, and haggard condition.

Junot and his officers made, however, good use of the present. He took possession of the house of the richest merchant in Lisbon, and, though allowed one thousand two hundred crusadoes a-month for his table, he compelled the landlord to supply his establishment on the most extravagant scale of splendour. His officers freely followed his example, and the whole of Lisbon became a scene of the most audacious extortion and license. The people, roused to fury by their wrongs, rose against their oppressors, and shed the blood of some of them. But this was only to bring double vengeance on themselves. The Portuguese troops, who might favour their countrymen, were disbanded. Junot declared that the prince regent and royal family, having abandoned the country, had ceased to reign, and that the emperor Napoleon willed that it should henceforth be governed, in his name, by the general-in-chief of his army. This proclamation of the 2nd of February set aside at once the conditions of the treaty of Fontainebleau; the imaginary princedom of Godoy was no more heard of, and the kingdom erected for the king of Etruria remained a mere phantom at the will of Buonaparte. The property of the royal family, and of all who had followed them, was confiscated; a contribution of four millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling was laid on a people of less than three millions, and, as there was not specie enough to pay it, plate and every species of movable property were seized in lieu of it, without much regard to excess of quantity. The officers became money-brokers and jobbers in this property, much of which was sent to Paris for sale, and the whole unhappy country was a scene of the most ruthless rapine and insult.

Whilst these abominations were perpetrating in Portugal, Buonaparte had proceeded to Italy to prosecute other parts of his one great design. He determined, in the first place, to shut the trade of England out of all the Italian ports, as he had now, in imagination, done in nearly all the other ports of Europe. Accordingly, at Milan, on the 17th of December, he issued his celebrated decree, which took its name from that city, as his northern decree had taken its name from Berlin. Henceforward the Berlin and Milan decrees acquired a great and twin notoriety. To counteract the ordinances of the Berlin decree, which forbade any ship of any nation to be admitted to continental ports without certificates of origin—that is, without certificates showing that no part of their cargo was of British produce—various orders in council had been issued by England, permitting all neutral vessels to trade to any country at peace with Great Britain, provided that they touched at a British port, and paid the British duties. Thus, neutrals were placed betwixt Scylla and Charybdis. If they neglected to take out British certificates they were captured at sea by the British cruizers; if they did take them, they were confiscated on entering any continental port where there were French agents. This led to an enormous system of bribery and fraud. The prohibited goods were still admitted by false papers, with respect to which the French officers, men of the highest rank, were well paid to shut their eyes. All the ports of Italy were now subjected to this system, and Buonaparte immediately seized a great number of American vessels, on the ground that they had complied with the English orders in council. It might be thought that America would so far resent this as to declare war on France, but Buonaparte calculated on the strength of American prejudices against England and for France at that time; that the United States would rather declare war against England, which, by its orders in council, brought them into this dilemma. The ports of the pope alone now remained open, and these Buonaparte determined forthwith to shut.

But, in the first place, he announced to the queen of Etruria, whom he had hitherto allowed to retain her Italian territory in right of her infant son, that she must give that up, and accept the kingdom of Northern Lusitania, in Portugal. This princess had an ominous persuasion that her son would never possess, or, if he possessed, would never retain this Northern Lusitania; but she had no alternative, and, in the month of June following, the kingdom of Etruria was converted into three new departments of France. This having been arranged, this setter-up and puller-down of kingdoms proceeded to compel the pope to adopt his system. Pius VII. did not seem disposed to comply. He had no quarrel with England; had no advantage, but much the contrary, in depriving his subjects of the articles of British traffic; besides that, amongst the numerous adherents of the church in Ireland, he would create great prejudice. But all these reasons had no more weight with the haughty egotism of Buonaparte than so much air. He forced his troops into the papal territories; threw a strong body into Ancona on the Adriatic, and another into Civita Vecchia, and at the mouth of the Tiber. The pope protested against the violent invasion of his principality, but in vain; Buonaparte insisted that he should declare war against England. Pius then consented to close his ports, but this did not satisfy Napoleon; he demanded that war should be declared, pronouncing himself the heir of Charlemagne, and therefore suzerain of the pope, and he demanded compliance. On the pope continuing obstinate, Buonaparte forced more troops into his states, and sent general Miollis to take possession of Rome. This accordingly was done in February, 1808. Miollis entered Rome, announcing that he was only on his march to convey six thousand men to the support of king Joseph Buonaparte in Naples; but he seized the castle of St. Angelo, took the command of the papal troops, and acted as the sovereign of the city and country. The pope shut himself up in the Quirinal palace,

and the French surrounded him with troops and cannon, and held him prisoner to compel him to comply. The cardinals were all ordered to withdraw from Rome—those who came from the territory of Naples on the summons of king Joseph, and the rest at the command of Napoleon—with the assurance that, if they did not go willingly, they would be forcibly put out by the soldiers. More troops were marched into the state, and the Marches, or Adriatic provinces of the pope, were forcibly seized, and added to Napoleon's kingdom of Italy. The pope, though shut up in the Quirinal and deprived of his cardinals, remained unshaken, and protested solemnly against this violent usage and robbery by the man whom he had consented to crown and to make a concordat with. When the magistrates and clergy of the Marches were called on to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon, they refused almost unanimously, and were driven out of the state, or shut up in prisons and fortresses in the Alps and Apennines. This most unparalleled oppression and injustice excited murmurs and insurrections amongst the people, and these were silenced in blood. The despotisms and aggressions of Buonaparte had now assumed an arbitrary violence, and an extent such as had never been seen in any age in Europe, and its violence foreboded its brief duration.

The British parliament opened January 31st, 1808, amid the deep sensation occasioned by these audacious doings of the continental despot. The royal speech, delivered by commission, dwelt, as its great topic, on this remarkable state of things; on the height to which the power of Buonaparte had risen on the continent, and on the fact that he had arrayed nearly the whole of it against us. Regret was expressed that by his victories he had been able to draw away our ally the emperor of Russia, and that the orders in council issued to counteract his system of British exclusion had occasioned disputes betwixt us and the United States, which, however, ought not to induce us to relax our maritime regulations so long as that exclusion continued. Congratulations were expressed at the buoyancy of trade and foreign commerce, notwithstanding these gigantic efforts of our determined enemy. It was regretted that the aggressive schemes of Buonaparte had compelled us to seize by force the fleet of Denmark; and an unshaken confidence was expressed that by a steady perseverance in the contest

GENERAL JUNOT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

our success, under Providence, was certain. The addresses were carried in both houses without a division.

On the 5th of February Spencer Perceval moved that the orders in council should be considered in the committee of ways and means. This produced a great debate on the policy or impolicy of these orders. The opposition severely blamed the rape of the fleet of Denmark, and contended that the orders in council were unjust, and impolitic as unjust, doing more injury to our commerce than the Berlin and Milan decrees themselves. Ministers replied that they were absolutely necessary to throw back on the issuer of the exclusive decrees the consequences of those decrees. If he hoped to supply the countries over which he ruled by confiscating all vessels bearing British produce, it was necessary to deprive him of supplies from other quarters; that neutrals had no right to complain of our regulations when they were ready to comply with those of Napoleon. Lord Grenville declared that the consequence of these orders in council, if not relaxed towards America, would assuredly lead to a war with the United States. This produced some modification as it regarded the States, which was embodied in a bill intended to give time for some satisfactory arrangement with the States; and a bill was also carried through both houses regulating the orders in council as they effected neutrals.

The budget exhibited all the unabated expenditure consequent on the great struggle on the continent. The army was actually increased from a hundred and nine thousand to a hundred and eighty-two thousand men; the number of seamen voted was a hundred and thirty thousand. With volunteers and militia, our armed population amounted to three hundred thousand men. The foreign troops in our pay were somewhat increased, and, on the motion of lord Castlereagh, a new force was brought into existence, that of the local militia, to consist of two hundred thousand men, to be called out and drilled for twenty-eight days every year. An infraction of Windham's army regulations was proposed by lord Castlereagh, that of allowing men again to enlist for life, and this, notwithstanding the earnest opposition of Windham, was carried.

To meet all these establishments supplies were voted to the amount of forty-eight millions seven hundred thousand pounds; a new eight million pounds was added to the debt, and additional taxes to the amount of three hundred thousand were imposed. The prospects of the year were essentially warlike. The invasion of Spain and Portugal, and the menaced invasion of Sicily, which was withheld from the grasp of Napoleon entirely by our aid, and the dangers which encompassed the king of Sweden, our ally, presented a prospect of full employment for our troops and navy.

Amongst the lesser topics of parliament, the indefatigable Mr. Banks again introduced his bill against granting in reversion, or for joint lives, with benefit of survivorship. Failing in carrying it as a permanent measure, he introduced a bill to the same effect, but limited in its operations to one year, and this passed.

The state of Ireland underwent discussion. There still appeared much disaffection there, and there were still hopes of French invasion cherished by the disaffected. Lord Hawkesbury observed that Irish disaffection was not without its advantages. They always received the first knowledge of the designs of Buonaparte from the disaffected in Ireland; from that quarter came the first whispers of the secret articles in the treaty of Tilsit; of the intended seizure by Napoleon of the fleets of Denmark and Portugal; of the intended coalition of Denmark with France; and all these disclosures had proved true. If Ireland, therefore, was likely to be attacked by France we should certainly hear of it from the disaffected in that country, who appeared to be particularly in the confidence of the great disturber of nations.

The opposition made a call for papers, and Whitbread contended, from a view of them, that ministers were greatly to blame for not having accepted of the mediation of the emperor of Russia with France, and that there was nothing in the state of affairs on the continent to prevent a satisfactory peace. Perhaps, at no time had the chance of any satisfactory negotiation been so small. The motion was negatived by a very large majority. The chief pressure of the war was evinced by petitions for peace from the cotton-spinners of Lancashire, which spoke of heavy taxation and suffering. But this cry was destined to become much louder before it arrested much attention.

The charges against the administration of the marquis Wellesley in India were again gone into, and Sir John Anstruther not only defended his policy, but moved that the measures of the noble marquis had been dictated by an ardent desire to benefit both India and this country, and this resolution was carried by a hundred and eighty-nine against twenty-nine. Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had been implicated in the charges against his brother, the marquis, was not only exempt from any blame by this decision, but was highly complimented by the speaker, in February, when returning thanks to the general officers who had commanded at the bombardment of Copenhagen. He alluded in the most eulogistic terms to the services of Sir Arthur, both in India, Portugal, and Denmark, and intimated that the country looked to him for yet more signal achievements. Parliament was prorogued on the 4th of July, and the lord chancellor, in delivering the speech, dwelt on the critical situation of Spain from the invasion of Napoleon, and stated that we must no longer regard that country as an enemy, but as an ally.

The government of Spain was sunk into a state of the deepest degradation and imbecility. Charles IV. was one of the weakest of Bourbon kings. He was ruled by his licentious wife, Maria Luiza, and she by Manuel de Godoy, a young and handsome man, who, about the year 1784, had attracted her eye as a private in the royal guards. By her means he was rapidly promoted, and, at the age of twenty-four, was already a general. He was soon created a grandee of Spain, and the queen, who does not seem to have mingled much jealousy with her passion for him, married him to a niece of the king. He was made generalissimo of all the Spanish forces, and, in fact, became the sole ruling power in the country. He was styled the Prince of the Peace, and, for shortness, Prince of Peace, a title perfectly blasphemous, but acquired merely by his having effected the pacification of Basle, which terminated the revolutionary war betwixt France and Spain. By the

subsequent treaty of Saint Ildefonso, he established an offensive and defensive alliance with France, which, in truth, made Spain entirely subservient to Napoleon. The private life of Godoy, during all this time, was as infamous as the means by which he attained his elevation. It is said that there was no way so certain to obtain promotion as by pandering to his vices, and that wives, sisters, and daughters were offered to him as the price of preferment in a manner more shameful than had ever before been witnessed in a Christian country.

Whilst the French were seizing on Portugal, the Spanish royal family, existing in this infamous manner, was convulsed by quarrels arising out of its odious position. Ferdinand, the prince of Asturias, and heir to the throne, hated Godoy, as usurping the power which he himself ought to enjoy, and, stimulated by his friends, who shared in his exclusion, appealed to Napoleon for his protection, and, to win his favour, requested him to choose a wife for him out of his own family. This, at one time, would have been a subject of the highest pride to Buonaparte, that a member of the Bourbon family, and future king of Spain, should solicit a personal alliance with his; but that day was gone by. Buonaparte had determined to make himself master of Spain, and he left the request of the prince without any answer. Urged on by his party, headed by the duke del Infantado and the canon Escoiquiz, the prince seems to have determined to do without Buonaparte, and to depose his father, but the plot was discovered, and the person of the prince secured. The imbecile king, instead of contenting himself by the exercise of his own authority, appealed to Napoleon; and, at the same time, to make the disgrace of his family as public as possible, he appealed to the Spanish people, by a proclamation against the conduct of his son, and informing them that he had put the prince under arrest. But the appeal to Buonaparte did not succeed; for his own purposes, the French emperor appeared to take part with the prince, and caused his ambassador, Beauharnais, to remonstrate with the king on his severity towards him. Charles IV. wrote again to Napoleon, and ventured to mention the prince's private application to him for a wife, hoping, the king said, that the emperor would not permit the prince to shelter himself under an alliance with the imperial family. Buonaparte professed to feel greatly insulted by such allusions to his family, and the poor king then wrote very humbly, declaring that he desired nothing so much as such an alliance for his son. Ferdinand, through this powerful support, was immediately liberated. But these mutual appeals had greatly forwarded Buonaparte's plans of interference in Spain. He levied a new conscription, and avowed to Talleyrand and Fouché that he had determined to set aside the royal family of Spain, and to unite that country to France. Both those astute diplomatists at once disapproved, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the enterprise. They reminded him of the pride of the Spanish character, and that he might rouse the people to a temper of most obstinate resistance, which would divide his attention and his forces, would be pretty certain to bring England into the field for their support, and unite England again with Russia, thus placing himself betwixt two fires. Talleyrand, seeing that Buonaparte was resolutely bent on the scheme, dropped his opposition, and assisted Napoleon in planning its progress; thus enabling him afterwards to charge Talleyrand with the responsibility of this usurpation, a she had before charged him with counselling the death of the duke d'Enghien. In after years, Napoleon used to denounce his own folly in meddling with Spain, calling it that miserable war, the origin of his ruin.

But Buonaparte had already matured his plans for the seizure of Spain, and he began to put them into execution. From Italy, where he was violating the territories of the pope, and compelling the reluctant queen of Etruria to give up her kingdom, he wrote to the king of Spain, her father, that he consented to a marriage between the prince of Asturias and a lady of his family. Whilst he thus gave assurance of his friendship, he ordered his army, lying at Bayonne, to enter Spain at different points, and possess themselves of the strong positions along its frontier. By this means the French were received as friends by the people, and neither the king nor Godoy complained of this gross breach of the treaty of Fontainebleau. The impudent tricks by which the great fortresses were secured, each of which might have detained an army for years, have scarcely any parallel in history. At Pampeluna, on the 9th of February, 1808, the French troops commenced a game of snow-balling each other on the esplanade of the citadel, when suddenly they occupied the drawbridge, entered the fortress-gate, and admitted a body of their countrymen, who had been placed in readiness, and the fortress was secured. At Barcelona the French gave out that they were about to march. Duhesme, the general, drew up his men before the citadel, on pretence of speaking with the French guard, near the citadel-gate, passed suddenly in, followed by an Italian regiment, and the place was their own. St. Sebastian was captured by a number of French being admitted into the hospital, who let in their fellows, and Montjouy was taken by a like *ruse*.

Nothing could exceed the consternation and indignation of the Spanish people when they found their great strongholds guarding the entrances from France into the country thus in the hands of the French. Had there been a king of any ability in Spain, an appeal to the nation would, on this outrage, have raised it to a man, and the plans of Buonaparte might have been defeated. But Godoy, knowing himself to be the object of national detestation, dreading nothing so much as a rising of the people, by whom he would certainly be sacrificed, advised the royal family to follow the example of the court of Portugal, and escape to their transatlantic dominions; which advice could only have been given by a miscreant, and adopted by an idiot. To surrender a kingdom and a people like those of Spain, without a blow, was the extreme of cowardice. But, as if to urge the feeble king to this issue, at this moment came a letter from Buonaparte, upbraiding him with having received his acceptance of the match between their houses coldly. Charles, terrified in the extreme, wrote to declare that nothing lay so near his heart, and, at the same time, made preparations to be gone. The intention was kept as secret as it was possible, but the public soon became aware of the court's proposed removal from Madrid to Cadiz, in order then to be able to embark for America. The prince of Asturias and his brother

protested against the project; the council of Castile remonstrated; the populace were in a most tumultuous state, regarding the plan as originating with Godoy, and surrounded the palace with cries and gestures of dissatisfaction. The king was in a continual state of terror and irresolution, but Godoy pressed on matters for the departure.

On the 17th of March a proclamation was placarded at the gates of the palace, announcing that the king was resolved to remain and share the fate of his people. Great were the acclamations and rejoicings; but, towards evening, the crowds that still lingered around the royal residence saw unmistakable signs of departure: there was an active movement amongst the guards; carriages and baggage were becoming apparent; and the agitation of the people became intense. The prince of Asturias and his brother protested against the departure; bodies of soldiers, in open revolt, began to assemble, and the people cried that they would have the head of the traitor, Godoy. From angry words the populace and revolted soldiers came to blows with the household troops. Godoy's brother led up a regiment against the rioters, but the men seized him, and joined the people. Whilst one crowd surrounded the palace of Aranjuez, another rushed to the house of Godoy to seize and kill him. They ran all over his house, but could not discover him. The tumult continued all night, but was somewhat appeased the next morning by a royal proclamation, which announced that the king had dismissed him from his offices. This did not, however, prevent the people continuing the search for Godoy, who was at length discovered by a life-guardsman in a garret of his own house, where he had been concealed betwixt two mattresses. Compelled to come forth by heat and thirst, he was dragged into the street, soundly beaten, and would soon have been put to death, had not the prince of Asturias, at the urgent entreaty of the king and queen, interceded, declaring that he should be tried for his crimes, and duly punished. Godoy was committed to custody, in the castle of Villa Viciosa: his property was confiscated; and, on the 19th, the king, terrified at the still hostile aspect of the people, proclaimed his own resignation in favour of Ferdinand, their favourite: in truth, as little deserving of their favour, by any moral or intellectual quality, as the king himself. The abdication was formally communicated by letter to Napoleon, whose troops, under Murat, were, during these tumults, now rapidly advancing on Madrid.

On the 23rd, only four days after the abdication of the king, Murat entered Madrid with a numerous body of infantry and cuirassiers, attended by a splendid train of artillery. Ferdinand entered the city the same day. He had formed an administration wholly opposed to Godoy and his policy. The ambassadors of the other powers presented themselves to offer their congratulations; but Beauharnais, the French ambassador, preserved a profound silence. Murat, also, though he professed himself friendly to Ferdinand, said not a word implying recognition of his title. Still more ominous, the news arrived that Buonaparte himself was on the way with another powerful army. Murat took up his residence in the palace of the prince of the Peace, and greatly alarmed Ferdinand and his courtiers by addressing him not as "your majesty," but merely as "your royal highness." He counselled him to wait, and do nothing till he could advise with Napoleon, and, in the meantime, to send his brother, Don Carlos, to greet the emperor on his entrance into Spain. To this Ferdinand consented; but when Murat recommended him also to go, and show this mark of respect to his ally, Ferdinand demurred, and, by the advice of Cevallos, one of his wisest counsellors, he declined the suggestion. To complicate matters, Murat opened communications with the king and queen, and, not content with that, with Godoy also, assuring him that his only hope of safety lay in the friendship of the emperor. By this means Murat learned all the accusations that each party could make against the other, so that these things might serve Buonaparte to base his measures, or, at least, his pretences upon. Encouraged by this, Charles wrote to the emperor to declare his abdication entirely forced, and to leave everything to the decision of his good friend, Napoleon. Both he and the queen wrote to Murat entreating more liberty and indulgence to the poor prince of the Peace, who was, the queen said, only suffering for his attachment to them and to France. To propitiate this son of an innkeeper, they took the sword of Francis I., which he had surrendered at the battle of Pavia, and, inclosing it in a rich casket, presented it with great ceremony to him, to be laid at the feet of the emperor. It is true that there are doubts as to the genuineness of this sword, for another sword was preserved at Naples as the one worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia; but the Spaniards believed this the real trophy, and beheld this gratuitous transfer of it with indignation.

The suggestions of Murat had failed to induce Ferdinand to leave his capital, and go to meet Napoleon; but a more adroit agent now presented himself in the person of Savary, the delegated murderer of the duke d'Enghien. Savary paid decided court to Ferdinand. He listened to all his statements of the revolution of Aranjuez and the abdication of the king. He told him that he felt sure Napoleon would see these circumstances in the same favourable light as he did, and, by all means, exhorted him to go and meet the emperor at Burgos, and hear him salute him Ferdinand VII., king of Spain and of the Indies. Whether he went or stayed, he appeared equally in the power of the French. Forty thousand French and Italian troops surrounded Madrid. The way thence to the French frontiers was kept by thirty thousand more; whilst the Spanish troops had been partly sent to the north as auxiliaries of the French there, and only about thirty thousand remained scattered in different places through the whole kingdom.

On the 29th of March, whilst Ferdinand was vacillating betwixt the recommendations of Savary and his own fears, Buonaparte wrote a remarkable letter to Murat. In this letter he showed how he had weighed the enterprise in which he was engaged in every point of view, and how careful he was not to have the Spanish people rise before he had the royal family all safely inclosed in his nets. "Not a match," he said, "must be burnt; if war once break out, all is lost!" He scouted the idea of reinstating Charles, who, he observed, was so unpopular that he would not keep the throne for three months. He equally rejected the idea of setting up Ferdinand, who, he declared, was the enemy of

France, and that a matrimonial alliance was no bond at all. In fact, he showed that nothing would satisfy him but the seizure of the kingdom. But, to effect that quietly, all parties must be flattered till the right moment; and he blamed Murat for having entered the city instead of halting ten miles off, as by that means he had alarmed the nation prematurely. To amuse the court whilst he made all secure, he intimated, through Duroc to Izquierdo, that he desired no advantages from Spain except the exchange of Navarre and some part of the northern frontier for the whole of Portugal, which he would cede to Spain.

Soothed by such proposals, and yet trembling for his safety, on the 8th of April Ferdinand set out to proceed to Burgos to meet Napoleon. He made his uncle, Don Antonio, president of the council during his absence, which, he said, would only be for a few days, and, before setting out, he endeavoured to open a communication with the king, his father, but he was told that the king was gone to bed, and could not be disturbed.

Savary accompanied Ferdinand to conduct him safely into the snare. He spoke positively of meeting Napoleon at Burgos; but, when they arrived there, they received the information that Napoleon was only yet at Bourdeaux, about to proceed to Bayonne. Savary seemed so sure of his victim, that he ventured to leave Ferdinand at Vittoria, and went on to see Napoleon and report progress; probably, also, to receive fresh instructions. The opportunity was not lost by some faithful Spaniards to warn Ferdinand to make his escape during Savary's absence, and to get into one of his distant provinces, where he could, at least, negotiate with Napoleon independently. Don Mariano Urquijo, a nobleman who had penetrated the designs of Napoleon, assured him and his counsellors that Napoleon meant nothing less than to secure the persons of the royal family, and to give the crown of Spain to one of his own brothers. Don Joseph Hervas, the brother-in-law of general Duroc, and a man well acquainted with Savary, confirmed this information. Ferdinand was astounded, but persuaded himself that Napoleon could not contemplate such treachery, as if his whole career had not been one of contempt for every consideration but his own ambition. Instead of flying, the prince was in the condition of the bird fascinated by the rattlesnake. He wrote to Napoleon reminding him of how firm a friend of France he was, and imploring his decision in his favour. In reply, appeared the ominous Savary, bearing a letter, in which Ferdinand was not styled king, but only prince of Asturias. Napoleon blamed him for using the people to usurp his father's throne, and informed him that he had taken the prince of Peace under his protection, and advised Ferdinand not to expose the follies of his mother, as it might affect his own legitimacy. At the same time, not to frighten him into escape, he added that, should he be convinced that the abdication of the king had been voluntary, he should be quite satisfied, and invited him to meet him, that they might examine this point. Once more Cevallos urged him to get away out of the immediate reach of Buonaparte, but Savary kept the trembling simpleton to his purpose, and they prepared to start from Vittoria. At the moment when all was ready, and Ferdinand was in his carriage, a fierce-looking and stalwart fellow advanced to the horses, seized the traces, and cut them at a single stroke with a hedge-bill. The people opposed the prince's going, but Savary prevailed, and on they went.

When Buonaparte heard that Ferdinand had arrived, he is said to have exclaimed—"What! is the fool really come? I could scarcely have thought it possible!" He received him, however, with a great show of courtesy and even kindness. He invited him to dinner, and treated him with all the deference of a crowned head; but, the same evening, he sent Savary to inform him that he had determined that the Bourbons should cease to reign, and the crown should be transferred to his own family.

He now treated Ferdinand as such a fool that he scarcely directed any argument to him, but discussed the point with the canon Escoiquiz, a man of uncommon talents and spirit. Escoiquiz protested boldly and plainly against Buonaparte's intentions. Napoleon cut him short, saying, "Canon, tell me whether I should lose sight of the fact that it is to the interests of my house that the Bourbons should cease to reign?" and with that he pulled the canon's ear in the manner in which he indulged himself on such occasions, and burst into a laugh. Escoiquiz told him he could not reign half so securely in Spain as if Ferdinand were king, particularly if he were married to a niece of Napoleon's. "Pshaw!" retorted Napoleon. "Canon, you amuse me with fables—with mere *chateaux en Espagne*. Do you think that with any Bourbon on the throne I can be as secure as with the sceptre in the hands of one of my own family? Let Ferdinand," he added, "follow the wise example of his father, and he shall have the crown of Etruria and my niece in marriage."

Escoiquiz warned Napoleon of the perils of the course he contemplated. He told him that he might win the esteem of the Spanish people by protecting Ferdinand, but that he would find it a fearful undertaking to reduce the nation to a foreign yoke. He called to his remembrance what dreadful wars all such had been in Spain. Buonaparte declared that he would carry through his intentions though it cost him two hundred thousand men. "Then," said Escoiquiz, "the new dynasty will seat itself on a volcano; it would require constantly two hundred thousand men to command a nation of discontented slaves." Buonaparte, again pulling the canon's ear, and with an air of good humour, said, "Well, canon, you do not, then, enter into my views?" "On the contrary," replied Escoiquiz, "I would rather bring you over to mine, though it were at the expense of my ears," which Buonaparte was painfully pinching. Cevallos confirmed the views of Escoiquiz, and Buonaparte impatiently told him that the Spaniards troubled themselves too much with their points of honour and their fantastic loyalty. In fact, he talked in the most barefaced manner, using the language of a mere bandit who has his victims in his power.

To bring the matter to a crisis, Don Pedro de Labrador put the plain question whether king Ferdinand was at liberty, and if so, why he was not permitted to return to his country? and Cevallos then presented a note stating that the king was about to depart. This removed the little of mask that remained; the guards were immediately doubled on Ferdinand and his brother, Don Carlos; all the outlets

from the town were strictly watched, and a number of Savary's gendarmes, in plain clothes, were placed about the royal captives. Don Carlos, attempting to pass out of one of the gates, was forcibly stopped by a gendarme, who was, for form's sake, reprimanded, but the prince remained equally under restraint. It was now made manifest to the public, and this was the intention of Cevallos' note, that Ferdinand had been regularly kidnapped, and the despair and agitation of his retinue might have forewarned Buonaparte of the resistance that the nation would make for the honour of their royal family. He wished, too late, that he had listened to the solemn words of Escoiquiz and Cevallos.

Possessed of the prince of Asturias, Buonaparte now proceeded to complete his kidnapping, and make himself master of the king and queen. He was sure that if he brought Godoy to Bayonne he should quickly draw the infatuated queen after him, and that she would bring the king with her. He therefore ordered Murat to send on Godoy under a strong guard. This was executed with such rapidity that he was conveyed from Aranjuez to the banks of the Bidasoa in a couple of days. Buonaparte received Godoy in the most flattering manner, told him that he regarded the abdication of Charles as most unjustifiable, and that he would be glad to see the king and queen at Bayonne to arrange the best mode of securing them on the throne. Godoy communicated this intelligence with alacrity, and Napoleon very soon had the two remaining royal fools in his safe keeping. On the 30th of April a train of old, lumbering carriages, the first drawn by eight Biscayan mules, was seen crossing the drawbridge at Bayonne. The arrival consisted of the king and queen of Spain, with three or four unimportant grandees. Godoy welcomed Charles and his queen, and assured them of the friendly disposition and intentions of Buonaparte. There was much curiosity amongst the French at Bayonne to see this descendant of Louis XIV., and the outside they found all very well. He possessed the regal carriage and manners of his ancestry, though he could only speak French imperfectly. He dined with Napoleon the same day, and, as he found some difficulty in ascending the steps to the saloon, Buonaparte offered him his arm, saying, "Let me support you; I have strength enough for both." On which the imbecile old king stopped, stared at the emperor, and replied, "I believe and hope so!" On seeing his sons, who waited to receive him, he would have passed them without notice, but as he passed close to Don Carlos, he said, laconically, "Good morning, Carlos," but he frowned at Ferdinand and passed on.

ANCONA.

Charles now loudly protested that his abdication of the 19th of March had been forcibly wrung from him. Ferdinand replied to this charge in a letter drawn up by Cevallos and Escoiquiz, that, on the contrary, it was perfectly voluntary, and quoted the king's declaration to that effect; and he added that, if they were permitted to return to Madrid, where they would be free, he would renounce all the rights conferred on him by the abdication. Charles replied that he was free enough where he was, and as for the Cortes, he repudiated its decisions regarding the crown. "Everything," he asserted, "ought to be done by the sovereigns for the people, but the people ought not to be suffered to carve for themselves." Finally, he asserted

THE BORGHESE PALACE AT ROME.

that Napoleon could only be the saviour of Spain, and that the emperor was resolved that Ferdinand should never enjoy the crown of that kingdom. He accused his son of wanting filial affection, and, still worse, of wanting affection for Napoleon and the interests of France.

Ferdinand, on the 3rd of May, replied that the situation in which he now found himself proved the unbounded confidence which he had entertained towards France, and that, since the conditions which he had attached to his resignation were rejected, he would abdicate unconditionally, only stipulating that both parties should first return to their own country, and leave a place where no deed on which either could enter could be held by the world to be valid. This proposition was equally unwelcome to the king and queen and to Buonaparte. They all knew that the Spanish nation, in free action, would neither allow the prince of the Peace to return to Spain, Charles to be reinstated, or Buonaparte to usurp the crown. The next day, therefore, Ferdinand was summoned to the presence of his parents and of Buonaparte. They received him seated, and left him standing like a criminal; and then a scene took place which has, perhaps, no parallel in the history of royal houses. If the relation of it was from the French alone, we might well doubt its odious accuracy; but it is fully confirmed by the canon Escoiquiz and Cevallos, Ferdinand's chief friends and counsellors. Charles overwhelmed Ferdinand with the utmost abuse, calling him traitor and parricide, and seemed as though he would strike him with his cane in his fury. Ferdinand replied by denying the plots that were attributed to him, and reminding them that he had saved the life of the prince of the Peace when in the hands of the mob. But this did not mollify the queen, whom Buonaparte afterwards compared to a fury on the Grecian stage. She reviled her son in the most indecent language, and in the face of the king and of Buonaparte declared that he was a bastard, and that the king was not his father at all. Buonaparte professed, in after years, to have been shocked at this most revolting scene; but there can be no doubt that he chuckled at the time over the open degradation of those whom he meant to depose. Ferdinand, confounded, hastened to complete his abdication; but even in this he is said to have been quickened by a communication from Savary, the executioner of D'Enghien, who informed him that, if he did not use dispatch, he would be shut up in some horrible dungeon, or tried as a traitor, and shot.

On the 6th of May he signed an act restoring the crown to his father. But, the day before this was done, Charles had already, as king, issued a proclamation appointing Murat lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and calling on the Spaniards to obey him in all things, and to be especially on their guard against the agents of England, who might excite them against France. Immediately after—the same day—he signed an act of abdication for himself, resigning the crown of Spain and the Indies, with its rights and honours, to his friend and faithful ally, the emperor of France, only stipulating, for the integrity and independence of the kingdom, that it should not be held by the same sovereign as the crown of France; that the catholic religion only should be tolerated; and that all confiscations and penalties pronounced since the revolution of Aranjuez should be null and void.

There wanted but one more act to complete this most audacious usurpation—the forced abdication of Ferdinand. To this, poor and unheroic creature as he was, he made a stout resistance, probably under the advice of Escoiquiz and Cevallos. It is said that the dark hints of Savary were repeated; and as he was completely in the power of Buonaparte, and, as his advisers told him, no abdication, under the circumstances, was of any force, he complied, but not till the 10th of May, five days after the abdication of his father.

The little Corsican adventurer, having thus tricked and squeezed this imbecile family out of a great kingdom, awarded to the abdicating parties their respective abodes and provisions. They were all sent away into France. Charles and Maria Luiza were to have, as their freehold property, the château of Chambord, with its parks, forests, and farms. To this was added the use of the imperial palace of Compiègne, with its parks, forests, and farms, with a civil list of thirty millions of Spanish reals, to be paid monthly, and a pension of two million reals to the queen, should she prove the survivor. Godoy was considerately allowed to accompany them—to complete their happiness. As for Ferdinand, nothing more was said of the crown of Etruria or the niece of Napoleon; but he was to have the palace, park, and farms of Navarre, with the woods belonging thereto; six hundred thousand francs by way of outfit: and a pension of four hundred thousand francs. His brothers, don Carlos and don Francisco de Paulo, and his uncle, don Antonio, were to have certain incomes and appanages in France, beside retaining certain estates in Spain; but, Navarre being considered not sufficiently safe, Ferdinand, his brothers, and uncle, were all sent to Valençay, in the heart of France, with the apparent liberty of riding through the park and woods of the neighbouring country, though in reality they were well watched. This was the house and estate of Talleyrand, and Buonaparte had a particular pleasure in thus turning him out for these royal fugitives, because the far-seeing minister had been bold enough to disapprove of his projects and proceedings regarding Spain. Ferdinand and his accompanying relatives seemed quite contented in their captivity, during the four or five years that the struggle for the expulsion of the French was going on in their country. So far from any apparent desire to escape, Ferdinand refused to avail himself of the means offered by an emissary of the court of England.

Having now kidnapped and disposed of the old dynasty of Spain, Buonaparte had to inaugurate the new one by the appointment of a king. For this purpose, he pitched on his brother Lucien, who, next to himself, was the ablest of the family, and who had rendered him signal services in the expulsion of the Council of Five Hundred from St. Cloud. But Lucien was of too independent a character to become a mere puppet of the great man, like the rest of his brothers. As Napoleon grew haughty and imperious in the progress of his success, Lucien had dared to express disapprobation of his conduct. He declared that Napoleon's every word and action proceeded, not from principle, but

from mere political considerations, and that the foundation of his whole system and career was egotism. He had married a private person to please himself, and would not abandon his wife to receive a princess and a crown, like Jerome. Lucien had, moreover, literary tastes, was fond of collecting works of art, and had a fortune ample enough for these purposes. When, therefore, Napoleon sent for him to assume the crown of Spain, he declined the honour. Napoleon then resolved to take Joseph from Naples, and confer on him the throne of Spain and the Indies. Joseph, who was indolent and self-indulgent, and who at Naples could not exempt himself from continual fears of daggers and assassination, received with consternation the summons to assume the crown of Spain, as ominous of no ordinary troubles. He declared that it was too weighty for his head, and showed no alacrity in setting out. Napoleon was obliged to summon him several times, and at length to dispatch one of his most active and trusted aides-de-camp to hasten his movements.

And truly the prospects of the reign before him were such as might have daunted a much bolder and wiser man than Joseph. The people of Madrid had watched with increasing resentment the spiriting away of the different members of this royal family to Bayonne. They were wrathful that Godoy had been carried beyond the reach of their vengeance, and they every day were on the look-out for news from Bayonne as to the cause of Ferdinand, and that news grew even more unfavourable. On the evening of the 30th of April the populace had retired in gloomy discontent, because no courier had arrived bringing intelligence of Buonaparte's intentions towards Ferdinand. On the morning of the 1st of May, numbers of men assembled about the gate of the inn and the post-office, with dark looks, and having, as was supposed, arms under their capas or long cloaks. The French mustered strongly in the streets, and the day passed over quietly. But the next morning, the 2nd of May, the same ominous-looking crowds, as they assembled, were agitated by reports that the only remaining members of the royal family, the widowed queen of Etruria and her children, and the youngest son of king Charles, don Francisco, were about to be sent off also to Bayonne. They presently saw these royal personages conducted to their carriages; don Francisco, a youth of only fourteen, weeping bitterly, and the sight roused the people to instant fury. They fell on the French, chiefly with their long knives, massacred seven hundred soldiers of the line, and wounded upwards of twenty of the imperial guard. The French, in return, fired on the people, and killed a hundred and twenty of them. Murat poured in troops to suppress the riot, but could not disperse them till after several volleys of grape-shot and repeated charges of cavalry. Some members of the Spanish government assisted to quiet the people, and a general amnesty was proclaimed, in spite of which Murat shot a considerable number of Spaniards, who had been made prisoners in the *mêlée*. He shot them in parties of forty or fifty at a time, and these military executions went on for three days, till upwards of three hundred people had been thus killed. During this time, the dead bodies of those who had fallen in the insurrection were seen lying about in the streets. Murat thus put an end to the resistance for the moment, but he had only augmented by it the spirit of a more general and permanent resistance in the people. The news of the insurrection and of the bloody butcheries of Murat flew with lightning speed to every distant corner of the country; everywhere the most determined resolve to drive out the invaders burst forth. Unprepared as the country was, the people felt by no means daunted. The alcalde of Mostoles, about ten miles south of Madrid, hearing the firing, and understanding the cause, sent a bulletin to the south in these words, "The country is in danger: Madrid is perishing through the perfidy of the French: all Spaniards come to deliver it!" That was all that was necessary. The fact of being in possession of Madrid was a very different thing to being in possession of Paris, Spain consisting of various provinces, originally kingdoms, and Biscay, Galicia, Catalonia, Andalusia, Valencia, &c., having their separate capitals, and everywhere was a martial people, just as ready and able to maintain a struggle against an invader as if Madrid was free. At Valencia, the populace, headed by a priest, fell on the French, and massacred two hundred of them. Solano, the governor of Cadiz, suspected of favouring the French, was dragged out of his house and murdered. Even before the insurrection at Madrid there had been one at Toledo, and the French had been menaced with destruction.

Amid these popular outbursts, the great body of the Spaniards were calmly organising the country for defence. A junta or select committee was elected in each district, and these juntas established communications with each other all over the land. They called on the inhabitants to furnish contributions, the clergy to send in their church plate to the mint, and the common people to enrol themselves as soldiers and to labour at the fortifications. The Spanish soldiers, to a man, went over to the popular side, and, in a few days, the whole nation was in arms. The crisis of which Buonaparte had warned Murat was come at once, and the fight in Madrid on the 2nd of May was but the beginning of a war which was to topple the invader from his now dizzy height. The news of the combat at Madrid arrived at Bayonne on the very day of the hideous scene betwixt Ferdinand and his parents, and this is said by Cevallos to have caused Buonaparte to menace Ferdinand with death if he did not at once surrender his claims to the crown. This also made Buonaparte hasten a mock national junta, or assembly of notables, to sanction the abdication, and the appointment of Joseph Buonaparte as the new monarch.

Murat, as governor of the country by commission from king Charles, and, by a second authority, from Napoleon, summoned such an assembly, and dispatched them in all haste to Bayonne. These men, summoned under the terror of two hundred thousand French bayonets to betray their country, and swear to a new constitution which Buonaparte had concocted on the model of the servile one which he had given to France, were a base and miserable crew, who dared not refuse the execrable task imposed upon them, and, on their arrival in Bayonne, their number was augmented by some of the servants of the king and queen, and of Godoy. To conciliate the bigotry of the Spaniards, and make them forget their patriotism, the condition stipulated for by Charles

in his abdication, that the catholic religion only should be tolerated, was carefully promulgated.

On the 6th of June Joseph arrived, and, on the 23rd, he issued a proclamation, addressed to his late Neapolitan subjects, in which he told them that Providence, whose ways were inscrutable, had called him to fill the throne of Spain and the Indies; that he felt cruelly the pain of leaving them, and he sent them a new constitution, which his august brother, who had plenty of such ready on all occasions, had prepared for them. On the 7th of July the junta assembled to receive the new constitution and king Joseph. The ex-merchant's clerk appeared on the throne before these renegade miscreants, styled the representatives of their country, and a Spanish prelate, the archbishop of Burgos, was found base enough to perform high mass on the occasion. Joseph then made a speech, the gist of which was, that the English, the eternal enemies of the continent, were [illegible] to excite the country against the new [illegible], and calling on them to rally round the throne, and disappoint them; and he impiously said:—"We confidently take the engagement that it shall be so at the feet of Almighty God, who reads the hearts of men, who disposes of them at his pleasure, and who never abandons the man that loves his country, and fears only his own conscience."

The new constitution being read, the members of the junta swore to maintain it. Murat, the son of the innkeeper, looked with jealous eye on the bestowal of this splendid kingdom on the ex-merchant's clerk, thinking, by his share in the seizure of the country, he had a greater claim on its favour—so little do mortals known what is for their own good. Neither Joseph nor his suzerain, the emperor, ever knew another quiet hour during the holding of this most troublesome crown, which became the destruction of a million of Frenchmen, and of the restless agitator himself. Murat, on the 15th of July, received the far more enviable crown of Naples, which he continued to hold, in comparative ease, till the whole of Buonaparte's ambitious pile of new crowns and thrones fell together.

These changes being accomplished, Napoleon dismissed his obsequious junta in a speech which marked the unsettled state of his own mind. He seemed embarrassed by a consciousness of his own despicable deed in the seizure of Spain, and probably by an inward foreboding of the world-wide tempest that it was about to raise. He was conscious that already the Spaniards were courting the favour of England; that zealous courtesies were going on between them and the officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, and his auditors could not avoid seeing, with astonishment, that he had lost his usual presence of mind, spoke confusedly, and sometimes unintelligibly, and with a strange repetition of particular phrases. Yet he had sent the most florid accounts to the *Moniteur* of the joy testified by the Spaniards at the happy change of dynasty; of the serenades by which king Joseph was welcomed, whilst in reality the only music that greeted him was the note of indignant martial preparation which came from every part of the kingdom. Buonaparte returned to Paris as through a triumphant procession, the whole way. The different towns received him in the fullest festal pageantry and rejoicing, not caring to reflect that he was returning from the commission of a great crime, and a folly which threatened France with inconceivable calamities. Bourdeaux alone was sullen and silent, but Nantes and La Vendée forgot themselves like the rest of France, and crowded to congratulate the man who had plucked from the throne the last branch of that family for which they had shed so much loyal blood.

No sooner had the insurrection of Aranjuez taken place, and Ferdinand been proclaimed king, than, so early as April the 8th, general Castaños informed Sir Hew Dalrymple, the governor of Gibraltar, that there was an end of the policy of Godoy, which had made Spain the slave of France and the foe of England. Sir Hew sent a prompt dispatch to England with the news, and, till he could receive instructions from the British government, he maintained friendly relations with the Spaniards. When the junta of Seville was formed, and there was every reason to believe that Spain would make a determined resistance, on his own responsibility he encouraged the merchants of Gibraltar to make a loan of forty thousand dollars to the junta without premium; and captain Whittingham, an officer well acquainted with Spain, went to Seville to assist in planning the best means of preventing the French from passing the Sierra Morena. On the 8th of June Sir Hew received a dispatch from lord Castlereagh, informing him that the English government had determined to send ten thousand men immediately to the assistance of the Spanish patriots. But this was preceded four days by a proclamation which had outstripped lord Castlereagh's dispatch, stating that his majesty had ordered all hostilities towards Spain to cease, and all Spanish ships at sea to be unmolested. Admiral Collingwood took the command of the whole British fleet on the coast of Spain, ready to co-operate. He landed Mr. Cox to proceed to Seville as confidential agent, and, about the middle of June, general Spencer arrived at Cadiz with five thousand English soldiers. About the same time, the junta of Seville declared themselves at peace with England, and sent four commissioners to England to settle diplomatic relations betwixt the countries.

Meantime the French generals, though they saw insurrections rising in every quarter, and though they themselves were located in different parts of the country, distant from each other, entertained no fear but that the steady discipline of their troops, and their own experience, would easily put them down. Murat had left Spain to proceed to his new kingdom of Naples, and Savary was left at Madrid as commander-in-chief, and he found himself in a most arduous and embarrassing post, with so many points to watch and to strengthen for the suppression of the insurrection. The Spanish junta recommended their country, very prudently, to avoid regular engagements, with their yet raw forces, against the veteran armies of France, but to carry on a guerilla warfare, waylaying the enemy in mountains and defiles, cutting off their supplies, and harassing their rear, their outposts, and their foraging parties. The ardour and pride of the Spaniards only too much tempted the men to despise this advice, and whenever they did they severely paid for it. The relentless spirit of the people against the lawless invaders, on the other hand, incited the French to equal ferocity. They treated the Spaniards as rebels in

arms against their king; the villages were given up to the plunder and licentiousness of the soldiers. This again fired the Spaniards to retaliation, and they put to death sick and wounded when they fell into their hands. The war thus commenced with features of peculiar horror. The character of the country rendered the conflict the more desperate to the invaders; the fertile regions were separated from each other by vast desert heaths and barren mountains, so that Henry IV. had said truly, if a general invaded Spain with a small army he would be defeated; if with a large one, he would be starved. To collect provisions, the French had to disperse themselves over wide tracks, and thus exposed themselves to the ambuscades and surprises of the Spaniards, every peasant carrying his gun.

At first, victory seemed to attend the French. Lefebvre-Desnouettes defeated the Spaniards at Arragon, on the 9th of June, and general Bessières beat the insurgents, in several partial actions, in Navarre and Biscay. But his great success was over the united forces of generals Cuesta and Blake, on the 14th of June, at Medina del Rio Seco, a few leagues from the city of Valladolid. Cuesta was a determined old Spaniard, who commanded the forces of Castile and Leon—men so impatient to engage the French, that they had tossed their former general, Filangieri, in a blanket, letting him fall on their spears stuck in the ground point upwards, and there left him to die. He had been joined by Blake, with a body of Gallicians, at Burgos, and they were divided in their opinions whether they should attack the French at once or not. Cuesta, like his men, was for immediate battle; Blake deemed it imprudent, on account of the superior French discipline. But Bessières determined the question for them by falling on them, at Medina del Rio Seco, with twenty-five thousand men, where he gave them a terrible defeat, no less than six thousand Spaniards being killed or wounded. The French, too, suffered very severely. They were fired at from almost every door and window in the little town of Medina, and filled the streets with their slain. Cuesta retired into Galicia with the remains of his army, and Bessières was prevented following him by a summons to defend king Joseph in Madrid, whom this victory had enabled to reach his new capital, where he was received with an ominous silence on the part of the Spaniards—the very money thrown the populace in the streets being picked up only by the French soldiers, the citizens not deigning to stoop for it. Yet Buonaparte hailed the battle of Medina del Rio Seco as a proof how soon the insurrection would be quelled.

The relative situation of the French and Spanish armies at the opening of the war was this:—Castaños, the Spanish general, had mustered twenty thousand men at Utrera, near Seville, where he was joined by captain Whittingham. Opposed to him was the French general Dupont, who had advanced as far as Cordova to attack him, but there made a pause. At Bayonne lay general Drouet with an army of twenty thousand strong, with another French army in his rear, ready to follow when he should march into Spain—this was called the army of the Western Pyrenees; while general Duhesme lay in Catalonia with thirteen thousand men—this being called the army of the Eastern Pyrenees. Junot had an army of thirty thousand men in Portugal. This, and the troops in and around Madrid, amounted in all to about one hundred thousand men, but a great number were in the hospitals. The Spaniards had, altogether, about the same number, but of these twenty thousand were with Junot in Portugal, and of the eighty thousand, thirty thousand were militia and eleven thousand Swiss infantry,—brave and disciplined troops. Besides these there were a considerable number of Los Urbanos, or town militia, which were miscellaneous and rude bodies, capable of little in the field, but useful in supplying the place of more disciplined men in the towns.

Duhesme thought he should be able to send reinforcements to assist in reducing Valencia and Arragon; but he soon found that he had enough to do in his own district. The Catalans, who are an active and hardy race, accustomed to the gun, seized on the defiles of the mountains, attacked him in every direction in a desultory but destructive warfare, and made him glad to confine himself to the walls of Barcelona and Figueros, which he had so treacherously seized. In this contest Gerona had made a brave defence against Duhesme, whilst general Reille, his second in command, was equally unsuccessful against Rosas, where the Spaniards were assisted by British marines landed by lord Collingwood, and headed by captain Otway of the Montague. Reille, on returning from Rosas, went to support Duhesme at Gerona; but, with twelve thousand men, one thousand cavalry, and a strong battery, they were compelled to make their retreat to Barcelona, pursued by the Spanish general, Caldagues, and had to make their way over rough mountains to avoid the English fleet on the shore. When he reached Barcelona itself, he found it blockaded by lord Cochrane, who kept him in continual jeopardy.

Marshal Moncey, all this time expecting the co-operation of Duhesme, had advanced into Valencia. For a time, he found the country deserted; but, as he advanced, he found the hills and rocks swarming with armed people, and he had to force his march by continual fighting. There were Swiss troops mingled amongst the Spanish ones opposed to him, and whilst they attacked him in front, the Spaniards assaulted his flanks and rear. When he arrived before the city of Valencia, on the 27th of June, he found the place well defended. The whole population was in arms, and he had no battering train. To use Buonaparte's own words, "a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, barricaded streets, and artillery placed at the gates, cannot be *taken by the collar*." The citizens eagerly manned the walls; monks, with a crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, stimulated the people to resistance, and the women were enthusiastically carrying ammunition and refreshments. On the 29th Moncey retired from before the walls, despairing of the arrival of Duhesme. He left, however, a detachment in the Cuença, which was surprised and cut to pieces. Savary sent Caulaincourt to avenge the slaughter of the French troops in the Cuença, and he performed his mission with a terrible atrocity, burning the town of Cuença, and massacreing the inhabitants indiscriminately. But this only roused the Spanish peasantry to double fury. They pursued Moncey's retreating troops, hanging on their flanks and rear, and killing every Frenchman that they could reach. Moncey, like Bessières, now found himself called to

Madrid to defend the new king, who, it was clear, could not long remain there; and already the British were landing on the shores of the Peninsula, to bring a formidable aid to the exasperated inhabitants.

But the most important operations were at this moment taking place in the south betwixt Dupont and Castaños. We have seen that Castaños was quartered at Utrera with French, and had seized the French squadron lying in the bay, and, at the same time, that Seville was in the highest state of insurrection. Whilst pausing in uncertainty of what course to pursue, Castaños advanced from Utrera towards the higher part of the Guadalquivir. If Dupont had rushed forward to attack Castaños at Utrera, he would have done it under great disadvantages. He was cut off from the

ROYAL SHIELD OF SPAIN, PRESERVED IN THE ARMOURY, MADRID.

twenty thousand men. Dupont had been ordered by Murat to march from Madrid into the south-west, and make himself master of the important post of Cadiz. After a countermand, he again advanced in that direction, and had crossed the Sierra Morena, so celebrated in the romance of "Don Quixote," and reached the ancient city of Cordova. There he received the news that Cadiz had risen against the main French army by the Sierra Morena, and these mountains being occupied by the insurgent inhabitants, he would have no chance of falling back in case of disaster. He was waiting for reinforcements from Castile, under generals Gobert and Vedel. He now advanced to Andujar, which he reached on the 18th of June, having had to fight his way through bands of fiery patriots. They had destroyed his

FERDINAND OF SPAIN RESIGNING HIS CROWN AT THE DICTATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

outposts, killed the sick in his hospital, and driven him out of Baylen and the old Moorish town of Jaen. From Andujar Dupont wrote to Savary, in Madrid, praying that the reinforcements might be hastened, and describing his critical situation, surrounded by furious peasants, who had deserted their harvest-work to exterminate the French; and that he had no provisions except corn, which he had seized, and which the soldiers had to reap, grind, and bake for themselves.

Whilst lying at Andujar, waiting for his reinforcements, the soldiers cried for vengeance on Jaen, where they had been so severely treated, and Dupont sent a captain Baste, a furious fellow, who had formerly been a sea-officer, to put the place to fire and sword. Baste executed his commission with all the atrocities of French vengeance. This only excited the fury of the people the more, and they took ample recompense from the French by cutting off and killing every one of his foragers and outposts that they could surprise. The war was carried on on both sides with demoniacal savagery. At length Vedel cut his way through the mountains. On the 15th of July general Gobert also arrived with a considerable body of both infantry and cuirassiers. Dupont had now about twenty thousand men, and Castaños, who had posted himself on the opposite bank of the Guadalquiver, had twenty-five thousand infantry, two thousand horse, and there were, at least, twenty-five thousand armed peasantry, but with regular officers, having also some artillery, who were gathering towards Dupont's position on every side.

On the evening of the 16th of July Castaños appeared on the Argonilla, directly opposite to Andujar; the river was fordible in many places from the drought, and the different divisions of the Spaniards crossed in the night, and, in attempting to prevent the transit of one of these bodies near Baylen, general Gobert was killed. Vedel, seeing the critical situation of the French army, made a rapid movement to regain and keep open the mountainous defile by which he had arrived, but Dupont remained at Andujar till the night of the 18th. Vedel remaining at the pass waiting for Dupont, found himself intercepted by the Swiss general, Reding, and, whilst engaging him, his own Swiss troops went over to Reding. He sent expresses to Vedel to return to his aid, but, before this could be accomplished, he was defeated, and compelled to surrender. He was enormously encumbered by baggage; for the French had, in their usual way, utterly regardless of the necessity of keeping on good terms with a people over whom they wished to rule, been pillaging churches and houses of all plate and valuables that they could find. In endeavouring to defend the baggage, Dupont had weakened his front, and occasioned his repulse. Castaños had not perceived the march of the French; but, by the time his van came up with Reding, he found the French army prisoners. The terms proposed by the French were that they should be allowed to retire upon Madrid with all their arms and baggage. But Castaños was too well acquainted with the necessities of the French through the intercepted letter to Savary. He insisted that they should pile their arms, give up the greater part of their spoil, and be sent down to San Lucas and Rota, where they should be embarked for France. Whilst Dupont was hesitating on these conditions, he received a note from Vedel, proposing that they should make a simultaneous attack on the Spaniards, and thus have a fresh chance of turning the scale in their own favour. But Dupont saw that this was hopeless; and, moreover, it is said that Castaños insisted that if Vedel himself did not immediately lay down his arms, he would shoot Dupont. Vedel, who now saw little hope of cutting his way through the mountains, was compelled to obey.

The French piled their arms on the 22nd of July, the prisoners amounting to between eighteen and nineteen thousand. They gave up also thirty pieces of cannon; and the country people, who had no notion of allowing the marauders to carry off any of the wealth pillaged from their churches and the houses of the gentry, very soon relieved them, on their march towards the sea-coast, of all that Castaños had very weakly left them. But this was far from the worst: the enraged peasantry and the people of the towns, all along the road to the coast, insulted them, and killed numbers of them in retaliation for the cruelties they themselves had practised. When they arrived at Cadiz, instead of San Lucar and Rota, there were no vessels to carry them home, according to contract. Dupont and his officers complained vehemently of this breach of faith, but the governor of Cadiz only reminded them of the utter breach of all faith by which they found themselves in Spain. "What right have you," he said, "to exact the impossible execution of a capitulation with an army which has entered Spain under the veil of friendship and intimate alliance, which has imprisoned our king and his royal family, sacked his palaces, assassinated and robbed his subjects, destroyed his country, and torn from him his crown?" He advised them to keep quiet, lest the people should avenge on them the horrors they had perpetrated at Cordova; and he informed Dupont that there was no chance whatever of their being sent out by sea, for the English were in possession, and had refused them passports, because, if they were sent home, they would be immediately employed somewhere else against Britain or her allies. They were therefore detained in the hulks—a fate which, considering the manner in which they had conducted themselves in the country, was no more than they deserved. They had acted as robbers, and they were treated as such; and the breach of faith on the part of the Spaniards, which would have been infamous towards honourable enemies, is much mitigated by these considerations. Castaños was, from a high sense of honour, however, anxious that the convention should be faithfully carried out, but Morla, the governor of Cadiz, as strongly opposed it, declaring that the Spaniards did not break the convention, simply because it was an impossibility to execute it; that they had conveyed the French to the port, but the English, who were no parties to the treaty, would not allow them to pass by sea. Lord Collingwood declared that he could not undertake to convey eighteen or nineteen thousand inimical prisoners by sea to their homes without the authority of his government, which they were not at all likely to send. Therefore, "an engagement to do an impossibility dissolved itself."

The news of this great victory, which at once freed from the French armies the rich province of Andalusia and the cities of Cadiz and Seville, spread joy and exultation over all

Spain, and filled Buonaparte, who received it at Bourdeaux, with the deepest anxiety. He began already to perceive the *furcæ Caudinæ* in which he had involved himself; and the Spaniards were led into a confidence which brought its subsequent chastisement. "The moral effect of the battle of Baylen," says Napier, "on the Spaniards was instantaneous. Every man conceived himself a Cid, and saw, in the surrender of Dupont, not simply the deliverance of Spain, but the very conquest of France. 'We are much obliged to our good friends, the English,' was a common phrase amongst them, when conversing with the officers of Sir John Moore's army; 'we thank them for their good-will, and we shall have the pleasure of escorting them through France to Calais.'" A very little time served to disperse these glorious visions of Spanish pride.

The news no sooner reached Madrid than the king ceased to feel himself safe there. He determined to retire to Vittoria, which was at a convenient distance from the French frontier. On the 3rd of July he quitted the city by night, and, guarded by French troops, took the road to Vittoria, leaving Grouchy and marshal Bessières to cut off any pursuit of the Spaniards. Grouchy then sent a dispatch, ordering him to send an officer to take charge of the city, and to protect the French invalids in the hospitals. Castaños sent general Moreno, and himself arrived to hold the city on the 23rd of August. Such of the Spanish grandees as had encouraged the French fled, with Joseph, for safety, and obtained the name of "Josepinos," or "Infrancsados:" the rest joined the Spanish cause.

But the event which, far more than the battle of Baylen, showed Buonaparte and the world the sort of war he had provoked, was the siege of Zaragossa. This ancient city, the capital of Aragon, stands on the right bank of the Ebro, with a suburb on the left bank connected with it by a bridge. Another river, a small one, called the Cozo, flowed into the Ebro, close under the city walls. The immediate neighbourhood of Zaragossa is flat, and, on one side of the river, marshy; but its wall was only of brick, about ten feet high, old and ruinous. In places, the walls only were of mud. It might seem that there could be no strong defence of such a place made against an army of thirteen thousand men—veterans who had served in Germany and Poland, and who were furnished with battering trains, and every means of assault. But the streets of the city were narrow and crooked, the houses strong and lofty, the rooms being almost all vaulted, and, therefore, almost impervious to shell. The inhabitants were sixty thousand. Zaragossa raised the flag of resistance the moment that Murat issued his proclamation on the 20th of May, informing the Spanish people of the abdication of Charles and Ferdinand, and calling on the Spaniards to submit to the new government.

No city could be more unprepared for a resistance. There were in it only about two hundred soldiers; the city chest contained only about twenty pounds, and the neighbouring provinces of Navarre and Catalonia were in the hands of the French; whilst the roads and the passes of the Pyrenees were all open for fresh accessions of French troops. But, nothing daunted, the Zaragossans appointed don José Palafox —a young nobleman of high family, but who, hitherto, had chiefly spent his time at the court, like other indolent young men—captain-general of Aragon, and he set about to prepare defences, and to call in armed people from the country. All classes participated in the same spirit: the rich gave money; the monks and friars excited the people by their words and example; and every exertion was made to cut loop-holes in the houses, and to fill the breaches in the dilapidated walls with sand-bags, as well as to throw up earthworks. On the 16th of June general Lefebvre-Desnouettes commenced the attack by driving in Palafox's outposts, and establishing strong guards before the gates. He then paused for the coming of general Verdier with reinforcements. Palafox, instead of employing this interval in still further strengthening the defences of the city, most imprudently went out with his undisciplined volunteers to attack the disciplined French, with about eight thousand men. He was murderously routed, as he was sure to be. He retired again within the protection of his walls, and his colleague, general Versage, marched into the country to collect fresh volunteers. General Lefebvre then, being reinforced, pushed on the siege with effect. He had now nearly thirteen thousand men. On the 15th of June he made an attempt to carry the place by a *coup-de-main*, but failed. He, however, forced an entrance into some of the streets, and did great damage to the Spaniards by setting fire to a powder-magazine. He then carried by storm a fortified hill outside of the town, called the Monte Torrero. On the 2nd of July he carried the strong convent of San José, and some other houses. Having now established a footing in the city, the French threw a bridge over the Ebro, and attacked from it both the city and suburbs at once, with cannon, mortars, and howitzers. As fast as they knocked down the walls and scattered the sandbags, they were repaired again by the Spaniards. At this stage of the siege, Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome woman of the lower class, of about twenty-two years of age, arrived on one of the batteries with refreshments, and found every man who had defended it lying slain. The fire was so tremendous that the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina sprang forward over the bodies of the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty-pounder. She then jumped upon the gun, and vowed never to quit it alive during the siege. Such an example added new courage to the defenders; and the siege proceeded with incessant fury. At this juncture, Buonaparte withdrew a part of the troops, ordering Lefebvre to join Bessières with them, and Verdier was left to continue the siege with about ten thousand men. The Zaragossans, encouraged by this, and assisted by some regular troops, not only defended the town more vigorously than ever, but sent out detachments to cut off Verdier's supplies. Verdier was compelled to march detachments against them, who dispersed them, and, in return, reduced the city to near starvation by stopping all introduction of provisions. Ammunition also failed; but the besieged managed to make gunpowder by procuring saltpetre and sulphur by various devices. Verdier, towards the end of July, received considerable reinforcements, made a determined assault on the place, burnt the splendid convent of Santa Engracia, and took a considerable part of the city. Thinking that the besieged must now submit, Verdier sent a note to

Palafox, bearing merely the words, "Santa Engracia.—Capitulation!" To which Palafox replied only in the same laconicism, "Zaragossa.—Guerra al cuchillo!"—that is, "war to the knife." The conflict was resumed — the combatants fighting from street to street, and from house to house. Amongst these combatants, ever conspicuous, was the father Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes. Sometimes he was fighting in the thickest *mêlée*, at others he was administering the sacrament to the dying. If a deed of desperate bravery was to be done, Palafox selected for it Santiago Sass; and he succeeded in bringing a quantity of powder into the city when no one else could.

The French soldiers began to droop under the heat of the dog-days and the incessant exertion; the besieged from famine and toil; but they did not for a moment relax their fighting. Convent after convent, house after house, was battered or burnt down. The public asylum was set on fire, and the lunatics, let loose, mingled in the horrible scenes around them, muttering, singing, shouting, according to the character of their frenzy. To add to the horror, the streets were filled with heaps of the slain French and Spanish, and the heat made the stench terrible, and threatened a pestilence. The Spaniards could not advance to bring them away for burial, for the French shot them down instantly, though they saw the business on which they were employed. They therefore tied ropes to the French prisoners, and drove them forward to bring away the dead; and when the French saw their countrymen, they ceased to fire. The siege appeared to grow every day more terrible, when, on the 13th of August, the French blew up the splendid church of Santa Engracia, in the vaults of which were deposited the remains of many distinguished patriots and martyrs of the times of the Moorish wars, and then suddenly evacuated the place. They had, some time before, received the news of the surrender of Dupont, and now there was imminent peril of their being themselves reduced to the same necessity. The Valencians and the Aragonese were approaching in strong force, whilst their own troops were worn out by heat and over-exertion. The Zaragossans made haste to bury the dead and to clear the streets of the ruins, and then proclaimed Ferdinand, with all due ceremonies, in the great square of Zaragossa. The brave Augustina, thence called the maid of Zaragossa, became a national heroine, received the highest distinctions, and lord Byron states that, when he was at Seville, she was daily seen walking on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders by command of the junta. Certainly, there is no siege in all history, except that of Numantium by their ancestors, or that of Londonderry, during the British revolution, where more courage and address were displayed.

The success of the revolt against the French in Spain was certain to become contagious in Portugal. Junot was holding the country with an army of thirty thousand men, amongst whom there was a considerable number of Spanish troops, who were sure to desert on the first opportunity after the news from Spain. What Buonaparte intended really to do with Portugal did not yet appear. The conditions of the treaty of Fontainebleau remained a dead letter. He had neither established the queen of Etruria nor the prince of the Peace in their kingdoms there. The probability was that, as soon as Spain was secure, he would incorporate Portugal with it. This seemed very probably his intention, from words that he let fall at an assembly of Portuguese notables, whom he had summoned to meet him at Bayonne. He there talked of Portugal in the flippant and contemptuous tones of a man accustomed to toss about crowns as a huckster does potatoes. The count de Lima, the president of the assembly, opened it with an address to Napoleon, who listened with great *nonchalance*, and then said, "I hardly know what to make of you, gentlemen; it must depend on the events in Spain. And, then, are you of consequence sufficient to constitute a separate people? Have you enough of size to do so? What is the population of Portugal? Two millions, is it?" "More than three, sire," replied the count. "Ah, I did not know that. And Lisbon — are there a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants?" "More than double that number, sire." "Ah, I was not aware of that. Now, what do you wish to be, you Portuguese? Do you desire to become Spaniards?" "No!" said the count de Lima, bluntly, and drawing himself up to his full height. And Buonaparte broke up the conference.

The Spanish junta sent an officer to Lisbon to consult with general Caraffa, the commander of the Spanish auxiliaries, on the best means of withdrawing the troops from that city. Caraffa, who was an Italian, did not seem to fall into the proposal; but this was of less consequence, for his men took the liberty of deserting, first in small numbers and secretly, but soon by a whole regiment at a time, and openly. Junot sent out six hundred men to stop them; but they attacked, killed, and wounded nearly half of the detachment, and pursued their march. General Bellesta, who commanded the Spanish troops at Oporto, seized the French general, Quesnel, who had but a small number of men, and marched away for Corunna, carrying Quesnel and his few soldiers prisoners with him. No sooner were the Spaniards gone, however, than the cowardly governor of Oporto put down the rising, and declared for the French. But the fire of revolt was flying too fast all over the kingdom for this to succeed. In a few days the people rose again, seized on the arsenal, and armed themselves. They were encouraged by the monks, who rang their bells to call the people out, and by the bishops, who blessed the banners, and offered up public prayers, for the enfranchisement of the country, in the cathedrals. There was a similarly successful outbreak at Braganza. From one end of the country to the other, the rising was complete and enthusiastic. Deputies were dispatched to England to solicit assistance and arms. For a time, Junot managed to keep down the population of Lisbon by collecting troops into it, seizing, altogether, four thousand five hundred of the Spaniards, and making them prisoners. Alarmed, however, at his position, and fearing to move any of his forces from the capital, he ordered Loison, who lay at the fortress of Almeida, on the frontiers, to march to Oporto, and put down the revolt; but general Silviera, a Portuguese nobleman, put himself at the head of the armed population, and successfully defended Oporto. At Beja, Leiria, Evora, and other places, the French managed to put down the insurgents, but not without much bloodshed, and severe military executions. The French,

both officers and men, plundered the inhabitants most unmercifullly. Every outrage was perpetrated • the houses were burnt, the women dishonoured, the shrines pillaged. Loison himself, at Evora, acted like the lowest bandit. He robbed the convents with his own hands. He ransacked the bishop's library, with some of his officers, to discover concealed valuables behind the books, tore off the gold and silver clasps, and, on finding but little treasure, wantonly destroyed a whole pile of manuscripts. They took away gold and silver coin out of his cabinet of medals, and the jewels which adorned statues and relics; and Loison even filched the archbishop's ring from his table. Never was there a nation, calling itself civilised, which so universally carried robbery and licentiousness into the countries which they wantonly invaded.

Whilst Loison and his soldiers were thus perpetrating burglary and personal violence on a wholesale system at Evora, general Margaron was butchering the inhabitants of Leiria. There they not only killed all that they could find—men, women, and children—but they tore open the very graves in search of pillage. Scenes of equal abomination were enacted at Guarda, in the north, and at Beja and Villaviçosa, in the south. In fact, wherever they appeared, they appeared as devils of lust, rapine, and destruction, and the peasantry, roused by their conduct to a fury of vengeance, fell on them wherever they could find them, and massacred them without mercy. But the hour of retribution was fast approaching. Spanish, as well as Portuguese, deputies appeared in London soliciting aid. They did not ask for men; for, in the pride of their temporary success, they imagined themselves amply able to drive out the French; but they asked for arms, clothes, and ammunition; and they prayed that an army might be sent to Portugal, which would act as a powerful diversion in their favour.

Both the government and people of England responded to these demands with enthusiasm. War with Spain was declared to be at an end; all the Spanish prisoners were freed from confinement, and were sent home in well-provided vessels. The ministers, and Canning especially, avowed their conviction that the time was come to make an effectual blow at the arrogant power of Buonaparte. Sir Arthur Wellesley was selected to command a force of nine thousand infantry and one regiment of cavalry, which was to sail immediately to the peninsula, and to act as circumstances should determine. This force sailed from Cork on the 12th of July, and was to be followed by another of ten thousand men. Sir Arthur reached Corunna on the 20th of the same month, and immediately put himself in communication with the junta of Galicia. All was confidence amongst the Spaniards. They assured him, as the deputies in London had assured the ministers, that they wanted no assistance from foreign troops; that they had men to any amount, full of bravery; they only wanted arms and money. He furnished them with a considerable sum of money, but his experienced mind foresaw that they needed more than they imagined to contend with the troops of Buonaparte. They wanted efficient officers, and thorough discipline, and he felt confident that they must, in their overweening assurance, suffer severe reverses. He warned the junta that Buonaparte, if he met with obstructions in reaching them by land, would endeavour to cross into the Asturias by sea, and he advised them to fit out the Spanish ships lying at Ferrol, to prevent this; but they replied that they could not divert their attention from their resistance by land, and must leave the protection of their coasts to their British allies.

Sir Arthur then sailed directly for Oporto, where he found the Portuguese right glad to have the assistance of a British force, and most willing to co-operate with it, and to have their raw levies trained by British officers. On the 24th of July he opened his communication with the town. The bishop was heading the insurrection, and three thousand men in drill, but badly armed and equipped. A thousand muskets had been furnished by the English fleet, but many men had no arms but fowling-pieces. General Wellesley made arrangements for horses and mules to drag his cannon, and convey his baggage, and then he sailed as far as the Tagus, to ascertain the number and condition of the French forces about Lisbon. Satisfied on this head, he returned, and landed his troops, on the 1st of August, at Figueiras, in Mondego Bay. This little place had been taken by the Portuguese insurgents, and was now held by three hundred mariners from English ships. Higher up the river lay five thousand Portuguese regulars, at Coimbra. On the 5th he was joined by general Spencer, from Cadiz, with four thousand men; thus raising his force to thirteen thousand foot and about five hundred cavalry. The greatest rejoicing was at the moment taking place amongst the Portuguese from the news of general Dupont's surrender to Castaños.

Junot had from sixteen to eighteen thousand men in Portugal, but a considerable number of them were scattered into different garrisons; his hope of reinforcements from Spain were likewise cut off by the surrender of Dupont, and by the fact of the Spaniards being in possession of Andalusia, Estremadura, and Galicia. Thus the numbers of the two armies which could be brought into the field against each other were pretty equal, except that Junot had a fine body of cavalry, of which arm the English were nearly destitute. On the 9th of August general Wellesley commenced his march southward, in the direction of Lisbon, to encounter Junot. At Leiria he found the Portuguese general, Friere, with his five thousand men. This general, who seems to have had all the awkward, unmanageable pride of a Spaniard, rather than the disposition of a Portuguese, had appropriated the stores expressly provided for the English troops by arrangement with the bishop and junta of Oporto. Not contented with this, he now expected that general Wellesley should regularly supply his army from his own commissariat—a strange proposition to a general come to fight the battles of the country, that, instead of being supplied with provisions, at least, by that country, he should maintain his own forces and supply those that he came to aid too. Sir Arthur Wellesley very properly refused. He was willing to purchase with hard cash all that he wanted for his own army, but he would not consent to support the Portuguese army to fight their own battle. At this general Friere was greatly offended, and refused any further to co-operate with the English; but we shall see that he was in a great hurry to come in for a part of the credit when the business was done without him. And all this, after general Wellesley had supplied Friere with five thousand muskets for his men

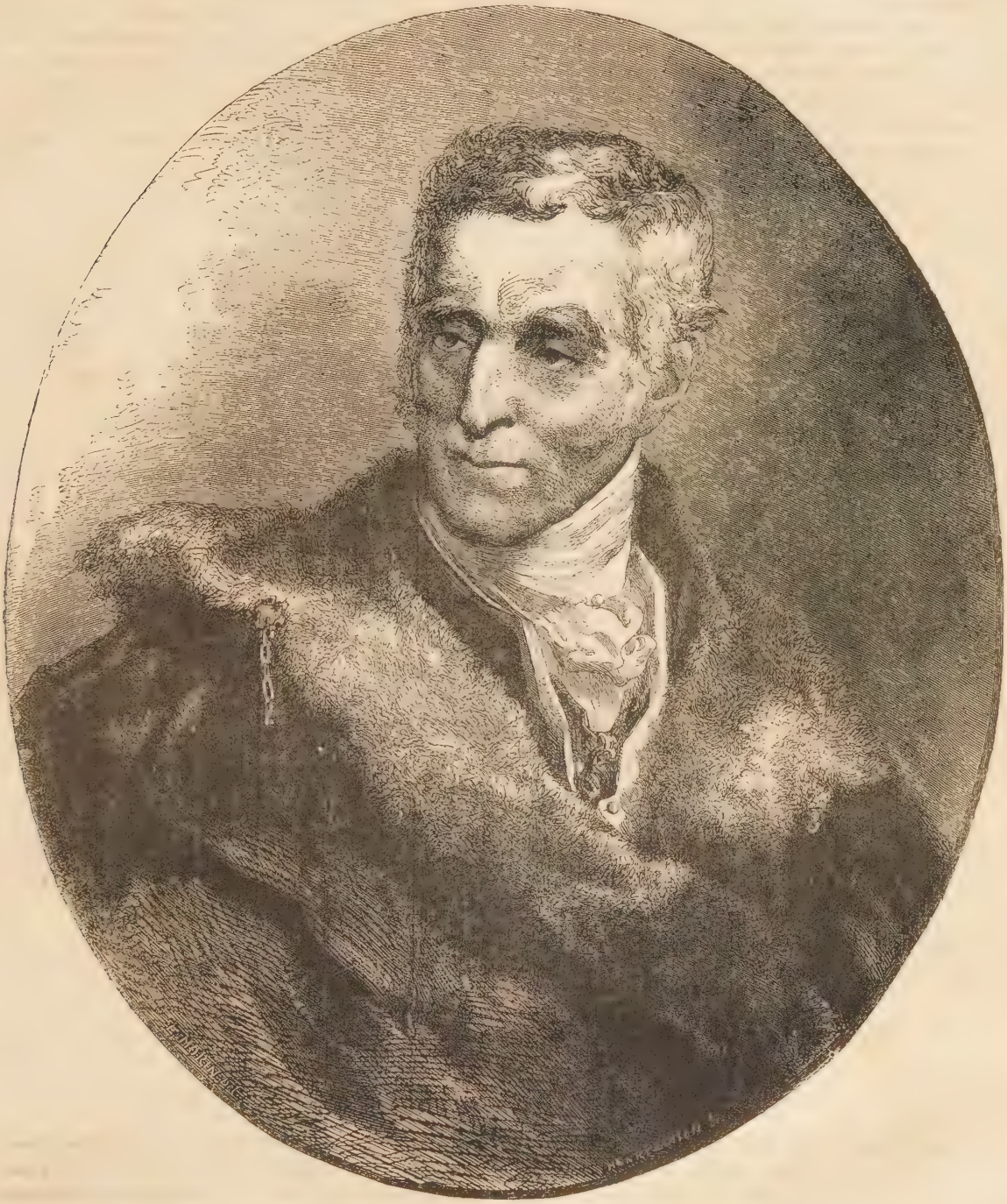
—that is, had completely armed his corps—and also with ammunition and flints. In the end, one thousand six hundred of Friere's men were allowed to march along with the English army.

On the 16th Wellesley came in contact with the van of Junot's army. On the landing of the English, Junot had called in his different garrisons, and concentrated his troops about Lisbon. He also dispatched general Delaborde to check Wellesley's march, and ordered Loison, now returned from his butchering expedition into Alentejo, to support him.

DANGAN CASTLE, COUNTY MEATH, IRELAND. SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

But, before Loison could reach Delaborde, Wellesley was upon him, and drove in his outpost at the village of Obidos, and forced him back on Roliça. At that place Delaborde had a very strong position, and there he determined to stand. He was located on a range of rocky hills, the ravines between which were thickly grown with underwood and briars. Up these the British must force their way, if they attacked, and must suffer severely from the riflemen placed in the thickets and on the brows of the hills. But Wellesley knew that Loison with his detachment was hourly expected, and he determined to beat Delaborde before he came up. He therefore placed his Portuguese division on his right to meet Delaborde, and ordered his left to ascend the steep hills, and be prepared for the appearance of Loison's force, which was coming in that direction. His middle column had to make its way up the steepest heights, in front of Delaborde's centre. All three columns executed their movements, however, with equal valour and spirit. The centre suffered most of all, both from the nature of the ground, and from a rifle ambuscade, placed in a copse of myrtle and arbutus, which mowed our soldiers down in heaps, with their gallant colonel, the son of lord Lake, of Indian fame, at their head. Notwithstanding all difficulties, our soldiers scaled the heights, formed there, and the centre charged Delaborde's centre with the bayonet, and drove them back. As the French had been taught that the English soldiers were of no account, and their general only a sepoy general, they returned several times to the attack, but on every occasion found themselves repulsed as by an immovable wall. Then, seeing the right and left wings bear-

ing down upon them, they gave way, and ran for it. They were equally astonished at the terrible charges with the bayonet, at the rapidity and precision of the firing, and the village of Azambugueira, and thence to Torres Vedras, where he looked for the junction of Loison, and where that general really appeared. Still the English force was equal,



SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY (AFTERWARDS DUKE OF WELLINGTON).

general arrangement of the battle, and the exactitude with which it was carried out.

The French left six hundred killed and wounded on the field; the English had four hundred and eighty killed or disabled. Delaborde retreated amongst the hills to the if not superior, in numbers to the French, and Sir Arthur Wellesley advanced along the sea-coast to Vimeiro, where he was joined by generals Anstruther and Acland. Unfortunately, at this moment, arrived Sir Harry Burrard, whom the ministry had ordered to supersede Sir Arthur Wellesley

in the chief command till the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was to be the general-in-chief; Burrard, second in command; and Wellesley, Sir John Moore, lord Paget, Sir John Hope, and Macdonald Frazer, to command different divisions. Thus, by the old system of routine, the real military genius was reduced from the first to the fourth in command. Whatever were the rest of the generals—and Sir John Moore was the next best—the only one who had yet shown talent equal to the emergency, was Wellesley. In India, and at Copenhagen, his ability, his calm, comprehensive mind, his quick perception of the situation, his sound and accurate judgment, had uniformly pointed him out as a man capable of directing the most arduous possible campaigns. One who had watched his career in India—a man of competent judgment—wrote home, on Sir Arthur's quitting Hindostan:—"You seem to be at a loss for generals in England. There is one now returning from India, who, if you can overcome the objection of precedence and length of service, and place him at once at the head of the British army, is capable of saving England, at least, if not Europe, from the dangers which seem thickening around you." Chatham, who picked Wolfe and Clive out of the mass of self-confident mediocrity, would have at once put his finger on Wellesley; but the present tory ministry, though they had Canning amongst them, were not capable of this discernment, or of the vigour necessary to break the spell of routine; and thus within twenty-four hours, and at a moment so imminently critical, the English army had three commanders-in-chief!

Sir Arthur went on board Sir Harry Burrard's vessel on the evening of his arrival, the 26th of August, and explained to him the positions of the armies, and his plan of advancing along the coast to Mafra, thus turning the flank of Delaborde and Loison, and compelling them to fight or retreat on Lisbon. This was clearly the view of every one of the officers, who were eager to press on; but Sir Harry, old and cautious, was of opinion that nothing more should be risked till Sir John Moore arrived with his reinforcements. Sir Arthur must have returned under a sense of deep disappointment, but, fortunately for him, the enemy did not allow of his waiting for Sir John Moore. At midnight he received a hasty message that the French were in motion, and coming in one dense mass of twenty thousand men to surprise and route him. Sir Arthur was strongly posted in the village of Vimeiro and on the hills around it. He sent out patroles, and ordered the piquets to be on the alert, and he then called out his troops, and had them in good fighting order by the dawn of day. At about seven o'clock the advance of the enemy was perceived by the clouds of dust that rose into the air, and soon they were seen coming on in columns of infantry, preceded by cavalry. By ten o'clock the French were close at hand, and made an impetuous attack on the English centre and left, to drive them into the sea, according to a favourite French phrase, the sea actually rolling close to their rear. The first troops which came into collision with them were the 50th regiment, commanded by colonel Walker. Seeing that the intention of the French, who were led by Delaborde himself, was to break his line by their old method of pushing on a dense column by a momentum from behind, which drove in the van, like a wedge, spite of itself, colonel Walker instantly changed the position of his regiment so as, instead of a parallel line, to present an oblique one to the assailing column. This was, therefore, driven on by the immense rear, and, instead of breaking the English line, was actually taken in flank by it, and the musketry and grape-shot mowed down the French in a terrible manner. This was immediately succeeded by a rapid charge with the bayonet; and so astonishing was the effect of this unexpected movement, that they were thrown into irretrievable confusion, and broke on every side. Whilst this was the effect on the centre and left, general Sir Ronald Fergusson was attacked with equal impetuosity by Loison: bayonets were crossed, and the same result as took place at Maida occurred—the French fell back and fled.

Nothing was wanted but a good body of cavalry to follow up the flying foe, and completely reduce them to surrender. The small body of horse, commanded by colonel Taylor, fought with an ardour that led them too far into the centre of Margaron's powerful cavalry, and colonel Taylor was killed, and half of his little troop with him. Kellermann, to cut off the pursuit, posted a strong reserve in a pine wood, on the line of retreat, but they were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Had the orders of general Wellesley now been carried out, the French would have been cut off from much further retreat. General Hill was commanded to take a short cut, and interpose betwixt the French and the strong position of Torres Vedras, and general Fergusson was directed to follow sharply in their rear. In all probability they must have capitulated at once; but, here, the evil genius of Sir Harry Burrard again interfered to save them. He appeared on the field, and thought sufficient had been done till Sir John Moore arrived. It was not enough for him that the French had now been twice put to the route within a few days, and were in full flight, and that they were found not to be twenty thousand, but only eighteen thousand strong. He ordered the pursuit to cease, and the army to sit down at Vimeiro till the arrival of Moore. To the great astonishment of the French, and the equal mortification of the English, the retreating enemy was thus allowed to collect their forces, and take possession of the heights of Torres Vedras.

The next day, the 21st, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived from Gibraltar, and superseded Sir Harry Burrard. But the mischief was done; the enemy had gained the strong position from which Wellesley would have cut them off. What would have been the effect of Sir Arthur's unobstructed orders was clearly seen by what did take place; for, notwithstanding the possession of the strong post of Torres Vedras, Junot saw that he could not maintain the conflict against the English, and, on the 22nd, he sent general Kellermann with a flag of truce to propose an armistice, preparatory to a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French.

The terms which Junot required were that the French should not be considered as prisoners of war, but should be conveyed to France by sea, with all their baggage; that nothing should be detained. These would, in fact, have allowed them to carry off all the plunder of churches and houses, and to this Sir Arthur decidedly objected. He

declared that some means must be found to make the French disgorge the church plate. But the convention was signed, subject to the consent of the British admiral, Sir Charles Cotton, and that especially because Junot had stipulated that the Russian fleet in the Tagus, commanded by admiral Siniavin, should not be molested or stopped when it wished to go away. Admiral Cotton objected to these terms, and it was concluded that the Russian fleet should be made over to England till six months after the conclusion of a general peace; and commissioners were appointed to examine the French spoil, by which the property of the museum and royal library, and some of the church plate were detained; but the French were allowed to carry off far too much of their booty. The definitive treaty was signed on the 30th of August, much to the disgust of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, however, signed it as a matter of form. He then wrote home to Lord Castlereagh, to say that he desired to quit the army; that matters were not prospering, and that he had been too successful to allow him to serve in it in any subordinate situation. Indeed, he saw that, left to himself, he could carry victory with the English standard, but that it was impossible to do any good under men who could neither do that themselves, nor would allow him to do it, who could.

The convention, though signed at Torres Vedras, acquired the name of the convention of Cintra, from the dispatch of Sir Hew Dalrymple, inclosing a copy of the treaty, being dated from Cintra, which is thirteen miles from Torres Vedras. The very name of the convention of Cintra has become an opprobrium, from the universal indignation at the terms granted to Junot there. General Friere, who took care to do nothing towards the defeat of Junot, no sooner saw that he had capitulated than he appeared on the scene, and complained grievously that he had not been consulted, as it was an affair of Portugal though the battle had been won by England. Both he and the bishop of Oporto made a great clamour against it through the press, both in Portugal and in England. The indignation of all parties in England was unbounded. They were persuaded that Junot might have been compelled to surrender with all his army as prisoners of war; that his arms and booty ought to have been given up entirely, as well as the Russian fleet, as prize; and the army prevented taking any part in the after war, except upon a proper exchange. And no doubt this might have been the case had Wellesley been permitted to follow his own judgment. A court of inquiry was appointed to sit in the great hall of Chelsea college, which opened on the 14th of November and closed on the 27th of December. Yet matters were so managed that scarcely any blame was cast on Sir Harry Burrard, and all the generals were declared free from blame. Sir Harry was, indeed, included in the praise bestowed by the committee—viz., that Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry himself, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, as well as the rest of the officers and men, had displayed an ardour and gallantry on every occasion during the expedition that reflected the highest lustre on his majesty's troops.

But the public was not at all mystified by this strange sentence. It continued to think and feel that Sir Harry Burrard had done the real mischief on the occasion by his excess of caution; that Wellesley had done the real service, and would have done far more but for him, yet was not distinguished and thanked as he ought to have been; and that Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was a brave officer, was in a great degree excusable because he was fresh on the scene, and had entreated Friere and the bishop of Oporto to state their opinions clearly and in writing before the conclusion of the convention, and they would not. Yet Sir Harry Burrard was permitted to resume his command of the London district, which he held before he went to Portugal; but Sir Hew Dalrymple was not permitted to return to his command at Gibraltar, and for many years was frowned on at court.

The convention being ratified, the British took possession of all the forts on the Tagus on the 2nd of September, and the port of Lisbon was opened to our shipping. On the 8th and 9th the British army entered Lisbon in triumph, amid the acclamations of the people. Transports were collected and the embarkation of the French army commenced, and before the end of the month they were all shipped off, except the last division, which was detained by an order from England. The colours of the house of Braganza were hoisted on all the forts which we had taken possession of, and a council of government was established, which ruled in the name of the prince regent of Portugal.

The system of Buonaparte, by which he endeavoured to prevent the knowledge of these adverse events in Spain and Portugal spreading through France, was one of unscrupulous lying. He took all sorts of false means to depress the spirits of the insurgents by mere inventions, which he had inserted in the Spanish and Portuguese gazettes under his influence. At one time it was that George III. was dead, and that George IV. was intending to make peace with Napoleon. But whatever effect he might produce by such stories for a time in the peninsula, the truth continued to grow and spread over France. It became known that Junot and his army were driven from Lisbon; that Dupont was defeated and had surrendered in the south of Spain; then that king Joseph had fled from Madrid; and that all the coasts of the peninsula were in possession of the British, who were received by the Spaniards and Portuguese as friends and allies. Compelled to speak out at length, on the 4th of September a statement appeared in the *Moniteur* mentioning some of these events, but mentioning only to distort them. It could not be concealed that England was active in these countries, but it was declared that the emperor would take ample vengeance on them. In order to silence the murmurs at the folly as well as the injustice of seizing on Spain, which was already producing its retributive fruits, he procured from his automaton senate a declaration that the war with Spain was politic, just, and necessary. Buonaparte then determined to put forth all his strength and drive the English from the peninsula; but there were causes of anxiety pressing on him in the north. Austria and Russia wore an ominous aspect, and a spirit of resistance showed itself more and more in the press of Germany, and these things painfully divided his attention. After noticing this circumstance, we pursue the narrative of the peninsular campaign.

Ministers had not yet perceived the supreme military ability of Sir Arthur Wellesley, notwithstanding his services in India, at Copenhagen, and his brilliant victories of Roliça and Vimeiro. Instead of making him at once com-

mander-in-chief of the forces destined to co-operate in Spain—for they now resolved to make a decided movement in favour of the Spanish patriots—they gave that post to Sir John Moore. Sir Arthur had assured ministers that he was far better qualified for the chief command than any of the superior officers then in the peninsula. But, as we have often had to observe, a Chatham would, without a moment's hesitation, have given that command to Sir Arthur himself. He had now displayed the qualities necessary for a great general: prudence as well as daring, and the sagacious vision which foresees not only difficulties, but the means of surmounting them. Sir Arthur had carried victory with him everywhere, a circumstance one would have thought sufficient to satisfy the dullest diplomatist that he was the man for the occasion. But there was one thing which demanded attention, without which the successful operation of our armies was impossible—the thorough reform of the commissariat department. That department was at this time in a condition of the most deplorable inefficiency. The commissariat officers had no experience; there was no system to guide and stimulate them. Sir Arthur had learned the necessity, in India, of the most complete machinery of supply; that it was of no use attempting to advance into a hostile country without knowing how and whence your troops were to be provisioned, and to have always ammunition in plenty, and tents for shelter. This machinery all wanted organising—the absolute necessity of its perfect action impressing itself on every individual concerned in it. Until this was done, Sir Arthur would never have advanced into the heart of Spain as Sir John Moore did. Considering the state of the roads, and the want of mules, horses, and wagons to convey the baggage, he would not have proceeded till he had first brought these into existence. Still more, Sir Arthur would not have marched far without securing, by one means or other, correct information of the real state and localities of the Spanish armies. On all these things depended success, and no man was more alive to the knowledge of this than Sir Arthur Wellesley. He had already pressed these matters earnestly on the attention of government, and had they had the penetration to have at once selected him to the command, they would have spared the country the disasters which followed.

On the 6th of October Sir John Moore received instructions, from lord Castlereagh, that his army was to advance into Spain, and co-operate with the Spanish armies for the expulsion of the French. He was informed that his twenty thousand men would receive a reinforcement of ten thousand under Sir David Baird, who was on his voyage to Corunna. When Sir John prepared to march, the most serious difficulties presented themselves. Even at Lisbon it was found impossible to procure conveyance for the necessary baggage, and therefore the supplies of provisions and stores were cut down extremely—a grand mistake. There was one species of baggage—women and children—who, according to the wretched practice of the time, were allowed to accompany the troops, and would not be left behind, though the army was going into immediate active service against the enemy. Sir John directed the commanding officers to order that as many as possible of these should stay behind, especially such women as had very young children, or infants at the breast, as there would not be found carts sufficient for them; and in the mountainous tracks, at that season, and the horrible roads, they must suffer the most exhausting fatigues and hardships. But Sir John had not the commanding firmness of Wellesley, and his orders in this respect were, for the most part, neglected. Very proper orders were also issued by Sir John regarding the behaviour of the soldiers towards the natives. They were informed that the Spaniards were a grave and very proud people, very readily offended by any disrespect towards their religion or customs; and the soldiers were desired to behave courteously, and to wear the cockade of Ferdinand VII. as well as their own.

The army set out in successive divisions, and by different routes, in consequence of the exhausted state of the country, which had been stripped by the French, as by an army of locusts. They found the roads intolerable, if they could be called roads at all; and the weather was excessively rainy. Wading through mud, and dragging their artillery through bogs and deep sloughs, they struggled on to Castello Branco, which the first division reached on the 4th of November. By the 11th Sir John had crossed the Portuguese frontier, and entered Ciudad Rodrigo. There he was received with great demonstrations of joy; and on the 13th of November he arrived at Salamanca. Here he had to remain for the coming-up of his artillery, which, under a guard of three thousand foot and one thousand horse, had been conducted, by Sir John Hope, round by Elvas, as the only road, according to the Portuguese, by which heavy cannon could be conveyed. This was a proof of the great need of those arrangements so strongly urged by Sir Arthur Wellesley. Proper inquiries, through proper officers, would have ascertained beforehand the actual state of the roads and passes. Here Sir John, too, had to wait for the juncture of Sir David Baird's detachment, which had arrived at Corunna on the 13th of October, but had found the greatest difficulty in being allowed to land and proceed. This was refused by the junta of Galicia, out of that ignorant and inflated pride of the Spaniards, which persuaded them that, because they had compelled Dupont to surrender, they could drive the French out of their country without any assistance of the English, whom they regarded not as saviours, but as intruders. Whilst application was made to the central junta, at Madrid, for the troops to land, they had to remain for a fortnight cooped up in the transports. There was still another hindrance, which the sound sense and foresight of Wellesley would not have permitted. Though the English government had forwarded to Spain two hundred thousand muskets, with all requisite ammunition, and sixteen millions of hard dollars, Sir John Moore was intrusted with only twenty-five thousand pounds of it, and Sir David Baird with none at all. When, therefore, permission was obtained, from Madrid, for the allies, who were bringing them all the arms and all the material of war, to land, Baird had no money to pay his way on the march with ten thousand men, and Sir John Moore had to remit him eight thousand pounds. This was sufficiently bad management, but this was far from the worst. Sir John Moore, under the most critical circumstances, was left without the necessary information regarding the real strength of the enemy, and without the influence which a British ambassador should

have exerted to have the army supplied with the necessary means of conveyance for its baggage, ammunition, and artillery. The Spaniards, puffed up with a notion that they could drive out the French themselves, gave obstruction rather than furtherance to the British army. They did not know themselves that the French were pouring reinforcements through the Pyrenees to the amount of seventy thousand men, soon to be followed by Buonaparte himself. The British ambassador, at such a time, ought to have taken measures for knowing the truth; but this ambassador was, just at this moment, the most unfit person that could possibly have been pitched upon. Sir Charles Stewart, who had been for some time ambassador at Madrid, was well acquainted with the Spaniards, and had energy and intelligence enough to have operated upon them. But as, with new changes of ministry, everything must be changed by the English government, even if it be for the worse, so here, not only had the generals been changed three times in four-and-twenty hours, but the active and well-informed minister was withdrawn, and a most indolent and useless man sent in his place. This was Mr. John Hookham Frere, great in the "Quarterly Review," and connected with Canning and his party. He was the author of a burlesque poem, under the assumed disguise of W. and R. Whistlecraft; and he might have cut a very respectable figure in the tory literary coteries in London, but at Madrid he was worse than useless—he was a very serious evil. He either sent Sir John no information as to the state and position of the Spanish armies, or of the advance and numbers of the French, or he sent him erroneous intelligence. Lord William Bentinck, who was in Spain, exerted himself to rouse the Spanish junta to a proper sense of their real position, and of the necessity for affording the British army, which had come to assist them, all the information and support that they could; and he himself sent him word that the French were crossing not merely the Pyrenees, but the Ebro. At length, a dispatch to marshal Jourdan, being accidentally intercepted by a guerilla party on the frontiers, startled the junta with the news that immense bodies of French were advancing into Spain; and they began to appreciate the value of their British allies, but would do nothing to facilitate their march, or to direct them to the quarter where they would be most useful; and Frere, who should have stimulated them to a sense of their duty, sate down doing just nothing at all.

Sir John Moore entered Spain under the impression that several brave and victorious Spanish armies were to co-operate with him; but he looked in vain for any such armies. Nay, on the very day of his arrival at Salamanca, he heard of the defeat of the conde de Belvedere, near Burgos; and only two days afterwards that general had also been defeated at Espinosa, on the frontiers of the province of Biscay. He demanded from the junta to know with whom he was to co-operate for the conduct of the campaign, and he was referred to Castaños. But Castaños had already lost the confidence of the proud and ignorant junta, and had little information to give. On the 15th of November general Pignatelli, the governor of the province, announced to him that the French had taken possession of Valladolid, only twenty leagues from Salamanca; from the dormant Mr. Frere, he heard nothing. This was startling intelligence; for he had only a small portion of his army yet with him. Sir David Baird was still struggling with the obstructive junta at Corunna, and Sir John Hope was wandering near Madrid with the artillery. Moore began to have a very gloomy idea of the situation, not only of Spain, but of his situation in it. He wrote that there was no unity of action; no care of the juntas to promote it, or to furnish arms and clothing to the soldiers; that he was in no correspondence with the generals of the other armies, and knew neither their plans nor those of the government. He declared that the provinces around him were not armed; and, as for the national enthusiasm of which so much had been said, that he saw not a trace of it. That, in short, the English had no business there; but he would still try to do something, if possible, for the country, being there.

Meantime, Buonaparte was preparing to descend like an avalanche on this absurdly inflated nation. To set himself at ease with the north, whilst thus engaged in the peninsula, he deemed it first necessary, however, to have an interview with the emperor of Russia in Germany. The spirit of the Germans was again rising; and, notwithstanding the spies and troops of Buonaparte, his paid literati—like Johannes Müller—and his paid princes—like those of the Rhenish confederation, Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg—the Germans were beginning to blush at their humiliation, and to lament the causes of it, their effeminacy, and their division into so many states, with all the consequent prejudices and intestine feuds.

Prussia, which had suffered so severely for its selfish policy, and had been so cut down in territory and insulted in its honour by Napoleon, began to cherish the hope of yet redeeming itself, by a more manly spirit and a more cordial co-operation with the rest of Germany. In this work of regeneration—which is sure to take place sooner or later, when nations have been well beaten and humiliated, and which then, in their renewed manhood, require no foreign aid for the accomplishment of their freedom—all classes laboured. The king, under the inspiration of his patriotic minister, Von Stein, began most essential reforms. He abolished the feudal servitude and forced labour under which the peasantry groaned; he made a thorough moral re-organisation of the army, admitting of promotion from the ranks; he allowed any man that had the money to purchase baronial estates; and he deprived the higher nobility of the exclusive right of possessing landed property, and of appointment to the higher civil and military posts.

Von Stein, too, commenced the work of inspiring the mass of the people with a new soul of patriotism. He established a secret society, called the "Tugend Bund," or "Union of Virtue," which was to unite nobles, statesmen, officers, and literati in one common confederation for the rescue of the country. Amongst those who entered the most enthusiastically, were colonel Schill, who had headed with such effect his troop of volunteer cavalry, Jahn, a professor at Berlin, and Moritz Arndt, a professor of Bonn, the author of the famous national song, "*Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?*" in which he maintained that it was not Prussia, nor Austria, nor any other particular state, but

all Germany, so far as the language extended. This song was seized upon with a universal passion by the theatricals and all the youth of Germany, and is still continually sung by them in chorus, with an enthusiasm that never wanes. Arndt sang other songs of so patriotic a character, and handled Buonaparte so roughly in his "*Geist der Zeit*," or "Spirit of the Times," that he was, for some years, obliged to seek refuge in Sweden.

Jahn established in Berlin a school of gymnastics, and recommended the like in every town throughout Germany. Though the ostensible purpose was to strengthen the frames of the young, the real purpose was to invigorate them for the coming fight of freedom, and he made his pupils feel this. As he marched them through the Brandenburg Gate out of Berlin, he would ask a fresh scholar as he passed under it, "What are you thinking of now?" If the boy did not know what to answer, he would give him a box on the ear, saying, at the same time, "You should think of this—how you can bring back the four fine statues of horses that once stood over this gate, and were carried by the French to Paris." Scharnhorst, the commander of the Prussian army, though restricted to the prescribed number of troops, created a new army by continually exchanging trained soldiers for raw recruits, and secretly purchased an immense quantity of arms, so that, on emergency, a large body of men could be speedily assembled. He had also all the brass battery guns converted into field-pieces, and replaced by iron guns.

But Napoleon's spies were everywhere. They discovered the existence of the Tugendbund, and of the secret societies of the students, which they carried on under the old name of the Burschenschafts, or associations of the students. Though Napoleon pretended to ridicule these movements, calling it mere ideology, he took every means to suppress it. The minister, von Stein, in consequence of the contents of an intercepted letter, was outlawed; Scharnhorst and Grüner, the head of the police, were dismissed from their offices; but it was all in vain—the tide of public feeling had now set in the right way.

The same spirit was alive in Austria. Abuses were reformed; a more perfect discipline introduced. John Philip von Stadion, the head of the ministry, encouraged these measures; the views of the archduke Charles were carried out on a far wider basis. A completely new institution, that of the Landwehr, or armed citizens, was set on foot. The Austrian armies were increased greatly. In 1807 the Hungarian diet voted twelve thousand recruits; in 1808, eighty thousand; while eighty thousand organised soldiers, of whom thirty thousand were cavalry, constituted the armed reserve of this warlike nation. Napoleon remonstrated, and received very pacific answers, but the movement went on. Stein, now a refugee in Austria, fanned the flame there, and he and count Munster, first Hanoverian ambassador, and afterwards English ambassador at Petersburg, were in constant correspondence with each other and with the government of England.

Before Buonaparte, therefore, could proceed to Spain, he determined to meet the czar at Erfurt, in Germany, by their open union to overawe that country, and to bind Alexander more firmly to his interest by granting him ampler consent to his designs on Turkey and on Finland. It was on this occasion that Buonaparte brought such trains of actors, actresses, opera singers, and dancers to charm and inveigle his pious ally; and with such effect, that Alexander was excessively smitten by a celebrated actress, mademoiselle B———. It was on this occasion, too, that Buonaparte gave an entertainment to the czar on the field of Jena, and hunted the hare with him over the ground on which he had beaten Prussia, as an open affront to that nation. The meeting took place on the 27th of September, and terminated on the 17th of October. Both emperors returned in appearance more friendly and united than ever, but both, in secret, distrusting his ally. Buonaparte, who was now intending in earnest to divorce Josephine, and marry a daughter of a royal house, by whom he might have issue, and thus league himself with the old dynasties, made a proposal for one of the Russian archduchesses, which was evaded by Alexander, on the plea of the difference of religion. Such a plea did not deceive the keen sagacity of Buonaparte; he felt it to result from a contempt of his plebeian origin, and still more from a belief in the instability of his now giddy elevation; and he did not forget it. The Russian house has repeated the same refusal to the conqueror's nephew. To impress on Europe, however, the idea of the intimate union of the czar and Buonaparte, they addressed, before leaving Erfurt, a joint letter to the king of England, proposing a general peace. To this letter Canning answered to the ministers of Russia and France, that Sweden—against whom the czar had commenced his war of usurpation—Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, must be included in any negotiations. The French and Russian ministers, on the contrary, proposed a peace on the *uti possidetis* principle, or that of every one retaining what they had got. This, Canning replied, would never be consented to; and, of course, the two emperors knew that very well, but the letter had served Buonaparte's purpose. It enabled him to tell France and the world how much he was disposed to peace, and how obstinate was England; it served to make the world believe in the close intimacy of the czar and himself. He now hurried back to France, and, opening the session of the *corps legislatif*, on the 25th of October, he announced that he was going to Spain to drive the English leopards—for such he always absurdly persisted in calling the lions in the royal arms of this country—out of both Spain and Portugal. On the 27th he set out.

Buonaparte determined to overwhelm both Spanish and English by numbers. He had poured above a hundred thousand men across the Pyrenees, and had supplied their places in France by two enormous conscriptions of eighty thousand men each. He now followed them with the rapidity of lightning. From Bayonne to Vittoria he made the journey on horseback in two days. He was already at Vittoria a week before the British army, under Sir John Moore, had commenced its march from Lisbon. It was his aim to destroy the Spanish armies before the British could come up—and he accomplished it. The Spanish generals had no concert betwixt themselves, yet they had all been advancing northward to attack the French on different parts of the Ebro, or in the country beyond it. It was the first object of Napoleon to annihilate the army of Blake, which occupied

the right of the French army in the provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa. Blake's army, notwithstanding the many millions of dollars sent by the British government to clothe and provide the Spanish troops, was in a most destitute condition—half naked, and very short of ammunition. The money, by the carelessness of Frere, had gone into the pockets of avaricious members of the junta of Madrid; and the greater part of the two hundred thousand muskets were put into hands that did not know how to use them. The greater part, therefore, of the money and the arms, as in Germany,

MARSHAL SOULT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

fell into the hands of the French, to be used against us. The best part of Blake's army was a body of nine or ten thousand men, which had been sent by Buonaparte, under the command of general Romana, into Denmark, on the plea of aiding him and Russia against the machinations of England; but, in reality, to have them out of the way whilst he seized their country. Romana was a brave man and genuine patriot, and he was glad of his absence. These troops had been shut up in the island of Funen, to keep from them the knowledge of what had taken place in Spain; but a catholic priest, of Scotch extraction, of the name of Robertson, succeeded in opening a communication betwixt Romana and the British admiral Keates, who brought off the army successfully, and landed it at Sant Andero, in Biscay, where it had joined Blake.

Whilst Blake lay in Biscay, the conde de Belvedere lay at Burgos, with fifteen thousand men. Belvedere was brave, but young and inexperienced, and he had about him a number of students, full of enthusiasm and false confidence. More to the east lay Castaños, near Tudela. Such were the positions of the three Spanish armies, containing about one hundred thousand men; therefore, equal to the French in number, but possessing very little discipline, and a most destructive amount of blind pride.

Blake was attacked by general Lefebvre, on the last of October, on ground very favourable to the Spaniards, being mountainous, and thus not allowing the French to use much artillery; but, after a short fight of three hours, he was compelled to fall back, and, for nine days, he continued his retreat through the rugged mountains of Biscay, with his

army suffering incredibly from cold, hunger, drenching rains, and fatigue. There was said to be scarcely a shoe or a great-coat in the whole force. Having reached Espinosa de los Monteros, he hoped to rest and recruit his troops, but Lefebvre was upon him, and he was again defeated. He next made for Reynosa, a strong position, where he hoped to re-collect his scattered army; but there he received the news of the defeat of Belvedere, from whom he hoped for support. The French were again upon and surrounding him, and he was compelled to order his army to save themselves by dispersing amongst the mountains of the Asturias, whilst himself and some of his officers escaped to St. Andero, and got on board a British vessel. Great quantities of arms, ammunition, and stores, which had been furnished by England, fell into the hands of the French at Reynosa, St. Andero, and other places.

Buonaparte had arrived at Vittoria on the 8th of November, between the defeat of Blake at Espinosa and his dispersion at Reynosa, and he immediately dispatched Soult to attack Belvedere. This self-confident commander of two-and-twenty—surrounded by as self-confident students from Salamanca and Leon—instead of falling back, and forming a junction with Castaños, stood his ground in an open plain in front of Burgos, and was scattered to the winds. Between three and four thousand of his men were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and all his cannon and baggage captured. Buonaparte had now only to beat Castaños, and there was an end to the whole Spanish force. That general was by far more cautious and prudent than the rest, and he fell back on the approach of marshal Lannes, at the head of thirty thousand men, to Tudela. But Buonaparte had sent numerous bodies of troops to intercept his course in the direction of Madrid, and, unfortunately for Castaños, he was joined by Palafox, who had made so successful a stand against the French at Zaragossa. Castaños was for retreating still, to avoid Lannes in front, and Ney and Victor, who were getting into his rear; but Palafox, and others of his generals, strongly recommended his fighting, and a commissioner sent from the junta in Madrid, in the French fashion, to see that he did his duty, joined in the persuasion, by hinting that to retreat would give suspicion of cowardice and treachery. Against his better judgment, Castaños, therefore, gave battle on the 22nd of November, at Tudela, and was completely routed. There was a terrible slaughter of the Spaniards, who were cut down mercilessly by the French cavalry. Numbers fled to the mountains, and the shattered remains of the army retreated with Castaños to Calatayud. Palafox hastened back to Zaragossa, which was destined to undergo another frightful siege. The road was now left open to Madrid, and the French troops had orders to advance and reduce it; and they did this with a fiendish ferocity, burning the towns and villages as they proceeded, and shooting every Spaniard that they found in arms.

As the French approached Madrid, whither Buonaparte was coming in person, the junta, which had taken no measures to render it defensible while they had time, were now all hurry and confusion. They began to collect provisions; the stones were torn up to form barricades; troops were dispatched to secure the passes of Samosierra and Guadarama, about ten miles from Madrid. Six thousand men were posted at Sepulveda, overlooking the principal pass. All the inhabitants were then called to arms; the houses were loop-holed for musketry; and the whole population toiled night and day at erecting batteries. There were about eight thousand regular troops in the city, under the marquis de Castelar, and there were sixty thousand armed men besides—citizens and peasants, who had flocked in from the country round. A desperate resistance might have been made, as there had been at Zaragossa, but there was treachery in the city. The wealthy inhabitants, merchants and shopkeepers, as well as the aristocracy, were far more anxious to save their property than their country; the cowardly junta having issued orders, lost heart, and fled for Badajoz. On the 2nd of December, the anniversary of his coronation, Buonaparte arrived before Madrid, and summoned it to surrender; and this being unheeded, he prepared to storm it the next morning. Had Palafox been there, there would have been, probably, a brave defence. The marquis de Castelar declared that he would fight to the last, and the people cried, "War to the knife!" The next morning the storming commenced, and the French forced their way as far as the palace of the duke de Medina Celi, the key of the whole city. The place was then summoned afresh, and the governor, Don T. Morla, who had displayed so much patriotism at Cadiz, now proposed a surrender. The fact was, that he had already settled in his mind to go over to the French, as the strongest party, and he gave no encouragement or assistance to the citizens, who still continued from behind their walls and barricades to fire on the French. On the 4th he declared that the city must surrender: the marquis de Castelar marched his troops out, and the French marched in. Many of the peopled fled out after de Castelar, and the rest were disarmed; but Buonaparte, who wanted to keep Madrid uninjured and in good temper for king Joseph, gave strict orders that the city should not be plundered, nor the people treated with rudeness. He fixed his residence at Chamartin, about four miles from Madrid, and issued thence imperial decrees and a proclamation, informing the Spaniards that all further resistance was useless; that he wanted his brother to reign in quiet, but, that if this was not permitted, he would come and reign there himself, and compel submission; for God had given him the power and inclination to surmount all obstacles. He then set out to drive the English and their leopards from the peninsula.

Sir John Moore was left in a most critical situation. All those fine armies, which were to have enfranchised Spain without his assistance, were scattered as so much mist; but this he only knew partly. He knew enough, however, to induce him to determine on a retreat into Portugal, and there to endeavour to make a stand against the French. He wrote to Sir David Baird and Sir John Hope—both of them still at a great distance—to retreat too: Sir David, with his division, to fall back on Corunna, and then sail to Lisbon to meet him; Sir John to await him at Ciudad Rodrigo. Had Sir John carried out this plan, whilst Buonaparte and his troops were engaged with the army of Castaños, and with Madrid, his fate might have been very different. But here again he was the victim of false information. Mr. Frere, who seems to have really known nothing of what was going

on, and to have believed anything, wrote to him from Aranjuez, on the 30th of November, protesting against his retreat, and assuring him that he had nothing to do but to advance to Madrid, and save Spain. He expressed his most unbounded faith in the valour and success of the Spaniards. He talked to Moore of repulsing the French before they collected their reinforcements. And when was this letter written by the British ambassador to the British commander-in-chief? A week after the destruction of Castaños' army at Tudela!—at the very time that Buonaparte himself was within a few leagues of Madrid!—at the time when *all* the French reinforcements had not only arrived, but had concentrated themselves in the very line of Moore's march, and when they had beaten and dispersed every Spanish force! Two days only after this extraordinary letter Buonaparte was at Madrid! In two more days he was in possession of the city, and Frere himself was flying with the junta towards Badajoz. And did this extraordinary British minister make any exertion to undeceive Sir John—to prevent the mischief that his dispatch must have done? On the contrary, even in this fugitive situation, he did his best to precipitate the British army upon the whole French force, some twenty thousand men upon a hundred thousand! On the very day, the 2nd of December, that Buonaparte arrived, the traitor Morla, who had already planned his treason, wrote to Sir John, encouraging him to come on. He also sent after Frere a colonel Charmilly, a reputed French royalist, and enemy of Buonaparte, who overtook the flying minister at Talavera, and requested a letter from him to Sir John, entreating him to make haste to the succour of Madrid. He assured him that the people of Madrid were resolved on a determined resistance, and only wanted the presence of the British army to drive away the French. And what did Frere? Though he knew that, by this time, the French were in possession of the capital, and though he and the junta were in flight, he fully endorsed these statements of the traitor Morla, and gave Charmilly a letter to Sir John Moore to that effect.

If ever there was a man who laboured to destroy the army of his own country, it was Frere on this occasion: in ignorance, undoubtedly, but in ignorance, under the circumstances, almost as guilty as direct treason. By this time Morla had openly avowed his treason, and had received his reward, or the promise of it, from the French. It is supposed, too, that he had enriched himself enormously with the money sent from England, and which Frere had so carelessly handed over to the junta. Morla became a high functionary in the court of king Joseph, and the British commander, undeceived at the last moment, had to retreat in all haste, to save his army from being surrounded. No sooner, however, did he see and hear Morla and Frere's French emissary, than he suspected him, and received him very coldly. But the man returned the next morning with a second letter from Frere, written, apparently, to be given as a last incentive. In this letter Frere urged Sir John still more earnestly to march on Madrid; but that, should he yet think of retreat, he requested that Charmilly should first be heard before a council of war. As this was, in fact, an attempt to take away Sir John's command of his army, he at once ordered the emissary to quit the camp. Yet, on reflecting on the statements of Mr. Frere, Sir John concluded finally that Madrid was still holding out, and thought it his duty to proceed to its rescue. He was joined, on the 6th, by Sir John Hope and the artillery, and he wrote again to Sir David Baird to countermand his retreat, and order him to come up with dispatch. Thus precious time was lost, and it was not till the 9th that he was undeceived.

He had sent colonel Graham to Madrid with a reply to Morla, and to procure intelligence of the real state of affairs. Graham now came back with the alarming and astonishing truth that the French were in Madrid; that it had held out only one day. It is strange that Sir John did not instantly commence his retreat; but he was still misled by false accounts of the strength of the French, and actually resolved to proceed to Madrid. On the 11th he sent forward his cavalry, under general Stewart, the late lord Londonderry, when they found actually the advanced post of the enemy occupying the village of Rueda. It was but about eighty men, infantry and cavalry. They were quickly surrounded by the English dragoons, and the whole killed or taken prisoners. On the 14th, an intercepted letter of Berthier to Soult fell into his hands, by which he learned that various French divisions were moving down upon him, and that Soult was in advance. Moore thought that he might meet and beat Soult before the other divisions arrived, and he therefore, after sending a dispatch to general Baird to warn him of Soult's approach, crossed the Tordesillas, and continued his march as far as Mayorga, where he was joined by Sir David Baird and Sir John Hope, so that his army now amounted to twenty-three thousand five hundred and eighty on the spot. He had other regiments in Portugal and on the road, making up his total to thirty-five thousand. During this march he received the most false and delusive letters, both from the Madrid junta, which had now fled as far as Truxillo, and from Frere, who had fled with them. Both the junta and Frere assured him that it was quite feasible for him yet to drive the French out of Madrid; that Romana was ready to join him with fourteen thousand picked men, and that thirty thousand armed peasants were preparing to support them; that the enemy was never so near ruin as then. Now, Romana had himself assured Sir John that he had only seven thousand men, collected from the fugitives of the battle of Burgos, and who, in fact, were in a deplorable condition for arms, clothing, and provisions. He had news most certain, through the intercepted dispatch, of three or four great French armies betwixt himself and Madrid, at the head of one Buonaparte himself. Frere, far away, and utterly ignorant of the real position of the enemy, severely blamed Sir John for retreating, and for having, as he asserted, rejected the co-operation of Romana with his fourteen thousand picked men. This grossly-false and mischievous conduct of this self-confident and altogether incompetent man must have been no little trial to the British general.

On the 23rd Moore was obliged to halt at Sahagun for the coming of his supplies; and, whilst doing so, he received the intelligence, both from Romana and his own confidential agents, that no fewer than one hundred thousand men were in full march after him, or taking a route so as to cut off his

rear at Benevento, and that Buonaparte himself headed this latter division. There was no further thought of advancing, but of retreat, before the army was completely surrounded. He put the greater part of his force *en route*, the same day, for Astorga, and wrote to Romana to secure the bridge at Mancilla, over the Esla. By the 26th the whole army was beyond that river, but the French were now close behind them. Buonaparte, indeed, hoped to have rushed on by the Guadarrama, and to have cut off his retreat at Tordesillas, but he was twelve hours too late. After crossing the bridge at Mancilla, Sir John ordered Romana to defend it with three thousand, and with the rest of his force to occupy the neighbouring town of Leon. But the French very soon dislodged Romana, both from the bridge, and drove them out of Leon. By this means, Soult was again pressing on the British rear, and, at Benevento, Moore was obliged to destroy a quantity of his stores, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

On the route there had been several skirmishes betwixt the British cavalry and the horse of the French, and on every such occasion the British drove them back in confusion, and with heavy loss—a certain proof of what the result would have been had the English army been in any degree equal in numbers, or had its flanks been protected by those boasted Spanish troops, which now were all scattered to the winds. On the 29th, the rear of the British army being at Astorga, and the main body having reached Benevente, six hundred of the French cavalry, under general Lefebvre-Desnouettes, dashed across the Esla, and attacked the rear protecting the baggage wagons and camp followers. Lord Paget, afterwards marquis of Anglesea, at the head of a strong body of the 10th English and the 3rd German hussars, galloped back, and put them to an instant flight. They killed two or three hundred men before they could get back over the river, and took a quantity of prisoners, with them general Lefebvre himself, who was wounded.

At Astorga, Romana appeared with his ragged and famishing five thousand; but it was only to rush upon the stores of the British and consume them. Sir John Moore had particularly desired the marquis to take his way into the Asturias, where he might have been useful by flanking the advancing French troops; but probably the Spaniard saw no mode of supporting his famishing soldiers so well as by joining the British. The consequence was the utmost confusion. The starving men disputed the stores, the lodgings, and everything with the English, to whom they had never brought the slightest co-operation, and what was worse, they were infected with typhus fever, and spread it amongst the British, besides being disgustingly dirty, and devoured with vermin. As the British pursued their retreat, Romana rode away with his cavalry, and left his infantry to shift for themselves. Some of these followed the English troops, others dispersed, or were taken or killed by the French.

On the last day of December, 1808, Buonaparte was pressing close on the English rear in the vicinity of Astorga, and thus closed the year on the fortunes of the Spaniards and their British allies. The boastful Spanish armies, too proud to think at first that they needed assistance, too unskilful, when they did see the need of it, to co-operate with it, and who had afforded nothing but indifference and false intelligence to their benefactors, were dispersed like so many clouds, and their allies were flying in unsupported necessity from an overwhelming foe.

But the year 1809 opened with one auspicious circumstance. There was no relief from the necessity of continuing the flight; but the proud Corsican, who hoped to annihilate the English and their leopards, was suddenly arrested in his pursuit, and called away to contend with other foes. On the 1st of January he was in Astorga, and from the heights above it could see the straggling rear of the British army. Nothing but the most imperative necessity could prevent him following, and seeking a triumph over the hated English—but that necessity was upon him. Pressing dispatches from France informed him that the north was in ferment, and that Austria was taking the field. The intelligence was too serious to admit of a moment's delay; but he made sure that Soult could now conquer the English, and on the 2nd he turned his face northward, and travelled to Paris with a speed equal to that with which he had reached Spain.

Soult, indeed, had sixty thousand men and ninety-one guns to deal with the flying, and now greatly disorganised army of the English. At first the retreat had been made with much discipline and order, but the miserable weather, the torrents of rain, and heavy falls of snow, the roads rough with rocks, or deep with mud, tried the patience of the men. So long as they were advancing towards the enemy they could bear all this with cheerfulness, but the English are never good-humoured or patient under retreat. Sullen and murmuring, they struggled along in the retreat, suffering not only from the weather, but from want of provisions, and the disgraceful indifference of the people to those who had come to fight their battles. Whenever a halt was made, and an order given to turn and charge the enemy, they instantly cheered up, forgot all their troubles, and were full of life and spirit. But their gloom returned with the retreat; and, not being voluntarily aided by the Spaniards, they broke the ranks, and helped themselves to food and wine wherever they could find them. Such were now the weather and the roads, that many of the sick, and the women and children, who, spite of orders, had been allowed to follow the army, fell on the road and perished. The French pressed more and more fiercely on the rear of the British, and several times Sir John was compelled to stop and repel them. On one of these occasions the French general, Colbert, was killed, and the six or eight squadrons of horse led by him were, for the most part, cut to pieces. At Lugo, on the 5th of January, the honourable Sir E. Paget beat back a very superior force. Again, on the 7th, Sir John Moore halted, and repulsed the advanced line of Soult, killing four or five hundred of the French. The next morning the armies met again in line of battle, but Soult did not attack; and, as soon as it was dark, Sir John quietly pursued his march, leaving his fires burning to deceive the enemy.

On the 13th of January the army came in sight of Corunna and the sea, but great was their consternation not to see the transports in the bay. They were detained by contrary winds at Vigo, and the last hope of safety seemed

cut off. Sir John, however, quartered his troops in Corunna, and determined to defend it manfully till the transports could get up. But great was his chagrin at the proofs of the miserable management of the commissariat department which now stared him in the face. He had seen Romana's detachment nearly destitute of arms and ammunition, and he could well infer that the other Spanish armies, which had been so easily dissipated, had been much in the same condition; yet here were vast stores of arms and ammunition, which had been sent from England, but which no one had taken any trouble to forward. On a hill above the town were four thousand barrels of gunpowder, which had been sent from England, and had been lying there many months, and the town was a great magazine of arms. Sir John replaced the weather-worn muskets of his troops with new ones, supplied them with new, good powder, and, after removing as many barrels of powder into the town as the time would allow, he blew up the rest, producing a concussion that shook the town like an earthquake.

On the following day, the 14th, the transports, to their great relief, hove in sight, and Sir John hastened to get on board the sick, the horses, and the dismounted cavalry, and to prepare for a fight, for Soult was now close upon the town; the hills were crowded with his troops, and they were already skirmishing with his outposts. In these skirmishes colonel Mackenzie was killed in endeavouring to seize some of the French cannon, planted on the same place where the powder had just been blown up. The morning of the 15th passed without any attack from Soult, and Sir John proceeded with his arrangements for embarkation; but about noon the battle began. Soult had erected a powerful battery on some rocks at the extremity of his left, and commanding the village of Elvina, occupied by our troops. Sir David Baird was posted on the British right, opposite to the battery, and at no great distance from the village. The French made a dash at the village, under cover of the battery, and drove our men from it. The fight then became general. Soult had twenty thousand men, Sir John about fourteen thousand five hundred; but Soult had far more and heavier cannon, for Sir John had shipped all his artillery except twelve light guns. It was soon seen that the French cannon did vastly more execution than ours; and, as the whole line was engaged, Sir John sent Sir E. Paget, with the whole of his reserve, to turn the left of a column that was outflanking Baird on the right, and to silence the battery, if possible. Another division, under general Frazer, was sent to support Paget, and the battle now raged furiously on the right, and about the village of Elvina, which was lost and taken once or twice. In this conflict Sir David Baird had his arm shattered by a cannon-ball, and was taken off the field. Major Stanhope was killed, and major, afterwards general Sir Charles Napier, who acquired so much fame in India, was wounded. But Paget drew back on the British right, and Sir John, seeing the 42nd Highlanders engaged, rode up to them and shouted, "Highlanders! remember Egypt!" and they rushed forward, driving all before them, till they were stopped by a stone wall. The battle, however, still raging, and the French bringing up reserves, the furious contest was renewed around the village of Elvina. Sir John then dispatched captain, since lord Hardinge, to bring up the guards to support the 42nd Highlanders. Whilst awaiting their arrival, a cannon-ball, which had struck the ground, glanced forward again, and struck Sir John on the right shoulder and breast. He was dashed from his horse, and was supposed to be killed; but the force of the ball having been partly spent, before captain Hardinge could reach him he had raised himself, and was gazing earnestly after the 42nd and the other troops engaged. When he had seen his soldiers driving the French before them, he consented to be borne to the rear. He was carried away, by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, in a blanket, his wound bleeding very much, and himself satisfied that his hurt was mortal. As he went, however, he repeatedly made the soldiers halt, that he might have another view of the battle. By night the French were beaten back in every direction; but the English general was dead, having lived only to receive the tidings of victory. During the night the troops were, in a great measure, got on board, and, at midnight, Sir John's remains were committed to the ground—as he had always wished them to be, should he be killed in battle—on the ramparts in the old citadel of Corunna. No coffin was to be procured, for coffins were not a Spanish fashion; but he was buried dressed as he was, and wrapt in his military cloak, literally as described in Wolfe's popular poem on his death. The chaplain read the burial service, and there his officers "left him alone in his glory," to make their own embarkment.

In the morning, the French, finding that the British had quitted their lines, advanced to the heights of Santa Lucia, and, dragging up some cannon, fired at the transports, several of which cut their cables to get out of the way; and, in the confusion, four ran aground, and were burnt there, the troops being first removed in the ships' boats. Before the following morning general Beresford, who had held the citadel, followed the rest of the troops, and all cleared out of the harbour. Marshal Soult then entered and took possession of Corunna, and, much to his honour, behaved with great humanity to the few mortally wounded and sick that were left behind. He also ordered a monument to be erected on the grave of the fallen English commander, which, however, never was done, till it was done by general Romana and some Englishmen. The loss to the English in the battle of Corunna was from eight hundred to one thousand; to the French, from two thousand to three thousand.

The news of our expulsion from Spain and Portugal by the French produced a profound disappointment at home. So much had been said of the bravery and enthusiasm of the Spanish armies, so greatly had the idea of the resistant spirit of the Spaniards been raised by the accounts of the siege of Zaragossa, that the complete sweeping away of the Spanish armies, and the rapid retreat and embarkation of our own, excited equal amazement and chagrin. We shall not enter into the various and long disputes which occupied the journals and reviews of the time, in defence or in condemnation of the conduct of the expedition by Sir John Moore. It is very probable that, had Sir Arthur Wellesley been sent out, the result might have been very different. With his penetration, caution, and experience, we imagine that he would not have been so far misled by the false information of Mr. Frere;

that he would not have advanced so far into the interior without proving how he could rely on the Spanish armies, considering the limited nature of his own, and the vast numerical superiority of the French. When he saw the Spanish troops so quickly dispersed, he would probably have made a more timely retreat to some position where he could have fortified himself against the French. But it is not to be supposed that even Sir Arthur could have made any effectual head against the French without an increase of troops, and vast improvements in his commissariat department. The resources which the English government sent to his duty well as far as he knew it. His misfortune was to have around him nothing but armies of mere chaff, where he naturally expected armies of invincible men; and before him a most indolent, ill-informed, and self-satisfied ambassador continually luring him on to his destruction. When he saw it necessary to retreat, it was only when that retreat was from the proximity, the activity, and the numbers of his enemies—necessarily converted almost into a flight. He must be fleet, or he must be surrounded. When he could have paused in some strong position on the mountains, and made an effectual stand, he found stay impossible, for

THE DEFILES OF CORUNNA.

Spain, through the carelessness and ignorance of its agents, were almost entirely wasted, and, worse, a great part of the arms and ammunition fell into the hands of the enemy; the greater part of the money was embezzled by greedy Spanish officials, into whose power it was too readily put. We shall see how Sir Arthur himself had to contend with all these difficulties—how he, too, had to retreat—how he, too, had to suffer from the apathy and the jealousies of the Spaniards themselves. Sir John Moore, with all his military experience in the West Indies, in Holland, in Egypt, and with all his excellent and amiable qualities, was by no means a Wellesley; but he was a brave, patriotic, conscientious soldier, who did want of provisions. His orders for the conveyance of these along the line of his march, like everything else, had been neglected, and he was compelled to hurry on. Hence the suffering, the confusion, and the death of worn-out men, women, and children, along the mountain roads; hence the continual flinging away down the ravines of his baggage; and, at last, of his military chest, with its contents. The loss of men in this unfortunate expedition amounted to about four thousand; the loss of arms was two hundred thousand muskets and more; the loss of money some millions. But the fault was not that of Sir John Moore: it was the fault of the Spaniards, whose ignorant

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER THE BATTLE OF [illegible]

pride misled them as to their strength; of Mr. Frere, who was clever in books, but most ignorant and mischievous as an ambassador. Sir John acted like a brave man, who would have done great things, had he had any ordinary support, and who, at the last, gave a brilliant proof of his military talent, and of the unrivalled bravery of his army. No other army but an English one could, under the circumstances, have so severely chastised the victorious French, or have made their own exit from the country in so orderly and complete a manner. The experiences of Moore helped to pave the way for the magnificent achievements of Wellington in the same regions.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

The British Government, spite of the issue of Sir John Moore's Campaign, make Alliance with Spain, and determine to prosecute the War there—The Affair of the Duke of York and Mary Anne Clarke—The Duke compelled to resign the Office of Commander-in-Chief—Discovery of corrupt Government Practices in various Departments—Charges against Lord Castlereagh, Spencer Perceval, and others—Sir Francis Burdett moves for Parliamentary Reform—Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed to command in the Spanish Peninsula—Proceeds to Lisbon—Drives Soult out of Oporto—Pursuit of Soult, harassed by the Peasants—He flies into Galicia—Mr. Frere superseded by the Marquis of Wellesley—Sir Arthur advances into Spain—Joined by the Spanish General Cuesta—Ill-disposition of the Spaniards towards their English Allies—The Battle of Talavera—Shameful Conduct of the Spaniards in withholding Provisions—Sir Arthur Wellesley created Lord Wellington—He fixes his Camp at Viseu for the Winter—Austria declares War against France—Stupendous Preparations for War by England—The Walcheren Expedition—Port of Flushing destroyed—Capri taken by Murat—French Atrocities in Calabria—English take Ischia and Procida—Capture of the Ionian Isles by England—Revolution in Turkey—Russia declares War against Turkey—Defeated by the Turks—Capture of Danish and French West India and African Colonies—Last Victory and Death of Lord Collingwood—Destruction of French Ships in the Basque Roads by Lord Cochrane—War in Austria—Buonaparte defeated at Aspern—His Victory at Wagram—Austria makes Peace—Defeat of the Austrians by the Russians in Poland—Driven out of Italy by the French—The Pope carried to France, and his Territories annexed to French Italy—The Black Brunswickers—Rising against the French in the Tyrol—Andrew Hofer shot by order of Buonaparte—Resignation of the Portsmouth Ministry—Duel of Castlereagh and Canning—The Liverpool Ministry—Riots in London—Sir Francis Burdett committed to the Tower—Imprisonment of Gale Jones—Parliament prorogued, and Sir Francis Burdett and Gale Jones liberated—Campaign in Spain and Portugal—Battle of Busaco—Wellington's Retreat on Torres Vedras—Capture of the Isles of Bourbon and France, of Guadaloupe, in the West Indies; of the Dutch Settlements, Amboyna, and the Spice Islands—Failure of French Attempts on Sicily—Divorce of Josephine, and Marriage of Buonaparte with Maria Louisa of Austria—Deposition of Louis Buonaparte, and Annexation of Holland and the Hanse Towns to France—Insanity of George III., and Appointment of the Prince of Wales as Regent.

THE prospects of the European war at this juncture, as observed from England, were gloomy in the extreme. The dispersion of the armies of Spain, the retreat and death of Sir John Moore, leaving the whole of the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula under the feet of Buonaparte, disposed many to believe the power of the conqueror unassailable. The whig opposition made every use of this feeling to damage and, if possible, drive from office their rivals. That the whigs, in power, would have refrained from continental war any more than the tories is not to be believed. They had always, when in office, except, in the case of Fox, for a short interval, been as ready to fight and to vote enormous sums for the purpose; but they had generally conducted their campaigns with much less ability. Now their great organ, the "Edinburgh Review," indulged in the most vehement censures on the cabinet; charged all the adverse circumstances of the Spanish and Portuguese war to its bad management; and intimated that it was the most wicked and idiotic folly to hope to contend with Buonaparte at all. But if ever there was a time when the continuance of the war was excusable, and perhaps necessary, it was now. England had gone fully and freely into the conflict to assist the continental nations. That this should not have been done is clear enough, and we have paid enough, and still must continue to pay enough, for the folly; but now they had pledged themselves to put down the common disturber; they had pledged themselves solemnly to Spain and Portugal, and to have withdrawn at this crisis would have been equally treacherous to our allies and pusillanimous as regarded the enemy. It would have been, in fact, to proclaim to the world that we had been completely beaten out of the field, that we could not do what we had promised to our allies, and that Napoleon must be left the master of Europe, and the dictator to England. Such a confession would have destroyed for ever the *prestige* of England, and justly. Ministers felt this, and never were more resolved to persevere to the end. To show that they did not for a moment despair, they signed a treaty of peace and amity with Spain only five days after the arrival of the news of the retreat and death of Sir John Moore, binding themselves never to acknowledge the authority of Buonaparte over Spain, or of any family but of Ferdinand VII. and his lineal successors. That they were supported in their views by parliament was soon made evident by the rejection, by a majority of two hundred and eight against one hundred and fifty-eight, a motion of lord Henry Petty for censuring the convention of Cintra, and, by a majority of two hundred and twenty against one hundred and twenty-seven, a motion of Mr. Ponsonby for an inquiry into the conduct of the late campaign in Spain. Ministers had, at length, satisfied themselves that they had in Sir Arthur Wellesley a man capable of contending against the haughty tyrant of Europe. The most liberal votes were made for the prosecution of the war. The total of supplies for the year amounted to fifty-three million eight hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds, including a loan of eleven million pounds. For the army twenty-seven million pounds was voted, and for the navy nineteen million pounds. Between twenty and thirty thousand men were drafted from the militia into the regulars, and thus the army was augmented to that amount by soldiers already well trained. The loan was freely taken at a lower interest than any hitherto borrowed—the opposition asserted, because trade was deranged, and capitalists were at a loss how to invest their money; but the ministers contended, on the other hand, that it was solely because the war was popular with the nation. Before, however, entering into its arduous and bloody details, we must narrate some disgraceful affairs at home.

On the 27th of January colonel Wardle, a militia officer, rose in his place in the house of commons, and made some startling charges against the duke of York, as commander-in-chief of the army. Wardle had been a zealous conservative, but had now changed his politics, and was acting with the party of extreme reformers headed by Sir Francis

Burdett, lord Folkstone, and others. He was a Welshman, and had married a Welsh lady of large fortune, and was living in a very fashionable style, and, in fact, fast spending his wife's money. Being what is called a "gay" man himself, he might be supposed to know what was going on in that class of society; and his charge was that the duke of York was keeping a mistress, named Mary Anne Clarke, a married woman, to the great scandal of the nation, and was allowing her to traffic in commissions and promotions in the army, very much in the style of lady Marlborough when her husband was in a similar position. Nor was this all: he asserted that, not in the army alone, but in the church, this public adulteress was conferring promotions, through her influence with the duke, and that she had quite a *levée* of clergy, who were soliciting and bribing her to procure livings, and even bishoprics. These were sufficiently exciting statements, and the colonel demanded a committee of inquiry to enable him to prove his assertions. Sir Francis Burdett seconded the motion; and the proposal was not met—as it should have been by ministers or the duke's friends—by a denial, but, in general, by a eulogium on the duke's excellent discharge of his duties as commander-in-chief. Some few—as Mr. Yorke—treated it as a gross conspiracy, introduced by men inspired by jacobinical principles; but lord Castlereagh and the leading conservatives satisfied themselves with warm praises of the duke's improvement of the condition of the army. That this was the case was asserted by a great authority, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who declared that the duke had found the army one of the worst, and had brought it to be one of the best, in Europe. This was, so far as it went, a substantial set-off against the charge, but it did not meet it; and, in fact, the charge was too notoriously true, so far as the influence of the mistress over the duke went. The charge, however, extended further than this; it went to implicate the duke in the participation of the profits of this abominable traffic. The scandal of the immorality of the connection was little thought of—such relations were too common, not only in high life, but amongst the sons of the moral George and Charlotte. Wilberforce alone appeared disturbed at it, and, for the sake of decency, proposed that the committee should be a select committee, and thus avoid the impure details, which must have a most evil effect on the morals of the public. Canning declared that infamy must attach somewhere; it must attach either to the accused or the accuser. The house determined that, wherever the infamy was to fall, it should have the full airing of a committee of the whole house, which was appointed to commence its inquiries on Wednesday, the 1st of February, the duke intimating, through his friends, that he was, on his part, desirous of the fullest investigation of the matter.

Accordingly, Mrs. Clarke was called before the house at the time appointed, and made her appearance at the bar with equal gracefulness of manner, of wit, and impudence. Her obeisance to the house on her entry was declared to be in the highest style of theatrical grace, and she seemed to take the members at once captive by her fascinations. These did not consist in youth or beauty, for she was no longer young, having lived for years under the so-called protection of one gentleman or other, some of whom she was said to have utterly ruined by her extravagance. It appeared that she was the daughter of a working printer, and the wife of a bricklayer or builder; but she had plenty of smartness of mind, and unabashed assurance of manner. She glanced around amongst the members, amongst whom there were various of her old paramours, and the recognition that her speaking looks gave them at once pointed them out. Her examination continued for days, and the wit and cleverness of her replies, and the cool and good-humoured style of her demeanour—never ruffled, never put out, but giving keen hits in return for any exposures which were made of her conduct—carried not only the members out of their decorum, but made her at once an object of intense curiosity out of doors. Mrs. Clarke was the heroine of the day. The reformers regarded her as one of themselves, because she was helping them to expose the duke, who had been a steady enemy of every innovation in church and state. They were willing to forget that she had been doing her best, so long as the duke continued his connection with her, to abuse the institutions of the country, and to enrich herself by the worst corruptions. Wherever she appeared on her way to and from the house, she was followed and surrounded by crowds, who rushed pell-mell to get a sight of her, as though she had been the most virtuous woman in the country. She was sung all over London in admiring ballads; the boys ceased to cry "heads or tails" at chuck-farthing, but "duke or darling," because a Miss Mary Anne Taylor, on her examination, said she had often heard the duke call Mrs. Clarke "darling." The speaker of the house found it almost impossible to preserve order, such was the laughter and applause of the members at the witty sallies or cutting retorts of the charming adulteress—an epithet at which she only smiled pleasantly when incidentally applied to her by the counsel. The following *jeu d'esprit* of the amiable Mary Anne convulsed the house with laughter. A Mr. Taylor, the duke's shoemaker, of Bond-street, had been employed by him as go-between, and he had taken a fine house for her in Gloucester Place, and furnished it by the duke's orders. When the attorney-general asked her who brought her a particular message, she replied—"A particular friend of the duke's." "Who was he?" asked the attorney-general.—"Mr. Taylor," she replied, "the shoemaker of Bond-street." (At this there was a laugh.) "By whom did you send your address to the duke?"—"By my own pen." "I mean, who carried the letter?"—"The same ambassador." "What ambassador?"—"Why, the ambassador of *Morocco!*" It was in vain, at this reply, that the speaker thundered, "Order! order!" and threatened Mrs. Clarke with the displeasure of the house.

It appeared very clear that the duke had permitted her to traffic in the sale of commissions, and both Mrs. Clarke and Mary Anne Taylor, whose brother was married to Mrs. Clarke's sister, asserted that the duke had received part of the money for some of these bargains. Sums of one thousand pounds, of five hundred pounds, and two hundred pounds had been paid to her for such services. She had not only made her brother, but her foot-boy an officer in the army; and the bargainings with the clergy were particularly scandalous—the particulars of which may be seen in all the

newspapers of the time, and in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" of 1809.

Unfortunately, however, for the continuance of the popularity of Mrs. Clarke, it appeared that she was now actually living in the keeping of this virtuous colonel Wardle, who was thus chastising royal peccadilloes. The whole of the circumstances did not come out whilst the question was before the house of commons, but enough to injure the credit irreparably of colonel Wardle, and make Mrs. Clarke's evidence more than ever suspicious. The full information was brought out by a trial instituted by a Mr. Wright, an upholsterer, in Rathbone Place, for furnishing a new house for her in Westbourne Place. She had now quarrelled with colonel Wardle, and he refused to pay the bill. Wardle, it appeared, had done his best to stop the coming on of the trial, but in vain; Mrs. Clarke appeared against him, and not only deposed that he had gone with her to order the goods, but told her it was in return for her aid in prosecuting the duke of York's case. Wardle was cast on the trial, with costs, having about two thousand pounds to pay, and losing all the popularity that he had gained by the investigation. He had been publicly thanked by public meetings, both in the city and the country, and now came this rueful *exposé*.

Serjeant Best, who conducted the trial for Wardle, said he was sure that, had she made such an exhibition of herself as she had done on that trial before the colonel had brought his charge against the duke of York on her authority, he would never have done it. But it was too late now to save the duke's reputation. The house of commons had concluded its examination in March. It acquitted the duke of any participation in the vile profits on the sale of commissions with his artful mistress, but that she had made such there was no question; and Wilberforce gave great offence to the royal family by declaring that this was not a time, when all the countries on the continent were lying at the feet of Buonaparte, for our commander-in-chief to be a man so easily made the dupe of a woman; that the French emperor stuck at no means of gaining his ends, and he could afford to pay an insinuating woman at an enormous price—at that of making a duchess or a princess of her—who should be able to get into the confidence of such a commander, and draw from him the most important secrets of the state. The duke did not await the decision of the commons, but resigned his office. Lord Althorpe, in moving that, as the duke had resigned, the proceedings should go no further, said that the duke had lost the confidence of the country for ever, and therefore there was no chance of his ever returning to that situation. This was the conclusion to which the house came on the 21st of March, and, soon after, Sir David Dundas was appointed to succeed the duke as commander-in-chief, much to the chagrin of the army, and equally to its detriment. The duke, though, like some of his brothers, very profligate, and, like them—according to a statement made during the debates on his case—capable, as a youth, of learning either Greek or arithmetic, but not the value of money, seems to have discharged his duty to the army extremely well, of which old general Dundas was wholly incapable.

The corruptions connected with the duke of York and his mistress were but a small fragment of the wide and universal system which was existing. The exposures, however, made by this inquiry induced the chancellor of the exchequer to bring in a bill to prevent such abuses. He referred to the sale of commissions which had been brought to light, and which had been carried on by means of improper influence over a man in high office. His bill, therefore, went to make it extremely penal to demand money for the appointment to office, or to issue advertisements to that effect. The bill was passed.

But fresh light continued to break on the all-pervading corruption. The commissioners of naval inquiry presented a fresh report, abounding with proofs of the villanies that had been going on in that department. The military commissioners had a like frightful *exposé* to make of frauds and peculations which had been going on wholesale, especially in the West Indies. The same was the result of a committee appointed to inquire into the appointment of cadets to the East India service. There were abundance of proofs of the sale of such places, and no less a person than lord Castlereagh was implicated. It was found that as president of the board of control—the minister, in fact, for Indian affairs—he had presented a writership to his friend, lord Clancarty, which Clancarty had bartered with a Mr. Reding for a seat in parliament, and which Reding immediately sold for three thousand pounds. Lord Archibald Hamilton immediately moved that lord Castlereagh had been guilty of an abuse of his authority as president of the board of control. Castlereagh replied that, when he presented his friend, lord Clancarty, with the writership, he had no notion that Reding was a regular broker in parliamentary seats, though he did not deny that Reding had told him that he meant to make over the place to a member of parliament who had a nephew whom he wished to send to India, and that this member of parliament would vote accordingly. Lord Castlereagh saw no impropriety in serving a friend; and, probably, he did not, for ministers of that day, as well as now, looked upon getting into office as the legitimate means of serving themselves and friends at the expense of the country. Out of this very doctrine the whole mass of ministerial, parliamentary, and national corruption proceeds. His tory friends, Wilson Croker, lord Binning, and others, talked in the same strain; said there existed nothing but a parliamentary difficulty; that such things were become quite familiar, and, indeed, venial from custom; or, in other words, there is no use in making laws against corruption, because everybody knows that they will be broken, and so nobody ought to be blamed. Whilst such was the language of parliament, what could there be but corruption? The virtuous Wilberforce seemed to hold this easy-going morality, for he voted for lord Castlereagh, and, in spite of the denunciations of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. W. Smith, and others, lord Archibald Hamilton's motion was rejected by two hundred and sixteen against a hundred and sixty-seven—and lord Castlereagh walked away scathless.

There was immediately another charge brought against lord Castlereagh, in company with the honourable Henry Wellesley, the brother of general Wellesley, and late secretary of the treasury, for corrupt practices in the election of members of parliament; but the ministerial majority out-

voted Mr. Madox, the mover. About the same time Mr. Curwen brought in a bill to prevent such practices, and to obtain purity of parliament by extinguishing bribery, and this was suffered to pass when all vitality had been taken out of it. On the 15th of June Sir Francis Burdett also made a motion for extensive parliamentary reform; but the greater part of the members of parliament had already left town, and the motion was rejected by seventy-four against fifteen. On the 21st the session was closed with a speech which took a hopeful view of the war in Spain, and also of that which Austria had again commenced. We may now return to the details of these great contests.

We have stated that the spirit rising again in Germany called Buonaparte suddenly from Spain, even before Soult had pursued Sir John Moore to Corunna. He travelled with such rapidity, that many thought, and amongst these was the shrewd Fouché, that, besides the rising in Austria, he suspected a conspiracy against him in Paris. At Valladolid he met the abbé de Pradt, who had risen high in Buonaparte's favour, and had been made by him archbishop of Malines and member of the legion of honour. To de Pradt, he said he began to suspect that he had made his brother Joseph a grander present in Spain than he was aware of. "I did not know," he said, "what Spain was; it is a finer country than I imagined. But you will see that, by-and-by, the Spaniards will commit some folly which will place their country once more at my disposal. I will then take care to keep it to myself, and divide it into five great viceroyships." Such were the soaring notions of Napoleon at the very moment that the man was ready who was to drive the French from Spain for ever. In England, at last, almost every one had now awaked to the consciousness that Sir Arthur Wellesley was the only man to cope with the French on the peninsula. There were a few individuals, like lord Folkestone, who were blinded enough by party to oppose this general conviction; but before the close of March Sir Arthur was selected by the government for this command. On the 15th of April he sailed from Portsmouth, and on the 22nd he arrived safely at Lisbon. Some regiments of both horse and foot soon followed him, and he assumed the command of the British army in Portugal, which had been some time in the hands of general Sir J. Cradock. The command of the Portuguese troops had been placed in the hands of general Beresford, who had been actively drilling them; and general Wellesley found himself at the head of an effective army of British and Portuguese of twenty-five thousand men.

Soult, on the retreat of Sir John Moore, had taken possession of Ferrol, Bilboa, and the other principal towns in the north of Spain. He had then entered Portugal, and had marched to Oporto, which he took after a resistance of only a couple of days; and Sir J. Cradock had retired to Lisbon. Soult was prevented advancing further by the rising of the Spaniards behind him in Galicia, who retook Vigo and other places, whilst Silviera, the Portuguese general, advancing from Chaves to the bridge of Amarante, interposed betwixt him and Galicia, and formed a junction with the Spaniards.

Wellesley determined to expel Soult from Oporto, and did not hesitate to say that the French general could not long remain in Portugal. Leaving a division in Lisbon to guard the eastern frontiers of Portugal against the forces of Victor, who lay in Spanish Estremadura, Sir Arthur advanced towards Oporto with a celerity that astonished the French. He quitted Lisbon on the 28th of April, reached Coimbra, driving the French before him, and, on the 9th of May, he was advancing from that city on Oporto. By the 11th he was occupying the southern bank of the Douro, opposite to that city. Soult had broken down the bridges and sent away the boats, so that he might be able to retire at leisure into Galicia; but Sir Arthur managed to send across general Murray, with a brigade, a few miles above Oporto, and a brigade of guards also passed at the suburb of Villanova, and he discovered sufficient boats to carry over his main army just above the town. The French commenced a fierce attack on the British forces as they landed; but the first battalion, the Buffs, got possession of a large building called the seminario, and held it till the other troops arrived. Major-general Hill soon brought up the 48th and 66th regiments; general Sherbrooke, who crossed the river below the town with the brigade of guards and the 29th regiment, entered the town amid the acclamations of the people, and charged the French in the rear; and general Murray, about the same time, showed himself on the French left, above the town. Soult fled, leaving behind him his sick and wounded, and many prisoners, besides much artillery and ammunition, and made his way with as much celerity as Sir John Moore had done before him, taking the route of Amarante, intending to pass through Tras-os-Montes into Spain.

This taking of Oporto, in the face of a French force of ten thousand men, coupled with his having to cross the broad Douro, and that with very defective means of transit, was one of the most brilliant affairs in any war; and the most astonishing thing was, that Wellesley lost only twenty-three killed and ninety-eight wounded, whilst Soult's troops suffered severely. Seven hundred sick and wounded were left in Oporto, and Sir Arthur immediately issued a proclamation, calling on the inhabitants to do these no injury, declaring that, by the laws of war, they were under his protection, and that he was determined to defend them. This was very necessary, for the troops of Soult, on taking the city, had committed the most diabolical atrocities. "It was in vain," says Savary, "that Soult strove with all his power to stop the slaughter. The frightful scenes of rape, pillage, and murder, closed not for many hours; and, what with those who fell in battle, those who were drowned, and those sacrificed to revenge, ten thousand Portuguese are said to have died that day." Wellesley consented to no such deeds in retaliation, but wrote to Soult to send over army surgeons to attend to the sick and wounded, as he had not surgeons enough for his own need; and he proposed a mutual exchange of prisoners, so as to diminish as much as possible the suffering on both sides. But, spite of the utmost vigilance and resolution of the English general, such was the fury of the outraged inhabitants, that they fell on the French when they could, and killed them.

Whatever might be the causes which, independent of the war declared by Austria, had hurried Buonaparte with so much precipitation from Spain, there is no doubt that the French nation were becoming greatly discontented with the

wild ambition of Buonaparte, which was draining France every year so enormously of money and of men. Buonaparte had calculated that, if he could have got the royal families of both Spain and Portugal into his hands, he could command all the wealth of their transatlantic colonies, which would enable him to subdue the whole European continent. But in this he was completely disappointed. The Portuguese family escaped; the Spanish one he entrapped—but in both cases the revenues of the colonies remained beyond his reach. The Portuguese court received their colonial revenues in the Brazils; the Spanish nation revolted; and, instead of receiving, Buonaparte was continually called on by king Joseph and the armies in the peninsula to pay large sums for their support. This was a source of deep irritation to Buonaparte, especially as, from the Austrian campaign, he could not himself go and finish, as he believed he could, the war in Spain. But beyond the war, the spirit of discontent was there too fast pervading his army. It appeared, from information that came into Sir Arthur Wellesley's hands, that Junot, and afterwards Soult, were tempted to seize on Portugal as a separate kingdom, to be ruled by them under the suzerainty of Buonaparte; that certain officers encouraged this in Soult, intending, as soon as he had committed himself, to seize him, and march back the army into France. Soult issued an address to this effect to his generals of division, inclosing a proclamation to be put into the general order of the day; but the generals refused, and wrote to inform Napoleon, now engaged in the campaign in Germany, of this conspiracy. A French officer, supposed to be the adjutant-major d'Argenton, had several secret interviews with Sir Arthur on his march to Oporto, in which he informed him of these particulars. The army had been and was suffering so much, that it was ripe for a revolt, and he obtained passports for him from the English admiral to go by sea to France, to concert matters with some general officers there. This conspirator gave Sir Arthur very important information regarding Soult's intended route and views; and his plan of getting to France being cut off by a premature discovery, Sir Arthur sent him to England.

Sir Arthur determined to give Soult as sharp a chase as he had given Sir John Moore. He wrote to general Beresford to hold Villa Real, if possible, whilst he pressed on the heels of Soult. On the 16th of May he came up with Soult's rear, near Salamonde, defeated the rear-guard, killed and wounded a great number of men, and Sir Arthur wrote that, had they had half an hour's more daylight, he should have taken the whole of his rear-guard. He added: "I shall follow him to-morrow. He has lost everything—cannon, ammunition, baggage, military chest—and his retreat is in every respect, even in weather, a *pendant* for the retreat to Corunna." In truth, had Sir John Moore sent a Nemesis to avenge himself, it could not have executed a more complete retribution. All the horrors of Sir John's retreat, and far worse, were repeated. The French had exasperated the population here, as everywhere, by their reckless cruelties and rapacity, and they surrounded the flying army, and killed every man that they could find straggling, or who was left exhausted on the road. On the other hand, the French tracked their retrograde path with equal fury. "Their route," says Sir Arthur, "could be traced by the smoke of the villages that they set on fire." Sir Arthur, in his dispatches, also says that, during their abode in the country, they had murdered people simply because they did not like their seizure of their country; and that he saw men hanging on trees by the road-side, whom they had executed for no other reason. So the scene of Soult's retreat was now one long picture of Pandemonium—the whole way scattered with dead men, horses, and mules, a wasted country, and infuriated peasantry seeking to wreak their vengeance.

Sir Arthur stopped his pursuit at Montealegre, near the frontiers of Spain. He could not overtake Soult, who fled flinging away every impediment, whilst he was compelled to carry his supplies and artillery along with him. Besides, the French, since the defeat of the Spaniards at Tudela, had entered Andalusia in great force, where there was no army to oppose them except the ill-equipped one of the proud and unmanageable general Cuesta; and marshal Victor, who commanded in Estremadura, might readily have made a descent on Lisbon, had Wellesley gone far into Spain. He therefore resolved to return to Oporto, to make necessary inquiries as to the roads into Spain; to improve his commissariat; and then, forming a junction with Cuesta, to advance against marshal Victor. Whilst at Oporto he had the satisfaction to learn that Frere was superseded by his own brother, the marquis of Wellesley, as ambassador for Spain, a circumstance of immense importance to the cause.

Towards the end of May Wellesley commenced his march over the Spanish frontiers; his force being about twenty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry. He fell in with the old Spanish general, Cuesta, at Oropesa, on the 20th of July, who was at the head of thirty thousand men, but miserably equipped, discouraged by repeated defeats, and nearly famished. Sir Arthur was woefully disappointed by this first view of a Spanish army in the field, and here, indeed, all his difficulties began. The general was a regular Spanish hidalgo—proud, ignorant, and pig-headed. He received Wellesley with immense stiffness and ceremony, as if somebody immeasurably his inferior; and, though he knew no English, nor Sir Arthur any Spanish, he would not condescend to speak French with him. His army collected supplies from all the country round; and, though the English were come to fight for them, the Spaniards expected them to provide for themselves, and there was the greatest difficulty in inducing the country people to sell the English anything except for those fabulous prices which, all over the continent, it is thought right to demand of the rich English. Still worse, Sir Arthur found it impossible to get Cuesta to co-operate in anything. He fancied that he knew a great deal more about military affairs than the Sepoy general, as Wellesley was termed, and that he ought to direct in everything, though he had done nothing but get well beaten on every occasion. It required the patience of Job, or of general Wellesley, to endure the wrong-headedness of this stupid old Spaniard. And yet, if we take a glance at the French forces now in Spain, against whom they had to make head, the utmost harmony and co-operation were necessary.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

The French army in Spain numbered more than two hundred thousand men, and of these more than one hundred and thirty thousand lay in the provinces bordering on Portugal, or betwixt it and Madrid. Victor had thirty-five thousand in Estremadura; and close behind him, in La Mancha, Sebastiani had twenty thousand more. Northward, in Old Castile, Leon, and the Asturias, Kellermann and Bonnet had ten thousand. Soult, in Galicia, was joined by Ney and Mortier, making his army again upwards of fifty thousand, with which he contemplated returning into Portugal. General Dessolles had fifteen thousand men at Madrid to protect the intrusive king Joseph; and Suchet and Augereau, in Aragon and Catalonia, commanded fifty thousand. Almost all the strong fortresses in the country were in their hands. The only circumstances favourable to the allies were that the French generals were at variance amongst themselves; that none of them paid any deference to the commands of king Joseph, who was nominally generalissimo; and that the Spaniards were, everywhere where woods and mountains favoured them, harassing the French in a manner that made them very sick of the country, and that often reduced them to a state of severe privation.

Sir Arthur was anxious to engage and defeat Victor before he was joined by the forces of Joseph from Madrid, and of Sebastiani from Mancha. He therefore dispatched Sir Robert Wilson, at the head of a considerable body of Spanish and Portuguese troops, on the way towards Madrid; and Sir Robert executed this duty with so much promptness and address, that he threw himself into the rear of Victor at Escalona, only eight leagues from the capital. On the 22nd of July the united armies of England and Portugal attacked Victor's outposts at Talavera, and drove them in. The stupid old Cuesta was nowhere to be seen; and the next day, the 23rd, when the English were again in position, ready to attack the French, the day was lost, because Cuesta said he would not fight on a Sunday. This tried Sir Arthur's patience past endurance, for every moment was precious, and he wrote on the occasion—"I find general Cuesta more and more impracticable every day. It is impossible to do business with him, and very uncertain that any operation will succeed in which he has any concern. He has quarrelled with some of his principal officers, and I understand they are all dissatisfied with him." The opportunity of beating Victor was thus lost. At midnight he quitted Talavera, and retreated to Santa Olalla, and thence towards Torrijos, to form a junction with Sebastiani. The next morning Wellesley took possession of Talavera, but he could not pursue the enemy, for he says, "he found it impossible to procure a single mule or a cart in Spain." Neither could he procure food for his army. He says his troops had actually been two days in want of provisions, though Cuesta's camp abounded with them. He declared that, under such treatment by those that he had come to save, he would return to Portugal before his army was ruined. On this, Cuesta became as wildly and madly active as he had been before stubbornly passive. He dashed forwards after Victor alone, never stopping till he ran against the rear of the united army of Victor and Sebastiani, at Torrijos. Wellesley was quite sure what the result would be, and in a few days Cuesta came flying back in a confused mass of men, bullocks, flocks of sheep, baggage wagons, and artillery, beaten and pursued by the enemy.

Sir Arthur knew that at least one hundred thousand French were on the march to take him at once in flank and front; that Soult was advancing from Salamanca, Mortier from Valladolid; and, besides—which he did not know—Ney was *en route* from Astorga. He must, therefore, retreat at once or fight, and the enemy saved him the trouble of deciding. King Joseph, afraid of Sir Robert Wilson being joined by general Venegas, who had shown himself on the road towards Aranjuez, and of then falling on Madrid, ordered Victor to attack Wellesley at once, without waiting for any further reinforcements. Accordingly, Sir Arthur was attacked by Victor in front of Talavera. He had placed Cuesta and his Spaniards on his right, abutting on the Tagus, and protected by old inclosure walls and olive gardens; and his own troops on the left, on the open plain. The attack commenced, on the evening of the 26th, on the outposts, which gradually fell back, and the battle was renewed the next day. The position of the Spaniards being found unapproachable, the whole fury of the French fell on the English, and the contest was kept up till it was pitch dark. About midnight there was a tremendous firing on the Spanish side, and Sir Arthur rode there to ascertain the cause. No cause was visible, but the Spaniards were flying in great haste, and it was with difficulty that he and Cuesta could stop the route. The battle was renewed on the 28th with fresh vigour. The British line was attacked on all points by the troops of both Victor and Sebastiani, but they were repelled, and driven down the hills at the point of the bayonet. In the words of Sir Arthur, the British everywhere maintained their positions gloriously, and gave the French a terrible beating. Out of the fifty thousand pitched against the less than twenty thousand British—for the Spanish were scarcely engaged at all—they lost in killed and wounded seven thousand men. General Lapisse was killed, and many prisoners taken, besides seventeen pieces of artillery, with tumbrils and ammunition complete. The English lost eight hundred and fifty-seven killed, and had three thousand nine hundred and thirteen wounded. Major-general Mackenzie and brigadier-general Langworth were killed.

The next morning, by daybreak, the French were in full retreat over the river Alberche, and Sir Arthur employed the two following days in getting his wounded into hospital in Talavera, and in procuring provisions for his victorious but starving army. Sir Arthur complains that, though he had thus repulsed the French for them, neither the Spanish authorities nor the Spanish people did anything to assist him in this respect. They were very willing that the British should fight their battles, but they must provide for themselves, or starve. The state of our own commissariat aggravated this evil. It had for ages been a department of the most corrupt kind, the duties of which were neglected, and little thought of by its officers but the enriching themselves at the expense of our government and our soldiers. They were a set of harpies, or rather vampires, who sucked the blood of the nation, and of the troops which they pretended to invigorate. These people, long after this period, continued to pay the contractors and muleteers in notes

payable at Lisbon, or at head-quarters; these the receivers had often to get changed into coin at a monstrous discount, and Jews and jobbers flocked after the army for this purpose. Many of these were in connection with the officers of the commissariat, who shared in their diabolical gains. To add to the mischief, some of these wretches introduced loads of counterfeit dollars, mere copper-plated, so that, after losing enormously on the exchange of the paper, the receivers found themselves utterly defrauded of their payment. It was no wonder that the trading part of the Spanish population should feel shy of supplying us, more especially as Sir John Moore—from the money which should have been in his chest having been, by Mr. Frere, carelessly handed over to the Spanish junta—had had to pay in paper, which the English government had not yet redeemed. The reform of such abuses as these was one of the great things which Wellesley did for the English army, but at present he was suffering the extremest difficulties from them. He wrote sternly to Mr. Frere, who had not yet been superseded by the arrival of the marquis of Wellesley, that he was blamed by the junta of Madrid for not doing more, whilst they were allowing his army, which had beaten twice their own number in the service of Spain, to starve. He says: "It is positively a fact that, during the last seven days, the British army have not received one-third of their provisions; that, at this moment, there are near four thousand wounded soldiers dying in the hospitals in this town from want of common assistance and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies; and that I can get no assistance of any description from this country. I cannot prevail on them to even bury the dead carcases in the neighbourhood, the stench of which will destroy themselves as well as us." All this while, he added, Don Martin de Garay was urging him to push on, and drive the French over the Pyrenees; "but," added Sir Arthur, "I positively will not move; nay more, I will disperse my army till I am supplied with provisions and means of transport as I ought to be."

And, in fact, circumstances rendered it advisable to retreat. Joseph Buonaparte, with the reinforcements of Sebastiani, had joined Victor, and that general fell back on Talavera. At the same time, Wellesley learned that Soult had arrived in Plasencia, in the British rear. He desired Cuesta to guard the pass of Puerto de Baños, but this he did so ineffectually, that both Soult and Mortier marched through it. Ney also reached Plasencia, and thus fifty-three thousand men were threatening to cut off Sir Arthur's route to Portugal. He determined to fall back on Oropesa, leaving Cuesta to defend Talavera, and protect the two thousand British wounded in the hospitals; but Cuesta speedily abandoned the place, leaving one thousand five hundred of the wounded behind, whom Victor, to his honour, treated in the most humane manner. With the road of the enemy thus left open in his rear in two directions, Sir Arthur, at the same time, learned that Soult's division had got betwixt him and the bridge of Alvarez, in the direct line of his march into Portugal. His situation, thus hemmed in by overwhelming forces, was most critical, and he informed Cuesta that he must file off for Arzobispo, where another bridge opened the way, by Truxillo, to Badajos. Cuesta opposed the idea, insanely insisting that Sir Arthur should stay and fight these overwhelming armies, and allow his route to be altogether cut off. Sir Arthur marched, crossed the bridge of Alvarez, and, on the night of the 6th of August, encamped in a ravine about six leagues from Arzobispo. Cuesta lost no time in following, and Sir Arthur desired him to defend the bride of Alvarez; but he did it as effectually as he had defended the defile of the Puerto de Baños; he let the French come over with scarcely any opposition, his soldiers flying, and leaving behind them baggage, artillery, and everything.

Sir Arthur continued his retreat, with the whole host of French marshals in Estremadura—Soult, Ney, Victor, Kellermann, Sebastiani, and king Joseph—in pursuit of him. He reached, however, Badajoz safely on the 2nd of September, carrying the one thousand five hundred wounded with him. These he sent to the strongly fortified town of Elvas, in the Portuguese territory, which now became the great hospital of the army. Sir Arthur, on the 7th of September, was informed of the arrival of Sir Robert Wilson at Castello Branco. He had conducted his little force almost to the gates of Madrid, and had made a powerful diversion in favour of the main army, by keeping king Joseph and the French general in constant fear of his joining Venegas and attacking the capital. On his return, by order of Wellesley, he had gallantly fought his way against vastly superior forces, always contriving to make the enemy believe that his strength was double what it was. His conduct of this expedition elicited the most cordial praises from the commander-in-chief. At this juncture Napoleon sent a dispatch, ordering the army in Spain to cease further offensive operations till the conclusion of the Austrian war enabled him to send fresh reinforcements into Spain. This was a proof that Buonaparte no longer hoped to beat the English by any but the most preponderating masses. He had in Spain ten times the amount of the British, yet he could not hope for victory from this vast disproportion. Wellesley, at this very time, in one of his dispatches, had observed this great fact. "I conceive," he said, "that the French are dangerous only in large masses." The British army was therefore quartered on the line of the Guadiana, to protect Portugal from Soult, and remained undisturbed till the following May. Soult put his army into cantonments in Estremadura and Leon; king Joseph recalled Mortier to Madrid, and the other generals went into winter quarters in different towns. Whilst the hostile forces were thus resting, the news reached Sir Arthur that he had been created baron Douro of Wellesley, and viscount Wellington of Talavera. This honour had been conferred upon him on the 4th of September, as soon as possible after the arrival of the news of his brilliant victory at Talavera; and we have now henceforth to name him by that name, which rose to the highest pitch of military renown, and has become one of the household words of England.

Lord Wellington, however, took no rest during this winter. He was actively engaged in endeavouring to rouse the Spanish government to a sense of the necessity of his having proper means of supply and of transport, and of the impossibility of co-operating with the Spanish army in its present wretched condition. He had now had ampler

experience of it, and he determined to have nothing to do with it till it should be thoroughly reformed. He was ably supported in these representations by his brother, the marquis of Wellesley, who had now arrived at Seville. Both of them stated very plainly to the junta their sense of the treatment which the English army had received from the Spanish authorities, and that lord Wellington could not possibly go on fighting for Spain unless the chief command of the army was given to him. Don Martin de Garay, and the dons altogether, maintained that they knew more of what concerned Spain than foreigners could, and complained bitterly of Wellington's retreat into Portugal, as they had done of Sir John Moore's. The marquis not only vindicated his brother, but Lord Wellington wrote, telling them very plainly what sort of support and co-operation he had received from them, and how little their word was to be relied on. Both the marquis and lord Wellington made these matters perfectly understood by the government in England, that their statements might be supported thence.

If there wanted anything to prove the truth of lord Wellington's warnings, and of his plain declarations to the Spanish authorities of the miserable, undisciplined condition of their armies, and the incompetency of their generals, it came quickly. Whilst they continued to treat him more like an enemy than a friend, and had actually issued orders throughout the province where he lay, forbidding the sale of provisions and forage for his army, their own armies were again utterly annihilated. The army of Venegas, which had retreated, on the advance of Sebastiani towards Madrid, into the Sierra Morena, had been taken from him, and given to a young, inexperienced man, general Areizaga. Cuesta, also, had been set aside for one still more incapable, a general Eguia, of whom lord Wellington had already pronounced that he was a fool. Areizaga, instead of maintaining his strong post in the hills, being joined by the greater part of the army of Estremadura, now commanded by Eguia, imagined that he could beat the united forces of Mortier and Sebastiani, and drive them out of Madrid. With fifty thousand men and sixty pieces of artillery, he descended from his hills into the open plains of La Mancha, where he was beaten on the 19th of November, with the loss of all his artillery but five guns, baggage, military chest, provisions, and everything. There was an immense slaughter of the soldiers, and the rest fled into the mountains.

The duque del Parque, who was posted for the protection of the line of the Tagus with another large army, was marching to support this intended conquest of Madrid, when, in the month of October, being strongly posted on the heights of Tamames, he encountered general Marchand, and defeated him. Elated by this success, he no longer trusted to hills and strong positions, but, like Areizaga, advanced boldly into the plains, and, on the 28th of November, he encountered Kellermann at Alba de Tormes, and received a most annihilating defeat. His men, both cavalry and infantry, scarcely staid to cross swords or bayonets with the French, but, flinging down their arms, and leaving all their baggage and artillery behind them, they fled in every direction. Kellermann pursued and cut them down without mercy—according to his own account, killing three thousand men, and making three hundred prisoners.

Lord Wellington, notwithstanding that the destruction of these armies, on which the defence of Andalusia and the provinces of the south depended, completely proved the justice of his statements to the junta, was deeply chagrined by the circumstance. "I lament," he said, in his dispatches, "that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago, should have been so completely lost by the ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement of those to whose direction it was intrusted. I declare that, if they had preserved their two armies, or even one of them, the cause was safe. The French could have sent no reinforcements which could have been of any use; time would have been gained; the state of affairs would have daily improved; all the chances were in our favour; and, in the first moment of weakness, occasioned by any diversion on the continent, or by the growing discontent of the French themselves with the war, the French armies must have been driven out of Spain."

Lord Wellington's position was, by the destruction of these armies, left totally open, and he had for some time resolved to retire wholly into Portugal, and had been planning that system of defence which afterwards proved so astonishing to the French. Though he was left with about twenty thousand men to maintain himself against the whole French host in Spain, he never for a moment contemplated quitting the Peninsula, nor despaired of the final result. The French felt sure now of driving the sepoy general and his leopards into the sea, but they had yet to find that the genius of Wellington was infinitely above that of Sir John Moore. The experienced eye of lord Wellington, after the battle of Vimeiro, had, at a glance, seen the admirable capability of the mountain ranges of Torres Vedras for the construction of impregnable lines of defence for Lisbon. So far from any idea of being driven to his ships, like Sir John Moore, he was satisfied that, by fortifying the defiles through these hills, and with our ships on the Tagus and on the coast, he could bid defiance to all the armies of France. He proceeded now to Lisbon, where he arrived on the 10th of October, reconnoitred the hills, and, having done so, he left with colonel Fletcher, of the Engineers, a clearly written statement of all that he desired to be done, so as to make the double line of defences complete: to erect batteries on each side of the defiles through which the necessary roads ran, to erect breastworks and entrenchments where required, and to break down the bridges in front of them. He ascertained the precise time it would require to accomplish all this, and, ordering all to be carried on with the utmost quickness, he returned to Badajoz, and next proceeded to Seville, to join his brother in urging on the Spanish government the necessary measures for the defence of the country. After visiting Cadiz with his brother, he returned to his head-quarters, where he had scarcely arrived on the 17th of November, when he received the news of the total overthrow of the Spaniards at Ocaña. He then made a deliberate and orderly retreat from Spain, crossing the Tagus at Abrantes, where he left general Hill with his division, supported by general Fane's brigade of heavy horse, and marched on to Viseu, about one hundred and thirty-four miles northward of Lisbon, and quartered his army there in a more healthy situation. Both at Abrantes and Viseu his troops were now also well supplied with provisions.

During the long interval of repose—that is, till the following May—Wellington actively employed himself in putting life and order into the commissariat, baggage, and conveyance departments; and general Beresford, to whom the important function of disciplining the Portuguese troops was assigned, laboured in that with such effect, that he produced at the next campaign troops which, officered by English officers, and mixed with the English regiments, fought admirably. The Portuguese were wise enough to allow the British commander full control, and by this means they avoided those defeats and calamities which fell long and heavily on the Spaniards.

Whilst these events had been taking place in Spain and Portugal, England had been sending money and troops to oppose Buonaparte in other quarters. Early in the spring Austria was in the field; in July a powerful fleet, carrying an army, sailed from the Downs, to create a diversion on the coast of the Netherlands, and other operations were commenced in the south of Italy. The army destined for the Netherlands amounted to forty thousand men, attended by a fleet of thirty-five sail of the line and twenty frigates, to assist where they might be needed. Buonaparte had contemplated making a great port of Antwerp, and had expended much money and labour in docks and fortifications there; but, finding that the port of Antwerp was not deep enough for first-rate ships of war, he undertook to render Flushing capable of receiving and protecting a great fleet. He still contemplated, by the co-operation of Denmark and Russia, the sending forth a fleet, some day, which might cope with the British navy, or enable him to invade England. For this purpose he was building ships at Antwerp and Flushing; and it was, no doubt, these circumstances which determined the English to direct their attack on Flushing and Antwerp. Captain, afterwards Sir George Cockburn, was of opinion that these preparations of Napoleon could never affect England; that no possession of Zealand, or any part of it, could be kept by England, from its extreme unhealthiness to foreigners, even to Dutchmen from more elevated parts of their country; and that it was much better for England to let Buonaparte build ships, and take them whenever they came out to sea, than to sacrifice the lives of our troops for no permanent benefit in this region of bogs, stagnant waters, and malaria. Had these forty thousand troops been sent to support Wellington, and half the money that this fatal expedition cost, they would have enabled him to drive the French triumphantly out of Spain, and create the most magnificent diversion for Austria, as well as the most honourable to England. But the surprise of Antwerp and the destruction of the docks of Flushing were determined upon; and lord Chatham, rather for his name than for any military talent that he possessed, was appointed the commander of the forces. Lord Chatham was so notorious for his sluggish and procrastinating nature, that he had long been nicknamed the *late* lord Chatham; the justice of this epithet had been too obvious in all the offices that he had hitherto held; and yet this expedition, which required the utmost promptness, and active skill, was intrusted to him. At the head of the fleet was placed Sir Richard Strachan, a man of no energy. The commander of the ships on such an occasion should have been lord Cochrane, for Sir Sidney Smith was already engaged on the coast of Italy. The orders for each commander were extremely loose and indefinite, thereby leaving every chance of disputes and consequent delays and mishaps; and, to complete the disgraceful management of the government, no inquiries had been made as to the healthiness or unhealthiness of the district where the army would have to encamp. Though the island of Walcheren had been occupied by our troops under William III., no record was to be found, or, indeed, was sought for, as to the cost of life to our men on that occasion from the climate. The whole plan was laid in ignorance and carelessness, and no wonder, therefore, that it ended in misery and disgrace.

The fleet sailed from the Downs on the 28th of July, and on the 30th they landed on the islands of South Beveland and Walcheren. The general orders of the government were, "the capture or destruction of the enemy's ships, building or afloat, at Antwerp and Flushing; the destruction of the arsenals at Antwerp, Terneuse, and Flushing; the reduction of the island of Walcheren, and the rendering, if possible, the Scheldt no longer navigable for ships." Nelson, who had contemplated this enterprise, had calculated that it would require four or five thousand men, and could be accomplished in a week. But now Buonaparte had rendered the task more difficult, and there was no Nelson to do it. The most sagacious of the officers pointed out that the first rush should be for Antwerp, as the extreme point of the expedition, so as to destroy or capture the vessels there before the French could come to the rescue. The places nearer to the sea could be taken, and the work done in them, in returning. Had the troops landed at Blankenburg, they could have made a rapid march along a paved road through Bruges and Ghent, and taken Antwerp, only forty-five miles distant, whilst the fleet ascended the Scheldt to receive them on their return; but no such common-sense ideas found acceptance with the commanders. They determined to reduce Flushing first, and the other forts on the Scheldt, as Lillo and Liefkenshoeck, in succession, by which time it was certain that the French would appear at Antwerp in numbers sufficient to protect it. Flushing was attacked on the 1st of August, and did not surrender till the 15th. Had this been the reduction of Antwerp, the rest of the objects of the expedition would have followed of course; but lord Chatham and rear-admiral Strachan were in no hurry. They remained signing the capitulation, securing six thousand prisoners that they had taken, and reducing two small islands to the north of the eastern Scheldt, till the 21st, three whole weeks, and on the 23rd they landed at Ter Goes, on the neighbouring island of South Beveland. Here, again, they delayed another precious fortnight, whilst the French were planting batteries at every turn of the river betwixt them and Antwerp; had drawn a boom-chain across the channel between Lillo and Liefkenshoeck; and had sunk vessels to obstruct the narrowest part of the channel beyond. They still *talked* of forcing their way to Antwerp; but according to a satiric rhyme of the time—

> "The earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
> Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the earl of Chatham."

Meantime Cambâcérès and Fouché had dispatched couriers to Louis Buonaparte, in Holland, to march down troops to the defence of Antwerp; and he had not only done that, but had opened the sluices on the borders of the Scheldt, and laid the country under water, to prevent the march of the English. He also had ordered the erection of numerous batteries, and Bernadotte arrived in about a fortnight, by orders of Napoleon, to resist the advance of the English. From forty to fifty thousand troops were assembled in and around Antwerp, and hosts of Dutch and Belgian militia swarmed over the country. This was certain to be the case if any time was allowed, and it was now agreed, in a council of war, that it was not possible to proceed further. In fact, they were no longer allowed to remain where they were. Their provisions were rapidly being exhausted, sickness was spreading amongst the troops, and the fire of the enemy's batteries from both sides of the river compelled them to fall down the stream. That was the end of the campaign; the rest was a foolish and murderous delay in the island of Walcheren, without any conceivable purpose. There was no use in retaining the island, for we could at any time blockade the mouths of the Scheldt, and our men on board the ships were comparatively healthy; but in this swamp of death the soldiers continued dying like rotten sheep. The island of Walcheren, to which they were now confined, is a spongy swamp, below the level of the sea at high water. The wet oozes through the banks, and stagnates in the dykes, and is only capable of being pumped out by windmills. The ground is covered often with mud and slime, and the inhabitants are sickly and sallow in aspect, and of loose and flaccid muscles. Yet, in this den of fever and death, the commanders seemed determined to retain the army till it perished entirely. The earl of Chatham himself returned to London and to court, where he was a particular favourite, on the 14th of September. At this time he left eleven thousand, out of the seventeen thousand quartered on the island of Walcheren, on the sick-list, and rapidly dying; yet neither he nor Sir Eyre Coote, who succeeded him, seem to have felt the necessity of saving the army by retiring from the place. They attributed the unhealthiness to the dykes being cut, and the surrounding country being flooded in the hot season. No matter what was the cause, the army was

LORD COLLINGWOOD. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

VIA MALA, SWITZERLAND.

perishing, and ought to have been removed; but, so far from this, the ministers seemed determined to keep possession of this useless and pestilential swamp at any cost. As it was imagined that the drinking of the water was the cause of the fever, Thames water was carried over for the troops, five hundred tons per week being required. But it was not the drinking it only that caused disease and death, but the standing and working in it, as many of them did, up to the middle for many hours together, and the malaria arising from the oozy soil. As the roofs in Flushing were knocked to pieces by the storming of the town, English workmen, with bricks, mortar, tiles, and tools, were sent over to repair them, so as to protect the sick in the hospitals, though plenty of workmen and materials might have been had in the country.

As it was necessary that some doctors of note and experience should be sent over to examine the nature of the illness and the condition of the men, the surgeon-general was ordered to proceed to the spot, and make the necessary inquiries; but he replied that it was not in his department, but in that of the physician-general, Sir Lucas Pepys. Sir Lucas excused himself on account of his age, and recommended some other physicians to be sent out. Both these gentlemen were contented to receive the country's money easily at home, but if a whole army was perishing, they would not risk their own precious lives. They were dismissed, and their conduct showed the necessity of a thorough reform of the medical establishment of the army. Sir Richard Strachan, though he saw the continuous destruction of the soldiers, strongly recommended government to retain possession of Walcheren, as a very important naval station, and the ministry were besotted enough to contemplate fortifying it on an extensive scale, and more men and materials were sent over for that purpose. But, fortunately for the remains of our army there, the emperor of Austria had now made peace with Buonaparte, and our diversion in his favour here was useless, and, on the 13th of November, orders were sent to lieutenant-general Don, who had succeeded Sir Eyre Coote, to destroy the docks and fortifications of Flushing, and come away. Thus ended this most fatal expedition, which cost this country twenty millions of money, and many thousands of lives. Of those who survived, thousands had their constitutions broken for ever; and even such as appeared to get over the lingering and invidious Walcheren fever, on being sent to the war in the Peninsula, proved so liable to its return on exposure to wet or cold, that often one-third of these troops were not fit for service. So far from wishing to remove us from Walcheren, Buonaparte wrote to the minister of war, saying: "We are rejoiced to see that the English have packed themselves in the morasses of Zealand. Let them be only kept in check, and the bad air and fevers peculiar to the country will soon destroy their army." The fatal results of this expedition introduced dissensions into the cabinet, and soon after occasioned the resignation of Canning.

Our forces on the Italian coast were met by the active spirit of the new king of Naples, Joachim Murat. This dashing horseman determined to take the island of Capri, twenty-four miles from his capital, which was held nominally by the English for Ferdinand IV. He seized the opportunity, when the English ships of war were absent, to send over a strong force, under general Lamarque, from the neighbouring promontory of Sorrento, and readily compelled the garrison, which consisted of three weak regiments of Corsican and Maltese troops, to surrender. Murat and the French were immensely elated by this victory, as they called it, over a strong English army—the only English on the island being the lieutenant-colonel Hudson Lowe, a few officers, one corporal, and eight artillery-men. Murat had medals struck in commemoration of this glorious conquest, and the French historians have perpetuated the ludicrously false accounts of the affair.

Murat also took the town and castle of Scylla, but there his conquests ended. The Calabrians kept up their resistance in their mountains with unabated fierceness, falling on and destroying the French wherever they had the opportunity. Since the Austrians had recommenced the war, they had assumed fresh activity and hope. They gave no quarter to the French, and the French repaid their vengeance tenfold. They burnt villages and cottages in their inroads and pursuits of the natives, and massacred the inhabitants without mercy. They crammed the prisons with them, and put them to death with the most cold-blooded tortures. They seized on all the young men they could lay hands on, and marched them away in chain-gangs, to fight in Upper Italy, Germany, or Spain, against other struggling and oppressed peoples. Sir John Stuart, who had won the splendid victory of Maida, embarked, on the 13th of June, fifteen thousand British troops in Sicily, and proceeded to menace Naples, and create alarm in various quarters, so as to draw the French from Upper Italy, and thus relieve the Austrians there. With part of these forces siege was laid to Scylla; with the other, in person, Sir John anchored off Cape Miseno, close to Baia and Puzzoli, and directly across the bay, about a dozen miles from Naples. The greatest alarm was created there, and nothing would have been easier for Sir John than to have battered the town about the ears of the intruder king; but this the interests of the old king did not permit, especially as Ferdinand's second son, Don Leopold, was present as nominal commander, but, in reality, of no use whatever, being a most effeminate incapable. Sir John then sailed to the islands of Procida and Ischia, compelled the garrisons to capitulate, dismantled the fortifications, and then abandoned these islands.

During all this time our war-ships were scouring the whole of the coasts of Southern Italy, capturing every vessel that ventured out, and keeping the French generals on shore in constant agitation. In the encounters with the enemy's vessels on these coasts many brilliant exploits were performed by our captains, and by none more than by captain Staines, of the Cyane, frigate, who, on the 27th of June, stood a stout but most unequal fight with a Neapolitan frigate and corvette, under the very batteries of Naples. The siege of Scylla was raised by a strong French force, and Sir John Stuart returned to Sicily. Scylla was, however, shortly after abandoned again by the French, and its guns and stores, which appeared to have been left in some panic, fell into the hands of the English.

Sir John Stuart did not long remain idle at Palermo. At the suggestion of lord Collingwood, he sent out an expedi-

tion to seize on a number of the Ionian Isles, which had been taken possession of by the French, who were calculating on further conquests in that direction—namely, in continental Greece itself. The Warrior, commanded by captain Spranger, attended by other vessels, carried over one thousand six hundred troops, under command of brigadier-general Oswald. The troops were half of them British, and half Corsicans, Sicilians, Calabrians, and other foreigners in British pay. They carried with them signor Foresti and an Ionian Greek as interpreters and agents with their countrymen, many of whom, they were aware, had an indignant hatred of the French domination. They arrived off Cephalonia on the 28th of September, and on the 1st of October, being joined by their transports and gunboats, they anchored in the bay of Zante, and the following morning commenced a landing, under the cover of a brisk fire from some of the ships and gunboats. The land-batteries were soon silenced, and before night the French commander had not only surrendered the castle, but the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo. Thus England was at once master of the ancient kingdom of Ulysses. Two of the seven islands remained for the time in the hands of the French—Santa Maura and Corfu. But Santa Maura, after a sharp contest, was carried, in the following April, by general Oswald, most brilliantly supported by lieutenant-colonel Hudson Lowe, major Church, and other officers. General Camus, the French commandant, surrendered with his garrison of one thousand men. There remained only Corfu, but this, the most important island of the group, would have required a much stronger force to reduce it; but as it was completely useless to the French, being cut off from all communication with France by our ships, it remained till 1814, when, at the congress of Paris, it was made over by Louis XVIII., and the whole seven islands were declared a republic, under the protection of Great Britain. Such was the origin of our connection with the Ionian Islands, where we maintain a commissioner and a body of troops, much to the discontent of a party in the islands, who desire to join the kingdom of Greece.

At the opening of this year a peace was contracted with Turkey; but not with the sultan Selim, with whom we had been at war, nor with his successor, Mustapha. Mustapha had been deposed by Mustapha Bairactar, the pasha of Rudchuck, who had marched to Constantinople in the May of 1807, with a strong force, and put down Mustapha, intending to restore Selim, and the reforms which he had carried on. But Mustapha immediately put Selim to death, and sought for their younger brother, Mahmoud, to put him to death also. It is a tradition that, whenever the issue of the house of Osman ceases, the Ottoman empire is at an end Could Mustapha, therefore, destroy Mahmoud, he was certain that his own life was safe, as he would then be the only survivor of his race, and the most excited or fanatical Mussulmans would not dare to kill him. But young Mahmoud was concealed by the servants who attended on him, and had his person put into the hands of Mustapha Bairactar. No sooner was the pasha of Rudchuck secure of Mahmoud, than he sent and had the sultan Mustapha strangled, and Mahmoud proclaimed sultan. As the last of his race, Mahmoud's life was perfectly safe. Bairactar became his grand vizier, and he put to death those who had opposed and helped to murder Selim; and the women of the harem who had rejoiced at Selim's death were sewn up in sacks and thrown into the Bosporus. The savage Cabalechy Oglee, who had occasioned the insurrection against Selim, was also put to death, and all the officers of the yamacks who could be caught. Bairactar recommenced the reforms which Selim had prosecuted, but the mufti and the oulemas, the janissaries, under their new agha, rose against him, and burnt him alive as he was shut up in his palace. Mahmoud fell into the hands of the mufti and the janissaries, who compelled him to swear that he would never favour the reforms and the customs of the Christians. The new capitan pasha was also murdered, and dragged through the streets; the janissaries fell on the regular troops, or nizam gedittes, and massacred them, and Mahmoud appeared completely in their hands; but he was contemplating inwardly the utter extinction of the janissaries when he should have a more manly power, and this he thoroughly accomplished in 1825.

Whilst the throne of Turkey was thus occupied by a mere boy, in the hands of a terrible military control, and whilst his regular troops were dispersed, Alexander of Russia, famed for his piety, thought it a fine opportunity to seize on his neighbour's lands. His ministers, at the commencement of 1809, at the congress of Yassi, demanded, as a condition of peace, the cession of the Turkish provinces on the left bank of the Danube. The Turks, of course, refused to thus dismember their empire for the aggrandisement of Russia; and Alexander, who was resolved to have those provinces by hook or by crook, immediately declared war on Turkey, on the shameless plea that it had made peace with England. The Russians were supported by the Greeks, and other inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia; but, on crossing the Danube, and pushing forward into Bulgaria, they were beaten on every occasion. On the 22nd of October a desperate conflict took place betwixt them under the walls of Silistria, which continued from morning till night, in which the Russians were driven back, and, in a second engagement, so completely routed, and that with great slaughter, that they retired from Bulgaria, and went into winter quarters in Moldavia and Wallachia. In this campaign it was found that the guns were served by French officers, though Buonaparte professed to be willing that Alexander should possess himself of Constantinople. By the peace with Turkey, the trading ports of that empire were again opened to us, and our manufactures, entering there, spread over all the continent, and were sold and worn in Hamburg, Bremen, and other towns where they were strictly excluded by sea.

The conquest of colonies in various parts of the world continued. In 1808 we had captured the French West India islands of Mariegalante and Deseada, and we added to them the French portion of San Domingo, and the colonies of Cayenne and Martinique. We also once more seized the French possession of Senegal, on the African coast. Many of these acquisitions were of more cost to us in money and life than they were worth; but their capture served to mortify the towering ambition of Buonaparte, who, domineering almost without control on the European continent,

yet felt that in every other part of the world there was not a foot of French territory secure from the maritime supremacy of England. Yet, to have retained many of these possessions after a general peace, would have been rather suicidal than beneficial. Their climates were hostile to English constitutions, and, about this time, the labours of major Tulloch and of Mr. Marshall, an army surgeon, and now deputy-inspector of hospitals, began to draw the attention of the government and public to the condition of our troops in our various colonies and islands, showing at what cost of human life we held them, and introducing more healthy regulations into all of them. This, however, was the growth of long years, and it was not till 1838 that major Tulloch's statistical report on the sickness, mortality, and invaliding amongst the troops in the West Indies was laid, by her majesty's command, before parliament, and became the foundation of an especial department in the war-office, under major Tulloch, for regular sanitary returns regarding our troops in all our colonies.

The naval transactions of this year were almost wholly confined to watching the French, Spanish, and Italian coasts, to thwart the French, who, on their part, were continually on the watch for any of our blockading ships being driven by the weather, or called to some other station, in order to run out, and convey men and stores into Spain. The last action of lord Collingwood took place in this service. Though his health was fast failing, and he had repeatedly entreated the admiralty to allow him to give up the command and go home to his family—the only chance of his long survival—they always refused. His complaint was declared by the faculty to be owing to his long confinement on board ships, and he had now scarcely set foot on shore for three years. Notwithstanding all this, with a singular selfishness, the admiralty continued to keep him on board, and he was too high-minded to resign his commission whilst he could be of service to his country. In this state of health, he was lying off Toulon, blockading that port, when he was driven to Minorca by a gale of wind. He had regained the coast of Catalonia, when he heard that the French fleet had issued from Toulon, and were making for Barcelona. The whole British fleet were in exultation; but, on sighting this supposed fleet, it was found to consist only of three sail of the line, two frigates, and about twenty other vessels, carrying provisions to the French army at Barcelona. They no sooner caught view of the English fleet, than they made off in all haste, and the English gave chase. Admiral Martin was the first to come up with them, in the gulf of Lyons, where two of the ships of the line ran ashore, and were set fire to by the French admiral, Baudin. Two others ran into the harbour of Cette; and eleven of the store-ships ran into the bay of Rooas, and took refuge under the powerful batteries; but lord Collingwood, in spite of the batteries, sent in the ship's boats, and in the face of the batteries, and of boarding nets, set fire to and destroyed them. Five other store-ships were captured. This was the last exploit of the brave and worthy Collingwood. His health gave way so fast, that, having in vain endeavoured again to induce the admiralty to relieve him of his command, expressly assuring them that he was quite worn out, on the 3rd of March he surrendered his command to rear-admiral Martin, and set sail in the Ville de Paris for England. But it was too late; he died at sea on the 7th of March, 1810. Very few admirals have done more signal service, or have displayed a more sterling English character than lord Collingwood; and perhaps none were ever more grudgingly rewarded or so unfeelingly treated by the admiralty, who, in fact, killed him by a selfish retention of his services, when they could be continued only at the cost of his life.

Another attempt was to burn a portion of the Brest fleet, which was found lying off Rochelle, in the Basque Roads. Lord Gambier, on the 11th of March, wrote to the admiralty, proposing to send fire-ships amongst them, and destroy them. The admiralty seized on the idea; but, instead of leaving lord Gambier to work out his own plan, they appointed lord Cochrane to that service, under Gambier. This was sure to create jealousies, not only in the mind of Gambier—to whom the admiralty had written on the 19th, approving his design, and ordering him to execute it according to his own ideas—but also in the minds of other officers in Gambier's fleet. Lord Cochrane proceeded to the Basque Roads in a frigate, arriving there on the 3rd of April, and presenting lord Gambier a letter, informing him of the change of plan by the admiralty. Mr. Congreve, with a supply of his rockets, was to accompany the fire-ships from England; and on the 11th, these having arrived, and being joined by several large transports which lord Gambier had converted into fire-ships, the attack was made. The French squadron was lying betwixt the isle of Aix and the town of Rochelle, in a narrow passage, commanded by powerful batteries both on the land and on the isle of Aix. Besides this, numbers of gun-boats were placed so as to defend the approach to the vessels; but still more, a very strong boom was stretched across the passage, formed of enormous cables, secured by equally enormous anchors, and supported by buoys. None of the officers, not even Gambier or Cochrane, seem to have been aware of this boom till some of the foremost fire-ships ran against it; and several of the ships, whilst thus detained, exploded, being too far off to do any harm. But captain Woolridge, in the Mediator, burst the boom asunder, and the fire-ships sailed up towards the French ships in the dark, and exploded, one after another, with a terrible uproar—one fire-ship alone containing fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder, besides three or four hundred shells and three or four thousand hand-grenades. But the only mischief done was to cause the French to cut their cables, and run their ships ashore. There, the next morning, they were seen; and lord Cochrane signalled to lord Gambier to stand in and destroy them before the rising of the tide should float them, and enable them to run up the river Charante. No ships, however, arriving, Cochrane again more urgently signalled that all the fleet was aground, except two vessels, and might easily be destroyed. Lord Gambier paid no attention to these signals, and, as the tide rose, the vessels floated and escaped up the river, except four, which still stuck fast, and were destroyed by Cochrane. Those which escaped were all greatly damaged. Had Gambier stood in with his vessels promptly, no doubt the whole squadron would have been destroyed.

On his return lord Cochrane received the honour of the red riband of the Bath; but he could not conceal his dissatisfaction at lord Gambier's conduct, and declared that he would oppose any vote of thanks to him in parliament. On this, Gambier demanded a court-martial, which was held, and acquitted him of all blame. Cochrane complained that the court was strongly biassed in favour of Gambier, and against himself, and the public was very much of his opinion.

The difficulty which Buonaparte had created for himself by the usurpation of the thrones of Spain and Portugal, had the direct result which his wisest counsellors foresaw. Austria immediately began to watch the progress of the Peninsula struggle, and the resistance of the Spanish people; and the stepping of Great Britain into that field induced her to believe that the opportunity was come for throwing off the French yoke, and avenging her past injuries and humiliations. She had made arrangements by which she could call out an immense population, and convert them into soldiers. But, in determining to declare open war against Buonaparte, Austria displayed a woeful want of sagacity. To compete with a general like Buonaparte, and a power like France, it needed, not only that her armies should be numerous, but thoroughly disciplined. Nothing could have been lost by a little delay, but much might be gained. If Buonaparte succeeded in putting down the insurrection in Spain, he would then fall on Austria with all his victorious forces; if he did not succeed, but his difficulties increased, then every day which Austria waited was a day of strength to her. Russia, which was nominally at peace with Buonaparte, but which at heart was already determined on breaking the connection, saw, with just alarm, this precipitate movement of Austria. If she rose at once, Alexander was bound by article to co-operate in putting her down; if she deferred her enterprise for awhile, there was every probability that they could issue forth together against the common disturber. If Austria made a rash blow, and was prostrated, Russia would then be left alone; and Alexander knew well, notwithstanding Napoleon's professions, that he would lose little time in demanding some concession from him.

But Austria had not the prudence to guide herself by these considerations. Her ablest statesman, Metternich, and the ablest statesman of France, Talleyrand, had many private conferences with the Russian ambassador, Romanzow, at the house of the prince of Tour and Yaxis, to endeavour to concert some scheme by which this war could be prevented, but in vain. Austria believed that the time for regaining her position both in Germany, Italy, and the Tyrol, was come; and Talleyrand knew that Buonaparte would make no concession to avoid the threatened collision, because it would argue at once a decline of his power. All that he could do, he did, which was on his hasty return to Paris from Spain: he opened communications with Austria, intended to defer the declaration of war for a few months, whilst he made his preparations. He had little fear of crushing Austria summarily. He believed that Soult, having driven Sir John Moore out of Spain, would prevent the English sending another army there; and he was confident that his generals there could speedily reduce the Spaniards to submission. On the other hand, Austria, he knew, could have no assistance from Russia, Prussia, or the other northern powers. All he wanted, therefore, was a little time to collect his armies. Austria had made gigantic exertions, and had now on foot a greater host than she had ever brought into the field before. It was said to comprehend half a million of men, two hundred thousand of whom were under the command of the emperor's brother, the archduke Charles, and posted in Austria to defend the main body of the empire. Another large army was under the command of the archduke John, in Carinthia and Carniola, ready to descend on the north of Italy; and a third was posted in Galicia, under the archduke Ferdinand, to defend Poland. John was to co-operate with Charles through the defiles of the Tyrol, which, having been given over, by the pressure of Buonaparte at the treaty of Presburg, to Bavaria, was ready to rise, and renew its ancient and devoted union with Austria.

Buonaparte had not a sufficient French force in Germany under Davoust and Oudinot, but he called on the confederacy of the Rhine to furnish their stipulated quotas to fight for the subjugation of their common fatherland. Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, and the smaller states were summoned to this unholy work. His numbers, after all, were far inferior to those of the enemy, and, besides the renegade Germans, consisted of a medley of other tributary nations—Italians, Poles, Dutch, Belgians, and others. It is amazing how, in all his later wars, he used the nations he had conquered to put down the rest. Even in his fatal campaign in Russia—yet to come—a vast part of his army consisted of the troops of these subjugated nations.

On the 9th of April the archduke Charles crossed the Inn, and thus invaded Bavaria, the ally of France. He issued a manifesto, declaring that the cause of Austria was that of the general independence of Germany, and called on those states which had been compelled to bear the yoke of France to throw it off, and stand boldly for the common liberty. The general discontent of the people of Germany encouraged him to hope that his call would be responded to; but Germany was not yet ripe for an effective reaction. Simultaneously, the archduke John had descended from the Alps into Italy, and driven the troops of the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnais, before him. He had advanced as far as the Tagliamento, and laid siege to the fortresses of Orobo and Palmanova. The archduke Ferdinand had also marched into Poland, defeated Poniatowski, Buonaparte's general, and taken possession of Warsaw. All so far looked cheering; but the great actor was not yet on the scene. But he quitted Paris on the 11th of April, two days only after the archduke Charles entered Bavaria, and in a few days was with his army at Donauwerth. He expressed the utmost contempt for the Austrian troops, saying, in a letter to Massena, that six thousand French ought to beat twelve thousand or fifteen thousand of "those *canaille*." He greatly disapproved of the manner in which Berthier had disposed of the forces, for he had extended them in a long line from Augsburg to Ratisbon, with a very weak centre. He ordered Davoust and Massena, who commanded the opposite wings, to draw nearer together. That being done, on the 20th of April, he made a sudden attack on the Austrians at Abensberg, and defeated them. The next day he renewed the attack at

Landshut, and took from them thirty pieces of cannon, nine thousand prisoners, and a great quantity of ammunition and baggage. The following day he advanced against the main position of the archduke Charles, at Eckmühl, where, by the most skilful manœuvres, he turned all the enemy's positions, and defeated one division after another with all the art and regularity of a game of chess. Charles was thoroughly defeated, and had twenty thousand men taken prisoners, with a loss of fifteen stand of colours, and the greater part of his artillery. The next day the Austrians made a stand, to defend the town of Ratisbon. They fought bravely; but, a breach being made in the wall, marshal Lannes seized a scaling-ladder, and, whilst hundreds of French were falling under the fire of the Austrians, he planted it against the breach, saying, "I will show you that your general is still a grenadier!" The wall was scaled, and a desperate battle ensued in the streets of the town. At one moment, a number of tumbrils, loaded with powder, were in danger of exploding, and destroying the combatants on both sides; but the Austrians warned the French of the danger, and they mutually united in removing them. That over, they recommenced the struggle, and the Austrians were driven out of the town, leaving again much cannon, ammunition, and many prisoners in the hands of the French. Whilst watching the *mêlée*, Buonaparte was struck on the toe by a spent musket-ball; but he had the wound dressed, and again remounted his horse, and watched the progress of the battle.

In five days, which he had boasted would be enough to finish the campaign, he had snatched the most damaging victories from the Austrians. The archduke Charles retreated in haste towards Bohemia, to secure himself in the defiles of its inclosing mountains; and Buonaparte employed the 23rd and 24th of April in reviewing his troops and distributing rewards. He created Davoust the duke of Eckmühl, for his brilliant conduct in carrying out his manœuvres on that field, and dispensed honours with a liberal hand. General Hiller, who, with the archduke Louis, had been defeated at Landshut, had united himself to a considerable body of reserve, and placed himself on the way, as determined to defend the capital. He retreated upon Ebersberg, where one only bridge over the Traun gave access to the place, the banks of the river being steep and rocky. He had thirty thousand men to defend this bridge, and trusted to detain the French there till the archduke Charles could come up again with reinforcements, when they might jointly engage them. But Massena made a desperate onset on the bridge, and, after a very bloody encounter, carried it. Hiller then retreated to the Danube, which he crossed by the bridge of Mautern, and, destroying it after him, continued his march to join the archduke Charles. This left the road open to Vienna, and Buonaparte steadily advanced upon it. The archduke Charles, becoming aware of this circumstance, returned upon his track, hoping to reach Vienna before him, in which case he might have made a long defence. But Buonaparte was too nimble for him: he appeared before the walls of the city, and summoned it to surrender. The archduke Maximilian kept the place with a garrison of fifteen thousand men, and he held out for three or four days. Buonaparte then commenced flinging bombs into the most thickly populated parts of the city, and warned the inhabitants of the horrors they must suffer from a siege. All the royal family had quitted the city except Maximilian and the young archduchess, Maria Louisa, who was ill. This was notified to Buonaparte, and he ordered the palace to be exempted from the attack. This was the young lady destined very soon to supersede the empress Josephine in the imperial honours of France. The city capitulated on the 12th of May, the French took possession of it, and Napoleon resumed his residence at the palace of Schönbrun, on the outskirts.

Buonaparte's army now occupied the city and the right bank of the Danube. The archduke arrived, and posted himself on the left bank. The river was swollen with the spring rains and the melting of the snow in the mountains. All the bridges had been broken down by which Buonaparte might cross to attack the Austrians before they were joined by their other armies. Buonaparte endeavoured to throw one over at Nussedorf, about a league above Vienna, but the Austrians drove away his men. He therefore made a fresh attempt at Ebersdorf, opposite to which the Danube was divided into five channels, flowing amongst islands, the largest of which was one called Lobau. Here he succeeded —the archduke Charles seeming unaware of what he was doing, or taking no care to prevent it. On the 29th of May the French began to cross, and deployed on a plain betwixt the villages of Asperne and Esslingen. Thirty thousand infantry had crossed before the next morning, and six thousand horse, and they were attacked by the Austrians, near the village of Asperne, about four in the afternoon. The battle was desperately contested on both sides. The villages of Asperne and Esslingen were taken and retaken several times. The struggle went on with great fury, amid farm-yards, gardens, and inclosures, and wagons, carts, harrows, and ploughs were collected and used as barricades. Night closed upon the scene, leaving the combatants on both sides in possession of some part or other of these villages. On the following morning, the 22nd, the fight was renewed, and, after a terrible carnage, the French were driven back on the river. At this moment news came that the bridge connecting the right bank with the islands was broken down, and the communication of the French army was in danger of being altogether cut off. Buonaparte, to prevent this, retreated into the island of Lobau with the whole of the combating force, and broke down the bridge which connected the islands with the left bank behind them. The Austrians followed keenly upon them in their retreat, and inflicted a dreadful slaughter upon them. Marshal Lannes had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball, and was carried into the island in the midst of the *mêlée*; general St. Hilaire also was killed. Lannes, in his agony, clung to life convulsively. He refused to die; he screamed that he would not die; he declared that the doctors who could not cure the duke of Montebello and a marshal of France should be hanged. He called on Buonaparte to save him, to say that he should not die—as though he could conquer Death as he conquered men. Napoleon was deeply moved; but death did his work on marshal Lannes as on the meanest soldiers, who had died by thousands and tens of thousands that day. The loss in

EXECUTION OF ANDREW HOFER, THE TYROLESE PATRIOT.

killed and wounded on both sides amounted to upwards of forty thousand. The French cuirassiers were so cut up by the Austrian cavalry, that three thousand cuirasses were picked up on the field. For two days Napoleon remained on the island, with his defeated troops, without provisions, and expecting hourly to be cut to pieces. General Hiller earnestly pressed the archduke Charles to allow him to pass the Danube, by open force, opposite to the isle of Enzersdorf, where it might be done under cover of cannon, pledging himself to compel the surrender of Buonaparte and his army. But the archduke appeared under a spell from the moment that the fighting was over. Having his enemy thus cooped up, it was in his power to cut off all his supplies. By crossing the river higher or lower, he could have kept possession of both banks, and at once have cut off Buonaparte's magazines at Ebersdorf, under Davoust, and from which he was separated by the inundation. By any other general, the other armies under his brother would have been ordered up by express; every soldier and every cannon that Austria could muster within any tolerable distance would have been summoned to surround and secure the enemy, taken at such disadvantage. In no other country but Austria could Napoleon have ever left that island but as a prisoner with a surrendered army. Everlasting fame and the salvation of Europe depended on it; and yet for six weeks the archduke allowed Buonaparte to remain unmolested, imagining that he could escape from the island only by the way he went in. Imagine an Austrian army thus enveloped by a French one, and that it could ever escape, or do anything but surrender at discretion.

And all this time the spirit of revolt against Napoleon's domination was growing rapidly in Germany; and, had the Austrians only made the slightest use of their present opportunity, the whole of the country would have been in arms, and the French completely driven out. Though Prussia was still too much depressed to dare to rise and join Austria, there was a fast-growing spirit of indignation amongst its population, which the Tugend-Bund had tended greatly to increase. The brave major Schill, without waiting for any sanction from the king of Prussia, led forth his band of hussars, amounting to about five thousand, and prepared to join, with colonel Dörnberg, an officer of Jerome, the king of Westphalia's guard, to raise an insurrection in that state, and drive out Jerome and the French. The design was betrayed to Jerome by a traitorous friend of Dörnberg, and he was compelled to fly. Letters found amongst Dörnberg's papers showed the participation of Schill in the scheme. Jerome, of course, complained to the king of Prussia, and the unhappy monarch was obliged to disavow and denounce the conduct of Schill. The brave partisan made his way to Wittenberg and Halberstadt, and was pursued by the forces of Westphalia and Holland northwards to Weimar, and finally to Stralsund, which he prepared to defend. The place was stormed by the Dutch and Westphalians, and Schill was killed fighting in the streets of Stralsund, after having split the head of the Dutch general, Carteret, with his sword. Thus fell the gallant Schill, true to his motto—"Better a terrible end than endless terror." The Dutch cut off his head, and it was preserved in spirits of wine, at Leyden, till 1837, when it was buried, at Brunswick, in the grave of his brave followers. Eleven of his officers who were taken prisoners were shot as brigands, at Wesel, by the orders of Buonaparte—for that greatest of brigands branded all patriots who attempted the defence of their national rights by that name. Fourteen subalterns and soldiers were also shot at Brunswick by the same order; and six hundred of his men taken prisoners were sent to the galleys at Toulon. Such was the common treatment of patriot soldiers by this most arrogant of tyrants, who, notwithstanding, has found admirers in England.

Dörnberg escaped to this country. Katt, another patriot, assembled a number of veterans at Stendal, and advanced as far as Magdeburg, but was compelled to fly to the Brunswickers in Bohemia. Had the archduke Charles marched through Franconia at the opening of the campaign, as he proposed, all these isolated bodies might have been encouraged, and knit into a formidable army. But the most powerful of all these independent leaders, the duke of Brunswick, was too late to join Schill, Katt, and Dörnberg. The son of the duke of Brunswick, who had been so barbarously treated by Buonaparte, vowed an eternal revenge. But the French were in possession of his sole patrimony, Oels, and he went to Bohemia, where he raised a band of two thousand hussars, which he equipped and maintained by the aid of England, where his sister was—Caroline, the princess of Wales. He clothed his hussars in black, in memory of his father's death, with the lace disposed like the ribs of a skeleton, and their caps and helmets bearing a death's-head in front—whence they were called the Black Brunswickers. He advanced at their head through Saxony, Franconia, Hesse, and Hanover, calling on the populations to rise and assert their liberties. He defeated Junot at Berneck, and the Saxons at Zittau, but it was the middle of May before he entered Germany, and by that time the enemy had widely separated Schill and the other insurgents. He managed, however, to surprise Leipsic, and thus furnish himself with ammunition and stores. But the Dutch, Saxons, and Westphalians were all bearing down on him. He defeated them at Halberstadt and in Brunswick, but was finally overpowered by numbers of these Dutch and Germans disgracefully fighting against their own country, and he retreated to Elsfleth, and thence sailed for England.

All this time, too, the brave Tyrolese were in open revolt, so that the success of Austria would have instantly produced a universal rising of the country. But for six weeks the Austrians continued to allow Napoleon to keep open his communication with Vienna, whence he procured every material for building, not one bridge, but three; timber, cordage, iron, and forty engines to drive the piles, were procured from its ample magazines. Besides building the bridges, Buonaparte had quickly fortified the island, and placed batteries so as to prevent any successful attack upon him, whilst he was now furnished with the means of issuing from the island almost at pleasure. Since their being cooped up on Lobau, the French had received numerous reinforcements; and though the archduke John was marching to join the archduke Charles, Eugene Beauharnais was close at his heels, continually harassing him and compelling him to fight.

On the frontiers of Hungary, the town of Raab ought to have enabled John to resist and retard Beauharnais, and have allowed the archduke Regnier, who was organising another army in Hungary, to come up; but Raab only stood out eight days, and John was obliged to cross the Danube at Presburg, to endeavour to advance and make a junction with the archduke Charles. But Eugene Beauharnais managed to join Buonaparte still earlier, and the emperor did not then allow John to unite with Charles; for, on the night of the 5th of July, he began to fire on the Austrians, on the left bank of the Danube, from gun-boats; and, whilst they were replying to this, he quietly put his forces across the river. At daylight the next morning the archduke Charles was astonished to find the French army on the open land; they had turned his whole position, had taken the villages of Esslingen and Enzersdorf, and were already assailing him in flank and rear. The archduke retired upon Wagram, which was lost and taken several times during the day. Buonaparte attempted to break the centre of the Austrian line by a concentrated fire of grape-shot, but the Austrians replied vigorously with their artillery. The French were held in check, if not repulsed. The Saxons and other German troops displayed a disposition to break, and go over to the Austrians. Buonaparte spoke sharply to Bernadotte of the conduct of the Saxons, and the marshal replied that they had no longer such soldiers as they brought from the camp of Boulogne. When night closed the French were in confusion, and, in reality, worsted. The next morning, the 6th of July, the archduke renewed the attack on all the French lines, but is said to have left his centre too weak. Buonaparte again endeavoured to break it, but failed. Bernadotte, Massena, and Davoust were all in turn driven from their positions. Buonaparte, in a state of desperation, cried, "The Austrian centre must be battered with artillery like a fortress." He ordered Davoust to make a desperate charge on the left wing, and called on Droust, the general of his artillery, to bring up all the artillery of the guard, and support Davoust. Davoust directed the whole of his force on the left wing, which was broken; and then Buonaparte, forming a dense and deep column of all his best troops, old and new guards, and his celebrated *grenadiers à cheval*, under Macdonald and Beauharnais, drove with a fury against the centre that shattered it, and the battle was decided. But at what a price! The Austrians had twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand killed and wounded, and the French upwards of thirty thousand. Buonaparte lost three generals, and had twenty-one wounded. The Austrians had thirteen generals killed or wounded; but they had taken many more prisoners than they had lost. Whilst the battle was raging, the archduke John was approaching from Presburg; but Austrian slowness, or, as it is said, conflicting orders from his brother and the Aulic council, did not permit him to come up in time, or he would assuredly have turned the day.

Still there was no need to despair. The archduke had yet a great force; there were the divisions of the archdukes John, Ferdinand, and Regnier, and the Tyrolese were all in active operation in their mountains. But the emperor, on learning the fate of the battle, lost all heart, and made offers of peace, which were accepted, and an armistice signed by Francis at Znaim, in Moravia. The armistice took place on the 11th of July, but the treaty of peace was not signed till the 14th of October, at the palace of Schönbrun. The long delay in completing this treaty was occasioned by the exactions which Buonaparte made on Austria of cessions of territory, and the means he took to terrify Francis into submission to his terms. He even addressed a proclamation to the Hungarians, exhorting them to separate from Austria and form an independent kingdom, telling them that they formed the finest part of the Austrian empire, and yet had received nothing from Austria but oppression and misfortunes. By such means, and by constantly exerting himself to sow the germs of discontent through all the Austrian provinces, he at last succeeded in concluding peace on condition of the cession of various territories to his partisans of the confederacy of the Rhine, and of Trieste, the only Austrian port, to France, thus shutting up Austria, as he hoped, from all communication with England. In all, Austria sacrificed forty-five thousand square miles and near four million of subjects to this shameful peace. Neither were his allies, the king of Saxony and the emperor of Russia, forgotten; each obtained a slice of Austria.

Whilst these affairs were pending, and the public mind greatly excited by Buonaparte's conduct, he nearly fell a victim to this growing hatred. Frederick Stabbs, the son of a preacher of Naumburg, on the Saal, had formed the resolution of destroying Napoleon at Schönbrun. He seized the opportunity of a military review to draw near to him, and aimed a dagger at his breast. General Rapp saw the blow given, and fortunately averted his aim, while Berthier threw himself betwixt the emperor and the intended deathblow. "What evil have I done to you?" asked Napoleon. "To me, personally, none," replied Stabbs; "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world, and to have put you to death would have been the most glorious act that a man of honour could perform." He was sent to Vienna, and strictly examined by a council of war; but it appeared clear that he had no accomplices, and the next day he was shot. On the way to the place of execution, he still shouted—"Liberty for ever! Germany for ever! Death to the tyrant!"

The news of the treaty of Schönbrun was a death-blow to the hopes and exertions of the Tyrolese. At this moment they had driven the French out of their mountains, and the beautiful Tyrol was free from end to end. Francis II. had been weak enough to give this brave country over again to Bavaria, at the command of Napoleon, and coldly sent the patriotic Tyrolese word to lay down their arms and submit. To understand the chagrin and despair of the people at this message, we must recollect the strong attachment of the Tyrolese to the house of Austria on all occasions, and their brilliant actions during this war.

Andrew Hofer, the host of the "Sand," at Passeyr (then commonly called the Sandwirth), had gone, on the breaking out of the war, to Vienna, to arrange the plan of the insurrection, and was appointed the head of it. No sooner was this design whispered through the land, than the whole of the peasantry entered into it. On the 19th of April the concerted signal was given, by planks, bearing little red flags, floating down the Inn, and by sawdust thrown on the

lesser streams. On the 10th the whole country was in arms. The Bavarians, under colonel Wrede, proceeded to blow up the bridges in the Pusterthal, to prevent the access of the Austrians; but his sappers, sent for the purpose, found themselves picked off by invisible foes, and took to flight. Wrede then advanced, with a strong force of horse, foot, and artillery, to chastise these audacious insurgents; but he was quickly sent back again by the concealed men of Peter Kemnater, the host of Schabs (a youth of only two-and-twenty), and with such loss, that he was glad to retire to Innspruck, which was garrisoned by the French. Kemnater's riflemen captured all Wrede's artillery, and flung it and the artillerymen into the river. But Wrede found the narrow valley of the Eisack closed against him, and the fine old Roman bridge at Laditsch blown up. In the pass of Brixen the French and Bavarians suffered immense loss from the men of the host of Lechner. It is curious how many of the leaders of the Tyrolese were innkeepers. In this pass the inhabitants had suspended huge trunks of trees and pieces of rock on the faces of the precipices, by cords and ropes of hay and straw. As the French and Bavarians advanced into the pass ten thousand strong, they found tremendous rocks overhanging their heads, and a rapid torrent rushing along below. They heard no sound but of the screaming eagles and the roar of waters; but all at once a man's voice was heard calling across the ravine, "Shall we begin?" "No" was returned in an authoritative tone. The Bavarian battalion halted, and sent to the general for orders, when suddenly was heard the cry, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!" At the same moment, rocks and trunks of trees came thundering down the precipices on their heads, and the crack of a thousand rifles mingled in the bellowing din. This attack was on the whole line at once; there was no room to avoid the descending death; and two-thirds of the force lay prostrated in the defile. The next instant, thousands of Tyrolese, rushing from covert with all sorts of rustic weapons, fell furiously on the confounded remainder, and dispatched them.

Hofer, meanwhile, had posted himself at the head of the brave peasantry of Passeyr. He was a figure as striking as ever displayed itself in mountain warfare. He was of a Herculean form, and remarkably handsome. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black Tyrolean hat, ornamented with green ribands and the feathers of the capercailzie; his broad chest was covered with a red waistcoat, across which green braces, a hand in breadth, upheld black, chamois-leather breeches; his knees were bare, but his well-developed calves were covered with red stockings; a broad, black, leathern girdle clasped his muscular form; over all was thrown a short, green coat, without buttons. His long, brown beard, which fell in rich curls on his chest, added dignity to his appearance; his full, broad countenance was expressive of good humour and honesty; his small, penetrating eyes sparkled with vivacity. Hofer traded in wine, corn, and horses, and was well known and esteemed as far as the Italian frontier. He had been a member of the diet of Innspruck, and had fought, as a captain of a rifle corps, against the French. He was, in domestic life, open, honest, pious, and yet rather fond of the hilarity of company over a glass of wine. He might often be seen during the war with a sword in one hand and a bottle in the other.

On the 11th of April, the day after the destruction of the French and Bavarians in the pass of Brixen, Hofer attacked the Bavarian colonel, Bärnklau, on a piece of table-land near Sterzing, called Sterzinger Moss; but found it impossible to break his square, till he sent a load of hay in that direction, guided by a girl, the daughter of a tailor, named Camper, who went on shouting, as the Bavarian balls flew around her, "On with ye! Who cares for Bavarian dumplings!" The Tyrolean riflemen, following the wagon, and protected by it, soon broke the square, and the whole troop was killed or taken prisoners.

At the same time, Joseph Speckbacher, a wealthy peasant of Rinn—equal, if not superior, to Hofer himself in ability and gallantry—had occupied the lower valley of the Inn. The alarm-bells pealed from every church-tower in the country, the peasants rushed to arms, and the Bavarians, levying contributions at Axoms, fled. Speckbacher invested Halle, in which was a Bavarian garrison of four hundred men, and, making a number of great fires on one side of the city, as if about to attack on that side, stole up, in the darkness, to the gate on the other side, demanded entrance as a common passenger, and, obtaining it, let in his followers, and made the garrison prisoners. On the 12th he appeared before Innspruck, the peasantry in his train shouting, "*Vivat Franzl!* Down with the Bavarians!" The peasantry rushed on the guns, and turned them on the Bavarians; the citizens joined them; and the people of the upper valley of the Inn, headed by major Teimer, poured down in crowds. Colonel Dittfurt, who had committed dreadful atrocities on the people of the Fleimser-Thal the preceding winter, made a desperate resistance, but was killed, and general Kinkel and his garrison surrendered. Immediately after, Hofer and his riflemen attacked the forces with which Wrede and Brisson had crossed the Brenner, and defeated them at Sterzing. He took both the commanders, ten staff officers, above a hundred other officers, eight thousand infantry, and a thousand cavalry, prisoners, and with these they marched triumphantly down to Innspruck. Thus the whole of the Tyrol, in a very few days, was freed from the Bavarians, and Tyrolese officers appointed instead of the Bavarian ones for all departments. The prisoners were all treated with humanity, except one tax-gatherer, who, having boasted that he would grind the people till they ate hay, was compelled to swallow a good lock of hay himself.

These brilliant achievements being accomplished by the Tyrolese themselves, lieutenant field-marshal von Chasteler, as general-in-chief, and baron von Hormayr, as civil intendant, arrived with an Austrian force to govern the country. Some of the Austrians deemed it a condescension to fight with peasantry; and general Marschall, who had been sent to guard the southern Tyrol, declared that he considered it an insult to have to make common cause with mere peasantry, and refused to sit down to table with Hofer. He was removed, and the count Leiningen took his place. Hofer and he afterwards, supported by Chasteler himself, expelled a large force that had marched in from Trient, under generals Lemoine and Baraguay

d'Hilliers. In the engagement Hofer rescued Leiningen from capture.

The success of Napoleon in Austria enabled him to send general Lefebvre, duke of Dantzic, with a powerful force, who, assisted by Wrede, drove the Austrians, under Jellachich, out of Saltzburg, and, marching into the Tyrol, defeated Chasteler. The Bavarians followed in his track, and Chasteler and Hormayr abandoned the country and the people to their fate.

Once more Hofer, Speckbacher, Eisenstecken, and their brave peasantry beat the French and Bavarians at all points, and drove them out of the country, whereupon Hormayr returned to govern. After the battle of Aspern, Francis II. sent word that his faithful Tyrolese should be united to Austria for ever, and that he would never conclude a peace in which they were not indissolubly united to his monarchy. But Wagram followed, and Francis forgot his promise. The Tyrol was again handed over to the French, to clear it for the Bavarians. Lefebvre marched into the Tyrol with forty thousand men, and an army of Saxons, whom, he said, had to bear the brunt of the fighting. Hofer, Speckbacher, the capuchin, Joachim Haspinger, and Schenk, the host of the "Krug" or "Jug," again aroused the whole country, destroyed or drove back the Saxons; and when Lefebvre himself appeared near Botzen with all his concentrated forces, they compelled him also to retire from the Tyrol with terrible loss. Hofer once more became the governor of the country, and his companions, Speckbacher and Haspinger, pursued the French and Saxons to Saltzburg, and took many prisoners on the way.

But the peace of Vienna was now concluded, and, on the 30th of October, baron Lichtenthurm appeared in the camp of the Tyrolese, and delivered a letter to the leaders from the archduke John, requesting them peaceably to disperse, and surrender the country to the Bavarians. This was a terrible blow to these brave men. They appeared prostrated by the news, and Hofer announced to Speckbacher, who was still fighting with the Bavarians, that peace was made with France, and that the Tyrol was forgotten! Hofer returned to his native vale of Passayr, and still held out against the French, and the Italian mercenaries under Rusca, whom he defeated with great slaughter. But traitors were amongst them, who guided the French to their rear. Hofer escaped into the higher Alps, but thirty of the other leaders were taken and shot without mercy. Another traitor guided the French to Hofer's retreat in the high wintry Alps, near the Oetzthaler Firner. He had been earnestly implored to quit the country, but he refused. As the French surrounded his hut, on the 27th of February, 1810, he came out calmly and submitted. He was carried to the fortress of Mantua, and Napoleon sent an order that he should be shot within four-and-twenty hours. He would not suffer himself to be blindfolded, nor would he kneel, but exclaimed—"I stand before my Creator, and, standing, I will restore to him the spirit he gave!" Thus died, on the 29th of February, 1810, the brave Hofer—another murdered man, another victim of the sanguinary vengeance of Buonaparte against whatever was patriotic and independent. Yet, even Hofer was better treated than his friend and coadjutor, Speckbacher. Hofer's son received a fine estate from the emperor Francis; but Speckbacher, having escaped the Bavarians by strange adventures and unheard-of hardships, and having made his way to Vienna, was left unnoticed by the emperor, and might have perished of starvation, but for Hofer's son, who engaged him as his steward.

The arbitrary crushing of the freedom of the Tyrol, and the handing of it over to the Bavarians as a gift, was not the only oppression of this period of Napoleon's career, which the Germans call his supremacy. He seemed to have put down all opposition on the continent, except in Spain, and he dictated to all nations according to the arrogance of his will. His general in Poland, Poniatowski, himself a Pole, was employed to put down his countrymen, to whom he had held out delusive hopes of the restoration of their nationality. Poniatowski fell on the Austrians with forty thousand men, and made himself master of Warsaw, whilst the archduke Ferdinand was besieging Thorn. He then advanced against the archduke, beat him in two battles fought in April and May, and eventually drove the Austrians out of the grand duchy of Warsaw. Buonaparte then divided Galicia, giving one portion to the emperor of Russia, and adding the other to the grand duchy of Warsaw, which was restored to the king of Saxony. Thus the Poles saw an end of all the august hopes with which Buonaparte had endeavoured to inspire them, in order to induce them to fight his battles for the subjugation of other peoples.

We have seen that the archduke John, whilst advancing victoriously into Italy, driving the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnais, before him, when he had advanced almost to Venice, was recalled by the news of the unfortunate battle of Eckmühl, and the orders of the Aulic council. The Italians had received him with open and avowed joy; for, rigorous and unpopular as the rule of Austria in Italy had been, it was found to be light and easy in comparison of the yoke of Buonaparte. In common with all other people, the Italians found that Buonaparte's domination, introduced with lofty pretences of restoring liberty and crushing all old tyrannies, was infinitely more intolerable than the worst of these old tyrannies. It was one enormous drain of military demand. The life-blood of the nation was drawn as by some infernal and insatiable vampyre, to be poured out in all the other lands of Europe for their oppression and curse. Trade vanished, agriculture declined under the baleful incubus; public robbery was added to private wrong; the works of art—the national pride—were stripped from their ancient places, without any regard to public or individual right, and there remained only an incessant pressure of taxation, enforced with insult, and often with violence.

When the archduke began to retreat, Beauharnais pursued him far more actively than he had been pursued, and he was aided in his operations by marshal Macdonald. John, however, repeatedly turned and gave the French a sanguinary check, as at Correggiano, and in the valley of Raab. Both generals were at the same time hastening to reinforce their respective commanders-in-chief; but Beauharnais, with French characteristic alertness, managed to join Buonaparte before the battle of Wagram; and the archduke John, though continually urged, by letters from the archduke Charles, to make all speed, managed, with

characteristic Austrian slowness, to reach Presburg, and there remain inactive till his brother was beaten, and Austria laid at the feet of the conqueror. Many have been disposed to attribute the strange conduct of the archduke John to treason in his army. The French, as at other times, sent their emissaries amongst the Austrian officers, and the sudden wealth of some of them would seem to indicate that they had accepted the bribes. But this could not have prevented the archduke from marching, if he were disposed to march; and we must rather look for the real reason of both this strange delay, and of the Austrian disasters in general, to the system of placing at the head of their armies members of the royal family, merely because they were such. The French armies were led on by men, every one of whom had risen by their talents and energy; the Austrians, by men who were archdukes, and nothing more. The causes of the different results of the two commands are palpable enough.

CAMPO VACCINO, ROME.

The Austrians being again expelled from Italy, Buonaparte, in his all-absorbing cupidity, determined to turn adrift the pope, and add his little vineyard to his now cumbrously overgrown Ahab's domains. He had begun this spoliation in 1808, as we have recorded, seizing on the greater part of the pontiff's territories; sending away his cardinals, and reducing him to little better than a solitary prisoner in his own palace. This was an ungrateful return to the poor old pope for making the long journey into France to crown him, and thus to give a sacred sanction to his usurpation of the imperial crown—a sanction of immense effect throughout the catholic world. On his return to Italy, Pius VII. appeared quite favourably disposed towards Buonaparte, declaring, in his address to the college of cardinals, that he was set up by Providence for the revival of religion in France, where it had been trampled on and denied. But these considerations did not at all influence Buonaparte, nor the thought of the mischievous effect that further injury to the pope must have on the vast body of catholic clergy and of pious catholics in various countries of Europe. He saw the remaining territories of the pope stretching across Italy, cutting it in two, and preventing the design which he now had of declaring himself the successor of Charlemagne, and of making Rome the capital of his European empire.

Pius VII. had given Buonaparte great offence by refusing to declare war on the English, and thus keeping up a breach in his system of exclusion of English commerce. He had, therefore, already taken military possession of Civita Vecchia and Ancona, but he now resolved to take the whole

POPE PIUS VII. ARRESTED BY THE ORDER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

temporal dominion from the pope, and abrogate, by virtue of his assumed heirship of Charlemagne's realm, the gift of Charlemagne to the church. An all-powerful despot can do what he pleases, except to extinguish the moral convictions of mankind. They remain, and in their inner sanctuary of the soul laugh at all false pretences.

On the 2nd of February, 1809, general Miollis, by order of Buonaparte, took possession of Rome; disarmed and disbanded the pope's guard, and marched his other soldiers to the north, telling them they should no longer remain under the effeminate rule of a priest. Miollis then gave the pontiff the alternative to join the French league, offensive and defensive, or to be deposed. The pope firmly refused to concede his rights to anything but absolute force. On the 17th of May, therefore, Napoleon's decree for the deposition of the pope from his temporal power was proclaimed. It assumed the heirship of Charlemagne to be in Buonaparte; declared the union of the spiritual and temporal powers to be the source of all scandals and discords in the catholic church; that they were, therefore, at an end—the Roman state for ever united to the French empire.

On the 10th of June Pius issued a bull excommunicating Buonaparte and all who aided him in his sacrilegious usurpation of the patrimony of St. Peter; and this was followed, on the 6th of July, by general Radet forcing the gates of the Vatican, taking possession of it with his troops, entering the presence of the pope, who was amid his priests, and clad in his pontificals, and demanding that he should instantly sign a renunciation of all the temporal estates attached to the see of Rome. Pius declared that he neither could nor would perform any such sacrilegious act. He was then informed that he must quit Rome. "This, then," said the pontiff, "is the gratitude of your emperor for my great condescension towards him and towards the Gallican church; God's will be done. I have probably erred in what I have done for the French emperor, and God means to punish me for it!" and, taking his breviary under his arm, he walked out of his palace, guarded by the usurper's soldiers. It was three o'clock in the morning. Cardinal Pacca was alone permitted to accompany him in the carriage awaiting him, and they were whirled away by a rapid and almost uninterrupted journey to Alessandria, and to the foot of the Alps. There, quite worn out, the inflexible old man demanded whether Napoleon wanted to have him dead or alive. The answer was, "Certainly alive." "Then," replied the suffering but unconquered old man, "you must let me have some rest." This was accorded, but the following day they hurried over Mont Cenis, and never stopped till they reached Grenoble.

But the people soon beginning to manifest a deep sympathy with the head of the church thus stripped, abased, and kept in secret durance by gendarmes, he was removed, at the end of ten days, to the Italian side of the Alps, and located at Savona. Here the prefect of Savoy, M. de Chabral, presented him with a letter from Buonaparte, menacing him with being called before a council at Paris unless he gave up his obstinacy and signed his deposition; but he replied firmly, "I will lay his threats at the foot of the crucifix, and leave with God the care of avenging my cause, since it has become His own." Pius was detained at Savona three years, and was then removed to Fontainebleau. Amongst all the violent usurpations of Buonaparte, none were more impolitic than this towards the pope. It embittered the minds of the catholic world, both clerical and lay, against him, and the Spaniards and Portuguese, as well as the Austrians, on a future day, struck all the more vigorously at his power as they remembered his base and ungrateful treatment of the head of the church—of an old man worn down by troubles and sufferings—and whose amiable and pacific character merited very different treatment, even at the most indifferent hands. When himself a prisoner at St. Helena, Buonaparte, with singular meanness, denied that the deposition and abduction of Pius VII. were by his authority; that he only knew of them when too late. As if any man whatever in the French empire would have dared to attempt such a measure without his full knowledge and approbation!

Having sufficiently humiliated Austria as well as the pope—having mocked the Poles, by ending his fine promises in handing them over to Russia and Saxony—having had the German and Tyrolese patriots shot—having weakened every one of the Austrian frontiers, and levied three millions sterling on that country for the expenses of the war, thus making it pay for its own subjection—Buonaparte returned to Paris, and, on the 3rd of December, opened the session of the legislative chamber, telling them that, with the exception of Spain and Portugal, the whole continent was in the enjoyment of *peace!*

In England the ministry was thrown into the utmost chaos and discord by the disastrous progress of the war on the continent, and especially by the miserable result of the Walcheren expedition. One member of the cabinet endeavoured to throw the blame on another, and the feud betwixt Canning, the minister for foreign affairs, and lord Castlereagh, the minister at war, grew deadly. One accused the other of interfering and thwarting action, and so producing the lamentable consequences that ensued. A hot correspondence followed, in which Castlereagh accused Canning of privately insinuating to the other ministers that Castlereagh should be dismissed, and Canning denying it. Betwixt them, lord Camden came into difficulty; for, though Canning had told lord Camden, as lord Castlereagh's relative, that one or other of them must resign, he declared that he did not mean this communication as secret, but as one that he expected lord Camden would communicate to lord Castlereagh. Castlereagh resigned, and then challenged Canning. Canning also resigned; and the duel was fought on the 21st of September, on Putney Heath, and Canning was wounded. The duke of Portland, who was near his end—which was probably hastened by these agitations and embarrassments—also resigned, and died a few days afterwards.

The tory ministry was now in a most shattered condition, and it was believed that it could not repair itself. On the 23rd of September official letters were addressed to lords Grey and Grenville to endeavour to form a coalition with the tories, but they declined. The tory ministry was therefore readjusted by the introduction of the marquis of Wellesley, who had been replaced in his embassy in Spain by his brother Henry, afterwards lord Cowley, who took

the place of Canning in the foreign office, and Perceval taking the premiership, which Portland had only nominally held, as well as the chancellorship of the exchequer, which he held before. Lord Palmerston also made his first appearance in this cabinet as under-secretary of state for the war department, in place of Sir James Pulteney; so that, at this time, Palmerston has been a minister, at intervals, through a period of fifty-two years. Lord Liverpool took Castlereagh's place as minister of war and colonies; and the hon. R. Ryder succeeded lord Liverpool as secretary of state for he home department.

The year 1810 opened with violent debates on the conduct of the late ministry, and the miserable management of the Walcheren expedition. The king's speech, read by commission, passed over the disasters in Belgium entirely, and spoke only of Wellesley's glorious victory at Talavera. But the opposition did not pass over Walcheren; amendments were moved in both houses strongly condemning the whole business, which the ministry managed to get negatived by considerable majorities. Both Castlereagh and Canning defended their concern in the expedition. They declared that the orders were to push forward and secure Antwerp, and destroy the docks and shipping there, not to coop up the troops in an unhealthy island swamp; and that they were not responsible for the mismanagement of the affair. This threw the onus on lord Chatham, the commander, but did not exonerate ministers for choosing such a commander; and though they were able to defeat the amendments on the address, they were not able to prevent the appointment of a secret committee to inquire into the conduct and policy of the expedition. The committee was secret, because Buonaparte carefully read the English newspapers, and parliament was desirous of keeping from his knowledge the wretched blunders of our commanders. This object, however, was not achieved, for the evidence given before the committee oozed out and appeared in our newspapers, and was duly set forth in the *Moniteur* for the edification of France and the continent. Notwithstanding the frightful details laid before the committee, and the gross proofs of dilatoriness and neglect, ministers succeeded in negativing every condemnatory motion; and though general Craufurd actually carried resolutions affirming the propriety of taking and keeping the island of Walcheren, awfully fatal as it was, still lord Chatham, though exculpated by the court and parliament, was by no means acquitted by the country, and he found it necessary to surrender his post of master-general of the ordnance.

The motion made by Mr. Yorke, now first lord of the admiralty, for the exclusion of strangers during the debate on the Walcheren expedition, gave great offence to the reformers, who were now beginning to co-operate in societies, and to keep a keen watch on the ministerial tendency to curb the liberty of the press, and to carry things with a high hand. At a debating society, called the "British Forum," the president, Mr. Gale Jones, delivered a strong oration against it, and proposed for the discussion of the following evening the question, "Which was the greater outrage upon public feeling: Mr. Yorke's enforcement of the standing order, or Mr. Windham's attack on the liberty of the press on the same occasion?" This proposal being agreed to, the intended debate was made known by placards posted in the streets. Yorke complained of this as a breach of the privileges of the house of commons, and the printer was immediately summoned before the house, when he gave the name of the author, Mr. Gale Jones, who was thereupon, on the morrow, the 21st of February, brought before the house, and committed to Newgate.

This was carrying matters with a high hand. The true wisdom would have been to have taken no notice of such a discussion in an obscure association, especially as the corruptions and false representation of that house were every day becoming the subject of more earnest public opinion. On the 13th of March Sir Francis Burdett, at this time in the heyday of his patriotism, moved that Mr. John Gale Jones should be discharged, questioning the legality of his committment, and declaring that, if the proceedings of parliament were not to be criticised like everything else, there was an end of liberty of speech and of the press. This motion was rejected by one hundred and fifty-three against fourteen. The speech of Sir Francis was printed by Cobbett in his *Weekly Register*, a publication now beginning to possess a high influence with the people. It was also accompanied by a letter of Sir Francis, commenting in strong language on this arbitrary act, and questioning the right of such a house to commit for breach of privilege, seeing that it consisted of "a part of our fellow-subjects, *collected together by means which it is not necessary to describe.*"

This description of the house of commons, at this time, and for long afterwards, was too happy a definition to escape the wrath of that body, which was only too well known to be drawn together by any means rather than an honest and fair election—by pocket boroughs and the most shameful bribery. Such a house certainly had no right to sit as the representatives of the nation, much less to commit any one to prison for commenting on its proceedings. Discussions on its character and acts were sure every day to be more common and more severe, and the determination was all the more evoked to crush this dangerous tendency, and extend, if possible, the reign of representative infamy. Accordingly, on the 27th of March, Mr. Lethbridge, member for Somersetshire, moved that Sir Francis Burdett should be committed to the Tower for his attack on the house. After some discussion, the question was adjourned to the 5th of April, when, by a majority of thirty-eight, Sir Francis was ordered to be committed as guilty of a libel against the house. But Sir Francis, justly regarding the house as altogether illegally constituted, and as a usurpation by the aristocracy of the functions of the people, determined not to submit to its order. The next day he addressed a letter to the speaker of the house, declaring his contempt for it as then constituted; that he held its order to be, on that ground, illegal; and that he would resist it to the utmost. He ordered the doors and windows of his house in Piccadilly to be closed, and prepared to yield only to force.

The excitement in the public, as this resolution became known, was intense, and large crowds assembled in front of the baronet's house, applauding, and shouting "Burdett for ever!" In their enthusiasm, they compelled all passengers

to take off their hats, and shout too. But they did not stop here. On all such occasions a rabble unites itself to the real reformers of the lowest kind—a fact far more common at that time of day, when education was almost unknown amongst the people—and they began to insult persons of opposite principles as they discovered them, and to break the windows of their houses. The earl of Westmoreland, lord privy seal, was recognised, and pelted with mud, as well as others of the same political faith. The windows of Mr. Yorke, as the originator of the acts of the commons, were quickly broken, and, in rapid succession, those of lord Chatham, amid loud shouts of "Walcheren!" of Sir Robert Peel, the duke of Montrose, lord Castlereagh, lord Westmoreland, the marquis of Wellesley, Mr. Wellesley Pole, Sir John Anstruther, and others. The Horse Guards were called out, and dispersed the rioters. The next day the serjeant-at-arms made his way into Sir Francis Burdett's house, and presented the speaker's warrant for his arrest; but Sir Francis put the warrant in his pocket without looking at it, and a Mr. O'Connor, who was present, led the serjeant-at-arms down stairs, and closed the door upon him. A troop of life-guards and a company of foot-guards were then ordered to post themselves in front of Sir Francis' house, and at night it was found necessary to read the riot act, and then the guards were ordered to clear the street, which they did. Whilst this was doing, Sir Francis watched the proceeding from the windows, and was repeatedly cheered by the mob. Whilst thus besieged, he was visited by lord Cochrane, the earl of Thanet, Whitbread, Coke, of Norfolk, lord Folkstone, colonel Wardle, major Cartwright, and other radical reformers. Some of these gentlemen thought enough had been done to establish a case for a trial of the right of the house of commons, and advised Sir Francis to yield to the speaker's warrant. But Sir Francis addressed a letter to the sheriffs of London, informing them that an attack was made upon his liberty by an instrument which he held to be decidedly illegal, and calling upon them to protect both him and the other inhabitants of the bailiwick from such violence. In this dilemma, the premier, Mr. Perceval, advised that the serjeant-at-arms should lay the case before the attorney-general, Sir Vicary Gibbs, which he did; but the reply of Sir Vicary only created more embarrassment, for he was doubtful whether, should any person be killed in enforcing the speaker's warrant, it would not be held to be murder, and whether, if the serjeant-at-arms were killed, a charge of murder would be issued against the perpetrator. The sheriffs, who were themselves strong reformers, laid the letter of Sir Francis before the speaker and before Mr. Ryder, the new secretary of state, who counselled them to give their aid in enforcing the warrant. But these gentlemen proceeded to the house of Sir Francis Burdett, and passed the night with him for his protection.

During that evening and night there were serious contentions betwixt the mob and the soldiers still posted in front of Sir Francis' house, and one man was shot by the military. Scarcely had the sheriffs quitted the house of the besieged baronet on the Sunday morning, supposing no attempt at capture would take place that day, when the serjeant-at-arms presented himself with a party of police, and demanded entrance, but in vain. All that day, and late into the night, the mob continued to insult the soldiers who kept guard on the baronet's house, and an order being given at night to clear the streets around, the mob broke the lamps, and threw all into darkness. They then carried away the scaffolding from a house under repair, and made a barricade across Piccadilly, which was, however, removed by the soldiers; and the rain falling in torrents, the mob dispersed.

On the following morning, being Monday, the ministers came to the resolution of entering the baronet's house by force; and, as he sate at breakfast with a considerable company of friends, an attempt was made by a man to enter by the window, which he broke in trying to raise the sash. This man was secured; but a more successful party of officers below dashed in a window on the ground floor, and soon appeared in the drawing-room. Sir Francis was seized, and, still struggling and protesting, was conveyed to a carriage, and, escorted by the military, was conveyed to the tower, amid tremendous crowds, crying "Burdett for ever!" A strong force had occupied the passage through the city, and had drawn up before the tower before the arrival of the party with the prisoner, whom they had taken round by Pentonville and Islington. The scene during the conveyance of Sir Francis into the old fortress was indescribable for tumult and yelling. As the soldiers were returning they were hooted and pelted with stones, and at last they lost patience and fired, killing two persons and wounding a number more.

The whole of London was thrown into great agitation, and Sir John Anstruther that evening, in the house of commons, was very severe on the ministers for not taking more decided measures for the protection of the metropolis. The next day the letter of Sir Francis was taken into consideration. Many severe strictures were made on his conduct, and even Whitbread contended that the speaker's warrant was perfectly legal, and that Sir Francis had done a great injury to reform by stirring up a riot in the prosecution of a constitutional question. He asked what must be the position of the house in event of a reform if it had no power to exert its authority? But the fact was, that it was a vast need of reform which had brought it to this pass, and especially its resistance to all appeals on its behalf. As to reform, it was quite competent to the house to submit to it, without any exercise of such powers against the press as had provoked these occurrences. There was a call for the expulsion of the radical baronet from the house; but, as this would have produced a new election in Westminster, by which he would certainly have been returned afresh, that was prudently abandoned.

On the 13th of April the speaker read to the house a notice which he had received, that a bill would be filed against him, in the court of King's Bench, to try the validity of his warrant in this case, and the house ordered the letter and the notice to be entered on the journals. On the 16th, Sir Samuel Romilly moved for the discharge of Gale Jones; but Windham observed that a meeting of the electors of Westminster was announced for the morrow, to take into consideration the case of their representative, and that to liberate Jones at that moment would be sure to be attributed

to fear on the part of the commons. The motion was therefore rejected.

The meeting of the Westminster electors the next day, held in Palace Yard, under the very walls of parliament, was attended by vast crowds, and the tone of the speakers was most indignant. They justified the letter of their representative to themselves; denounced the conduct of the commons as oppressive, arbitrary, and illegal, tending to destroy the popular liberties; and they approved highly of the baronet's spirited resistance to the breaking into his house. They called for his liberation, and for that of the unjustly incarcerated Mr. Gale Jones. They drew up a letter to Sir Francis to this effect, to be presented to him in the tower by the high bailiff of Westminster; and they drew up a petition and remonstrance to the house of commons in equally spirited terms, which was presented the same evening by lord Cochrane. The honourable J. W. Ward, afterwards lord Dudley and Ward, opposed the reception of the petition as highly indecorous, and as violating the dignity of the house; but Whitbread defended it, and even Canning and Perceval excused, in some degree, the tone of the petition under the circumstances. It was ordered, therefore, to be laid on the table.

In the meantime, coroners' inquests were held on the two men who had been shot by the military. In the one case, the jury brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide;" but, in the other, of "wilful murder" by the soldiers. On the other hand, the government offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery of any one who had been guilty of firing at the soldiers, and an additional one of five hundred pounds for the discovery of the person who had fired at and wounded ensign Cowell, whilst on duty at the Tower, the night after the committal of Sir Francis. The reform party in the commons demanded whether the government did not intend to offer a reward for the discovery of the soldiers who had fired at and wounded several of the people, and killed two of them. Whitbread moved that an inquiry should be instituted into the justice of the verdict of "wilful murder" against the soldiers, and in this he was seconded by William Smith, of Norwich; but captain Agar, who had been on duty, declared that the people had fired the first shot, and the premier got rid of the question by asserting that an inquiry was already going on into the circumstances of the riot, and that it was not for parliament to anticipate it.

During the Easter recess, popular meetings were held, condemning the conduct of ministers, and calling for parliamentary reform. On the meeting of the house again, a very strong petition, bearing rather the character of a remonstrance, was presented from the electors of Middlesex by Mr. George Byng, on the 2nd of May. The ministerial party declared that the petition was an insult to the house; but the reformers maintained that not only the language of the petition, but the whole of the unhappy events which had taken place, were the direct consequences of the corrupt character of the representation, and of the house screening from due punishment such culprits as the duke of York, lord Castlereagh, &c. The petition was rejected; but the very next day a petition of equal vigour and plainness was voted by the livery of London, and was presented on the 8th, and rejected too. The house had grown so old in corruption, that it felt itself strong enough to reject the petitions of the people—little dreaming the length to which these reforms would hereafter be pushed. A memorial was presented also on the same subject from major Cartwright, one of the most indefatigable apostles of reform, by Whitbread, and that was rejected too, for the major pronounced the committal of Sir Francis a flagrantly illegal act.

As Sir Francis Burdett had commenced suits, not only against the speaker, but also against the sergeant-at-arms, and against earl Moira, the governor of the Tower, for his arrest and detention, the house of commons appointed a select committee to inquire into the proper mode of defence, and it was determined that the sergeant-at-arms should appear and plead to these indictments, and that the attorney-general should be directed to defend them. Though these trials did not take place till May and June of the following year, we may here note the result, to close the subject. In the two first, verdicts were obtained favourable to the government, and in the third the jury, not agreeing, was dismissed. These trials came off before lord Ellenborough, one of the most steady supporters of government that ever sate on the judicial bench; and the results probably drew their complexion from this cause, for the feeling of the public continued to be exhibited strongly in favour of the prisoner of the house of commons. He continued to receive deputations from various parts of the country, expressive of the sympathy of public bodies, and of the necessity of a searching reform of parliament. Whatever irregularity might have marked the proceedings of the radical baronet, there is no question that the discussions to which they led all over the country produced a decided progress in the cause of a renovation of our dilapidated representation.

The prorogation of parliament, on the 21st of June, liberated both Sir Francis and the unfortunate president of the debating society, Mr. John Gale Jones. On the morning of this day vast crowds assembled before the Tower to witness the enlargement of the popular baronet. There was a great procession of reformers with banners and mottoes, headed by major Cartwright, and attended by Mr. Sheriff Wood and Mr. Sheriff Atkins; but as Sir Francis apprehended that there might be some fresh and fatal collision betwixt the military and the people, he prudently resolved to leave the Tower quietly by water, which he effected, to the great disappointment of the populace. No such excitement as this had taken place, on a question of right betwixt the house of commons and an individual member, since the days of Wilkes.

The other measures of parliament during this session were these:—In the house of lords lord Holland, and in the commons Henry Brougham, moved for addresses to his majesty, exhorting him to persevere in his efforts to induce the governments of other nations to co-operate in the abolition of the slave trade, and to take measures for putting a stop to the clandestine practice of British subjects yet carrying on this trade in a fraudulent manner, as well as to adopt plans for preventing other evasions of Mr. Wilberforce's act. Mr. Bankes introduced a motion for rendering perpetual his bill to prevent the grant of offices in reversion, and such a bill was passed in the commons, but rejected in the lords.

A bill for parliamentary reform was introduced by Mr. Brand, and debated with unusual interest, owing to the events connected with Sir Francis Burdett, but was, of course, rejected by a large majority. The day for such a measure was yet far off. There was a motion made by Mr. Parnell regarding tithes in Ireland; another by Grattan and lord Donoughmore for catholic emancipation; and a third by Sir Samuel Romilly for reform of our criminal code—all necessary, but yet long-to-be-deferred measures. Lord Melville also introduced a plan of great importance into the house of peers, namely, to substitute government war vessels for the conveyance of troops to their destinations abroad. He showed that not only was there immense and flagrant jobbing going on betwixt the government transport board and the merchants from whom they hired ships on such occasions, but that these all tended to the misery and mortality of the soldiers; that the transport vessels hired were often not only inconveniently small, necessitating very uncomfortable and unhealthy crowding, but they were also frequently crazy, unseaworthy craft, badly manned, and ignorantly commanded by very ordinary skippers. He showed that a great amount of the mortality attending the transport of our troops to distant shores was owing to this cause, and that all might be avoided, and a considerable pecuniary saving effected, by employing none but government vessels, roomy and clean, and commanded by officers duly qualified. But no such necessary and humane scheme was likely to be cordially supported by an unreformed parliament. Mr. George Rose also obtained leave to bring in a bill for a more questionable object. It was to augment our navy by bringing up the children of such people as became chargeable to parishes at government naval schools, and thus regularly appropriating them as sailors. He estimated these children at ninety thousand, and calculated that these schools would furnish seven thousand sailor-boys per annum. It was a scheme for a press-gang system commencing with the cradle.

The supplies for the present year were voted to the amount of fifty million one hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds. No new taxes were to be levied, but there was to be a loan of eight million pounds. This money was distributed as follows: twenty-five million pounds to the land service and ordnance, twenty million pounds to the navy, a subsidy to Portugal of nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds, and to Sicily of four hundred thousand pounds.

The aspect of affairs in Spain at the commencement of 1810 was gloomy in the extreme. Scarcely a town, a fortress, or an army remained to the Spaniards; yet, perhaps, never did Napoleon feel a deeper anxiety concerning it. The spirit of the people had shown that it could not be easily subdued. He might beat its regular troops, and compel the surrender of cities, after long and severe sieges, but there still remained a whole population hostile to him. Throughout all the mountain districts the population might be said to be still in arms against him; the guerillas everywhere harassed, surprised, and destroyed his foragers and detached parties; and there was a fire burning in the general Spanish heart that might at any moment blaze up into a dangerous flame, or, if not, must wear out his troops, his energies, and his resources. It is impossible to subdue the people of a mountainous country, so as to rule them in peace, if they are at heart opposed to the ruler.

Yet, looking at Spain from a mere momentary point of view, its condition was sad enough. Zaragossa had undergone a second siege, in which the inhabitants had again made a brilliant stand, and caused the French much loss and suffering, though compelled at length to surrender. The battle of Ocaña, in November of 1809, had been lost by Areizaga, and left Spain without a single considerable army. During the latter part of the last year, general Reding, the Swiss general, had been defeated and killed at Valls. Blake had sustained two heavy defeats near Zaragossa and Belchite, with the loss of the greater part of his artillery and men. Gerona had withstood a desperate siege, but was compelled to capitulate on the 10th of December. Tarragona and Tortosa had suffered the same fate. In some of these towns the Spaniards had not yielded till they had killed and eaten their horses and mules.

Towards the end of the year Soult had been recalled to Madrid, to take the place of Jourdan, who was remanded to Paris. Soult then determined to make an expedition into the south, to subdue Seville and Cadiz—the last places of consequence left to the Spaniards. He took king Joseph with him, or, rather, perhaps, king Joseph was afraid to be left in the capital without his protection. The battle of Ocaña, and the destruction of Areizaga's army, left the passes of the Sierra Morena all open, and, on the 21st of January, Soult was at Baylen, where the army of Dupont had surrendered. Thence he pushed forward for Seville, sending other divisions of the army to traverse Malaga and Grenada. Nothing could be more favourable to the visit of Soult than the then condition of Seville. The stupid, proud, ignorant, junta had refused all proffers of aid from the English, and they had, at the same time, worn out the patience of the people, who had risen upon them, and expelled them from the place. They then fled to Cadiz, in the hope of renewing their authority there; but they met with a still fiercer reception from the people of Cadiz, and were compelled formally to resign. As for the inhabitants of Seville, they talked of defending the city against the French, but there was no order amongst them, no authority, and they did nothing. Soult marched on from town to town, collecting a rich spoil everywhere, which the Spaniards had left behind them. They seemed to think of carrying away with them only their money, but a mass of other wealth fell into the hands of the French, and amongst it, as usual, great quantities of English cannon, muskets, and ammunition, which assisted in enabling the French to fight with us. Soult entered Corduba in triumph on the 17th of January, and Seville on the 1st of February, and there king Joseph established his court for some time.

Soult sent on marshal Victor, without delay, to surprise and seize Cadiz—a most important object, as it kept up an inlet for the English, and for supplies of arms to the Spaniards. But the duke of Albquerque, with eight or ten thousand men, had been called at the first alarm, and, making a rapid march of two hundred and sixty English miles, reached the city just before him. The garrison now

AN INCIDENT IN THE BURDETT RIOTS.

consisted of twenty thousand men—English, Spanish, and Portuguese—commanded chiefly by general Graham, an officer who had distinguished himself at Toulon, at the same time that Buonaparte first made his merit conspicuous. The British troops had been offered by lord Wellington, and, though insolently refused by the junta before, were now thankfully accepted. Some were hastened from Torres Vedras, under command of the hon. major-general Stewart, and some from Gibraltar. The British, independent of the Portuguese under their command, amounted to six thousand. The Spanish authorities, having their eyes opened at length to the value of the English alliance, now gave the command of their little fleet to admiral Purvis, who put the ships, twenty in number, into tolerable order, and joined them to his own squadron. With these moored across the harbour, he kept the sea open for all necessary supplies; and, though Soult, accompanied by king Joseph, arrived on the 25th of February, and sate down before the place, occupying the country round from Rota to Chiclana, with twenty-five thousand men, he could make no impression against Cadiz, and the siege was continued till the 12th of August, 1812, when the successes of Wellington warned them to be moving. It was an essential advantage to Wellington's campaign that twenty-eight thousand French should thus be kept lying before this place.

In Andalusia, the French, under Sebastiani, held Malaga and Granada; but, more eastward, the Spanish made a very troublesome resistance. It was in vain that Sebastiani marched into the mountains of Murcia to disperse the forces that Blake was again collecting there. Beaten in one place, they appeared in another. A strong force, under general Lacey, surprised a body of six thousand French at Renda, and put them to flight, securing their arms and stores. In Catalonia general O'Donnell stood his ground well, the country not only being by nature strong, but lying along the coast, where the English could support them by their fleets. Rushing from their hills and mountain forts, the Catalonian militia, styled somatenes and miguelets, headed by D'Erolles, continually inflicted severe chastisement on the French invaders, and then retired to their fortresses. Marshals Suchet, Augereau, and Macdonald found it impossible to make permanent head against O'Donnell and the Catalonians. In fact, though Spain might seem to be conquered, having no great armies in the field, it was never less so—and that Buonaparte felt. Wherever there were hills and forests, they swarmed with guerillas. For this species of warfare—the guerilla—the Spanish were peculiarly adapted. The mountaineers, headed by the curate, the doctor, or the shepherd, men who, in spite of their ordinary habits, had a genius for enterprise, were continually on the watch to surprise and cut off the enemy. Other bodies of them were led by men of high birth, or of military training, but who were distinguished for their superior spirit and endurance of fatigue. Amongst these, the names of Mina, the Empecinado, are of world-wide reputation. These leaders had the most perfect knowledge of the woods and passes of the mountains, and had the most immediate information from the peasantry of the movements of the French. They could, therefore, come upon them when totally unlooked-for, and cut them off suddenly. If they were repulsed, they disappeared like shadows into the forests and deserts. Sometimes they came several thousands strong; sometimes a little band of ten or twenty men would dash forward from their concealments, and effect some startling deed. To chase them appeared hopeless, for they spread through a thousand ways, as water sinks into the earth and disappears. To intimidate them, Soult published a proclamation that he would treat them as bandits, and immediately shoot all that he captured; and the guerillas replied by another proclamation that for every Spaniard they would execute three Frenchmen; and they so literally fulfilled their threat, that the French were compelled to return to the ordinary rules of warfare.

Such was the state of Spain, though nominally conquered by the French. It was only held by a vast force, and there was no prospect that this force could ever be dispensed with. Joseph was so heartily tired of his kingdom that, on going to Paris to attend the emperor's marriage, he declared that he would abdicate unless he were made generalissimo of all the forces in Spain, the separate generals, in their own provinces, paying but little regard to his commands, but each acting as if viceroy of his own province. To Napoleon the state of things was equally irksome. The drain of men and money was intolerable, and appeared without prospect of any end. He resolved, therefore, to make a gigantic effort to drive the English out of Portugal, when he hoped to be able to subjugate Spain. He could not yet proceed thither himself, but he sent great reinforcements under Drouet and Junot, and dispatched Massena, who was reckoned the greatest general next to himself, to drive Wellington into the sea. Massena had been so uniformly victorious, that Buonaparte styled him "the spoilt child of fortune," and had made him prince of Esslingen. Neither Buonaparte nor Massena himself doubted for a moment that he should speedily expel the sepoy general and his leopards.

In the Peninsula, altogether, the French had upwards of two hundred thousand men, but the force which Massena led against Wellington did not amount to more than sixty thousand, Drouet remaining, for the present, in Spain with eighteen thousand men, and Regnier lying in Estremadura with ten or twelve thousand more. To contend against Massena's sixty thousand veterans, lord Wellington had only twenty-four thousand British on whom he could rely. He had thirty thousand Portuguese regulars, who had been drilled by general Beresford, and had received many English officers. Wellington had great expectation that these troops, mixed judiciously with the English ones, would turn out well; but that had yet to be tried. Besides these, there were numerous bodies of Portuguese militia, who were employed in defending the fortresses in Alemtejo and Algarve, thus protecting the flanks of Wellington's army.

In June Massena advanced, and laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo. This was almost within sight of Wellington's lines. The town was defended by a Spanish garrison, and Wellington was called upon to co-operate by attacking the besiegers. This he offered to do if Romana would undertake to prevent the march of Regnier from Estremadura on his rear the while; but Romana would not undertake to maintain himself against Regnier if the British force under general Hill crossed the Tagus. Wellington, whose object

was to defend Portugal and not Spain, therefore lay still; and the Spaniards, after a brave defence, were compelled to capitulate on the 10th of July. Then there was a wild cry of indignation raised against Wellington by the Spaniards, and even by his own officers, that he should see a place taken from our allies, under his very eyes, and not attempt to relieve it. The French taunted him with it in the *Monitcur*, and regarded it as a great sign of his weakness. But none of these things moved Wellington. He knew what he had to do—which was to defend Portugal—and he had made his plans for doing it; but this was not by exposing his small army in any situation to which the Spanish chose to call him, while, at the same time, they declined to co-operate with him. He soon had the division of marshal Ney upon his outposts, where he fell in with our light division under general Craufurd. Wellington had ordered that, on attack, Craufurd should retire on the main body in order, because he did not wish to reduce his small numbers in skirmishes, but to reserve them for favourable occasions; but Craufurd, being hotly pursued, turned and gave the French a severe rebuff, killing and wounding above one thousand of Massena's men. Craufurd, having driven the French back three times, made a masterly passage, by a bridge, over the Coa, and joined the main army.

On entering Portugal, Massena issued a proclamation, informing the Portuguese that the English were the universal troublers and mischief-makers of Europe, and that they were there only for their own objects of ambition, and calling on the inhabitants to receive the French as their friends and saviours. Lord Wellington issued a counter-proclamation, remarking that the Portuguese had had too much occasion to learn what sort of friends the French were; that they had learned it by the robbery of their property, their brutality towards the women, and oppression of all classes. He called on them, as the sole means of rescue, to resist to the death; and he ordered them, as the English army retired upon Lisbon, to withdraw from their towns and villages, carrying whatever they could with them, so that the enemy might find no means of support. This was part of his great plan; and he assured the Portuguese that those who stayed behind after their magistrates had ordered them to withdraw should receive no assistance from him; and that whoever was found holding any communication with the enemy should be deemed a traitor, and treated accordingly.

On the 26th of August Massena arrived before Almeida, a strongly fortified town not thirty miles from Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington hoped that it would detain him at least a month, for it had a good Portuguese garrison, commanded by colonel Cox, an English officer; and he himself drew near, to be able to seize any opportunity of damaging the besiegers. But in the night of the 27th there was a terrible explosion of a powder magazine, which threw down part of the wall, and made the place untenable. Treachery was immediately suspected, and what followed was sufficient proof of it; for the Portuguese major, whom colonel Cox sent to settle the terms of the capitulation, went over to the French, and was followed by a whole Portuguese regiment with the exception of its English officers. This was a great disappointment to lord Wellington, whose plan was to detain Massena till the rainy season set in, when he would at once find himself embarrassed by bridgeless floods and in intolerable roads, and, as he hoped and had ordered, in a country without people and without provisions.

But, undiscouraged, lord Wellington ordered general Hill, who had already crossed the Tagus, to hasten onward, and he then carefully fell back, and took his position on the grim and naked ridges of Busaco, a sierra extending from Mondego to the northward. Behind this range of hills lay Coimbra, and three roads led through the defiles to that city. These, and several lesser ravines used by the shepherds and muleteers, he thoroughly fortified; and, posting himself on these difficult heights, he calmly awaited the advance of Massena. The ascents by which the French must reach them were precipitous and exposed; and on the summit, in the centre of the range, Wellington took up his head-quarters at a carmelite convent, whence he could survey the whole scene, having upwards of thirty thousand men disposed along these frowning eminences.

On the 26th of September the hostile host was seen in full march—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, attended by a vast assemblage of wagons and burden-bearing mules. The spectacle, as described by eye-witnesses, was most imposing, in its multitudes and its beautiful order. At night, the whole country along the foot of the hills was lit up by the enemy's camp fires, and towards morning the din of preparation for the contest was plainly audible. Nothing but the overweening confidence of Massena in his invincibility, and the urgent commands of Napoleon, could have induced him to attack the allied army in such a position; but both he and Buonaparte held the Portuguese as nothing, regarding them no more than as so many Spaniards, unaware of the wonderful change operated upon them by English discipline. A letter of Buonaparte to Massena had been intercepted, in which he said that "it would be ridiculous to suppose that twenty-five thousand English could withstand sixty thousand French, if the latter did not trifle, but fell on boldly, after having well observed where the blow might be struck." Ney, it is said, was of opinion that this was not such a situation; that it was at too great an odds to attack the allies in the face of such an approach. But Massena did not hesitate; early on the morning of the 27th he sent forward several columns both to the right and left of Wellington's position, to carry the heights. These were met, on Wellington's right, by Picton's division, the 88th regiment being commanded by lieutenant-colonel Wallace, and the 45th by lieutenant-colonel Meade. They were supported by the 8th Portuguese regiment. The French rushed up boldly to the very heights, but were hurled back at the point of the bayonet, the Portuguese making the charge with as much courage and vigour as the English. Another attempt, still further to Wellington's right, was made, the French supposing that they were there beyond the British lines, and should turn their flank; but they were there met by general Leith's division, the Royals, the 9th and the 38th regiments, and were forced down the steeps with equal destruction. Both these sanguinary repulses were given to the division of general Regnier—the same man who had written such libels of the English troops in Egypt, and had been so sharply punished for it at Maida,

in Calabria. On the left of Wellington the attack was made by Ney's division, which came in contact with that of general Craufurd, especially with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th regiments of English, and the 3rd Portuguese Caçadores, and with the same decisive and destructive result. There, too, the Portuguese fought gallantly, and, where they had not room to kill with their bayonets, they imitated the British soldiers, and knocked down the French with the butt-ends of their guns. Everywhere the repulse was complete, and Massena left two thousand slain on the field, and had between three and four thousand wounded. One general was killed, three wounded, one taken prisoner, besides many other officers. The allies lost about one thousand three hundred, of whom five hundred and seventy-eight were Portuguese. Wellington was delighted with the proof that general Beresford's drilling had answered the very highest expectations, and that henceforth he could count confidently on his Portuguese troops, and he wrote in the most cheering terms of this fact in his dispatches home.

On the 28th Massena had discovered the pass of Boyalva through these hills, to the north of Busaco, which Wellington had ordered colonel Trant to occupy. But Trant had missed his way, and did not reach the pass in time. Wellington saw, therefore, his flank turned, and the enemy on the highway to Oporto. He therefore quitted his position, and, taking Coimbra in his way, compelled such of the inhabitants as had not obeyed his order to march along with him. On the 1st of October he was on his route southward, accompanied by this strange crowd. It was a perfect exodus, and appeared to the poor inhabitants as a severe measure, but to it they owed their after salvation. Had they remained, it would have been only to suffer the oppressions and insults of the French, and to see them supporting themselves on their provisions. As it was, the French, on entering Coimbra, found it, as they had done Viseu, totally deserted, and the stacks of corn and provisions that could not be carried away, for the most part, too adroitly buried to be easily found. They were left to the starvation that the English general designed for them. But what a scene on the road! The whole country moving south with the cattle and sheep, and wagons laden with their goods. "No power of description," says an eye-witness, "can convey to the mind of any reader the afflicting scenes, the cheerless desolation that we daily witnessed on our march from the Mondego to the lines. Wherever we moved, the mandate, which enjoined the wretched inhabitants to forsake their homes and to remove or destroy their little property, had gone before us. The villages were deserted; the churches—retreats so often, yet so vainly confided in—were empty; the mountain cottages stood open and untenanted; the mills in the valley, but yesterday so busy, were motionless and silent. From Thomar the flanks of our line of march were literally covered with the flying population of the country. In Portugal there are at no time many facilities for travelling, and those few the exigencies of the army had very greatly diminished. Rich indeed were those who still retained a cabriolet, and mules for its service. Those who had bullock-cars, asses, or any mode of transporting their families and property, looked contented and grateful; for respectable men and delicate women of the second class might on every side be seen walking slowly and painfully on foot, encumbered by heavy burdens of clothes, bedding, and food." It was a whole country in emigration; quitting their cities, homes, and fields to coop themselves up in the vicinity of Lisbon, for the stern purpose of starving the detested enemy out of the land.

But, sorrowful as the sight itself was, the news of it in England excited the strongest condemnation in the party which had always doubted the power of Wellington to cope with the vast armies of France. They declared that he was carrying on a system that was ruining Portugal, and must make our name an opprobrium over the whole world, at the same time that it could not enable us to keep a footing there; that we must be driven out with terrible loss and infamy. But not so thought Wellington. Before him were the heights of Torres Vedras, about twenty-four miles from Lisbon. These, stretching in two ranges betwixt the sea and the Tagus, presented a barrier which he did not mean the French to pass. He had already planned the whole scheme; he had already had these heights, themselves naturally strong, made tenfold stronger by military art; he had drawn the enemy after him into a country stripped, and destitute of everything, and there he meant to stop him, and keep him exposed to famine and winter, till he should be glad to retrace his steps. Neither should those steps be easy. Floods, and deep, muddy roads, and dearth should lie before him; and at his heels should follow, keen as hornets, the allied army, to avenge the miseries of this invaded people.

By the 8th of October Wellington was safely encamped within these impregnable lines, and the crowd of flying people sought refuge in Lisbon, or in the country around it. The English did not arrive a moment too soon, for Massena was close at their heels with his van; but he halted at Sobral for three days to allow of the coming up of his main body. This time was spent by the English in strengthening their position, already most formidable. The two ranges of mountains lying one behind the other were speedily occupied by the troops; and they were set to work at more completely stopping up roads, and constructing barriers, palisades, platforms, and wooden bridges leading into the works. For this purpose, fifty thousand trees were allowed them, and all the space between Lisbon and these wonderful lines was one swarming scene of people bringing in materials and supplies. The right of the position was flanked by the Tagus, where the British fleet lay anchored, attended by a flotilla of gunboats, and a body of marines occupied the line of embarkation; Portuguese militia manned the castle of St. Julian and the forts on the Tagus, and Lisbon itself was filled with armed bands of volunteers. There was no want of anything within this busy and interesting inclosure, for the English fleet had the command of the sea and all its means of supply. Seven thousand Portuguese peasantry were employed in bringing in and preparing the timber for the defences; and every soldier not positively on guard was enthusiastic in helping the engineers and artillery in the labour of making the lines impregnable.

It was one of the most interesting scenes in any warfare; and there was not a man who did not enjoy the astonish-

ment and disappointment of the French when, on the 11th, they marched in wonder up to the foot of these giant fortifications. Wellington had doubly obtained his wish; for he was not only safely ensconsed in his strong position, but the rainy season which he was anticipating had set in in earnest. The main body of the French had been detained by the deep roads and the floods, and now, when the proud general, who expected so rapidly to drive the British into the sea, surveyed the scarped cliffs bristling with cannon and with bayonets far above him, his astonishment was evident. He rode along the foot of the hills for several days reconnoitering the whole position, which seemed suddenly to have altered the situation of the combatants, and not so much to have shut up Wellington and his army in Lisbon, as to have shut him and his numerous one out to famine and the wintry elements.

For more than four months the invincible Massena continued to watch the lines of Torres Vedras without striking a single effective blow at the "leopards" which he had been expected, long before this, to have driven into the sea. In fact, instead of attacking Wellington, Wellington attacked his advanced posts near Sobral on the 14th, and drove them in with the bayonet. The French then showed themselves in some force near Villa Franca, close to the Tagus; but there the gun-boats reached them, causing them rapidly to retreat, and killing general St. Croix. After this, the French made no further attempt on those mountain lines, which struck Massena with despair. After occupying his position for a month he fell back to the town of Santarem, and there and in the neighbouring villages quartered his troops for the winter. His great business was to collect provisions, for he had brought none with him; and, had the people obeyed strictly the proclamation of Wellington and the junta, he would have found none at all, and must have instantly retreated. But the Portuguese thought it hard to quit their homesteads and carry all their provisions to Lisbon or into the mountains, and the miserable junta threw all the blame of the order on the English general. Not only, therefore, was a considerable amount of provisions left in the country, but boats were left at Santarem, on the Tagus, contrary to Wellington's orders, by which provisions were brought over by the French from Spain. These things provoked lord Wellington exceedingly, and he wrote in very plain terms to the junta, telling them that, had they seen his orders fully carried out, Massena could not have remained a week; and that, unless they did see the orders fully carried out, he would not stay in the country. But these self-sufficient gentlemen not only allowed, and even encouraged the people to break the order, but they were constantly interfering with Wellington's military arrangements, blaming his plans, and pretending to know better than he what was best to be done. The bishop of Oporto and principal Souza were the worst of all; and Wellington was obliged to write to the prince regent, in Brazil, to say that, unless these gentlemen were checked, and principal Souza put out of the council altogether, he would throw up his command, and advise the English government to withdraw the army altogether. This was not done; for when the answer of the far-distant regent was received it favoured the junta; and for the greater part of the winter, Wellington, though he had no conflict with Massena, had a constant and most irritating one with the Portuguese junta. They would not furnish provisions for their own troops till they began to desert by whole regiments; and Wellington had not only to provide for his own army, but to maintain a Spanish army of upwards of six thousand men, whom Romana and Don Carlos de España had brought over to his camp as the best place to be maintained, for they could get nothing from their broken-up government. In nothing does the wonderful firmness of Wellington show itself more than in the patient but out-spoken perseverance with which he went on, notwithstanding such miserable and meddling treatment.

Yet, during this winter, while Massena's army was in a constant state of semi-starvation, badly clothed and badly lodged, and thus wasting away by sickness and desertion, that of Wellington increased in numbers, in physical condition, and in discipline. While Massena's army, originally seventy-one thousand men, was ere long reduced by the battle of Busaco and the miserable quarters in the wet country near Torres Vedras to fifty-five thousand, the forces of Wellington had been augmented, by reinforcements from England, and by the addition of Portuguese and Spanish troops, to fifty-eight thousand. When Massena retreated to Santarem, Wellington followed him to Cartaxo, and there fixed his head-quarters, and ordered general Hill to post his division opposite to Santarem, on the banks of the Tagus, so as to check the enemy's foraging parties in that direction. At the same time, colonel Trant, he who had surprised the French rear as Massena's army was leaving Coimbra on his march after Wellington to Torres Vedras, and had secured the sick and wounded in the hospitals there to the amount of five thousand men, and who retained possession of Coimbra, now joined Sir Robert Wilson and colonel Millar, who commanded the Portuguese militia, and their united force appeared in Massena's rear, cutting off his communication with the north and also with the Spanish frontier.

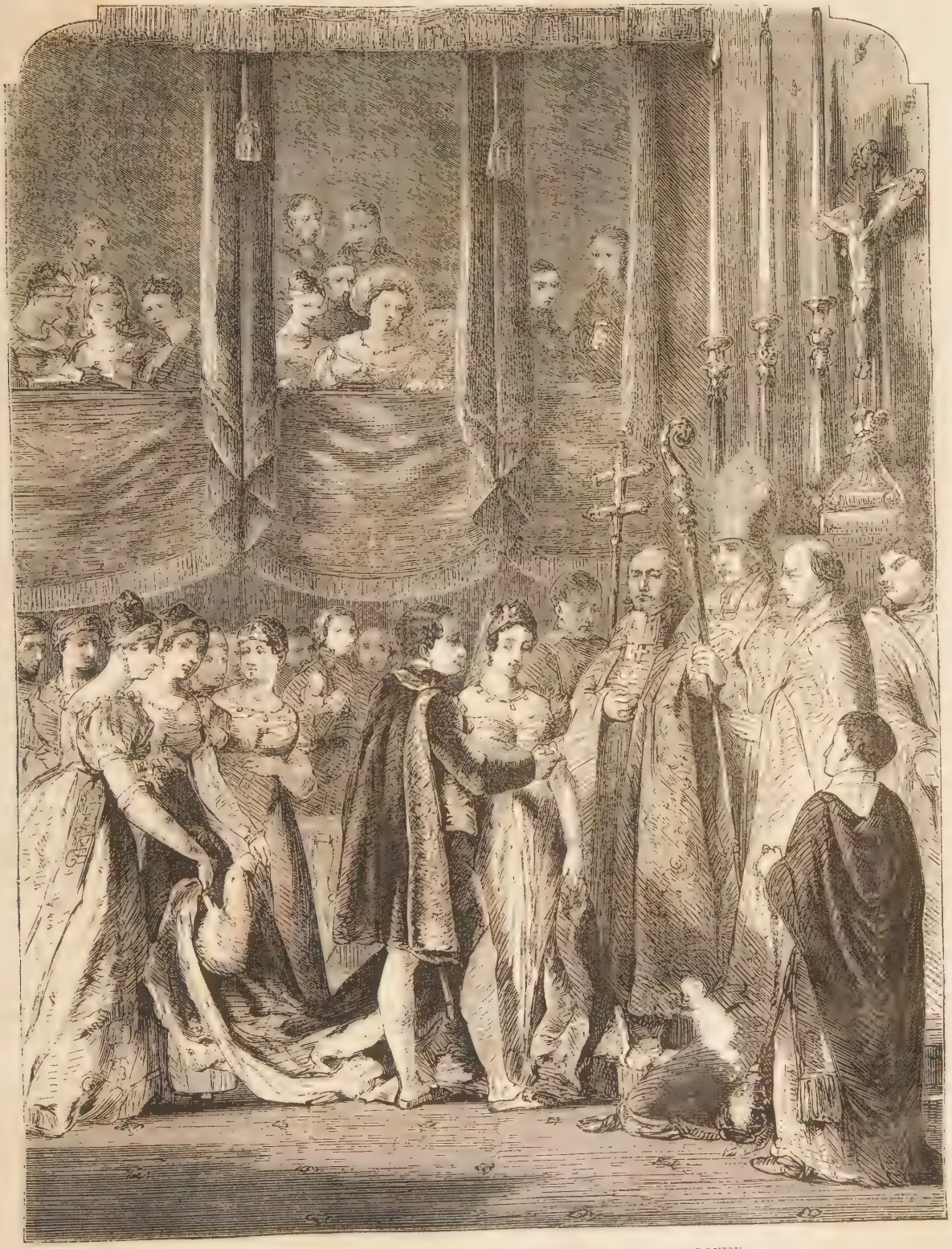
Such was Massena's situation, so early as the commencement of November—having to maintain his army in a country reduced to a foodless desert by the art of his masterly antagonist, and, instead of being able to drive the English before him, finding them menacing him on all sides, so that he dispatched general Foy to make his way with a strong escort to Ciudad Rodrigo, and thence to proceed with all speed to Paris, to explain to the emperor the real state of affairs.

The state was that the whole of Portugal, except the very ground on which Massena was encamped, was in possession of the English and the Portuguese. There was no possibility of approaching Lisbon without forcing these lines at Torres Vedras, and that, if done at all, must be at the cost of as large an army as he possessed altogether. All the rest of Portugal—Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes—and all the forts except Almeida were in the hands of the enemy. As to the destitution of Massena's army, we have the description from his own statements in letters to Napoleon, which were intercepted. From this information, lord Wellington wrote in his dispatches, "It is impossible to describe the pecuniary and other distresses of the French army in the Peninsula.

All the troops are months in arrears of pay; they are, in general, very badly clothed; they want houses, carriages, and equipments of every description; their troops subsist solely upon plunder; they receive no money, or scarcely any, from France, and they realise but little from their pecuniary contributions from Spain. Indeed, I have lately discovered that the expense of the pay and the hospitals alone of the French army in the Peninsula amounts to more than the sum stated in the financial *exposé* as the whole expense of the entire French army."

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Such were the advantages now possessed by the English over the French commander, that both Portuguese and people at home were impatient that Wellington should at once attack and annihilate Massena's army. But Wellington knew better. He knew that a great battle, or battles, must vastly reduce his own as well as Massena's army. He knew that France could readily march down eighty or a hundred thousand fresh men into Portugal at extremity, but that England could not so readily do that; and, should the whigs come into power, as was probable, he could not calculate on any support at all. The king now hopelessly insane, the prince of Wales must be soon appointed regent, and then, perhaps, would come in his friends the whigs. There were many other considerations which made Wellington refuse to accede to a general attack on the French at present. He had, as it was, trouble enough with the junta; but, should any reverse occur, his situation then would be intolerable. At present the Portuguese troops were in good spirits for fighting, but any defeat would ruin all the progress yet made with them. He knew that the winter would do for the French army all that he expected without any cost to himself, and he waited for that, ready then to follow up the advantages it would give him. It was his great plan of operations which already reduced them to the dilemma in which they were, and now came winter and did the rest, fully showing his superior sagacity. In



MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE FIRST WITH MARIE LOUISE

November the weather became and continued wretched in the extreme. The country was flooded, cutting off the precarious supplies of the French, but adding strength to the encampment of Torres Vedras. The cross roads were impassable for artillery, and all but so for wagons bringing provisions, which had to be hunted for far and wide, with incredible hardships and little success. Leaving the hostile armies in this position till the spring, we must notice a number of other important matters.

Affairs in Spain remained in the same unsatisfactory state. Cadiz was defended from the French, under marshal Victor, by the English, and there, as the only place where it could sit in security, the cortes assembled. It removed the old council of regency, and appointed a new council of three members, two of whom, Blake and Ciscar, being absent with the army, the sole authority remained with the marquis del Palacio and Don José Puig, who were appointed to act for them with the third member, Don Pedro Agar. But the marquis del Palacio, as the bishop Oreuse had done before, scrupled to take the oath which acknowledged the sovereignty of the people, for the cortes, though they swore allegiance to Ferdinand VII., had imbibed some of the French principles. He was therefore thrown into prison, and the real power remained with the cortes, who jumbled together the legislative and executive powers, and did nothing but boast of the power of the Spanish nation, and leave the English and the guerillas to do all that was done in its defence. There was not a single army of any account in the country. The marquis de la Romana had been compelled to take up his quarters with Wellington, in Portugal, to save his troops from starvation. Wellington, in his dispatches, declared that the cortes had passed bombastic acts for the raising of troops, but that they had not done a single thing towards raising them, much less providing pay and clothing for them; and that, unless he could hold his position in Portugal, the game in Spain was at an end.

In the course of this year the French were expelled completely from the East and West Indies, and the Indian ocean. Guadaloupe, the last of their West India islands, was captured in February, by an expedition conducted by general Beckford and admiral Sir A. Cochrane. In July an armament, sent out by lord Minto from India, and headed by lieutenant-colonel Keating, reduced the isle of Bourbon; and, being reinforced by a body of troops from the Cape of Good-Hope, under major-general John Abercrombie and admiral Bertie, the isle of France, much the more important, and generally called the Mauritius, surrendered on the 3rd of December. Besides a vast quantity of stores and merchandise, five frigates and about thirty merchantmen were taken; and the Mauritius became a permanent British colony. From this place a squadron proceeded to destroy the French factories on the coast of Madagascar, and finished by completely expelling them from those seas.

Our forces in Sicily had an encounter, in the autumn, with those of Murat, king of Naples. Murat was ambitious of driving us out of Sicily, and Ferdinand IV. and his court with us. From spring till September he had an army lying at Scylla, Reggio, and in the hills overlooking the straits of Messina, but he did not attempt to put across till the 18th of September. Seizing then the opportunity, when our flotilla of gunboats and our cruisers were off the station, he pushed across a body of three thousand five hundred men, under general Cavaignac. These troops were chiefly Neapolitans, but there were two battalions of Corsicans, and they were furnished with an embroidered standard, to present to the Corsicans in our service, whom they hoped to induce to desert to them. General Cavaignac managed to land about seven miles to the south of Messina, and attacked the British right wing. Sir John Stuart made haste to bring up other troops to the support of the right, but before he could arrive, colonel C. Campbell defeated the invaders, taking prisoners a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and forty other officers, with eight hundred men. There was a rapid retreat to their boats by the intruders, but the British pursued and cut to pieces great numbers of them, besides what were killed by the Sicilian peasantry. One boat full of soldiers was sunk as it went off, and the Neapolitans in another deserted to their old king. Colonel Campbell did not lose a single man, and had but three wounded, so that the flight of the enemy must have been instantaneous and universal. Murat made no further attempt to seize Sicily, though he kept his camp on the heights behind Reggio and Scylla for two years longer. This was the whole of the transactions in that quarter except that the Spartan frigate, commanded by captain Jahleel Brenton, had a stout fight with a Neapolitan squadron, consisting of one frigate, one corvette, one brig, and a cutter, the whole carrying ninety-six guns and one thousand four hundred men, whilst Brenton had only forty-six guns and two hundred and fifty-eight men; yet he captured the brig, and greatly damaged the corvette and frigate. He kept a sharp look-out for the frigate and the corvette, but they escaped under the batteries, which had been much strengthened since the similar exploit of captain Staines the year before.

The spring of this year witnessed one of the most important events of the reign of Napoleon, and one which, no doubt, had a decided influence on his fate—his divorce from Josephine and his marriage with Maria Louisa, the princess of Austria. It had long been evident to those about Napoleon that a change of this kind would take place. Josephine had brought the emperor no child, and, ambitious in every way, he was as much so of leaving lineal successors to the throne and empire which he had created, as he was of making that empire co-extensive with Europe. Josephine, strongly attached to him, as well as to the splendour of his position, had long feared such a catastrophe, and had done all in her power to divert his mind from it. She proposed to him that he should adopt an heir, and she recommended to him her own son, Eugene Beauharnais. But this did not satisfy Buonaparte. She then turned his attention on a child of her daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, by his brother Louis, the king of Holland. This would have united her own family to his, and to this scheme Buonaparte appeared to consent. He showed great affection for the child, and especially as the boy displayed great pleasure in looking at arms and military manœuvres; and, on one occasion of this kind, Buonaparte exclaimed, "There is a child fit to succeed, perhaps to surpass me!" But neither was this scheme des-

tined to succeed. The child sickened and died, and with it almost the last hope of Josephine. She exerted, however, all her energies and endearments to secure the sliding and political mind of her husband. There is no doubt that there had existed a strong mutual attachment between them; and in all his fortunes, accepting him at the lowest, Josephine had conducted herself in a manner calculated to promote his interests. During his absence in Egypt she had omitted no measure to keep him in the public mind, and to foster the idea that he was the man on whom the destinies of France hung. When he had risen to the height of empire, she contributed greatly to render his government popular by breaking, by her happy artifices, the effects of his violent acts and bursts of temper. Napoleon himself had a secret persuasion that his fortunes and the prosperous star of Josephine were indissolubly united. To keep this feeling alive in his mind she shunned no labour or sacrifice. She accompanied him in many of his most rapid and abrupt journeys, hesitating at no severity or inclemency of weather, and being always ready at a moment's notice to depart. At home, in the palace, no woman could have acted the part of an empress with more grace and splendour. She had naturally a passion for pageant and display, and, had she been born to the purple, she could not have moved with more dignity and grace in the brilliant scenes of the imperial court.

But all these circumstances could not avert the dreaded crisis—could not drive from the mind of Napoleon the ever-present thought that he had erected a mighty fame and empire, and that there was no child of his own to receive and perpetuate them. Whilst at Erfurt with the emperor Alexander, in 1808, Buonaparte had actually proposed for a Russian archduchess; nay, in 1807, he had made such overtures at the treaty of Tilsit. Thus the idea had been settled in his mind three years, at least, before it was realised. The Russian match had on both occasions been evaded, on the plea of the difference of religion; but the truth was, that the notion of such an alliance was by no means acceptable to the imperial family of Russia. The empress and the empress-mother decidedly opposed it; and though the plea of difference of religion was put forward, Buonaparte could not but feel that the real reasons were very different—that he was looked on as a successful adventurer, whose greatness might some day dissolve as speedily as it had grown, and that, be this as it might, the Russian family were not disposed to receive him, a *parvenu* monarch, into their old regal status.

Fouché claims the merit of having first proposed the necessity of a new marriage to his master, but he confessed that Napoleon received the suggestion in such a manner as to let him know that he had already determined on this step. In fact, Fouché was too adroit a courtier to venture on such a course without having assured himself of the safety of it. He came forward, or, perhaps, was put forward to break the disagreeable topic to Josephine, and to see whether she could not be brought to originate the measure herself, as a noble sacrifice to the good of France and of her husband. Accordingly, Fouché seized the opportunity one evening, at Fontainebleau, to open the delicate matter to Josephine, representing with all his art the certain necessity of the measure, and how great would be her glory in voluntarily making the sacrifice. Josephine, as may be supposed, was violently agitated. She demanded of Fouché who had authorised him to hold such language to her. He replied, "Nobody;" he had ventured to draw her attention to the question as one which so concerned her happiness and glory. Josephine hastened to Buonaparte, and a most passionate scene took place. Buonaparte disavowed having given Fouché any authority to introduce such a topic; but when Josephine demanded that he should be dismissed, Napoleon declined to discharge him—a sufficient indication to Josephine of the fate which awaited her.

The Austrian campaign, and Buonaparte's sojourn at Schönbrun, gave him a sight of the archduchess Maria Louisa, and determined his conduct. The house of Hapsburg, however ancient and however proud, was under the foot of the conquerer, and the sacrifice of an archduchess might be considered a cheap one for more favourable terms than Austria was otherwise likely to receive. It had the fate of Prussia before its eyes, and the bargain was concluded.

It might have seemed to require no little courage in an Austrian princess to venture on becoming empress of France after the awful experience of her aunt Marie Antoinette. But Maria Louisa was scarcely eighteen. She had seen Buonaparte, who had endeavoured to make himself agreeable to her; and so young a girl, of a military nation, might be as much dazzled with the conqueror's glory as much older, if not wiser, heads. She made no objection to the match. In appearance she was of light, fair complexion, with light-brown hair, of a somewhat tall figure, blue eyes, and with a remarkably beautiful hand and foot. Altogether, she was an animated and agreeable young lady.

Buonaparte does not seem to have made much delay, after his return to Paris from Schönbrun, in communicating to Josephine the fact that the business of the divorce and the new marriage was settled. On the 30th of November he opened the unpleasant reality to her in a private interview, and she fell into such violent agitation, and finally into so deep a swoon, as to alarm Napoleon. He hastily called assistance, and M. de Bausset, the prefect of the palace, arrived, and helped him to carry her to her private apartment, where, as soon as they had laid her on a couch, the emperor sent for the physician, for queen Hortense, for Cambacérès, and Fouché. He blamed Hortense for not having broken the matter to her three days before, as he had desired. But however much Napoleon might be affected at this violent disruption of an old and endeared tie, his feelings never stood in the way of his ambitious plans. The preparations for the divorce went on, and on the 15th of December a grand council was held in the Tuileries on the subject. At this important council all the family of Napoleon, his brothers and sisters, now all kings and queens, were summoned from their kingdoms to attend, and did attend, except Joseph, from Spain, Madame Bacciochi—that is, Elise—and Lucien, who had refused to be made a king. Cambacérès, now duke of Parma and arch-chancellor of the empire, and St. Jean d'Angély, the minister of state, attended to take the depositions. Napoleon then said a few words expressive of his grief at this sad but necessary act, of affection for and admiration of the wife he

was about to put away, and of his hope of a posterity to fill his throne, saying he was yet but forty, and might reasonably expect to live to train up children who should prove a blessing to the empire. Josephine, with a voice choked with tears, arose, and made the act a voluntary one on her part, saying—"By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare that, not perceiving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me; and from the height of this throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people. I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France—which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendant of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no way change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever have in me his best friend. I know how much this act, demanded by policy and by interests so great, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."

After these words, which had, no doubt, been prepared for her, the arch-chancellor presented the written instrument of divorce, which they signed, and to which all the family appended their signatures, Napoleon's mother signing in regal style simply MADAME. This act was presented to the senate the very next day by St. Jean d'Angély, and, strangely enough, Eugene Beauharnais, Josephine's son, was chosen to second it, which he did in a speech of some length. The senate passed the necessary *senatus consultum*, certifying the divorce, and conferring on Josephine the title of empress-queen, with the estate of Navarre and two millions of francs per annum. They also voted addresses to both Napoleon and Josephine of the most complimentary character. This being done, Napoleon went off to St. Cloud, and Josephine retired to the beautiful abode of Malmaison, near St. Germains, where she continued to reside for the remainder of her life, and made herself beloved for her acts of kindness and benevolence, of which the English *détenus*, of whom there were several at St. Germains, were participants. No princess had conducted herself with more grace and goodness during her elevation, and Savary says that she drew all hearts after her to her retirement, for she was endeared to all by a kindness of disposition which was without a parallel. According to her ability she retained the same character to the last. Buonaparte frequently visited her in her retirement, and he added a third million of francs to her dowry, that she might feel no pecuniary difficulties.

Another council was immediately summoned to determine on the choice of the new empress. All had been arranged before betwixt the house of Austria and Napoleon, and the cue was given to the council to suggest accordingly. Eugene Beauharnais was again strangely appointed to propose to prince Schwarzenberg for the hand of the archduchess, and, having his instructions, his proposal was accepted, and the whole of this formality was concluded in four-and-twenty hours. Josephine set out for her new estate in Navarre, and marshal Berthier was appointed to act as proxy for his master in the espousals of the bride at Vienna. There were difficulties in the case which, strictly catholic as the Hapsburg family is, it is surprising that they could be so easily got over, and show, at least, how much that imperial family was under the control of what they familiarly, amongst themselves, styled "the upstart." The pope had been too grievously insulted and persecuted by Buonaparte for it to be possible for him to pronounce the former marriage invalid; had it not been also contrary to the canons of the church to abrogate marriage, which it regards as an entirely sacred and indissoluble ceremony. To remove this difficulty, it was stated to the Austrian family that Buonaparte's marriage with Josephine had been merely a revolutionary marriage before a magistrate, and, therefore, no marriage at all—the fact being originally true, but it had ceased to be so some days previous to Buonaparte's coronation, when, to remove the pope's objection, they had been privately married by Buonaparte's uncle, cardinal Fesch.

The wedding took place at Vienna, on the 11th of March, 1810, and a few days afterwards the young empress set out for France, accompanied by the queen of Naples. It was an awkward circumstance, that just as Berthier was officiating as Napoleon's proxy at this marriage, the news arrived at Vienna that the brave Andrew Hofer, the faithful and patriotic subject of the emperor of Austria, had been shot at Mantua, by order of the new French son-in-law! Berthier denied the order of the emperor, and declared it an "unlucky accident." However this explanation might be received within the court, it did not tend to recommend the marriage to the people, who were before sufficiently averse to it. They regarded it as a deep dishonour to the nation. They looked with terror on the union of the young princess with a man of such restless ambition and covered with so many crimes, and on her entrance into France amongst a people who had heaped on her aunt such unparalleled miseries and indignities, terminating them only by sending her to the guillotine. As the carriage drove away from the palace, there were loud cries that she was going to be sacrificed as her aunt had been, and it required the calling out of the soldiers to prevent a riot. Buonaparte, with the view of propitiating the catholic people of Austria, and persuading them that the same man who had proclaimed himself a good Mussulman at Cairo, had now become an equally good papist, this year caused the pretended seamless coat of the Saviour, which, during the revolution, had sought refuge at Augsburg, to be carried in magnificent procession to Treves, and to be exposed for eighteen days to two hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims, who flocked from all parts.

Buonaparte—who maintained the strictest etiquette at his court—had had all the ceremonies which were to attend his marriage in Paris arranged with the most minute exactness. He then set out himself to meet the bride, very much in the manner that he had gone to meet the pope. Near Soissons—riding alone, and in an ordinary dress—Buonaparte met the carriage of his new wife, got in, and went on with her to Soissons, and thence to the old château of Com-

piègne, where they spent the night. Then they proceeded to St. Cloud, where the marriage was again celebrated by cardinal Fesch. Spite of the despotic power of the emperor, the heads of the church generally absented themselves from the ceremony, which, according to their creed, they regarded as in the highest degree wicked, and as simply the performance of an act of bigamy. Buonaparte looked very grimly at that part of the assembled circle which ought to have been occupied by the higher clergy, and, seeing very few, muttered, "The fools! they brave me still!" To give an air of joy to the occasion, the most splendid illuminations, concerts, and festivals took place at St. Cloud and at Paris. In the capital, the prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian ambassador, gave a great ball in honour of the marriage, at which both Napoleon and the young empress were present. A fire broke out in the dancing-room, which was erected in the garden, and several persons were burnt to death; amongst them the sister-in-law of the ambassador, the princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, who, rushing into the flaming building to rescue her daughter, perished. This ominous event recalled gloomily to the memory of both French and Austrians the like fatal occurrence at the marriage of Marie Antoinette, in 1770, when several hundreds of people lost their lives during a display of fireworks. The gloomiest presages were drawn from it, and Napoleon himself was strongly impressed by it. The people generally augured fresh misfortunes from this alliance: "Austrian alliances," they said, "always produced them." Those who still held in their heads the sentiments of the revolution, observed that it was monstrous for a child of that revolution to ally himself with the "old corporation of tyrants." Mignet, one of the shrewdest of the French historians, characterises this marriage as "a capital mistake." It separated the rule of Napoleon farther from the feelings and sympathies of the people, without depriving the Austrians of the will and determination to fight him again; at the same time, it in no way checked that fatal internal dreaming after fresh campaigns in himself, which, in the end, overwhelmed him. He was at this moment planning new and more extended enterprises. "The good citizens rejoice sincerely at my marriage, monsieur?" he said to Decrés, his minister. "Very much, sire!" "I understand they think the lion will go to slumber, eh?" "To speak the truth, sire, they entertain some hopes of that nature." "They are mistaken," said Napoleon; "yet it is not the fault of the lion." But, however he might disguise it to himself, the lion's nature never could rest under any circumstances. So well convinced was Alexander of Russia of this, that he no sooner heard of Napoleon's Austrian match, than he remarked, "Then the next task will be to drive me back to my forests;" for he was certain that he would use his alliance with Austria as a stepping-stone to his designs on Russia. At a later day, Napoleon himself termed the Austrian marriage "a precipice covered with flowers."

Soon after his marriage Buonaparte made a tour with his imperial bride. It was very much the same that he had made with Josephine shortly before their coronation—namely, through the northern provinces of France, through Belgium and Holland. He decided, during this journey, on the occasion of his uniting the part of the low countries called Zealand with a department called the Department of the Mouths of the Scheldt, on annexing it to France for ever. But whilst conversing with Louis Buonaparte, his Holland king-brother at Antwerp, he suddenly stumbled on a discovery of some daring proceedings of Fouché, his minister of police, which sent him back to Paris in haste, and ruined that subtle diplomatist with him for ever. In the earlier part of Buonaparte's royal career he had employed the ablest men that he could find in his cabinet, as well as in the field. Talleyrand and Fouché had stood pre-eminent with him; and more able or daring agents it was impossible for him to have for the execution of his plans of universal dominion, or more suitable ones on whom to throw the odium of his many unprincipled measures. But these statesmen had run through all the dark scenes of the revolution, and still retained at bottom a fixed attachment to its principles. They had seen Buonaparte climb over their heads, suppress that revolution, and establish his own absolute power. They were not able to resist this; they were supple enough, and serpent-wise enough to outwardly conform, and to find their interest in serving him. He had heaped wealth and titles upon them with a liberal hand, and they certainly rendered him no trivial services in return. But, as he grew more triumphant over neighbouring monarchs, they saw with alarm the unbounded wildness of his ambition leading to a course which must certainly end in the ruin of his power, if not of France. They ventured to remonstrate, and the now incurably inflated man—inflated with his unprecedented success beyond cure—resented it, and gave them sharp proofs of his resentment. Talleyrand he at once discarded; but Fouché was too necessary to him for the present, and was too compliant to be dismissed abruptly. But Buonaparte felt persuaded that both Talleyrand and Fouché had all along retained their connection with an association of old republicans, called Philadelphes, and he was ready to pounce on Fouché on the first moment of his discovery of any secret act opposed to his interests. Such an occasion occurred during his absence in Spain. The legislative assembly, which he permitted to exert an appearance of independence, and which voted by ballot, opposed, to the amount of one-third of its members, a measure on which he was particularly bent. He immediately let them know that this was an act of presumption; that he and his ministers were the originating source of all national measures; they were merely a legislative *council*, whose office it was to consider and advise, but not to determine. On his return, he immediately asked Fouché whether he agreed with this reprimand given to the legislative assembly. Fouché, who had had sufficient warning in that letter, declared that he approved it entirely; that it was the only way to govern; and that, had Louis XVI. acted thus, he would have been king still. "And yet," said Napoleon, astonished at the unabashed avowal of a sentiment that he did not give him credit for, "I think, duke of Otranto, you were one of those whose votes sent Louis XVI. to the scaffold." "I was," replied the imperturbable Fouché, "and that was the first service that I had the honour to render to your majesty."

Buonaparte could not find occasion to quarrel with Fouché on this ground, but he was growing more and more

suspicious of him, and Fouché felt it, and determined to do something to make Napoleon feel how necessary he was to him. Formerly, when dismissed, he had got up the plot which involved the fates of Pichegru and others, and then opened them up to Napoleon, to show him what designs might be surrounding the throne if he were not on the watch for him. He now entered on another scheme of a most daring kind. He thought if he could obtain from the English ministry secretly the terms on which they would be willing to make peace, he should be able to state this fact to Napoleon—who had never been able in his own person to open a correspondence with the king of England—as a very satisfactory piece of intelligence, and therefore to his own advantage. He calculated that the English ministry, weakened by the secession of Canning, and discouraged by the dispersion of the Spanish armies, might be willing to listen to a peace on some such terms as these:—France to retain its dominions on land without colonies, and without a navy; and England to retain the empire of the seas, with all the eastern and western colonies. If these terms did not satisfy England, he proposed that Holland and Spain should be declared independent kingdoms, and Sicily should remain the property of Ferdinand IV., and Portugal of the house of Braganza. This, in truth, would be making very little additional concession, if Buonaparte's deputy kings, Louis and Joseph, remained in Holland and Spain—especially as Sicily was already in the possession of Ferdinand, and the house of Braganza of Portugal, through the means of the British arms. But all these offers were merely the offers of Fouché, and they came to a sudden check by an accident.

Whilst Louis Buonaparte was in Paris, in 1809, he was instructed by his brother, the emperor, to send over from Amsterdam M. Labouchère, the agent of a great mercantile house, to London, to see the marquis Wellesley, and to sound him as to the possibility of arranging the conditions of peace. This Louis did, and, soon after his return to Amsterdam, he received a request from Fouché to allow M. Ouvrard, a banker of Paris, passports to England for a like purpose. This also Louis Buonaparte did, supposing that it was only in continuance of the negotiations of which he had before made M. Labouchère the medium. But this was Fouché's own private agent, and, this fact being concealed from the marquis of Wellesley, he was surprised at finding two agents from the French government, employed on the same mission, and yet without any apparent knowledge of each other. He became naturally suspicious, and declined entering into any communication with either of them. This gave great offence to Napoleon; and when at Antwerp, on his tour with his new bride, Louis adverted to the order to furnish M. Ouvrard with passports for England. The astonishment of Buonaparte was intense, and not less so that of his brother Louis, when he learned that he was totally ignorant of the sending of M. Ouvrard. It was at once seen that Fouché had been sounding the government of England on his own account, and from that moment his disgrace was sealed.

Napoleon arrived in Paris only on the 1st of June, and on the 2nd he sent for Fouché, and, charging him with this secret negotiation, he said, "So, then, you make peace or war without my leave?" He dismissed the tricky minister instantly from his office, and appointed Savary to take his place; but it was with the utmost difficulty that he extorted from him the confidential notes and imperial warrants which he had written to him on affairs of great political moment. Fouché steadily protested that he had regularly committed these papers to the flames as the safest place; but Buonaparte, who knew better, gave him the alternative of a dungeon, and what might take place there, or yielding up these autographs, and they were duly produced. To hide the real cause of Fouché's disgrace, he was appointed governor-general of Rome; but this was merely a blind, and in a few days his appointment was revoked, and he was ordered to retire to his estate, and live quietly there.

The dismissal of Fouché, however, occasioned many uneasy thoughts. Destitute of principle as the man was, and his history charged with many dark deeds, yet he was regretted by the republicans—for he was still deemed favourable to their views—and by many of the legitimists, for he had been mild, and even courteous to them. Others regarded his dismissal as an indication of measures of a more arbitrary kind at home, and of a more hazardous one abroad being in progress; for most men gave him credit for a certain prudence and moderation. The arbitrary nature of Napoleon had developed in full accompaniment of his fortune. The state prisons had increased from one—Vincennes—to six, situated in different parts of France. They were numerously tenanted by persons supposed to be averse to Napoleon's government. On the 3rd of March of this year he had restored the ancient and detested *lettres de cachet;* and, though this had been done in the name of Fouché, it was well understood that the obloquy of it only was his. The object was to gratify the personal desire of Buonaparte to put his hand on any one that displeased him at his pleasure.

This arbitrary disposition, favoured by the most unexampled success, and which admitted of no opposition from any person or quarter, very soon produced consequences betwixt Napoleon and his brothers which made more than ever manifest to the world that no law or consideration could any longer influence Napoleon; that his self-will was, and must be, his only guide. His brother Lucien, who had from the first refused to become one of his puppets, and who was leading a private life in Italy, received an intimation from Fouché that Napoleon meant to arrest and shut him up. In consequence of this friendly hint, Lucien fled from the continent, and ultimately took refuge in England, where he purchased an estate near Ludlow, and there resided till 1814, when the fall of his brother permitted him to return to France. Lucien Buonaparte, the ablest of the family next to Napoleon, now styled the prince of Canino, from an estate which he purchased in Italy, and which the pope raised to a principality, spent the three years in England in writing a poem entitled "Charlemagne; or, the Church Delivered."

But if Lucien, who had rendered Napoleon such essential services in enabling him to put down the French revolution, could not escape this meddling domination as a private man, much less could his puppet-kings, whether brothers or brothers-in-law. He was beginning to have violent

BUONAPARTE AND THE EMPRESS ESCAPING FROM THE FIRE AT THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

quarrels with Murat and his sister Caroline, king and queen of Naples; nor could the mild and amiable temper of Louis, king of Holland, protect him from the insults and the pressure of this spoiled child of fortune.

Louis was a conscientious man, who was sincerely desirous of studying the comfort and prosperity of the people over whom he was placed. But the system of Buonaparte went to extinguish the welfare of Holland altogether. To insist upon the Dutch shutting out the manufactures of England, upon which the great trade of Holland subsisted, was to dry up the very means by which Holland had made itself a country from low-lying sea-marshes and sand-banks. Louis knew this, and winked, as much as possible, at the means by which the trade of his subjects was maintained with England. This produced extreme anger on the part of Napoleon, who used terms towards his brother of the greatest rudeness and even brutality. Louis and his queen, Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, lived on terms of mutual aversion. In fact, they had made a mutual, though not a legal separation; and in 1809 they each demanded that a legal separation should take place. There was such an intimate connection between Buonaparte and queen Hortense that Louis deemed it a matter that concerned his honour as well as his quiet. But Napoleon bluntly refused to allow such a legal dissolution of the marriage, and insulted his brother by calling him an ideologist—a man who had spoiled himself by reading Rousseau. He did not even return a written answer to Louis's demand, but satisfied himself with a verbal one. Champagny, the duke of Cadore, who had succeeded Talleyrand as minister, stated in a report, that the situation of Louis was become critical from the conflicting sentiments in his heart of duties towards France and duties towards his own subjects; and Buonaparte intimated his intention to recall Louis to France, and to unite Holland, as a province, to the empire. Louis, on his part, intimated that, unless means were allowed for the Dutch to avoid universal ruin by the prosecution of their commerce, he would abdicate. Buonaparte had already annexed Zealand to France, and Louis displayed a remarkable indifference to retaining the remainder. On this, Buonaparte seemed, for a time, to pause in his menaces; but not the less did he pause in his resolves to compel an utter exclusion of English goods. The Dutch, who esteemed Louis for his honest regard for their rights, were alarmed at the idea of losing him; for it could only be for Holland to be united to France, and put under the most compulsory system. For some time, they and Louis contemplated laying the whole country under water, and openly repudiating the influence of Napoleon. But cool reflection convinced them that such resistance was useless; and in March of this year Louis submitted to a treaty, by which the continental system was to be strictly enforced. Not only Zealand, but Dutch Brabant and the whole course of the Rhine on both its banks were made over to France. Louis signed the treaty on the 1st of July, but significantly added, "as far as possible."

But no such easy rendering of the contract was contemplated by Buonaparte. He did not even adhere to the letter of it. French officers were to be placed in all the Dutch garrisons, and eighteen thousand troops were to be maintained, of which six thousand, one-third, were to be French. Instead of six thousand, general Oudinot appeared at the head of twenty thousand at Utrecht. These, Buonaparte informed Louis, were to occupy all the strong posts of the country, and to have their head-quarters at Amsterdam, his capital. Louis determined to be no party to this utter subjugation of the country, nor any longer to play the part of a puppet sovereign. On the 1st of July he executed a deed of abdication in favour of his son, Napoleon Louis, expressing a hope that, though he had been so unfortunate as to offend the emperor, he trusted he would not visit his displeasure on his innocent family. He then drew up a vindication of his conduct, saying that he was placed in an impossible situation, and that he had long foreseen this termination of it. He sent this to be published in England, the only place in which it could appear; and he then gave an entertainment to a number of his friends at his palace at Haarlem, and at midnight entered a private carriage, and drove away. He proceeded to Gratz, in Styria, where he devoted his leisure to the instruction of his children, and to literature, and wrote "*Documens Historiques et Reflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Holland*"—being an account of his administration of the government of that country—and also a novel, called "*Marie, ou les Hollandaises.*" His wife, Hortense, went to Paris, where she became a great leader in the world of fashion.

Napoleon, notwithstanding the resistance of his brother Lucien to the arrogance of his will, seems never to have contemplated such a proceeding in the case of the more gentle Louis. When he received the intelligence of his abdication and flight he appeared thunderstruck, and then broke out into a violent agitation, upbraiding Louis with his ingratitude, declaring that, when himself but a poor lieutenant of artillery, he brought him up, dividing his scanty pay with him. But even Napoleon might have felt that there were means of cancelling the tenderest obligations in the heart of a brother. He paid no regard to the abdication of Louis in favour of his son. He proceeded to annex Holland at once to France, and contented himself with making his nephew, Napoleon Louis, grand duke of Berg; and, though he was but a child, he admonished him solemnly that his first of all duties was allegiance to himself, the emperor, the second to France, and the third to his subjects!

On the 9th of July, only eight days after the abdication of Louis, Buonaparte issued a decree, declaring Holland "re-united to France!" Oudinot marched into Amsterdam, and took possession of it in the name of his master. It was declared the third city of the French empire. The French ministers issued reports to vindicate this annexation, which was a disgraceful breach of Napoleon's pledge to the senate—that the Rhine should be the boundary of France—and also of his repeated assurances that Holland should remain an independent kingdom. They declared that "Holland was but a continuation of France, which may be defined as being formed out of the alluvia of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, which are the great arteries of our empire." "Holland," said Champagny, "is, in a manner, an emanation from the territory of France, and is necessary to the full complement of the empire. To possess the Rhine, your

majesty must extend the frontier to the Zuyder Zee. Thus the course of all the rivers which arise in France, or which bathe her frontier, will belong to her as far as the sea. To leave in the hands of strangers the mouths of our rivers would be, sire, to confine your power to an ill-bounded monarchy, instead of extending its limits to the natural frontiers befitting an imperial throne." By this, the reasoning of bloated power, any aggression on neighbouring nations might be justified, and it would have more justly warranted Switzerland in claiming both Germany and France, because the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube rise in its mountains.

The annexation of Holland was made without any of that fierce opposition which was displayed by the Spaniards in his attempt on their country; but, nevertheless, the deed sunk deep into the heart, not of the Dutch only, but of every power in Europe, and undoubtedly hastened the day of reclamation. The world saw that Buonaparte was become drunk with success; that his grasping ambition could set no bounds to its desires; that what he set up one day he pulled down another, on the most puerile pretences; that he had even now begun to pull down his own puppets, because they were not obsequious enough, and had not hesitated to brand his own brother in doing this as mentally imbecile. He said to the son of Louis himself—"Your father's conduct is accounted for only by his *disorder*."

This conviction of all Europe that the ambition of Buonaparte would swell till it burst in ruin, quickly received fresh confirmation. The trans-Rhenish provinces of Holland did not form a proper frontier for him. He immediately gave orders to form Oldenburg, Bremen, and all the line of coast between Hamburg and Lübeck, into additional departments of France, which was completed by a *senatus consultum* of the 13th of December of this year. Thus the French empire now extended from Denmark to Sicily; for Naples, though it was nominally the kingdom of Murat, was only nominally so; for the fate of the kingdom of Holland had dissipated the last delusion regarding the reality of any separate kingdom of Napoleon's erection. Italy, Jerome's kingdom of Westphalia, the grand-duchy of Berg—now given to the infant son of Louis—all the territories of the confederation of the Rhine, and Austria itself were really subject to Buonaparte, and any day he could assert that dominion. More than eighty millions of people in Europe owned this quondam lieutenant of artillery as their lord and master, whose will disdained all control. No such empire had existed under one autocrat, if not under one single sceptre, since the palmiest days of the Roman supremacy. Denmark retained its nominal independence only by humbly following the intimations of the great man's will. And now Sweden appeared to add another realm to his vast dominions; but, in reality, the surprising change which took place there created a final barrier to his progress in the north, and became the immediate cause of his utter overthrow. The story is one of the most singular and romantic in all the wonderful events of the Neapolonic career.

Gustavus Adolphus IV. of Sweden, with all the military ardour of Charles XII., but without his military talent—with all the chivalry of an ancient knight, but at the head of a kingdom diminished and impoverished—had resisted Buonaparte as proudly as if he were monarch of a nation of the first magnitude. He refused to fawn on Napoleon; he did not hesitate to denounce him as the curse of all Europe. He was the only king in Europe, except that of England, who withstood the marauder. He was at peace with Great Britain, and Alexander of Russia, who had for his own purposes made an alliance with Napoleon, called on him to shut out the English vessels from the Baltic. Gustavus indignantly refused, though he was at the same time threatened with invasion by France, whose troops, under Bernadotte, already occupied Denmark. At once he found Finland invaded by sixty thousand Russians, without any previous declaration of war. Finland was lost, and Alexander saw his treachery rewarded with the possession of a country larger than Great Britain, and with the whole eastern coast of the Baltic, from Tornea to Memel; the Aland Isles were also conquered and appropriated at this time. The unfortunate Gustavus, whose high honour and integrity of principle stood in noble contrast to those of most of the crowned heads of Europe, was not only deposed for his misfortunes, but his line deprived of the crown for ever. This took place in March, 1809. The unfortunate monarch was long confined in the castle of Gripsholm, where he was said to have been visited by the apparition of king Eric XIV. He was then permitted to retire into Germany, where, disdainfully refusing a pension, he divorced his wife, the sister of the empress of Russia; assumed the name of colonel Gustavson, and went, in proud poverty, to live in Switzerland. These events led to the last of Sweden's great transactions on the field of Europe, and which is by far the most extraordinary of all.

Alexander of Russia, having obtained all that he hoped for from the peace of Tilsit and the alliance with Napoleon by the conquest of Finland, was looking about for a new ally to aid him in freeing himself from the insolent domination of Buonaparte, who was ruining Russia as well as the rest of Europe by his continental system, when these unexpected events in Sweden opened up to him a sudden and most marvellous ally. The Swedes had chosen the duke of Sudermania, the uncle of the deposed king. The brother of Gustavus III., who had been assassinated by count Ankerström, Charles XII., was old, imbecile, and childish. A successor was named for him in the duke of Augustenburg, who was extremely popular in Norway, and who had no very distant expectations of the succession in Denmark. This prince—a member of an unlucky house—had scarcely arrived in Sweden when he died suddenly, and not without suspicion of being poisoned; in fact, various rumours of such a fate awaiting him preceded his arrival. Russia, as well as a powerful party in Sweden, was bent on restoring the line of Wasa. Alexander was uncle to the young prince, who, by no fault of his own, was excluded from the throne. Whatever was the real cause, Augustenburg died, as had been predicted; and while the public mind in Sweden was agitated about the succession, the aged king, Charles XIII., applied to Napoleon for his advice. But Napoleon had bound himself at Tilsit to leave the affairs of the north in the hands of Alexander, and especially not to interfere in those of Sweden. He, therefore, haughtily replied:—"Address yourself to Alexander; he is great and generous"—

ominous words, which were, ere long, applied, to his astonishment and destruction.

Yet, on the first view of the case, the selection of the Swedes augured anything but Russian alliance; and showed on the surface everything in favour of Napoleon and France, for it fell on a French general and field-marshal, Bernadotte. The extraordinary manner in which this was brought about, and the eventful circumstance which it proved to France and to Europe, have been recently placed in a new and very curious light by M. A. Geffroy, in the "*Revue des Deux-Mondes*," from the "*Souvenirs de l'Historie Contemporaine de la Suede.*" These *souvenirs* were compiled and arranged by M. Bergmann, the son-in-law of colonel Schinkel, aide-de-camp to the late king of Sweden, from the private papers left by his majesty in the hands of that officer, to serve as a basis for a history of his life. These revelations M. Geffroy has industriously compared and corrected by the official papers and dispatches preserved in the bureau of the foreign office in Paris; and the views which he presents, from these undoubted sources, of the causes which raised Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden, and hurled Napoleon from that of France, are most interesting and important.

The generally-received version of these affairs is that baron Mörner went to France on an official embassy, authorised to solicit from Napoleon the appointment of one of his generals as crown prince of Sweden, and that Bernadotte was selected in consequence. Nothing of the kind! Bernadotte was one of the last persons whom Buonaparte would have selected for such a purpose. That general had always maintained a course somewhat independent of Napoleon. He had figured prominently in the war of the revolution before Buonaparte was heard of. On the 18th Brumaire, so far from joining Buonaparte in his enterprise against the Council of Five Hundred, he was on the spot at St. Cloud, armed and ready to head a strong body of military in favour of the directory, had circumstances permitted. He had submitted to the consular authority, and held the government of Holland under Buonaparte; but both then and afterwards he belonged to a set of officers who considered themselves rather as serving France than Napoleon. This the emperor knew, but was too politic to notice; on the contrary, he heaped favours upon men of this class, to set their interests in array against their political bias. He made Bernadotte prince of Ponte Corvo, and as he had married the sister of the wife of Joseph Buonaparte, a mademoiselle Cleri, he was, in fact, a member of the imperial family. But this did not prevent the sturdy independence of Bernadotte, or allay the jealous feeling of Napoleon towards him. Buonaparte knew that Bernadotte's heart was not with him; that he was in secret an enemy to his throne; and he could not help frequently blaming him. He blamed him for letting Romana escape in Spain; for his conduct at the battle of Wagram, though he rendered great service there at the head of the Saxon troops; and again, when he went to repel the English from Antwerp, he found cause of offence, and remanded him to his command in the north of Germany. Bernadotte, so far from concealing his resentment, was remarked as a fiery Gascon, who, should occasion present itself, would be likely to do mischief.

Besides this, Napoleon, at this moment greatly doubting the sincerity of Alexander, was strongly inclined to the scheme of reviving the ancient Scandinavia, by raising his ally, Frederick VI. of Denmark, to the throne of Sweden. The ancient and inextinguishable rivalries of the Danes and Swedes did not deter him, and Frederick had promised to maintain the liberal constitution ceded by Charles XIII. in 1809, and to extend it to Denmark. At this moment, however, the new candidate, Bernadotte, was proposed and accepted, equally to the astonishment of Sweden, Napoleon, and the king of Denmark. This election originated in circumstances the most amusing.

A simple lieutenant of the Swedish army, M. Mörner, arrived in Paris in the middle of June, 1810, with dispatches for Herr von Lagerbielke, the Swedish ambassador. Mörner was young, ardent, and anxious, both regarding his own future and that of his country. Fond of France, an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his companions in arms, he conceived the idea of offering the crown of Sweden to one of these generals, certain that he should find in the Swedish nation and diet an extensive response to such a proposition, and persuaded that, if he succeeded, he should have saved his country. His whole soul occupied with his daring design, he had scarcely delivered the dispatches to M. Lagerbielke, to whom he took good care not to confide the secret, when he hastened to M. Lapie, the geographer, one of his Parisian friends. "In Sweden," said he, "we can think of nothing but how to repair our losses. There reigns amongst us a grand enthusiasm for Napoleon. We believe that he alone can solve our difficulties, and we are ready to accept the man he shall select for us."

Lapie was himself young and enthusiastic, proud of France, rejoicing in this widely-extended dependence on her sympathy and support; and foreseeing that a rupture between France and Russia could not be far off, he seized with avidity the idea. The two young officers thought over all the distinguished generals of France. Whom should they make king? Eugene Beauharnais? Berthier? Massena? Davoust? Macdonald? No! all those were but the supple instruments of their master. They wanted a great man. Mörner owned his predilection for Bernadotte. Lapie had nothing to say against it: a relative of the emperor, liberal, already known and loved in the north of Germany for his government of Hanover, already favourably known to the Swedes for his kindness to their prisoners in 1806, in Lübeck; a child of the revolution, a brave captain, having been minister of war and ambassador, possessed of great personal wealth and of a princedom: the affair was settled—that was the man! This was the first scene in the extraordinary drama which terminated on the plains of Leipsic in 1813.

Lapie hurried away to communicate the project to general Guilleminot, in order to learn through him how the emperor would be disposed. Mörner hastened to Signeul, who was ambitious of exchanging his post of consul-general for that of minister of legation, and who, fully taking in that this affair was the settled plan of Sweden, advised Mörner to go at once to the prince of Ponte Corvo, without saying anything to Lagerbielke. Mörner saw Bernadotte. He introduced himself as the organ of a large and influential party in Sweden—as a member of the diet, the wishes of

which were well known to him, and that Charles XIII. would have no other will than that of the assembly. Bernadotte listened eagerly to this unexpected communication; but with an air of doubt, and of a polished reserve which embarrassed Mörner, at the same time that he himself called to mind the strange prophecy of mademoiselle Lenormand, who assured him that he would wear a crown, but would have to cross the sea for it.

Mörner next imparted the secret to general Wrede, whom Charles XIII. had employed to deliver his letter to Napoleon. General Wrede was a man of an ancient and honourable family, possessed great influence, and was attached to France, and particularly to Bernadotte, in whose house he was a familiar guest. He had left Sweden before the death of the duke of Augustenburg, readily gave credit to Mörner as to the state of the public feeling in Sweden, and was on the very point of returning thither. He at once spoke frankly to Bernadotte on the subject, who, assured by this second overture from such a quarter that the proposition came from the Swedish people, agreed that Mörner should submit it in writing, and that he would lay it before the emperor. Napoleon replied, with affected carelessness, that he would not interfere with the wishes of Sweden. No sooner was this done than Bernadotte accepted the offer; and general Wrede, on the very day that he left for Stockholm, informed M. Lagerbielke of the fact. It was as if a thunder bolt had fallen at the feet of the ambassador. A transaction of such immense importance negotiated without his knowledge! He looked upon himself as lost. Meantime, Mörner returned in all haste to Stockholm, and spread the report that Napoleon desired to present to the favour of the Swedish nation his able marshal and relative, the prince of Ponte Corvo. General Wrede appeared immediately on his heels, confirming the news. The excitement in town and country became excessive. Each different party was thrown into terror, anger, or exultation. The aristocratic party, with the king at its head, had resolved on electing the brother of the duke of Augustenburg; the party of Russia and the old dynasty was equally bent on the young prince Wasa. The old king was especially annoyed at this new project, which had sprung he knew not whence. On the very day that the committee of the diet had voted for the duke of Augustenburg, there arrived a message from the consul-general in France, with the formal acceptance of Bernadotte of the proposal on the part of Sweden to make him crown prince, accompanied by his grateful acknowledgments, and portraits of the prince and princess Ponte Corvo and their son, which general Wrede was commissioned to present to the king.

Here was an embarrassment! But Wrede and Mörner set actively to work. The letter of the consul-general and the portraits were presented to the king between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. Numerous copies of the letter were struck off, and circulated amongst the different orders of the diet. The letter to the deputies of the peasantry was accompanied by a little picture of prince Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, playing with his father's sword. Poems, songs, and addresses were improvised, and distributed in all directions. A report was spread, with equal rapidity, that the emperor of Russia, disappointed in his hopes of placing his nephew on the throne, was resolved on a fresh invasion, and that Napoleon had determined to defeat it by giving Sweden one of his most wise and valiant marshals as prince royal. The *ruse* succeeded; and it was amid acclamations and enthusiasm which scarcely permitted the tardiness of legal forms, that the diet, on the 21st of August, 1810, elected the prince of Ponte Corvo prince royal of Sweden, and heir-presumptive to the throne.

Such were the unparalleled circumstances by which Bernadotte, the quondam serjeant of marines, was made king of Sweden; and it would be difficult to say whether the election was more repugnant to the feelings of the main body of the Swedish people, who desired to see their country equally independent of France and Russia—to those of Alexander, who beheld with natural dread a prince and general of France, and a most able and politic one, placed so near to him—or to those of Buonaparte, who had regarded Bernadotte with jealousy and suspicion, and would rather have seen him anywhere than at the head of a powerful and independent kingdom.

The prince royal elect made his public entry into Stockholm on the 2nd of November. The failing health of the king, the confidence which the talents of Bernadotte had inspired, the prospect of a strong alliance with France through him—all these causes united to place the national power in his hands, and to cast upon him, at the same time, a terrible responsibility. The very crowds and cries which surrounded him expressed the thousand expectations which his presence raised. The peasantry, who had heard so much of his humble origin and popular sentiments, looked to him to curb the pride and oppression of the nobles; the nobles flattered themselves that he would support their cause, in the hope that they would support him; the mass of the people believed that a republican was the most likely to maintain the principles of the revolution of 1809; the merchants trusted that he would be able to obtain from Napoleon freedom for the trade with England, so indispensable to Sweden; and the army felt sure that, with such a general, they should be able to seize Norway and reconquer Finland. Nor was this all. Bernadotte knew that there existed a legitimist party in the country, which might long remain a formidable organ in the hands of internal factions or external enemies. How was he to lay the foundation of a new dynasty amid all these conflicting interests?—how satisfy at once the demands of France, England, and Russia? Nothing but firmness, prudence, and sagacity could avail to surmount the difficulties of his situation; but these Bernadotte possessed.

Napoleon, seeing that Bernadotte was become king of Sweden contrary to his secret will and to his expectations, determined, however, that he should still serve him. He gave him no respite. He demanded incessantly, and with his usual impetuosity, that Bernadotte should declare war against England, and shut out of the Baltic both English and American merchandise. Alexander regarded him first with suspicion, but his spies soon dissipated his fears. They soon perceived that Bernadotte was not disposed to be at once master of a powerful kingdom, and the vassal of France. Alexander made offers of friendship; they were accepted by Bernadotte with real or affected pleasure, and his course became clearer. For the next two years there

was a great strife to secure the alliance of the crown prince; and the proud, disdainful, imperious temper of Napoleon, who could not brook that one who had been created by him out of nothing but a serjeant of marines should presume to exercise an independent will, threw the prize into the hands of the more astute Russian, and decided the fate of Europe and of himself.

England, which had made some show of restoring the legitimate prince, soon became satisfied that Bernadotte would lean to its alliance. Meantime Alexander of Russia displayed more and more decided symptoms of an intention to break with France. He hastened to make peace with the Turks, and to pour his sentimental assurances into the ear of count Stadingk, the Swedish ambassador. As he called God to witness, in 1807, that he had no wish to touch a single Swedish village, so now he professed to be greatly troubled that he had been obliged to seize all Finland. "Let us forget the past," said the czar. "I find myself in terrible circumstances, and I swear, upon my honour, that I never wished evil to Sweden. But now that unhappy affair of Finland is over, and I wish to show my respect to your king, and my regard for the crown prince. Great misfortunes are frequently succeeded by great prosperities. A Gustavus Adolphus issued from Sweden for the salvation of Germany, and who knows what may happen again?" and he began to unveil his disgust at the encroachments of Buonaparte. "What does he mean," he said, "by his attempt to add the north of Germany to his empire, and all its mercantile towns? He might grasp a dozen cities of Germany, but Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, 'our Holy Trinity,' as Romanoff says!—I am weary of his perpetual vexations!"

The result was the offer of Norway to Sweden as the price of Bernadotte's adhesion to the proposed alliance. England also offered to Sweden as a colony, Surinam, Demarara, or Porto Rico.

But all this could not have prevailed with Bernadotte—who leaned fondly and tenaciously towards France with her old associations—had not the unbearable pride, insolence, and domineering spirit of Napoleon repelled him, and finally decided his course. So late as March, 1811, Bernadotte used this language to M. Alquier, the French ambassador, when pressed by him to decide for France:—"I must have Norway—Norway which Sweden desires, and which desires to belong to Sweden—and I can obtain it through another power than France." "From England, perhaps?" interposed the ambassador. "Well, yes, from England; but I protest that I only desire to adhere to the emperor. Let his majesty give me Norway; let the Swedish people believe that I owe to him that mark of protection, and I will guarantee all the changes that he desires in the system and government of Sweden. I promise him fifty thousand men, ready equipped, by the end of May, and ten thousand more by July. I will lead them wherever he wishes. I will execute any enterprise that he may direct. Behold that western point of Norway. It is separated from England only by a sail of twenty-four hours, with a wind which scarcely ever varies. *I will go there if he wishes!*"

But Napoleon could never listen to the transfer of Nor-

SCENE IN THE PENINSULA. BAGGAGE WAGONS OVERTAKEN BY A STORM.

PORT OF ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

way; that was the territory of his firm ally, Denmark: Finland, but not Norway. In October of the same year an English agent landed at Gothenborg, under a fictitious name—eluded the French spies—traversed, by night, woods, bogs, and hills—and, in a small village of the interior of Sweden, met a Swedish agent, where the terms of a treaty were settled, in which Russia and Turkey, England and Sweden, were the contracting powers; in which Sweden was to receive Norway, and renounce for ever Finland; and Alexander and Bernadotte were to unite all their talents, powers, and experience against France. In December following, the Swedish aristocracy were astonished to see the countess Armfeldt, wife of general Armfeldt—a Finn, and hitherto one of the most decided partisans of the ancient dynasty—appear at a *soirée* of the prime minister, Engeström, decorated with the portraits of the two czarinas, the dowager and the reigning empress—to hear that she was appointed lady of honour at the court of Russia, and to see the crown prince enter, take his seat beside her, and, in a long conversation, pay her the most flattering attentions. In the following January the sudden invasion of Swedish Pomerania by the French showed that the crisis was come, and that henceforth Napoleon and Bernadotte were irreconcileable opponents. The proud, brusque words of Napoleon, when Charles XIII. appealed to him for aid on the loss of Finland—"Apply to Alexander, he is great and generous"—were now taken up by Bernadotte. It was a fatal speech.

From that time offers of alliance and aid poured in from all quarters. Prussia—ready to rebel once more against the common enemy—sent secret messages, and was, at the same time, concerting common measures with Russia. The insurgents of Spain and Portugal, where Lord Wellington was in active operation—even the old Bourbon dynasty—paid court to him. Moreau returned from America to fight under his banners, and emigrants flocked from all quarters to combine their efforts against the universal foe—Napoleon. We have traced out these particulars somewhat at large, for they are new and curious, opening up the great scheme by which they led to the final overthrow of Napoleon. For the further progress of it we must wait till the year 1812.

In England a remarkable event closed the year 1810—the appointment of a regency. For some time the old malady of the king had returned upon him. He had not attended to open and close the last session of parliament, and there was a general impression as to the cause. But, on the 25th of October, when parliament had voted the celebration of a general jubilee, on the king's entrance upon the fiftieth year of his reign, it was announced publicly that his majesty was no longer capable of conducting public business, and the house of commons adjourned for a fortnight. This was a melancholy jubilee, so far as the king and his family were concerned; but the nation celebrated it everywhere with an affectionate zeal and loyalty. The royal malady had been precipitated by the death of his favourite daughter Amelia. On the 20th or 21st of October, he visited her on her deathbed, and she put on his finger a ring, containing her own hair, and, with the motto, "Remember me when I am gone." This simple but sorrowful act completed the mischief in progress, and George retired from the bedside of his dying daughter a confirmed lunatic. The princess died on the 2nd of November, but her father was past consciousness of the event.

At the end of the fortnight, lord Grenville and lord Grey pointed out the necessity of proceeding to appoint a regent. Ministers replied that the physicians were confident of his speedy recovery; but, as there were repeated adjournments, and repeated reports of the physicians still holding the same language, the sense of parliament prevailed; and, on the 17th of December, Mr. Perceval moved that, on the 20th, they should go into committee on the question of the regency; and on that day the same resolutions were passed as had been passed in 1788—namely, that the prince of Wales should be regent, under certain restrictions; that the right of creating peerages, and granting salaries, pensions, and offices in reversion, should be limited specifically, as in 1788. The royal dukes made a protest against these limitations; but, on the 30th, they were confirmed by both houses, with additional resolutions for the care of his majesty's person and the security of his private property, which passed on the last day of the year 1810.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

Instalment of the Prince Regent—Duke of York re-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces—Bill to prevent the Depreciation of Paper Money—Buonaparte imagines that his Continental System is producing the Ruin of England—Progress of the War in Portugal—Retreat of Massena from Santarem, pursued by Wellington—French expelled from Portugal—Surrender of Badajoz by the Spaniards—Defeat of the French at Barossa—The Battle of Fuentes de Onoro, and Fall of Almeida—Massena recalled by Buonaparte—Ney, Junot, and other Generals, return to Paris—Battle of Albuera—Reduction of Tarragona by Soult—Surrender of Blake, and the last Spanish Army at Valencia—Reduction of Java by the English—The King of Rome born—Buonaparte attempts to divide France from the Roman See—Attack in the Commons on Sinecure Offices—The Whigs desert the Prince Regent—Perceval, the Prime Minister, shot by Bellingham—Grants and Pensions to his Family—The Liverpool Ministry—Riots in the Cotton Districts—The War in Spain—Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz by Wellington—Defeat of Victor at Tarifa—Battle of Salamanca—Wellington in Madrid—Maitland's Reinforcement for Sicily—Wellington retreats to Salamanca; to Ciudad Rodrigo—Sicilian Affairs—Plot against the English Army—Lord William Bentinck's Reforms—Abdication of the King in Favour of his Son—A New Constitution—Queen Caroline sent out of the Country—Naval Actions—Differences with America—British Ships seized—Influence of the French—The Affairs of the "Chesapeake" and the "Little Belt"—Capture of some small English Vessels by huge American ones—Buonaparte prepares for War with Russia and Sweden—Seizes Pomerania and Rugen—Bernadotte's Interview with Alexander of Russia—Buonaparte proposes Peace with England—Crosses the Niemen with nearly Half a Million of Men—Retreat of the Russians to Smolensk; thence to Moscow—Battle of Borodino—Moscow burnt by the Russians—Retreat of the Grand Army, amid unexampled Horrors—Buonaparte's Escape back to Paris, with the Loss of the greater part of his Army.

THE business of the regency was so important, that parliament—without adjourning, as usual, for the Christmas holidays—opened the year 1811, on the very first of January, by proceeding with it. An alteration in the fifth resolution, somewhat reducing the expense of the royal household, and also limiting more strictly the authority of the queen, was proposed, and carried against ministers, by two hundred and twenty-six votes against two hundred and thirteen. Perceval in the commons, and lord Liverpool in the lords, moved amendments on this change, but without effect. Another alteration was proposed by lord Grenville, that the

regent should be allowed to elevate lawyers, and other civilians, to the peerage, as well as military men; and this was readily agreed to. The remaining restrictions were to terminate in February, 1812, if the house had been sitting then six weeks, or otherwise, after the sitting of the house for six weeks after its next assembling. Deputations were appointed by both houses to announce these resolutions to the regent and the queen. The regent complained of the restrictions, but the queen expressed herself quite satisfied. The great seal was then affixed to a commission for opening the parliament under the regent, after some opposition by lord Grey. The house then adjourned till the 15th of January.

It was now expected by the whigs, and by a great part of the public, that they should come into office. At first the conduct of the prince regent favoured this supposition. He applied to Grey and Grenville to draw up the answer that he should return to the two houses on their addresses on his appointment. But he did not quite like this answer, and got Sheridan to make some alteration in it. He then returned the paper to Grey and Grenville, as in the form that he approved. But these noblemen declared that they would have nothing more to do with the paper so altered; and Sheridan, on his part, suggested to the prince that he would find such men as ministers very domineering and impracticable. Nor was this all—lord Grenville and his family held enormous patronage. Like all the whigs, the Grenvilles, however they might study the interests of the country, studied emphatically their own. Grenville had long held, by a patent for life, the office of auditor to the exchequer; and, in accepting office in "All the Talents" ministry, he managed to obtain also the office of first lord of the treasury. The auditorship of the exchequer was instituted as a check on the treasury, but neither lord Grenville nor his friends saw any impropriety in destroying this check by putting both offices into the same hands. They declared this union was very safe and compatible, and a bill was brought in for the purpose. But when the king had become both blind and insane, and no regent was yet appointed, lord Grenville, being no longer first lord of the treasury, but Perceval, he suddenly discovered that he could not obey the order of the treasury for the issues of money to the different services. It was strictly necessary that the great seal, or the privy seal, or the sign-manual, should be attached to the treasury orders, or, failing these, that they should be sanctioned by an express act of parliament. As neither great nor privy seal, nor sign-manual were possible until a regent was appointed, lord Grenville's conscience would not let him pass the orders of the treasury, and all payment of army, navy, and civil service were brought to a stand. Perceval, after in vain striving hard to overcome the scruples, or rather the party obstinacy of Grenville, was compelled to go to the house of parliament, and get the obstacle removed by a resolution of both houses. The notice of the public being thus turned by Grenville to his holding of this office, and his readiness to unite the two offices in his own person, which his pretended scruples of conscience now invested with so much danger, produced a prejudice against him and his party, which was hostile to their coming into office. Besides this, the whigs were greatly divided in their notions of foreign policy. Grey and his immediate section of the party felt bound, by their advocacy of Fox's principles, to oppose the war; Grenville and his friends were for a merely defensive war, and for leaving Portugal and Spain, and the other continental nations, to fight their own battles; whilst lord Holland, who had travelled in Spain, and was deeply interested in its language and literature, was enthusiastic for the cause of the Peninsula, and in the progress which Wellington was making there. It was utterly impossible that, with such divided views, they could make an energetic ministry at this moment, and it was equally certain that they could not again form an "All the Talents" by coalition with the conservatives. And, beyond all this, it does not appear that the regent was at all anxious to try them. Like all heirs-apparent of the house of Hanover, he had united with the opposition during his youth, but his friendship appeared now anything but ardent. Sheridan still possessed something of his favour, and the earl of Moira was high in it; but for the rest, the prince appeared quite as much disposed to take the conservatives into his favour; and he, as well as the royal dukes, his brothers, generally, was as much bent on the vigorous prosecution of the war as the conservatives themselves. No ministry which would have carried that on languidly, still less who would have opposed it, would have suited him any more than it had done his father. The old king, too, was not so deeply sunk in his unhappy condition but that he had intervals lucid enough to leave him alive to these questions, and he showed so much anxiety regarding the possible change of the ministry, and of fresh measures regarding the war, that his physicians declared that such a change would plunge him into hopeless madness, and probably end his life. The queen wrote to the prince, saying how much satisfaction his conduct in regard to these matters had given to his father, and he wrote to Mr. Perceval, declaring that this consideration determined him not to change the ministry at all. At the same time he expressed to the minister his dissatisfaction with the restrictions which had been imposed upon him. Perceval, even at the risk of offending the prince, justified the conduct of ministers and parliament. In this he might be the more bold, as it was clear that there was no longer any danger of a whig instalment in office.

The ceremonies of investing the prince in his office of regent were performed at Carlton House on the 6th of February. The prince delivered in a certificate of having taken the Lord's Supper, and swore to maintain a due allegiance to the king, and to execute the office of regent according to the act of parliament, &c. He signed these oaths, as well as the declaration against popery, which were then signed by the privy counsellors as witnesses, and the documents were delivered to the keeper of the records.

On the 12th of February parliament was opened by a speech, not from the prince regent in person, but by commission, the commissioners being the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the duke of Montrose, and the earls Camden and Westmoreland. The speech was of the most belligerent character, recounting the success of our arms in the Indian seas, in repelling the attack of the

Neapolitans on Sicily, and, above all, in the Peninsula. Lord Grenville opposed the address, considering the war as hopeless, and as mischievous to our interests. It was carried in both houses without a division. Perceval, on the 21st, announced that the prince was desirous not to add any fresh burdens to the country under existing circumstances, and therefore declined any addition to his establishment as regent.

One of the first things which the regent did was to re-appoint the duke of York to the post of commander-in-chief of the forces. Old Sir David Dundas, as thoroughly aware of his unfitness for the office as the army itself was, had requested leave to retire, and on the 25th of May the appointment of the duke was gazetted. There was a considerable expression of disapproval in the house of commons of this measure. Lord Milton moved that it was highly improper and indecorous, and he was supported by lord Althorpe, and Messrs. Wynn, Elliot, Whitbread, and others; but the facts which had come to light through Mrs. Clarke's trials, both regarding her and her champion, colonel Wardle, had mitigated the public feeling towards the duke so far, that the motion was rejected by a majority of two hundred and ninety-six against forty-seven. It is certain that the change from the duke to Sir David Dundas, so far as the affairs of the army were concerned, was much for the worse. The duke was highly popular in that office with the soldiers, and he rendered himself more so by immediately establishing regimental schools for their children on Dr. Bell's system.

The supplies for the year voted were £56,021,869; of which £21,269,940 were for the army; £20,276,144 for the navy; and £5,012,378 for the ordnance. There were subsidies to Portugal and Sicily—to the latter, £400,000.

The unnatural state of things induced by the war had now brought about a great change in our currency. As we could manage to get in our goods to the continent by one opening or another, but could not get the produce of the continent in return, it would have appeared that we must be paid in cash, and that the balance of specie must be in our favour; but this was not the case. By our enormous payments to our troops in Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, as well as in the East and West Indies, and by our heavy subsidies, gold had flowed out of the country so steadily, that there appeared very little left in it, and bank paper had taken its place. On the continent, impoverished as they were, the people clung to their gold tenaciously, and Buonaparte alone could draw it from them in taxes. He always carried a heavy military chest with him on his expeditions, and his officers also carried the money necessary for themselves in their belts, or otherwise about their immediate persons. The gold being enormously diminished in quantity in England, was carefully hoarded on all hands, thus again increasing the scarcity, and raising the value of it. The price of bullion had risen from twenty to thirty per cent., and here was a further strong temptation to hoard or send guineas to the melting-pot. This state of things led a certain class of political economists to call for a repeal of the act for suspension of cash payments, and Francis Horner obtained a committee of inquiry into the causes of the decrease of gold and the increase of paper: and this committee came to the conclusion that the true cause of the evil lay in the excess of paper, and that the way to restrain it would be to allow the demand for gold at the bank. But the truth was, that the cause of the evil was not the excess of paper, but the enormous diminution of gold; and to have opened a legal demand for gold which could not be had, would only have produced a panic, and a complete and horrible assassination of all credit and all business. But there were clearer-sighted men in parliament, who declared that, though bullion had risen in price, bank-notes would still procure twenty shillings' worth of goods in the market, and that they were not, therefore, really depreciated in value. That was true, but guineas had, notwithstanding, risen to a value of five or six-and-twenty shillings, and might be sold for that. Gold had risen, but paper had not fallen; and gold could not take the place of paper, because it did not, to any great extent, exist in the country; if it had, paper must have fallen ruinously. Mr. Vansittart and his party, therefore, moved resolutions that the resumption of cash payments being already provided for six months after the conclusion of peace, was an arrangement which answered all purposes, and ought not to be disturbed; that this would keep all real excess of paper in check, and leave gold to resume its circulation when, by the natural influence of peace, it flowed again into the country. These were, accordingly, carried.

But the bullionists were still bent on forwarding their scheme, or on throwing the country into convulsions. Lord King announced to his tenants, in a circular letter, that he would receive his rents in specie or in bank-notes to an amount equalling the advanced value of gold. This raised a loud outcry against the injustice of the act, which would have raised the rents of his farms twenty or more per cent.; and lord Stanhope brought in a bill to prevent the passing of guineas at a higher value than twenty-one shillings, and one-pound bank-notes at a less value than twenty shillings. There was a strenuous debate on the subject in both houses. In the lords, lord chancellor Eldon demonstrated the enormity of people demanding their rents in gold when it did not exist, and when, if the person who could pay in notes carried these notes to the bank of England, he could not procure gold for them. He denominated such a demand from landlords as an attempt at robbery. Yet the bill was strongly opposed in both houses—in the commons by Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Samuel Romilly, Brougham, and others. It underwent many modifications, but it passed, maintaining its fundamental principles, and landlords were obliged to go on taking their rents in paper.

But the agitation of this question produced a strong sensation on the continent. Buonaparte, who watched every movement of the English parliament and government with the deepest anxiety, immediately seized on the discussion as a proof that England was fast sinking under his continental system. That system, indeed, was rapidly prostrating the continent. From all sides had long been pouring in upon him complaints that the suppression of commerce was ruining all the great mercantile cities—Hamburg, Bremen, all the Hanse Towns; in fact, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Naples, Genoa, and the other parts of Italy; and that it was diffusing universal poverty and distress. The breach which the emperor Alexander had made in it, and

the determined resistance which the Swedes made to it, had caused him to feel the necessity of relaxing the rigour of his system. But now he took fresh courage. He believed that England was at her last gasp; that there would speedily be universal rebellion within her from starving citizens; and he held on in his plan, and this proved his ultimate destruction; for it made him all the more determined to coerce Russia, and thus precipitated his fatal campaign against that country.

After violent debates on the subject of catholic emancipation, but with the usual negative result, parliament was prorogued on the 24th of July. Ministers proceeded to prosecute the war in the Peninsula with increased vigour. Lord Wellington needed all the support they could give him. Notwithstanding his successes and the millions of money that England was sending to and spending in Portugal, that government continued to annoy him, and showed itself as ignorant, as meddling, and as unthankful as the Spaniards had done. His letter to the prince regent desiring the removal of principal Souza from the government had not been complied with; and that gentleman and the bishop of Oporto seemed determined to harass him to the utmost from petty spite. Though he and his army were the sole defence of the country, which would at once have been overrun by the French were he not there, and though he was fighting their battles and defending their persons at the expense of England, they appeared to have not the slightest sense of these obligations, but continued to pester him on every possible occasion. They endeavoured to compel him to maintain the Portuguese army, too, by themselves neglecting to furnish it with pay and provisions. They demanded to have the expenditure of the very money remitted for the needs of the English forces. They raised a vast clamour because the soldiers cut down timber for firewood. To all these disgraceful annoyances, lord Wellington replied with a wonderful command of temper, but with firmness and plain-spokenness. His dispatches abound with complaints of the scurvy treatment of the Portuguese authorities. The aspect of things in Spain was worse. There the Spaniards continued to lose every force that they raised; but nevertheless to criticise all the movements of Wellington as if they knew, or had shown, that they understood the management of campaigns better than he did. In fact, if the interests of Spain and Portugal alone had been concerned, the best thing would have been to have quietly withdrawn, and have left the French to trample on them, as a proper punishment for their stupid and ignorant pride. But the attention which Wellington compelled Buonaparte to give to the Peninsula, and the constant drain which this war was to him of men and money, were enabling Russia, and Sweden, and the north of Germany to prepare for another and decisive struggle with the oppressor.

We left Wellington occupying his impregnable lines at Torres Vedras during the winter, and Massena occupying Santarem. Buonaparte thought he could suggest a mode of putting down the provoking English general which Massena did not seem able to conceive. After studying the relative situations of the belligerents, he sent word to Soult to make a junction with Massena by crossing the Tagus, and then, as he would be much superior in strength, to continually attack Wellington, and cause him, from time to time, to lose some of his men. He observed that the English army was small, and that the people at home were anxious about their army in Portugal, and were not likely to increase it much. Having thus weakened Wellington, as soon as the weather became favourable, they were to make an attack from the south bank of the Tagus. But there were two difficulties to overcome of no trivial character in this plan. Wellington was not the man to be drawn into the repeated loss of his men, and the Tagus was too well guarded by our fleet and by batteries for any chance of taking him in the rear. However, Napoleon sent Massena a reinforcement, under general Drouet, who carried along with him a great supply of provisions; he assembled an army in the north of Spain, under Bessières, of seventy thousand men, and Soult moved from Cadiz, leaving Sebastiani to continue the blockade, and advanced to make the ordered junction with Massena. But he deemed it necessary, before crossing into Southern Portugal, to take possession of Badajoz. In his advance, at the head of twenty thousand men, he defeated several Spanish corps, and sate down before Badajoz towards the end of February. Could Massena have maintained himself at Santarem, this junction might have been made; but, notwithstanding the provisions brought by Drouet, he found that he had no more than would serve him on a retreat into Spain. He had ten thousand of his army sick, and therefore, not waiting for Soult, he evacuated Santarem on the 5th of March, and commenced his march Spain-ward. Wellington was immediately after him, and the flight and pursuit continued for a fortnight. To prevent Massena entering and finding a temporary refuge in Coimbra, Wellington ordered Sir Robert Wilson and colonel Trant to destroy an arch of the bridge over the Mondego, and thus detain him on the left bank of that river till he came up. But Massena did not wait; he proceeded along a very bad road on the left bank of the river to Miranda, on the river Coira. Along this track Massena's army was sharply and repeatedly attacked by the English van under Picton, and suffered severely. Ney commanded the rear-division of the enemy, and, to check the advance of the English, he set fire to the towns and villages as he proceeded, and, escaping over the bridge on the Coira, he blew it up. But before this could be effected, Picton was upon him, accompanied by Pack's brigade and a strong body of horse, and drove numbers of the French into the river, and took much baggage. Five hundred French were left on the ground, and to facilitate their flight from Miranda, which they also burnt, they destroyed a great deal more of their baggage and ammunition. Lord Wellington was detained at the Coira, both from want of means of crossing and from want of supplies; for the French had left the country a black and burning desert. The atrocities committed by the army of Massena on this retreat were never exceeded by any host of men or devils. The soldiers seemed inspired with an infernal spirit of vengeance towards the Portuguese, and committed every horror and outrage that language has a name for. The Portuguese, on the other hand, driven to madness, pursued them like so many demons, cutting off and destroying all stragglers, and shooting down the flying files as they hurried through the woods and hills. The whole way was scattered with the carcases of the fugitives.

For most of these abominations Massena himself was answerable. He expressly ordered the firing and destruction of the towns and villages, and, amongst the rest, of Leiria and the abbey of Alcobaça, the most splendid abbey in Portugal, and standing in a terrestrial paradise, which he left a hell. For the sanguinary cruelty with which their sick and wounded were dispatched by the Portuguese peasantry, men and women, with knives, clubs, and stones, the French were indebted to their own cruelties, not only on the flight, but during the whole winter. Lord Wellington, in his dispatches, declared that the brutality of the French had seldom been equalled and never surpassed; and he expressed a hope that it would teach the Portuguese never again to rely on the delusive promises of the French, and show them there was no security for life, nor for anything which gives value to it, but unwavering resistance to them.

A quarrel took place between Massena and Ney on the subject of attacking the English and Portuguese which invested Almeida, where was a French garrison, and Ney threw up his command, and retired to Salamanca. Massena was daily expecting the junction of Soult, who had taken Badajoz; but Wellington did not give time for this junction. He attacked Massena at Sabugal on the 2nd of April, and defeated him with heavy loss. Massena then continued his retreat for the frontier of Spain, and crossed the Aqueda into that country on the 6th. Wellington then placed his army in cantonments between the Coa and the Aqueda, and made more rigorous the blockade of Almeida. He calculated that Massena had lost on the retreat not less than forty-five thousand men—his army being reduced from ninety thousand to forty-five thousand men. No words could describe the scenes of horror and misery which had attended his flight, and which were perpetrated with equal fury by French and Portuguese. An officer has described the insults to the wounded French by the Portuguese—their kicking them and knocking out their brains, which was always done before the English could come up, for they put a stop to all such barbarities.

The labours of lord Wellington during this pursuit were inconceivable; for a number of his general officers pleaded private business at home—as some in the later war of the Crimea did—and no entreaties or commands could induce them to stay. In consequence, his lordship had, he tells us, to be general of cavalry, general of the advanced guard, and leader of two or three columns sometimes on the same day. He expresses his satisfaction at seeing these gentlemen roughly handled by the newspapers at home. Such desertions of their posts on such most important occasions are scarcely credible in Englishmen. Lord Wellington begged that the commander-in-chief would not allow any generals to go out who had private business in such a crisis, but who would engage to remain till the end of the war in the Peninsula.

Having, for the third time, expelled the French from Portugal, with the exception of the single fortress of Almeida, he proceeded to reconnoitre the situation of affairs in Spain. Whilst on his march after Massena, he had sent word to general Menacho to maintain possession of Badajoz, promising him early assistance. Unfortunately, Menacho was killed, and was succeeded in his command by general Imaz, who appears to have been a regular traitor. Wellington, on the 9th of March, had managed to convey to him the intelligence that Massena was in full retreat, and that he should himself very soon be able to send or bring him ample assistance. Imaz had a force of nine thousand Spaniards, and the place was strong. He was only besieged by about the same number of French infantry and two thousand cavalry, yet the very next day he informed Soult of Wellington's news, and offered to capitulate. Soult must have been astonished at this proceeding, if he had not himself prepaid it in French money—the surrender of Badajoz, under the imminent approach of Wellington, being of the very highest importance. On the 11th, the Spaniards were allowed to march with what are called the "honours of war," but which, in this case, were the infamies of treachery, and Soult marched in. He then gave up the command of the garrison to Mortier, and himself marched towards Seville. During his absence from the extreme south, general Graham, with about four thousand English and Portuguese, had quitted Cadiz by sea, and proceeded to Algesiras, where he landed, intending to take Victor, who was blockading Cadiz, in the rear. His artillery, meantime, was landed at Tarifa; and on marching thither by land, over dreadful mountain roads, he was joined, on the 27th of February, by the Spanish general Lapeña, with seven thousand men. Graham consented to the Spaniard taking the chief command—an ominous concession; and the united force—soon after joined by a fresh body of about one thousand men, making the whole force about twelve thousand—then marched forward towards Medina Sidonia, through the most execrable roads. Victor was fully informed of the movements of this army, and advanced to support general Cassagne, who held Medina Sidonia. No sooner did he quit his lines before Cadiz than the Spanish general de Zogas crossed from the Isle de Leon, and menaced the left of the French army. On this Victor halted at Chiclana, and ordered Cassagne to join him there. He expected nothing less than that Lapeña would manage to join de Zogas, and that fresh forces, marching out of Cadiz and the Isle of Leon, would co-operate with them, and compel him to raise the siege altogether. But nothing so vigorous was to be expected from a Spanish general. Lapeña was so slow and cautious in his movements, that Graham could not get him to make any determined advance; and, on arriving at the heights of Barossa, which a Spanish force had been sent forward to occupy, this body of men had quitted their post, and Victor was in possession of these important positions, which completely stopped the way to Cadiz, and, at the same time, rendered retreat almost equally impossible. Lapeña was skirmishing, at about three miles' distance, with an inconsiderable force under general Villatte, and the cavalry was also occupied in another direction. Seeing, therefore, no prospect of receiving aid from the Spaniards, general Graham determined to attack marshal Victor, and, if possible, drive him from the heights, though he had double the numbers of himself. This he accomplished after a most desperate struggle, killing generals Bellegarde and Rousseau, and taking general Ruffin prisoner. The loss of the French was estimated, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, at three

INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS REGENT

thousand; that of the allies, one thousand two hundred and forty-three. Had Lapeña shown any vigour or activity whatever, the retreating army of marshal Victor might have been prevented regaining its old lines; but it was in vain that Graham urged him to the pursuit, and Graham therefore threw himself into the isle of Leon in disgust. Lapeña then professed a readiness to follow the French, but Graham considered it too late, and so Lapeña joined him in the isle of Leon, and broke down after him the temporary bridge which De Zayas had erected. Such was the end of this abortive expedition—a result certain from the command being presented to a Spaniard. Lord Wellington eulogised the brilliant action of the heights of Barossa, in a letter to Graham, in the warmest terms, declaring that, had the Spanish general done his duty, there would have been an end of the blockade of Cadiz. As it was, Victor returned to his lines, and steadily resumed the siege. In the meantime, admiral Keats, with a body of British sailors and marines, had attacked and destroyed all the French batteries and redoubts on the bay of Cadiz, except that of Catina, which was too strong for his few hundred men to take.

Another attempt of the French to draw the attention of Wellington from Massena was made by Mortier, who marched from Badajoz, of which Soult had given him the command, entered Portugal, and invested Campo Mayor, a place of little strength, and of a very weak garrison. General Beresford hastened to its relief at the head of twenty thousand men, and the Portuguese commandant did his best to hold out till he arrived; but he found this was not possible, and he surrendered on condition of marching out with all the honours of war. Scarcely, however, was this done when Beresford appeared, and Mortier abruptly quitted the town, and made all haste back again to Badajoz, pursued by the English cavalry. Mortier managed to get across to Guadiana, and Beresford found himself stopped there by a sudden rising of the water, and want of boats. He had to construct a temporary bridge before he could cross, so that the French escaped into Badajoz. Mortier then resigned his command to Latour Maubourg, and the English employed themselves in reducing Olivença, and some other strong places on the Valverde river, in the month of April. Lord Wellington made a hasty visit to the head-quarters of marshal Beresford, to direct the operations against Badajoz, but he was quickly recalled by the news that Massena had received reinforcements, and was in full march again to relieve the garrison in Almeida. Wellington, on the other hand, had reduced his army by sending reinforcements to Beresford, so that, while Massena had forty thousand foot and five thousand cavalry to enter Portugal with, Wellington had, of English and Portuguese, only thirty-two thousand foot and about one thousand two hundred horse. This force, too, he had been obliged to extend over a line of seven miles in length, so as to guard all the avenues of access to Almeida. The country, too, about Almeida was particularly well adapted for cavalry, in which the French had greatly the superiority. Notwithstanding, Wellington determined to dispute his passage. He had no choice of ground; he must fight on a flat plain, and with the river Coa flowing in his rear. He had his centre opposite to Almeida, his right on the village of Fuentes de Onoro—the Fountains of Honour—and his left on fort Concepcion.

On the 3rd of May, towards evening, Massena attacked the English right, posted in Fuentes de Onoro, with great impetuosity, and the whole fury of the battle, from beginning to end, was concentrated on this quarter. At first the English were forced back from the lower part of the town, and driven to the top, where they retained only a cluster of houses and an old chapel. But Wellington pushed fresh bodies of troops up the hill, and again drove down the French at the point of the bayonet, and over the river Das Casas. The next day the battle was renewed with the greatest desperation, and again the English, overwhelmed with heavy columns of men, and attacked by the powerful body of cavalry, seemed on the point of giving way. The cannonade of Massena was terrible, but the British replied with equal vigour, and a Highland regiment, under colonel Mackinnon, rushed forward with its wild cries, carrying all before it. The battle was continued on the low grounds, or on the borders of the river, till it was dark, when the French withdrew across the Das Casas. The battle was at an end. Massena had been supported by marshal Bessières, but the two marshals had found their match in a single English general, and an army as inferior to their own in numbers as it was superior in solid strength. Four hundred French lay dead in Fuentes de Onoro itself, and the killed, wounded, and prisoners amounted, according to their own intercepted letters, to upwards of three thousand. The loss of the English was two hundred and thirty-five killed—amongst whom was colonel Cameron—one thousand two hundred and thirty-four wounded, and three hundred and seventeen missing, or prisoners. Almeida was at once evacuated; the garrison blowing up some of the works, and then, getting across the Agueda, joined the army of Massena, but not without heavy loss of men, besides all their baggage, artillery, and ammunition.

The fame of this battle, thus fought without any advantage of ground, and with such a preponderance on the side of the French, produced a deep impression both in England and France. The greater part of the British side was composed of British troops, the Portuguese, for the most part, having been sent to general Beresford, and this gave a vivid idea of the relative efficiency of English and French troops. Buonaparte had already satisfied himself that Massena was not the man to cope with Wellington, and marshal Marmont was on the way to supersede him when this battle was fought, but he could only continue the flight of Massena, and take up his head-quarters at Salamanca. With Massena returned to France also Ney, Junot, and Loison; king Joseph had gone there before; and the accounts which these generals were candid enough to give, in conversation, of the state of things in Spain, spread a very gloomy feeling through the circles of Paris.

On the return of Wellington to the north, Beresford strictly blockaded Badajoz, and made all the preparations that he could for taking it by storm. But he was almost wholly destitute of tools for throwing up entrenchments, and of men who understood the business of sappers and miners. He was equally short of artillery, and the

breaching-guns which he had had no proper balls. The howitzers were too small for his shells, and he had few, if any, well-skilled officers of artillery. Besides this, the ground was very rocky, and the enemy, owing to their slow progress in the works, were able to make repeated sorties, so that they had killed four or five hundred of our men. In this situation, on the 12th of May, Beresford received the intelligence that Soult was advancing against him with nearly thirty thousand infantry and four thousand horse. Soult had been set at liberty to leave Seville by the under Beresford. Blake was also in his army with a body of Spanish troops; but Blake was not so compliant as Castaños, and their troops were just as undisciplined as ever.

On the morning of the 16th of May, Beresford fell in with the French at Albuera, a ruined village, standing on ground as favourable for cavalry as that at Fuentes de Onoro. Blake's corps occupied the right wing of the allied army, the British the centre, opposite to the village and bridge of Albuera. Soult advanced in great strength

TRAVELLING IN CATALONIA.

conclusion of Graham and Lapeña's expedition, and he had received reinforcements both from Sebastiani and from Madrid. Beresford immediately raised the siege, but instead of retiring from, he advanced against Soult to give him battle. Beresford had about twenty-five thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, but unfortunately ten thousand of these were Spaniards, for Castaños had joined him. Castaños was one of the best and most intelligent generals of Spain, and had a mind so far free from the absurd pride of his countrymen that he was willing to serve towards the centre; but Beresford soon saw that the attack was not intended to be made there, but on the division of Blake on the right. He sent to desire Blake to alter his front so as to face the French, who would else come down on his right flank; but Blake thought he knew better than the English general, and would not move, declaring that it was the British centre where the blow would fall. But a little time showed the correctness of marshal Beresford's warning, and Blake, attempting to change his front when it was too late, was taken at dis-

advantage, and rapidly routed. Probably, under any circumstances, this would have have been the case, as it always was with the Spaniards, but the hurried movement hastened the catastrophe.

By this dispersion of the Spaniards, the English battalions were wholly exposed, and the whole might of Soult's force was thrown upon them. A tremendous fire from the hills, where the Spaniards ought to have stood, was opened on the English ranks, and several regiments were almost annihilated in a little time. But the 31st regiment, belonging to Colborne's brigade, supported by Horton's brigade, stood their ground under a murderous fire of artillery, and the fiery charge of both horse and foot. They must soon have fallen to a man, but Beresford quickly sent up a Portuguese brigade, under general Harvey, to round the hill on the right, and other troops, under Abercrombie, to compass it on the left; while, at the suggestion of colonel, since lord Hardinge, he pushed forward general Cole with his brigade of fusileers right up the face of the hill. All these three divisions appeared on the summit of the hill simultaneously. The advance of these troops through the tempest of death has always been described as something actually sublime. Moving onward, unshaken, undisturbed, though opposed by the furious onslaught of Soult's densest centre, they cleared the hill-top with the most deadly and unerring fire; they swept away a troop of Polish lancers that were murderously riding about goring our wounded men, as they lay on the ground, with their long lances, nearly exterminating the savages. Colonel Napier, in his "History of the Peninsula," describes this scene with the enthusiasm of a soldier:—"Such a gallant line issuing from the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory. They wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Sir William Myers was killed; Cole, and three colonels—Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe—fell wounded; and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely arising, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flank, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order. Their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured step shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitudes, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and one thousand five hundred unwounded men—the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers—stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

The loss on both sides was fearful, for no battle had ever been more furiously contested. The French are said to have lost nine thousand men; the allies, in killed and wounded, seven thousand, of whom two-thirds were English. The French had two generals killed and three wounded. Some persons were inclined to blame marshal Beresford for risking a battle under the circumstances; but Wellington gave him the highest praise, and declared that the frightful loss was owing to the utter failure of the Spaniards; that their discipline was so bad that it was found impossible to move them without throwing them into irremediable confusion; that at both Talavera and Albuera the enemy would have been destroyed if the Spaniards could have been moved; and that the same course had prevented Lapeña from supporting colonel Graham at Barossa.

Beresford maintained his position for two days in expectation of a fresh attack by Soult; but, no doubt, that general had heard that Lord Wellington was rapidly advancing to support Beresford; and, on the morning of the 18th, Soult commenced his retreat to Seville. With his small handful of cavalry, Beresford pursued him, and cut off a considerable number of his rear, and, amongst them, some of the cavalry itself at Usagne, taking about a hundred and fifty of them prisoners. Had we had a proper body of horse, the slaughter of the flying army would have been awful. Soult did but quit the ground in time; for, the very day after, Wellington arrived at Albuera with two fresh divisions.

The siege of Badajoz was again resumed, but with the same almost insurmountable obstacle of the deficiency of the requisite material for siege operations; and, on the 10th of June, learning that Marmont, the successor of Massena, was marching south to join Soult, who was also to be reinforced by Drouet's corps from Toledo, Wellington fell back on Campo Mayor, gave up the siege of Badajoz, and gathered all his forces together, except a considerable body of English and Portuguese, whom he left at Alemtejo. Marmont, observing Wellington's movement, again retired to Salamanca. Some slight manœuvring followed between the hostile commanders, which ended in Wellington resuming his old quarters on the river Coa. On this, Soult also retired again to Seville. On the 28th of October general Hill surprised a French force, under general Girard, at Arroyo Molinos, near Caceres, and completely routed it, taking all the baggage, artillery, ammunition, and stores, with one thousand five hundred prisoners. By this action the whole of that part of Estremadura except Badajoz was cleared of the French. This done, general Hill went into cantonments, and the British army received no further disturbance during the remainder of the year. Thus Wellington had completely maintained the defence of

Portugal, and driven back the French from its frontiers. Wherever he had crossed the French in Spain, he had severely beaten them too.

But the most discouraging feature of this war was the incurable pride of the Spaniards, which no reverses, and no example of the successes of their allies could abate sufficiently to show them that, without they would condescend to be taught discipline, as the Portuguese had done, they must still suffer ignominy and annihilation. Blake, who had been so thoroughly routed on every occasion, was not content, like the English and Portuguese, to go into quarters, and prepare, by good drilling, for a more auspicious campaign; but he led his rabble of an army quite away to the eastern borders of Spain, encountered Suchet in the open field, on the 25th of October, was desperately beaten, as usual, and then took refuge in Valencia, where he was closely invested, and compelled to surrender in the early part of January, with eighteen thousand men, twenty-three officers, and nearly four hundred guns. Such, for the time, was the end of the generalship of this wrong-headed man. Suchet had, before his encounter with Blake, been making a most successful campaign in the difficult country of Catalonia, which had foiled so many French generals. He had taken one fortress after another, and in June he had taken Tarragona, after a siege of three months, and gave it up to the lust, rapine, and plunder of his soldiery. Amongst the scenes of hell enacted by them over nearly the whole of the European continent, none can present more revolting horrors than these of Tarragona. Amid the cries and deeds of devils, the French troops slaughtered six thousand people in that city. During the siege of Valencia, Suchet was also active in other quarters, and reduced Murviedro and other fortresses. He seemed to avenge himself, by his conquests and his cruelties, for the disgraces which the French arms suffered from the British in the west of the Peninsula.

Whilst our armies were asserting their pre-eminence in Spain, our fleets were the masters of all seas. In the north, though Sweden was nominally at war with us, in compliance with the arrogant demands of Buonaparte, Bernadotte, the elected crown prince, was too politic to carry out his embargo literally. The very existence of Sweden depended on its trade, and it was in the power of the British blockading fleet to prevent a single Swedish vessel proceeding to sea. But in spite of the angry threats and revilings of Napoleon, who still thought that Bernadotte, though become the prince and monarch elect of an independent country, should remain a Frenchman, and, above all, the servile slave of his will, that able man soon let it be understood that he was inclined to amicable relations to England; and Sir James Saumarez, the admiral of our Baltic fleet, not only permitted the Swedish merchantmen to pass unmolested, but on various occasions gave them protection. Thus the embargo system was really at an end, both in Sweden and in Russia; for Alexander also refused to ruin Russia for the benefit of France, or, rather, of Buonaparte, and both of these princes were in a secret league to support one another. Denmark, or, rather, its sovereign, though the nephew of the king of England, remained hostile to us, remembering, not only the severe chastisements our fleets had given Copenhagen, but also the facility with which Napoleon could, from the north of Germany, overrun Denmark, and add it to his now enormous empire. In March of this year the Danes endeavoured to recover the small island of Anholt, in the Categat, which we held; but they were beaten off with severe loss, leaving three or four hundred men prisoners of war.

In the East Indies we this year sent over from Madras an army and reduced Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East India settlements, and the island of Java, as well as the small island of Madura, so that the last trace of the Dutch power was extinguished in the East, as it was at home by the dominance of Buonaparte. In the West Indies we had already made ourselves masters of all the islands of France, Denmark, and Holland; and our troops there had nothing to do but to watch and keep down the attempts at insurrection which French emissaries continued to stir up amid the black populations. We had some trouble of this kind in St. Domingo and in Martinique, where the negroes, both free and slaves, united to massacre the whites, and set up a black republic like that of Hayti. But the French settlers united with the English troops in putting them down, and a body of five hundred blacks, in an attempt to burn down the town of St. Pierre, were dispersed with great loss, and many were taken prisoners, and fifteen of them hanged.

There was little for our fleets in various quarters to do but to watch the coasts of Europe where France had dominions for any fugitive French vessel, for the ships of France rarely dared to show themselves out of port. In March, however, captain Willian Hoste fell in with five French frigates, with six smaller vessels, carry five hundred troops up the Adriatic, near the coast of Dalmatia, and with only four frigates he encountered and beat them. Captain Schomberg fell in with three French frigates and a sloop, off Madagascar, seized one of them, and followed the other to the settlement of Tamatava, in the Mozambique Channel, of which they had managed to recover possession. Schomberg boldly entered the port, captured all the vessels there, and again expelled the French from Tamatava. On the American coast our ships were compelled to watch for the protection of our merchantmen and our interests, in consequence of the French mania which was prevailing amongst the North Americans, and which was very soon to lead to open conflict with us.

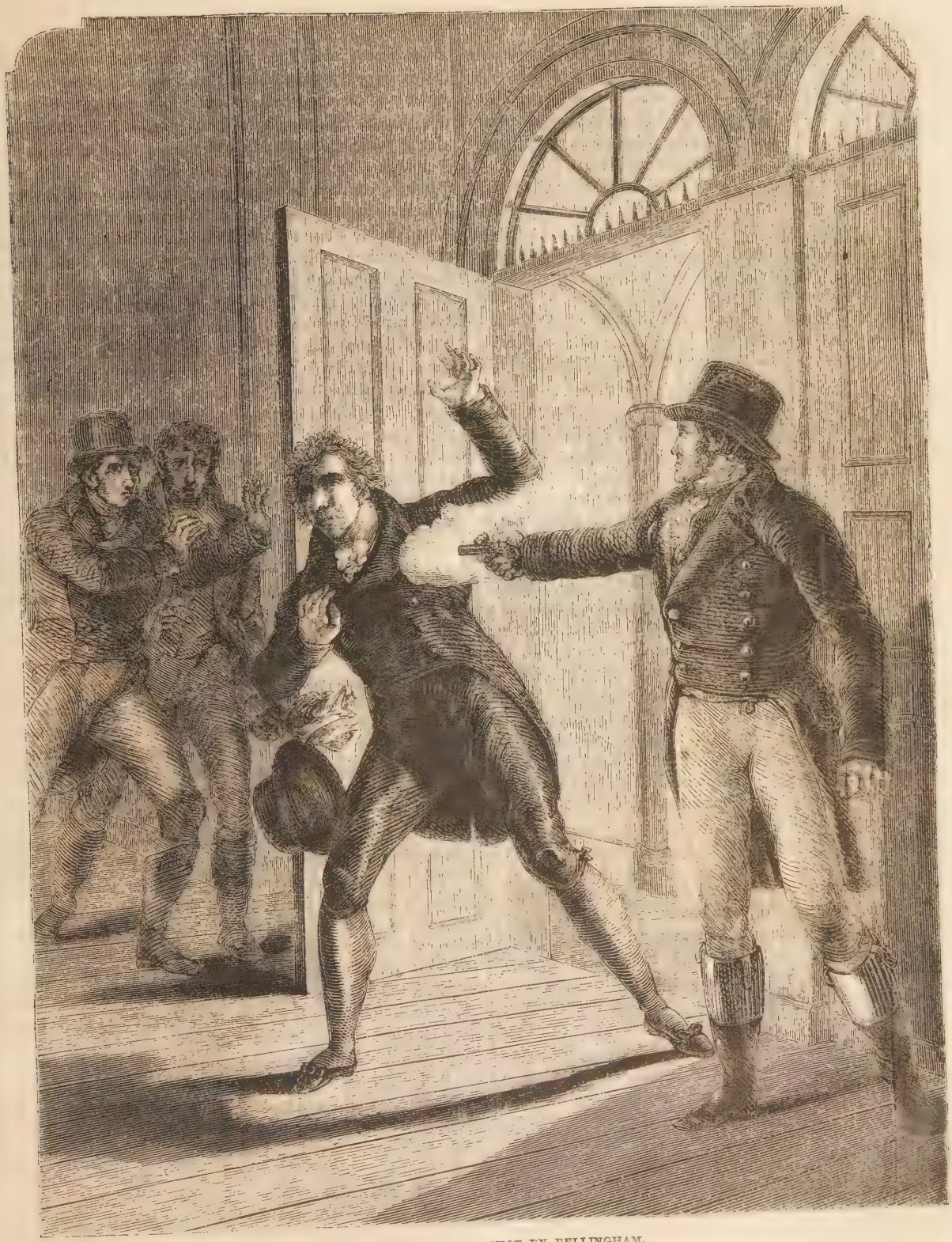
Such were the circumstances of France in every quarter of the globe, except on the continent of Europe; and there already, notwithstanding the vast space over which Buonaparte ruled by the terror of his arms, there were many symptoms of the coming disruption of this empire of arms, which sprung up like a tempest, and dispersed like one. Spain and Portugal, at one end of the continent, were draining the very life's blood from France, and turning all eyes in liveliest interest to the spectacle of a successful resistance, by a small British army, to this power so long deemed invincible. In the north lowered a dark storm, the force and fate of which were yet unsuspected, but which was gathering into its incubus the elements of a ruin to the Napoleonic ambition as sublime as it was to be decisive. In France itself never had the despotic power and glory of Buonaparte appeared more transcendant. Everything seemed to live but by his beck: a magnificent court, parliament the slave of his will, made up of the sham representatives of subjected

nations, the country literally covered with armies, and nearly all surrounding nations governed by kings and princes who were but the satraps of his footstool. Such was the outward aspect of things; and now came the long-desired event, which was to cement his throne with the blood of kindred kings, and link it fast to posterity—the birth of a son.

On the 20th of March it was announced that the empress Maria Louisa was delivered of a son, who was named Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, prince of the French Empire, and king of Rome. From all the cities and departments of France, from Belgium, Holland, and the Hanse Towns—now constituting parts of the empire—from the confederate states of the Rhine—Buonaparte's submissive allies—and from Italy, poured in addresses of congratulation, conceived in the most adulatory terms. Yet Italy must have seen in the title of the infant prince a confirming proof that Napoleon never meant to establish Italian independence. The flattery of the legislative, judicial, and municipal bodies in Paris was still more extravagant. A few days after the birth of this infant the whole body of the officers of state, the senate, the imperial council, &c., presented themselves to pay him homage. They read addresses to the poor baby, as if he could already understand them, and the head nurses replied for him. These sycophantic courtiers then defiled before the imperial cradle, making the most profound obeisances. Nothing could be more thoroughly ridiculous or contemptible. The unconscious king was baptised by the abbé Maury, so well known in the revolution, and now archbishop of Paris. As Wellington in Spain was briskly pursuing the legions of Massena, his troops heard the firing of a *feu de joie*, which was found to be in honour of the birth of this heir to the Napoleonic throne, who was never destined to sit upon it, but whose name still takes its place in the list of emperors as Napoleon II.

Buonaparte summoned the *corps legislatif*, in order to announce this great event to it. Amongst the members appeared Dutchmen, Swiss, Germans, and Italians, as representatives of those French departments which once bore the names of Holland, the Hanse Towns, and the Valais. They, as well as the other members, had all been named by the senate; for the people had no voice, either in old France or in its annexations, in choosing them; they were simply so many imperial puppets. To them the great Corsican, now deeming his throne, which was about to last three years, to be established for ever, made a pompous announcement of the birth of an heir, and reminded these political slaves of the honours and happiness they and their posterity would enjoy under the dynasty that he had created. This being done, the submissive body presented the most extravagant congratulations, and passed the great amount of war taxes demanded of them. The minister announced that his

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MURCIA, SPAIN.



SPENCER PERCEVAL SHOT BY BELLINGHAM.

imperial majesty had augmented France by the addition of three hundred miles of coast, by sixteen new departments, containing five millions of population, producing one hundred millions of francs in revenue; that the army of France consisted of eight hundred thousand men, of which three hundred and fifty-five thousand were in Spain. The session, which commenced on the 16th of June, was closed on the 25th of July, and France was taught to believe that the new empire was in a highly prosperous condition.

But this prosperity lay only on the surface, and scarcely even there or anywhere but in the proud and lying assertions of Buonaparte. If we contemplate merely the map of Europe, the mighty expanse of the French empire seemed to occupy nearly the whole of it, and to offer an awful spectacle of one man's power. This empire, so rapidly erected, had absorbed Holland, Belgium, part of Switzerland—for the Valais was united to France—a considerable part of Germany, with Austria and Prussia diminished and trembling at the haughty usurper. Italy was also made part of the great French realm, and a fierce struggle was going on for the incorporation of Spain and Portugal. From Travemund, on the Baltic, to the foot of the Pyrenees, from the port of Brest to Terracina, on the confines of the Neapolitan territory, north and south, east and west, extended this gigantic empire. Eight hundred thousand square miles, containing eighty-five millions of people, were either the direct subjects or the vassals of France. The survey was enough to inflate the pride of the conqueror, who had begun his wonderful career as a lieutenant of artillery. But this vast dominion had been compacted by too much violence, and in outrage to too many human interests, to remain united, or to possess real strength, even for the present. The elements of dissolution were already actively at work in it. The enormous drafts of men to supply the wars by which the empire had been created had terribly exhausted France. This drain, still kept up by the obstinate resistance of Spain and Portugal, necessitated conscription on conscription, and these on the most enormous scale. The young men were annually dragged from the towns, villages, and fields, from amid their weeping and despairing relatives, to recruit the profuse destruction in the armies, and there scarcely remained, all over France, any but mere boys to continue the trade and agriculture of the country, assisted by old men and women. Beyond the boundaries of France, the populations of subdued and insulted nations were watching for the opportunity to rise and resume their rights. In Germany they were encouraging each other to prepare for the day of retribution; and, in numerous places along the coasts, bands of smugglers kept up a continual warfare with the French officers of the customs to introduce British manufactures. The contributions which had been levied in Holland and the Hanse Towns before they were incorporated in the Gallic empire, were now not readily collected in the shape of taxes. Beyond the continent ceased the power of Napoleon; over all seas and colonies reigned his invincible enemy, Great Britain. There was scarcely a spot the wide world over where the French flag, or those of the nations whom he had crushed into an odious alliance, waved on which England had not now planted her colours. She cut off all colonial supplies, except what she secretly sold to his subjects in defiance of his great system. She was now victoriously bearing up his enemies in Spain, Portugal, and Sicily against him, and encouraging Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Austria to expect the day of his final overthrow. There was scarcely a man of any penetration who expected that this vast and unwieldy government could continue to exist a single day after him who had compelled it into union, rather than life; but, perhaps, none suspected how suddenly it would collapse. Yet the very birth of a son was rather calculated to undermine than to perpetuate it. His great generals, who had risen as he had risen, were suspected of looking forward, like those of Alexander of Macedon, to each seizing a kingdom for himself when the chief marauder should fall. It was certain that they had long been at enmity amongst themselves—a cause of great weakness to his military operations; and this was especially the fact in Spain.

On the other hand, the kings whom he had set up amongst his brothers and brothers-in-law added nothing to his power. Joseph proved a mere lay figure of a king in Spain; Louis had rejected his domination in Holland, and abdicated; Lucien had refused to be kinged at all; Murat managed to control Naples, but not to conciliate the brave mountaineers of the country to French rule. The many outrages that Buonaparte had committed on the brave defenders of their countries and their rights were still remembered to be avenged. Prussia brooded resentfully over the injuries of its queen; the Tyrol over the murder of Hofer and his compatriots. Contemptible as was the royal family of Spain—the head of which, the old king Charles, with his queen, made a long journey to offer their congratulations on the birth of the king of Rome—the Spaniards did not forget the kidnapping of its royal race, nor the monstrous treatment of the queen of Etruria, the daughter of Charles IX., and the sister of Ferdinand. We have seen how Buonaparte first conferred on her the kingdom of Etruria, and then took it away again, in order to settle Ferdinand in it instead of in Spain; but, as he managed to reduce Ferdinand to a prisoner, he reserved Etruria to himself, and kept the queen of Etruria also a prisoner at Nice. Indignant at her restraint, she endeavoured to get away to England, as her oppressor's brother, Lucien, had done. But her two agents were betrayed, and one of them was shot on the plain of Grenelle, and the other only reprieved when the fear of death had done its work on him, and he only survived a few days. She herself was then shut up, with her daughter, in a convent.

But of all the parties which remembered their wrongs and indignities, the Roman catholic clergy were the most uncomplying and formidable. They had seen the pope seized in his own palace at Rome, and forced away out of Italy, and brought to Fontainebleau. But there the resolute old man disdained to comply with what he deemed the sacrilegious demands of the tyrant. Numbers of bishoprics had fallen vacant, and the pontiff refused, whilst he was held captive, to institute successors. None but the most abandoned priests would fill the vacant sees without the papal institution. At length Buonaparte declared that he would separate France altogether from the holy see, and

would set the protestants up as a rival church to the papal one. "Sire," said the count of Narbonne, who had now become one of Buonaparte's chamberlains, "I fear there is not religion enough in all France to stand a division." But in the month of June Buonaparte determined to carry into execution his scheme of instituting bishops by the sanction of an ecclesiastical council. He summoned together more than a hundred prelates and dignitaries at Paris, and they went in procession to Notre Dame, with the archbishop Maury at their head. They took an oath of obedience to the emperor, and then Buonaparte's minister of public worship proposed to them, in a message from the emperor, to pass an ordinance enabling the archbishop to institute prelates without reference to the pope. A committee of bishops was found complying enough to recommend such an ordinance, but the council at large declared that it could not have the slightest value. Enraged at this defiance of his authority, Buonaparte immediately ordered the dismissal of the council and the arrest of the bishops of Tournay, Troys, and Ghent, who had been extremely determined in their conduct. He shut them up in the castle of Vincennes, and summoned a smaller assembly of bishops as a commission to determine the same question. But they were equally uncomplying, in defiance of the violent menaces of the man who had prostrated so many kings, but could not bend a few bishops to his will. The old pope encouraged the clergy, from his cell in Fontainebleau, to maintain the rights of the church against his and its oppressor, and Buonaparte found himself completely foiled.

Had Ferdinand of Spain had a tenth of the sense or the spirit of the old pope, he might long ago have given Napoleon the slip, and have added a wonderful fire to the enthusiasm of his subjects, by appearing amongst them and animating them to expel the invaders. This was the opinion of the British government, and they resolved to make the attempt to release him and place him at the head of his people, in order, not only to encourage, but to unite them against their common enemy. But the British government did not yet know what a hopeless subject was this son of the Bourbons. A baron Kolli, or Kelly—for he was of Irish origin, though a Piedmontese by birth — was engaged to carry out this enterprise. He was furnished with some diamonds, which he was to pretend that he wished to offer to Ferdinand, and by this means to obtain access to him at the castle of Valençay, where the poor, miserable prince employed his time in embroidering a gown and petticoat for the Virgin Mary, seeming to pay no attention to anything else. Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon Bay, and arrived in Paris in March, 1810. There, however, he drew suspicion on himself by appearing at a *table-d'hôte* in mean apparel, and yet drinking a bottle of the best and most expensive wine. He was arrested at the moment of his setting out for Valençay, and his papers betrayed his commission. He was clapped into the castle of Vincennes, and another person sent on to Valençay to represent him, and to see if he could draw Ferdinand into the snare. But whether the prince was clever enough to suspect the trick, or whether, as is more probable, he had no desire for the enterprise, he would not listen to the temptation, but informed the governor of the castle of it, and the false Kolli withdrew. Ferdinand was not so dull as not to endeavour to make capital out of his refusal. He wrote to the emperor, exposing the endeavour of the British government to seduce him, and expressed his great indignation at England having abused his name in Spain to stir up the people to resistance against France, and to cause much bloodshed. On the strength of this meritorious conduct, he again intreated an alliance with the family of Napoleon, in which, however, he was not indulged.

The year 1812 opened, in England, by the assembling of parliament on the 7th of January. The speech of the regent was again delivered by commission. The great topic was the success of the war in Spain, under lord Wellington, whose military talents were highly praised. There was a reference also to the disagreements with America, and the difficulty of coming to any amicable arrangement with the United States. Lords Grey and Grenville—in the debate in the peers on the address—pronounced sweeping censures on the continuance of the war with France, and on the policy of ministers towards America, from which source they prognosticated great disasters. In the commons, the opposition used similar language; and Sir Francis Burdett took a very gloomy view of our relations both with France and North America, and declared that we could anticipate no better policy until we had made sweeping reforms in our representative system.

Another topic of the speech was the mental derangement of the king, which was now asserted, on the authority of the physicians, to be more hopeless; and Mr. Perceval argued, therefore, the necessity of arranging the royal household so as to meet the necessarily increased expenditure. Resolutions were passed granting an addition of seventy thousand pounds per annum to the queen towards such augmented expenditure, and to provide further income for the prince regent. Two courts were to be maintained, and the regent was to retain his revenue as prince of Wales. The civil list chargeable with the additional seventy thousand pounds to the queen was vested in the regent; and no sooner were these particulars agreed to than he sent letters to both houses, recommending separate provision for his sisters; so that the civil list was at once to be relieved of their maintenance and yet increased, simply on account of the charge of a poor blind and insane old man, who could require very little but a trusty keeper or two. The separate incomes agreed to for the princesses was nine thousand pounds a-year each, exclusive of the four thousand pounds a-year each already derived from the civil list—so that there required an annual additional sum of thirty-six thousand pounds for the four princesses, besides the sixteen thousand pounds a-year now being received by them. Some members observed, that the grant to the regent, being retrospective, removed altogether the merit of his declaration during the last session of parliament—that, "considering the unexampled contest in which the kingdom was now engaged, he would receive no addition to his income." In fact, little consideration was shown by any part of the royal family for the country under its enormous demands. It was understood that there was again a deficiency in the civil list, which would have to be made up.

Mr. Bankes again introduced his bill—which was about to expire—for prohibiting the grant of offices in reversion; and he endeavoured again to make it permanent, but, as before, he was defeated on the second reading in the commons. He then brought in a bill confined to two years only, and this, as before, was allowed to pass both houses. Great discussion arose on the grant of the office of paymaster of widows' pensions to colonel Mac Mahon, the confidential servant of the prince regent. This was a mere sinecure, which had been held by general Fox, the brother of the late Charles James Fox; and it had been recommended that, on the general's death, it should be abolished; but ministers—more ready to please the regent than to reduce expenditure—had, immediately on the general's decease, granted it to colonel Mac Mahon. Ministers met the just complaints of the opposition by praising the virtues and ability of Mac Mahon—as if it required any ability or any virtue to hold a good sinecure! But there was virtue enough in the commons to refuse to grant the amount of the salary, Mr. Bankes carrying a resolution against it. But ministers had their remedy. The prince immediately appointed Mac Mahon his private secretary, and a salary of two thousand pounds was moved for. But Mr. Wynne declared that any such office was unknown to the country—that no regent or king, down to George III., and he only when he became blind, had a private secretary; that the secretary of state was the royal secretary. Ministers replied that there was now a great increase of public business, and that a private secretary for the regent was not unreasonable; but they thought it most prudent not to press the salary, but to leave it to be paid out of the regent's privy purse.

Mr. Bankes pressed his advantages, and brought in a bill to abolish many sinecure places, and—to the astonishment of everybody—carried it. This was followed by Mr. Creevey, three days after, on the 7th of May, recommending great savings instead of small ones. He called the attention of the house to the tellerships of the exchequer, of which there were four; and the two chief ones—being held by the marquis of Buckingham and lord Camden—had risen, with the rising expenditure, from two thousand seven hundred pounds each to twenty-three thousand pounds each. These offices were the most impudent of sinecures, the chief and almost only duties of which being the receipt of a per-centage on all issues of money from the exchequer for the services of the state. There was a per-centage of two-and-a-half on all pensions and annuities; but the annuities lately granted to the four princesses were exempt. And now came a very edifying proof of the truth and earnestness of reformers! Numbers of them turned round, voted with ministers against the abolition of these scandalous offices, and the motion was rejected. Thus, the monies voted for public purposes were to be still drained off by these side channels into private pockets; and the pockets of many loud, blatant reformers stood as eagerly gaping for such corruptions as those of the most corrupt placemen. What made the conservation of these scandalous places the more desirable in the eyes of the whig opposition was, that they were considered to be vested rights, and beyond the reach of parliamentary interference. The great possessors of these fat things were the Grenvilles, who, during their long term of office, had loaded themselves with these good things to an unexampled extent. Their cry was "Patriotism!"—their practice was selfism and nepotism. One of these tellers, the marquis of Buckingham, was the Mr. George Grenville of former times, who had so disastrously involved us with the American colonies; and this grant might be considered as his reward for the loss of America. He was the uncle of lord Grenville, who himself held the profitable auditorship of the treasury for life. He cried out amain that the motion was aimed directly at his family; and so it was—by the very circumstance of his family being the recipients of these monstrous sinecures. He asked whether they meant to destroy the whig aristocracy?—and if their ruin had depended on being stripped of this shamefully appropriated wealth of the nation, they ought to have been ruined. The light, however, let in on this odious scene of corruption had its effect. In November the two chief tellers announced to the chancellor of the exchequer that, from the 5th of January next, they intended to renounce one-third of their salaries and fees. The marquis of Buckingham died in February of that year, and the marquis of Camden, in 1814, voluntarily resigned his enormous per-centage, reserving only his salary of two thousand seven hundred pounds. Amongst those who voted for the reduction of these exorbitant emoluments were Whitbread, general Fergusson, lord Tavistock, lord Archibald Hamilton, and Henry Brougham.

Another gleam of light was let in upon another similar robbery of the public. In June of this year Mr. Henry Martin brought in a bill to regulate the office of registrar of the admiralty and prize courts. This office was held for life by lord Arden, having been conferred on him when his father was first lord of the admiralty. After his death it was granted, in reversion, to the brother of lord Arden—namely, Mr. Perceval, the minister. As an example how tender such men are of hurting themselves, Perceval, in 1810, brought in a bill to regulate this office. Some reduction in its emoluments were, by this bill, to take place, but not till after the death of both lord Arden and Mr. Perceval. Mr. Martin's bill was to make an immediate reduction, and it was heartily opposed by all the crown lawyers. Sir Samuel Romilly, however, supported the bill, declaring that the reductions provided for by Perceval's bill—when they should, at some later day, arrive—would not at all relieve the suitors in those courts, because the fees were to be maintained, and two-thirds of them would go to the state. It appeared, by the present system, as much as two hundred thousand pounds at a time were lying in the hands of the registrar, with which he traded to his own emolument, and to the proportionate delay and damage to the claimants. Is there not in our time some such practice in the prize court, which has delayed the payment of the Delhi prize money now four years? It was shown that lord Arden, besides an income of twelve thousand pounds a-year from fees, had made seven thousand pounds a-year more by interest and profits on suitors' money. Yet this very necessary bill was thrown out, and this crying iniquity perpetuated by a house of commons.

On the 19th of February the marquis of Wellesley resigned his office of secretary of foreign affairs. He did not approve

of the employment of some of his colleagues, and the prince regent now showed that he had no intention of dismissing the present administration. He proposed to lords Grey and Grenville to join it, but they absolutely declined, knowing that, with the difference of the views of the two parties on many essential questions, especially on those of the catholic claims, of the prosecution of the war, and of our relations with America, it was impossible for any coalition cabinet to go on. Lord Castlereagh succeeded the marquis of Wellesley in the foreign office, but on the 11th of May a fatal event put an end to the ministry and the life of Spencer Perceval.

On the afternoon of this day, Monday, the 11th of May, as the minister was entering the house, about five o'clock, a man of gentlemanly appearance presented a pistol, and shot him dead—at least, he did not survive two minutes. In the confusion and consternation the man might have escaped, but he made no such attempt; he walked up to the fireplace, laid down his pistol on a bench, and said, in answer to those inquiring after the murderer, that he was the person. He gave his name as Bellingham, expressed satisfaction at the deed, but said that he should have been more pleased had it been lord Leveson Gower. In fact, his prime intention was to shoot lord Gower, but he had also his resentment against Perceval, and therefore took the opportunity of securing one of his victims. It appeared that he had been a Liverpool merchant, trading to Russia, and that, during the embassage of lord Leveson Gower at St. Petersburg, he had suffered severe and, as he deemed, unjust losses, for assistance in the redress of which with the Russian government he had in vain sought the good offices of the ambassador. On his return to England he had applied to Perceval; but that minister did not deem it a case in which government could interfere, and hence the exasperation of the unhappy man against both these diplomatists. The trial of the murderer came on at the Old Bailey, before chief justice Mansfield, on the Friday of the same week. A plea of insanity was put in by Bellingham's counsel, and a demand that the trial should be postponed till inquiries could be made at Liverpool as to his antecedents. But this plea, with the hard and unconceding spirit of the times, was overruled. Bellingham himself, as is the case with most madmen, indignantly rejected the idea of his being insane. He declared that the act was the consequence of a cool determination to punish the minister for the refusal of justice to him, and he again repeated, in the presence of lord Leveson Gower, that his chief object had been himself for his cruel disregard of his wrongs. Both lord Mansfield and the rest of the judges would hear of no delay; a verdict of "wilful murder" was brought in by the jury, and they condemned him to be hanged, and he was hanged on the following Monday at nine o'clock, exactly the day week of the perpetration of the act. Such indecent haste, in a case where the government was concerned, and which looked, therefore, rather like vengeance than justice, could not occur at this time. The intelligence received from Liverpool determined, what might have been expected, that the man was, and had been for a long time, decidedly insane. It turned out that not only was he insane, but that there were plenty of proofs of the hereditary insanity of the family; that he had been confined for lunacy in Russia, and that his son, who, with the rest of the family, had changed his name, did not with that change the taint in his blood, but became utterly insane as he approached the age of his father, and was put under restraint. Yet such is the effect of the spirit of the age—and no age was ever more sanguinary in regard to capital punishment than that of George III.—that Sir Samuel Romilly, whose life was devoted to the amelioration of that Draconian code, and who was quite satisfied of Bellingham's insanity, thought that "it was a species of insanity which, for the security of mankind, ought not to exempt a man from being answerable for his actions"—as if confining a man for life did not equally secure mankind against him, or as if the execution of one madman could in the least degree operate as a deterrent on the mind of another madman!

Two days after the assassination, and while the full force of the catastrophe was on the public mind, lord Castlereagh delivered a message from the regent, requesting the authority of parliament to settle fifty thousand pounds on the children of Perceval, and two thousand pounds a-year on the widow of the deceased minister. This was carried at once, and not only this, but soon after another grant for a pension to Perceval's eldest son, and a monument to himself in Westminster Abbey.

Now, though Mr. Perceval was an able lawyer, and an amiable man in private life, we surely may ask the propriety of the commons voting away the public money in this lavish style. Where were the services which had merited them? Mr. Perceval had only held office about four years; he had been prime minister not two years and a half. During that time we are at a loss to discover a single circumstance in his administration which rose above the average routine of statesmen, and which, therefore, justified such rewards or a monument. How many poets, or philosophers, or scientific men might have conferred immortal benefits on their country at that time without receiving even thanks for them, or at most some paltry pension of two or three hundred a-year? Mr. Perceval was a disciple of Pitt, and had followed carefully in his war policy, and under such circumstances some provision for his widow was desirable from the nation, but surely on a very different scale. But then, Mr. Perceval was the son of the earl of Egmont, and brother of lord Arden, and closely connected with a party which had got hold of the purse-strings of the nation, and had well helped themselves, and were as ready to help their relatives; and for the mutually liberal distribution of the nation's wealth amongst those who have for generations immediately surrounded the treasury, we are now paying a large amount of taxation. It is the duty of honest historians to endeavour to impress on the public sentiment a just estimate of these things.

An attempt was again made to bring Grey and Grenville into the cabinet, but without effect. Overtures were then made to the marquis of Wellesley and Canning, who also both declined, alleging differences of opinion on the catholic claims and on the scale for carrying on the war in the Peninsula. In the house of commons, on the 21st of May, Mr. Stuart Wortley, afterwards lord Wharncliffe, moved and carried a resolution for an address to the regent, praying him to endeavour to form a coalition ministry. During a whole week there were such endeavours made, and various

audiences had by lords Moira, Wellesley, Eldon, the chancellor of the exchequer, &c., and Moira was authorised to make proposals to Wellesley and Canning, to Grey and Grenville. But all these negotiations failed. Grey and Grenville refused to come in unless they could have the re-arrangement of the royal household—a most unreasonable demand, unless they had been succeeding as an entirely whig cabinet. But at the same time, without this, and, indeed, as a mixed administration at all, they could not have pursued any effectual policy. It was therefore much better that they should not come in at all.

Eldon lord chancellor; Mr. F. Robinson became vice-president of the board of trade and treasurer of the navy; lord Clancarty president of the board of trade; Sir Thomas Plumer was made attorney-general, and Sir William Garrow succeeded him as solicitor-general. In Ireland, the duke of Richmond became lord-lieutenant; lord Manners lord chancellor; and Mr. Robert Peel, who now first emerged into public notice, chief secretary. The cabinet, thus reconstructed, promised exactly the policy of the late premier, and, indeed, with increased vigour. On the 17th of June the new chancellor of the exchequer

A SPANISH FORTRESS: LUCCA.

On the 8th of June the earl of Liverpool announced to the house of lords that an administration was formed; that the prince regent had been pleased to appoint him first lord of the treasury, and to authorise him to complete the cabinet. Earl Bathurst succeeded Liverpool as secretary of the colonies and secretary at war; Sidmouth became secretary of the home department; the earl of Harrowby president of the council; Nicholas Vansittart chancellor of the exchequer; lord Melville, the son of the old late lord, first lord of the admiralty; the earl of Buckinghamshire president of the board of control; Castlereagh secretary of foreign affairs; Mulgrave master-general of the ordnance; introduced the budget—professedly that of Spencer Perceval—which exceeded the grants of the former year by upwards of four millions—that having been fifty-six millions twenty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine pounds, this being sixty-two millions three hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and forty-eight pounds. New taxes were imposed, and two more enormous loans raised, and added to the debt.

The effects of the monstrous drain of the war on the revenues of the country were now beginning to show themselves in the manufacturing districts, and the workpeople had broken out in serious riots in

Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. Instead of attributing their distresses to the vast system of taxation, they attributed them to the increase of machinery, and broke into the mills in many places and destroyed it. This was only adding to the misery by destroying capital, and stopping the very machinery which gave them bread. A committee of inquiry was instituted, and the result showed that the members of parliament were not a whit more enlightened than the artisans themselves. Instead of attempting to find some means of ameliorating the condition of the starving population—which, indeed, they could not do, for nothing but peace and reduction of taxation, and the restoration of the natural conditions of commerce could do it—they recommended coercion, and lord Castlereagh brought in a severe bill for the purpose—the first of many such insane bills of his, which nearly drove the people eventually to revolution, and, by a more fortunate turn, precipitated reform of parliament. This bill, the operation of which was limited to the following March, was carried by large majorities, and parliament, thinking it had done enough to quiet hungry stomachs in the north, was prorogued on the 30th of July, and on the 20th of September dissolved.

The changes in, and uncertainty about the ministry gave great uneasiness to lord Wellington, whose operations in Spain depended so much on earnest support at home. During the latter part of the autumn and the commencement of winter, whilst his army was in cantonments, he was actively preparing to surprise the French, and make himself master of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. With much activity, but without bustle, he made his preparations at Almeida. Pretending to be only repairing the damages to its fortifications, he got together there ample stores and a good battering train. He prepared also a portable bridge on trestles, and regulated the commissariat department of his army; he also had a great number of light, yet strong wagons constructed for the conveyance of his provisions and ammunition, to supersede the clumsy and ponderous carts of the Portuguese.

A VENTA, OR ROADSIDE INN, IN CATALONIA.

All being ready, on the 6th of January Wellington suddenly pushed forward to Gallegos, and on the 8th invested Ciudad Rodrigo. Nothing could be more un-

expected by marshal Marmont, who had never suspected any attack in winter, and had, therefore, placed his army in cantonments about Plasencia and Talavera, and had, moreover, sent several divisions to distant points. On the very first evening he stormed an external redoubt called the Great Teson, and established his first parallel. On the 13th he also carried the convent of Santa Cruz, and on the 14th that of San Francisco. He then established his second parallel, and planted fresh batteries. On the 19th he made two breaches, and, hearing that Marmont was advancing hastily to the relief of the place, he determined to storm at once, though it would be at a more serious exposure of life. The assault was rapid and successful, but the slaughter on both sides was very severe. A thousand killed and wounded were reckoned on each side, and one thousand seven hundred prisoners were taken by the British. What made the English loss the heavier was that general Mackinnon and many of his brigade were killed by the explosion of a powder magazine on the walls. General Craufurd, of the light division, was killed, and general Vandeleur, colonel Colborne, and major Napier wounded. Much ammunition and a battering train were found in Ciudad Rodrigo. Marmont was astounded at the fall of the place. The Spanish cortes, who had been so continually hampering and criticising Wellington, now created him duke of Ciudad Rodrigo. He was also, in England, advanced to the dignity of an earl, and an annuity of two thousand pounds was voted him by parliament.

But Wellington was not intending to stop here. He immediately made preparations for the siege of Badajoz. He had artillery sent out to sea from Lisbon, as for some distant expedition, and then secretly carried, in small boats, up the Setubal, to Alcacer do Sol, and thence, by land, across the Alemtejo to the Guadiana. On the 16th of March, after a rapid march, he reached, with a strong body of troops, the Guadiana, crossed, and at once invested Badajoz. By the 26th he had carried the Pecurina and the advanced work separated from the city by the little river Ribillas, and made two breaches into the city itself. There were the same defects of besieging tools and battering trains which had retarded his operations before; but the men worked well, and on the 6th of April, there being three breaches open, orders were given to storm, for Soult was collecting his forces at Seville to raise the siege. One of the breaches had been so strongly barricaded by general Philippon, the governor of Badajoz, by strong planks bristled with iron spikes, and with *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets and broken swords, that no effect could be produced on the obstruction; whilst the French, from the ramparts and the houses overlooking them, poured down the most destructive volleys. But the parties at the other two breaches were more successful, and their drawing away the French from this quarter, the spike-beams and *chevaux-de-frise* were knocked down, and our troops were soon masters of the place. Philippon endeavoured to escape with a number of men, but he was obliged to throw himself into fort St. Cristoval, on the other side the Guadiana, where he was compelled to surrender. The loss of the allies was nearly one thousand men killed, including seventy-two officers, and three hundred and six officers and three thousand four hundred and eighty men wounded. The French, though they fought under cover of batteries and houses, lost nearly one thousand five hundred men; they also delivered up upwards of five thousand prisoners of their own nation, and nearly four thousand Spaniards, English, and Portuguese, who had been kept at Badajoz as a safe fortress. The English soldiers fought with their usual undaunted bravery, but they disgraced themselves by getting drunk in the wine cellars during the night of the storming, and committed many excesses. Wellington, who was extremely rigorous in suppressing all such conduct, reduced them to discipline as quickly as possible, and on the 8th Badajoz was completely in his hands. Soult, who was at Villafranca when he received the news, immediately retreated again on Seville, briskly pursued by the British cavalry, who did much execution on his rear-guard at Villa Garcia.

Wellington proceeded to put Badajoz into a strong state of defence, but he was soon called off by the movements of Marmont, who, in his absence, had advanced and invested both Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. Wellington left general Hill to watch the south, which was the more necessary as Soult was in strong force at Seville, and Victor before Cadiz. That general had made a vigorous attack on Tarifa towards the end of December, but was repulsed with much loss by colonel Skerrett. Hill, who had about twelve thousand men, made a successful attack on some strong forts near Almarez, on the Tagus, erected by the French to protect their bridge of boats there—thus closing the communication between Soult in the south and Marmont in the north. Under these satisfactory circumstances, Wellington broke up his cantonments between the Coa and the Agueda on the 13th of June, and commenced his march into Spain with about forty thousand men. Of these, however, one column consisted of Spaniards, on whom his lordship had little reliance, and his cavalry was small and indifferently officered in comparison with the infantry. Marmont had as many infantry as himself, and a much more numerous and better disciplined cavalry. As Wellington advanced, too, he learned that general Bonnet, with a force upwards of six thousand strong, was hastening to support Marmont. That general abandoned Salamanca as Wellington approached, and on the 17th the British army entered the city, to the great joy of the people, who, during the three years which the French had held it, had suffered inconceivable miseries and insults; not the least of these was to see the usurper destroy twenty-two of the twenty-five colleges in this famous seat of learning, and thirteen out of twenty-five convents. Troops were left in different forts, both in the city and by the bridge over the river Tormes, which forts had chiefly been constructed out of the materials of the schools and monasteries. These were soon compelled to surrender, but not without heavy loss. Major Bowes and one hundred and twenty men fell in carrying those by the bridge. After different manœuvres, Marmont showed himself on the British right, near San Cristoval, where he was met by a division under Sir Thomas Graham, who had beaten the French at Barossa. Fresh manœuvres then took place; Marmont crossing and recrossing the

Duero, and marching along its banks, to cut off Wellington from his forces in Salamanca, and to enable himself to open the way for king Joseph's troops from Madrid. This being accomplished, and being joined by general Bonnet, he faced the army of Wellington on the Guareña. On the 20th of July he crossed that river, and there was a rapid movement of both armies, each endeavouring to prevent the other cutting off the way to Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo. On that day both armies were seen marching parallel to each other, and now and then exchanging cannon-shots. The military authorities present there describe the scene of those two rival armies—making a total of ninety thousand men, and each displaying all the splendour and discipline of arms, each general intent on taking the other at some disadvantage—as one of the finest spectacles ever seen in warfare. The next day both generals crossed the river Tormes—Wellington by the bridge in his possession, the French by fords higher up. They were now in front of Salamanca, Marmont still manœuvring to cut off the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. On the morning of the 22nd Marmont, favoured by some woods, gained some advantage in that direction; but Wellington drew up his troops in great strength behind the village of Arapiles, and Marmont extending his left to turn the English right flank, Wellington suddenly made a desperate dash at his line, and cut it in two. Marmont's left was quickly beaten on the heights that he had occupied, and was driven down them at the point of the bayonet. Marmont was so severely wounded that he was compelled to quit the field, and give up the command to Bonnet; but Bonnet was soon wounded

GATE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF TARRAGONA, CATALONIA.

too, and obliged to surrender the command to general Clausel, who had just arrived with reinforcements from "the army of the north," of which Wellington had had information, and which induced him to give battle before he could bring up all his force.

Clausel reformed the line, and made a terrible attack on the British with his artillery; but Wellington charged again, though the fight was up-hill; drove the French from their heights with the bayonet once more, and sent them in full route through the woods towards the Tormes. They were sharply pursued by the infantry, under general Anson, and the cavalry, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, till the night stopped them. But at dawn the same troops again pursued them, supported by more horse; and, overtaking the enemy's rear at La Serna, they drove it in — the cavalry putting spurs to their horses, and leaving the foot to their fate. Three battalions of these were made prisoners. As the French fled, they encountered the main body of Clausel's army of the north, but these turned and fled too; and on the night of the 23rd the fugitives had reached Flores de Avila, thirty miles from the field of battle. The flight and pursuit were continued all the way from Salamanca to Valladolid.

The loss and damage to the French were very heavy. Three generals were killed, four wounded, one taken prisoner, and with him, six field and one hundred and thirty inferior officers; of rank and file, the prisoners were seven thousand, of killed and wounded the total could not be much less, by the calculation of lord Wellington, than seventeen thousand; besides twenty cannons, a number of ammunition wagons, and much baggage. He adds, that the French themselves admitted that, if there had been another hour of daylight, the whole army would have been in the hands of the English. Clausel, too, was wounded; three successive commanders on that day being in this case. The allies suffered considerably. They had general Le Marchant killed, and generals Beresford, Cole, Leith, Spey, and Cotton wounded; but general Stapleton Cotton's wound was received, not in battle, but from one of his own sentinels, in the darkness of the night. There were six hundred and ninety-four killed, and four thousand two hundred and seventy wounded; of whom two thousand seven hundred and fourteen were English, and one thousand five hundred and fifty-two Portuguese. The Spaniards had only four wounded.

Lord Wellington did not give the retreating enemy much time for repose; within the week he was approaching Valladolid and Clausel was quitting it in all haste. On the 30th of July Wellington entered that city amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. In his haste, Clausel abandoned seventeen pieces of artillery, considerable stores, and eight hundred sick and wounded. The priests were preparing to make grand processions and sing a *Te Deum* in honour of Wellington's victories, as they had done at Salamanca; but his lordship was too intent on following up his blows to stay. He was on his march the very next day. He re-crossed the Duero, to advance against king Joseph Buonaparte, who had set out from Madrid to make a junction with Marmont, but on arriving at Arevalo he had learnt with consternation of that general's defeat, and diverted his march, with twenty thousand men, on Segovia, in order to reinforce Clausel. Wellington left a division to guard against Clausel's return from Burgos, whither he had fled, and, collecting provisions with much difficulty, he marched forward towards Madrid. Joseph fell back as the English general advanced. Wellington was at St. Ildefonso on the 9th of August, and on the 11th issued from the defiles of the mountains into the plain in which Madrid stands. On the 12th he entered the capital amid the most enthusiastic cheers—Joseph having merely reached his palace to flee out of it again towards Toledo. He had, however, left a garrison in the palace of Buon Retiro; but this surrendered almost as soon as invested, and twenty thousand stand of arms, one hundred and eighty pieces of ordnance, and military stores of various kinds were found in it. These were particularly acceptable; for it can scarcely be credited under what circumstances Wellington had been pursuing his victorious career. We learn this, however, from his dispatch to lord Bathurst, dated July 28th — that is, very shortly before his arrival at Madrid. After declaring that he was in need of almost everything, he particularises emphatically: "I likewise request your lordship not to forget horses for the cavalry, *and money*. We are absolutely bankrupt. The troops are now five months in arrears, instead of being one month in advance. The staff have not been paid since February, the muleteers not since July, 1811; and we are in debt in all parts of the country. I am obliged to take the money sent to me by my brother for the Spaniards, in order to give a fortnight's pay to my own troops, who are really suffering from want of money."

Amid this want of everything, the British army had, however, now plenty of applause. The Spaniards were no longer blaming Wellington for not abandoning his own able plans to follow those of their own counsellors, which had brought themselves so much ruin. Wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by applauding crowds, who strewed the way before him with green boughs and gay shawls, shouting, "Long live the duke of Ciudad Rodrigo! Long live Wellington!" The balconies and windows were filled with ladies to catch a sight of the conqueror; and from every part of the houses hung carpets and tapestry, and flowers and laurels were scattered about on all sides. A new council of government was appointed; the new constitution of the Cortes, prepared at Cadiz, was proclaimed, and Don Carlos de España, who had long attended Wellington through his campaigns, was made governor of Madrid. The new council waited on lord Wellington with a congratulatory address, to which his lordship replied, saying, "The events of war are in the hands of Providence!"

The news of Wellington's defeat of Marmont, and his occupation of the capital, caused Soult to call Victor from the blockade of Cadiz; and, uniting his forces, he retired into Grenada. The French, after destroying their works—the creation of so much toil and expenditure—retreated with such precipitation from before Cadiz that they left behind a vast quantity of their stores, several hundred pieces of ordnance—some of which, of extraordinary length, had been cast for this very siege—and thirty gun-boats. They were not allowed to retire unmolested. The English

and Spanish troops pursued them from Tarifa, harassed them on the march, drove them out of San Lucar, and carried Seville by storm, notwithstanding eight battalions being still there to defend it. The peasantry rushed out from woods and mountains to attack the rear of Soult on his march by Carmona to Grenada, and the sufferings of his soldiers were most severe from excessive fatigue, the heat, the want of food, and these perpetual attacks. General Hill meantime advanced from the Guadiana against king Joseph, who fell back to Toledo, hoping to keep up a communication with Soult and Suchet, the latter of whom lay on the borders of Valencia and Catalonia. But general Hill soon compelled him to retreat from Toledo, and the English general then occupied that city, Ypez, and Aranjuez, thus placing himself in connection with lord Wellington, and cutting off the French in the south from all approach to Madrid.

But Wellington had no expectation whatever of maintaining his head-quarters at that city. His own army was not sufficient to repel any fresh hordes of French who might be poured down upon him; and, as for the Spaniards, they had no force that could be relied upon for a moment. The incurable pride of this people rendered them utterly incapable of learning from their allies, who, with a comparatively small force, were every day showing them what discipline and good command could do. They would not condescend to be taught, nor to serve under a foreigner, though that foreigner was everywhere victorious, and they were everywhere beaten. They continued, as they had been from the first, a ragged, disorderly rabble, always on the point of starvation, and always sure to be dispersed, if not destroyed, whenever they were attacked. Only in guerilla fight did they show any skill, or do any good.

When, therefore, lord Wellington looked around over Spain from Madrid, he looked in vain for anything like a regular Spanish army, after all the lessons which had been given to them. The army of Galicia, commanded by Santocildes, considered the best Spanish force, had been defeated by Clausel, himself in the act of escaping from Wellington. Ballasteros had a certain force under him, but his pride would not allow him to co-operate with lord Wellington, and he was soon afterwards dismissed by the cortes from his command. O'Donnel had had an army in Murcia, but he, imagining that he could cope with the veteran troops of Suchet, had been most utterly routed, his men flinging away ten thousand muskets as they fled. To make worse of it, he had been greatly disappointed in his hopes of a reinforcement from Sicily. He had urged on ministers the great aid which an efficient detachment from the army maintained by us in Sicily might render by landing on the eastern coast of Spain, and clearing the French out of Catalonia, Valencia, and Murcia. This could now be readily complied with, because there was no longer any danger of invasion of Sicily from Naples, Murat being called away to assist in Buonaparte's campaign in Russia. But the plan found an unexpected opponent in our commander-in-chief in Sicily, lord William Bentinck. Lord William at first appeared to coincide in the scheme, but soon changed his mind, having conceived an idea of making a descent on the continent of Italy during Murat's absence. Lord Wellington wrote earnestly to him, showing him that Suchet and Soult must be expelled from the south of Spain, which could be easily effected by a strong force under English command landing in the south-east and co-operating with him from the north, or he must himself again retire to Portugal, being exposed to superior forces from both north and south The expedition was at length sent, under general Maitland, but such a force as was utterly useless. It did not exceed six thousand men; and such men! They were chiefly a rabble of Sicilian and other foreign vagabonds, who had been induced to enlist, and were, for the most part, undisciplined. There was no cavalry at all, very little artillery, and that of very little capacity, and destitute of the proper tools, or the proper knowledge for carrying on sieges. With these miserables, general Maitland landed at Port Mahon, in Minorca, towards the end of July, and there re-embarked, with an addition of four thousand five hundred still more piebald and despicable troops. These men consisted chiefly of convicts, deserters, invalids discharged from the hospitals, who had fled from their colours, and were ready to run again on the first appearance of danger. These miscreants, clothed, armed, and fed by England, were declared to be troops in an efficient state of discipline!

This armament, with which Sir John Falstaff certainly would not have marched through Coventry, arrived off Tosa, in the bay of Blanes, on the coast of Catalonia, on the 1st of August. The brave Catalans, who had given the French more trouble than all the Spaniards besides, were rejoiced at the idea of a British army coming to aid them in rooting out the French; but Maitland received discouraging information from some Spaniards as to the forces and capabilities of Suchet, and refused to land there. Admiral Sir Edward Pellew and captain Coddrington in vain urged him to land, declaring that the Spaniards with whom he had conferred were traitors. Maitland called a council of war, and it agreed with him in opinion. This was precisely what lord Wellington had complained of to lord William Bentinck, who had propagated the most discouraging opinions amongst the officers regarding the service in Spain. He had assured him that a discouraged army was as good as no army whatever. The fleet then, much to the disappointment of the Catalans, conveyed the force to the bay of Alicante, and there landed it on the 9th of August. Suchet, who was lying within sight of that port, immediately retired, and Maitland, so long as he retired, marched after him, and occupied the country; but, soon hearing that king Joseph was marching to reinforce Suchet, and that Soult was likely to join them, he again evacuated the country, cooped himself up in Alicante, and lay there, of no use whatever as a diversion in favour of Wellington, who was liable at Madrid to be gradually surrounded by a hundred thousand men. He must proceed against one of the French armies, north or south. Had a proper force, with a bold commander, been sent to the south, he could soon have dealt with the northern enemies. A long and more dubious necessity now lay before him; but it required no long deliberation as to which way he should move. Clausel was expecting reinforcements from France, and he proposed to attack him before they could arrive.

On the 1st of September he marched out of Madrid, and directed his course towards Valladolid, leaving, however, general Hill in the city with two divisions. He then proceeded towards Burgos, and, on the way, fell in with the Spanish army of Galicia, commanded by Santocildes, ten thousand in amount, but, like all the Spanish troops, destitute of discipline, and everything else which constitutes effective soldiers—clothes, food, and proper arms. Clausel quitted Burgos on the approach of Wellington, but left two thousand, under general Dubreton, in the castle. Wellington entered the place on the 19th, and immediately invested the castle. The French stood a desperate siege vigorously, and after various attempts to storm the fort, and only gaining the outworks, the news of the advance of the army of the north, and that of Soult and king Joseph from the south, compelled the English to abandon the attempt. General Ballasteros had been commanded by the cortes, at the request of lord Wellington, to take up a position in La Mancha, which would check the progress of Soult; but that proud and ignorant man neglected to do so, because he was boiling over with anger at the cortes having appointed lord Wellington commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies. General Hill, therefore, found it prudent to quit Madrid, and fall back on Salamanca; and lord Wellington, on the 21st of October, raised the siege of the castle of Burgos, and moved to Palencia, to be near to general Hill. At Plasencia lord Dalhousie joined him with a fresh brigade from England; and he continued his retreat to the Duero, pursued briskly by the French, under general Souham. At Tudela, Souham halted to wait for Soult, who was approaching.

MARSHAL NEY. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Wellington did not feel himself secure till he had crossed the Tormes. On his march general Hill came up, and, once more taking up his old position on the heights of San Cristoval, in front of Salamanca, which he did on the 8th of November, he declared, in his dispatch to the secretary at war, that he thought he had escaped from the worst military

STORMING OF THE FORTRESS CIUDAD RODRIGO BY THE ENGLISH, UNDER LORD WELLINGTON.

situation that he ever was in, for he could not count at all on the Spanish portion of his army. On the 10th Souham and Soult united their forces, now amounting to seventy-five thousand foot and twelve thousand cavalry; Wellington's army mustering only forty-five thousand foot and five thousand cavalry. He now expected an immediate attack, and posted his army on the heights of the two Arapiles for the purpose; but the French generals did not think well to fight him, and he continued his retreat through Salamanca, and on to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he established his head-quarters, distributing part of his army into their old cantonments between the Aqueda and the Coa. This was accomplished before the end of November; and general Hill proceeded into Spanish Estremadura, and entered into cantonments near Coria, between the Alagon and Tagus. The French took up their quarters at some distance in Old Castile.

This retreat had been made under great difficulties; the weather being excessively wet, the rivers swollen, and the roads knee-deep in mud. Provisions were scarce, and the soldiers found great difficulty in cooking the skinny, tough beef that they got, on account of the wet making it hard to kindle fires. The Spaniards, as usual, concealed all the provisions they could, and charged enormously for any that they were compelled to part with. In fact, no enemies could have been treated worse than they treated us all the while that we were doing and suffering so much for them. The soldiers became so enraged that they set at defiance the strict system which Wellington exacted in this respect, and cudgelled the peasantry to compel them to bring out food, and seized it wherever they could find it. In fact, the discipline of the army was fast deteriorating from these causes, and his lordship issued very stern orders to the officers on the subject. Till they reached the Tormes, too, the rear was continually harassed by the French; and Sir Edward Paget, mounting a hill to make observations through his telescope, was surprised and made prisoner.

As usual, a great cry was raised at the retreat of Wellington. The Spaniards would have had him stand and do battle for them, as foolishly as their own generals did, who, never calculating the fitting time and circumstances, were always being beaten. Amongst the first and loudest to abuse him was Ballasteros, the man who, by his spiteful disregard of orders, had been the chief cause of the necessity to retreat. But it was not the Spaniards only, but many people in England, especially of the opposition, who raised this ungenerous cry. Wellington alluded to these censures with his usual calmness in his dispatches. "I am much afraid," he said, "from what I see in the newspapers, that the public will be much disappointed at the result of the campaign, notwithstanding that it is, in fact, the most successful campaign in all its circumstances, and has produced for the common cause more important results than any campaign in which the British army has been engaged for the last century. We have taken by siege Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca, and the Retiro has surrendered. In the meantime the allies have taken Astorga, Consuegra, and Guadalaxara, besides other places. In the ten months elapsed since January, this army has sent to England little short of twenty thousand prisoners; and they have taken and destroyed, or have themselves retained the use of the enemy's arsenals in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c.; and, upon the whole, we have taken and destroyed, or we now possess, little short of three thousand pieces of cannon. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and all the country south of the Tagus has been cleared of the enemy. We should have retained greater advantages, I think, and should have remained in possession of Castile and Madrid during the winter, if I could have taken Burgos, as I ought, early in October, or if Ballasteros had moved upon Alcaraz, as he was ordered, instead of intriguing for his own aggrandisement."

The siege of Burgos was rendered impracticable in a reasonable time by want of proper siege tools, and even of ammunition. Of this lord Wellington justly complained, as well as of the great deficiency of the means of transporting artillery and ordnance stores. Of one cause of complaint he was rid by the cortes—they deprived Ballasteros of his command, and gave it to general Virues.

The interval of repose now obtained continued through the winter, and late into the spring of 1813. It was greatly required by the British army. Lord Wellington stated that the long campaign, commencing in January, had completely tired down man and horse; that they both required thorough rest and good food, and that the discipline of the army, as was always the case after a long campaign, needed restoration; and he set himself about to insure these ends, not only in the troops immediately under his own eye, but in those under Maitland and his successors in the south. He had, even during his own retreat, written to Maitland, encouraging him to have confidence in his men, assuring him that they would repay it by correspondent confidence in themselves. Lord William Bentinck, however, ordered Maitland to return to Sicily with his army in October; lord Wellington decidedly forbade it. Maitland therefore resigned, and was succeeded by general Clinton, who found himself completely thwarted in his movements by the governor of Alicante, who treated the allies much more like enemies, and would not allow the English to have possession of a single gate of the town, keeping them more like prisoners than free agents. At the beginning of December a fresh reinforcement of four thousand men, under general Campbell, arrived from Sicily, and Campbell took the chief command; but he did not venture to take any decisive movement against the French, but waited for lord William Bentinck himself, who now determined to come over, but did not arrive till July, 1813. Whilst Campbell remained inactive from this cause, his motley foreign troops continued to desert, and many of them went and enlisted with Suchet.

But there could be no wonder at the uselessness of the troops from Sicily when we consider the state of things in that island. No narrations of this great and ruinous war, in which England had taken upon herself to fight for all nations, whether they were worth fighting for or not, can exceed in folly and wastefulness that of our support of the Bourbons in Sicily. We could not prevent Napoleon driving Ferdinand from Naples, and putting upon his throne his brother-in-law, Murat; but by means of our fleet, and

a considerable army, we preserved the island of Sicily for him and his Austrian queen, Carolina, the daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. And why preserve it? The man was a mere jolly sportsman, taking no care whatever of his people, thinking nothing whatever of his duties as a ruler, leaving all to his active, ambitious, unprincipled wife. The country was in the worst possible condition, the people ignorant, priest-ridden, and ground to the extremest misery by extortionate taxation. Why preserve the island for such people? The population could not have been worse under the French; they might have been better. It could matter little that Buonaparte, having Italy, should have Sicily too. When his time came—when the nation was sufficiently oppressed and insulted—they would rise and put him down. Till they did arrive at that spirit, foreign oppression and insult were better for them, morally and politically, than domestic oppression. At all events, it was no business of ours. Europe was surely large and populous enough to take care of itself, or it was not worth taking care of. Yet we maintained our own army of between ten thousand and thirty thousand men—English, Maltese, Neapolitans, Sicilians, &c. Besides this, the king was to have a Sicilian army, and we allowed him four hundred thousand pounds a-year to pay and equip it. But, instead of doing this, he and his court received the money and spent it on themselves, and left his own troops to come to our officers for provisions, for they could get none from Ferdinand. As soon as it was known that our commander took pity on them, and allowed them rations, the court stopped the pay altogether as unnecessary. Thus we paid four hundred thousand pounds a-year, besides maintaining an army, to keep these worthless people on a throne, and they took it and spent it in court folly and luxury, whilst their subjects were starving, and were ground to the dust by taxes, and duties, and monopolies—and it had been well had this been the worst. But whilst the king ran after his fishing and shooting, the queen, whom the cruelties of the French to her sister had converted into a fury and a fiend, dipped her hands in the blood of those all around her who had taken part with the French in driving them from Naples, or who had sympathised with the revolution in Sicily.

When the French Republica Partenopea was overturned in Naples, in 1799, and the royal family returned, and remained for about a year, she was remorseless in her vengeance, cramming the prisons with the patriots, and putting them to death without remorse. It was then that Nelson disgraced himself by becoming her tool. Befooled by his passion for lady Hamilton, the wife of the British ambassador at Naples, who was all in all with the queen, he was weak enough and wicked enough to allow the Neapolitan admiral, Caraccioli, to be tried by a court-martial on board his own flag-ship, and hanged at the yard-arm of a Neapolitan vessel alongside. This dark deed was regarded with horror throughout our fleet, and the sailors of Nelson's ship were continually saying that they saw the head of Caraccioli emerge from the waves, following their voyages!

On the return to Sicily, this royal fury continued her persecutions of every one who was an advocate of reform; and, as the English officers discouraged their execution, they remained in the terrible dungeons of the island till they were glutted with victims. And all this we were actually supporting and perpetuating by our arms and our money. We had much better have let Buonaparte rule there, and have let the miserable Bourbons retire to Austria, where the king could have hunted and the queen indulged in her tirades against all ameliorations of the condition of subjects. As it was, she declared that the English were encouraging the disaffected, and were ruining the people by false ideas of freedom—the English, to whom she, her effeminate sons, and her sportsman husband, were indebted for a house over their heads!

After the marriage of Napoleon with her niece, Maria Louisa, queen Carolina's views of the French changed. She regarded Buonaparte as an enemy of the revolution which had destroyed her sister and her family, and driven herself and husband from the throne of Naples. She fondly hoped that her imperial relative would allow her family to return to Naples, and she entered into a conspiracy with him to betray the English to him. Buonaparte encouraged her hopes, for his own objects; but, unfortunately for her plans, lord William Bentinck became the ambassador to Sicily, and commander-in-chief of the forces there, in the summer of 1811. He was astonished beyond measure at the condition of things which he found in the island. He declared that there must be a thorough reform. But the virago queen pointed to the Sicilian troops, and her Calabrian guards, and told him she would fight for it, rather than allow any one to usurp the rights which belonged only to the king and herself. Lord William returned to England to lay the state of things before the government, and demand ample powers.

During the absence of the commander-in-chief, general Maitland had remained in power; and an accident suddenly revealed the fact that the British were surrounded by the meshes of a deep-laid and active conspiracy, at the head of which was the queen herself. A Sicilian friendly to the English caught certain words which a boatman of Messina let fall, which flashed the fact upon him that this man had been employed to convey packets across the strait by night. Following up this clue, he soon became possessed of the information that Manhes, the commander of Murat's army, was in constant communication with the queen, and that there were spies and emissaries going to and fro, by night, between them. The boatmen were engaged, by ample pay, to bring the messengers from the Neapolitan side to disguised Sicilian officers of our own, who opened the letters before delivering them to their respective addresses, took fac-similes of them, kept the originals, and delivered the copies. By these letters they became fully possessed of the plot, and of the names and residences of the conspirators, amongst whom were some very near the throne, and the queen at the head of all. The Sicilian flotilla of gunboats at Messina was to be put at the service of Manhes to cross over with his troops, at some crisis when the English fleet was absent, and the English were to be betrayed to the French.

Fourteen of the conspirators were seized, tried, and condemned to death by a court-martial, partly of English and partly of Sicilian officers. As soon as this was concluded, the

president of the court burnt the list containing the names of the conspirators, to screen the queen and the rest of the court party concerned. Only one of these traitors was executed; the rest were sent to different prisons in the islands near Sicily. By this time lord William Bentinck had returned with enlarged powers, and he set about to frame a new constitution for the country, on the model of the English one. There was a limited monarch, a house of peers, and a house of commons. Any one knowing the character of the Sicilians, the despotism of the aristocracy, the habitual compliance with it by the people, must have known that the very moment the royal family regained their kingdom by the expulsion of the French, this constitution would go to pieces. For the present it raised the hopes of the ignorant people, who imagined that a new constitution meant the abolition of all taxation, and it enraged the queen beyond all bounds. She protested that the English were going to set up a new sans-culotte republic, and that her head, like that of her sister, would fall by the guillotine.

Lord William Bentinck went on with his Utopian constitution as firmly as the queen opposed it. He stopped at once the subsidy of four hundred thousand pounds. This brought matters to a solution. Lord Bentinck resolved that the influence of the queen should cease, or the money should not again be paid. On this, the king made over the government to his son, Don Francesco, in January, 1812, and retired to a country seat a few miles from Palermo, where he could shoot and fish at his pleasure. But the queen remained in the city, and continued to fish in the more troubled waters of politics and conspiracy. The power of the army was invested in the English, and the imprisoned patriots were set at liberty; but Carolina, with her emissaries about her, at the head of whom was a French emigrant named St. Clair, continued to plot. Lord Bentinck insisted that she should retire from the city, and her residence was selected at Castel-Vetrano—an old town in the hills of the interior. There, however, she assembled around her a desperate band of Calabrian bandits, spies, and priests; renewed her conspiracies more actively than ever, and endeavoured to raise the fanatic people on the English by denouncing them as heretics.

PALERMO, CAPITAL OF SICILY.

It became necessary to send her out of the country altogether, and general Macfarlane was selected to execute this difficult and dangerous service. He had been on friendly terms with the king and queen, and therefore it was hoped that he would be able to obtain access to her, and to persuade her to retire quietly. But he found his way to the

castle stopped by numbers of ferocious-looking, bearded fellows, who issued from the surrounding chestnut woods and dense thickets of myrtle, and crossed their muskets before him in the way. Persuading them, however, that he was a friend of the queen conveying her orders for her allowance, he was permitted to pass. A terrible scene took place when he opened his mission, and the queen, in a tempest of rage, shrieked out that she would "Never, never, never quit the island!" But the attendants being privately assured that her retiring was the only way for them to obtain their salaries, and a good bribe besides, they eagerly set about to persuade her, and she consented to go, under protest. She made her way to Vienna, where she died in 1814, just before the restoration of her husband to his Neapolitan throne, and whilst Napoleon was a prisoner at Elba. Her closing days were rendered dreadful by the apparitions of her many murdered victims, which, she said, haunted her bed all night long, telling her, in exulting tones, that she was coming now amongst them, and, even in the day-time, visibly beckoning her to follow. Her son, the late Ferdinand of Naples, trod faithfully in her steps; her far more amiable second daughter married Louis Philippe, became queen of France, and now lives in widowed exile at Claremont, near London, with her family.

On the coasts of Italy, as in various other quarters of the world, our naval flag asserted its supremacy. Buonaparte was endeavouring to make Venice a great naval port for the Mediterranean. He had built a number of small armed vessels there, and at length he produced a fine 74-gun ship at the docks of Malamocca, within a few miles of Venice. With a crew of eight hundred and fifty men, chiefly Italians and Dalmatians, this new ship, the Rivoli, ventured out to sea, and was standing over for Pola, a port of Istria, when captain Talbot, of the 74-gun ship the Victorious, descried her on the 21st of February, 1812, only three days after quitting port. The Rivoli was accompanied by three brigs and two gun-boats; the Victorious by an 18-gun brig, the Weazle, commanded by captain Andrew. There was a desperate fight, in which the crews of the Italian vessels fought undauntedly; but the Rivoli was compelled to surrender, having lost nearly half her crew in killed and wounded. Both ships were dreadfully shattered; most of their masts shot away, or irreparably damaged. The Victorious had twenty-seven killed, and about one hundred wounded. The Weazle did not lose a man. The lesser craft managed to escape.

From skirmishing at sea, we had now come to direct war with the people of North America. From the period of the American colonists obtaining their independence of this country, they retained a peculiar animus against the mother country. We have seen that, in the war by which that independence was achieved by the aid of France, Holland, and Spain, which all combined to attack us on sea and land, the Americans displayed no traces of a magnanimity which usually accompanies bravery. They resorted to many dishonourable practices, amongst which was the breach of contract in retaining prisoners from the army of Sir John Burgoyne. The same spirit continued to animate them afterwards. It was natural to suppose that their success would have the usual effect of making them forget enmity when the cause of it was gone by; but this was not the case. In all our contests with revolutionary France, they rejoiced over any disasters which befel us, and were silent in the hour of our victories. Though they were bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and our population was pouring over to swell their numbers, they displayed towards us a hostility that no other nation, France excepted, had ever shown. There were not wanting thousands in England only too ready to praise them for their heroic spirit, but this elicited no generous response on their parts. The praises of Europe, not excepting England herself, seemed to have carried them off their feet, and produced in them a spirit of boasting, in which not even Gascony could equal them; and this characteristic remains pre-eminently theirs, above all other nations, to this day.

But it was not to England only that this want of generosity was shown. No people rejoiced more vehemently, none, indeed, so much, but quite the contrary, over the fall and execution of Louis XVI. of France, the one monarch of Europe who had been their great benefactor, without whose powerful aid they would have fought and struggled in vain, and who had, in fact, lost his crown and his head, and his empire to his family, by sending his soldiers to learn republicanism amongst them. There were feasts and public rejoicings in the United States to commemorate the death of Louis, who was, in fact, the martyr of America. What was equally extraordinary, whilst they exulted in the French republic, they followed with an equal admiration the career of Buonaparte, who crushed that republic, and raised up a despotism opposed in its principles to all the political professions of Americans. But it was the idea that he was born to humble and, perhaps, blot England from the list of nations, which served to render Napoleon so especially the object of their unbounded eulogies. His victories were celebrated nowhere so vociferously as in the United States, through the press, the pulpit, and in general oratory. With them he was the man of destiny, who was to overthrow all kings but himself, and especially drive Great Britain from her dominion of the seas.

During the republic of France, and in the worst times of Robespierre, the French had their minister, M. Genet, in the United States, who excited the democrats to acts of hostility against England, and gave them French authorities to seize and make prizes of English vessels at sea, though they were nominally at peace with England. And though Washington, then president, protested against these proceedings, the great body of the people were against him, and were supported in that spirit by Jefferson, who was secretary of state. When Jefferson became president, in 1801, and Maddison his secretary of state, the hatred to England was carried to its extreme, and the friendship of Buonaparte was cultivated with the utmost zeal. When Jefferson was a second time president, in 1807. he violently resisted our right of search of neutral vessels, thus playing into the hands of Buonaparte and his Berlin decree, in the hope of carrying on a great trade with the European continent at our expense. Out of this arose the affair of the Leopard and the Chesapeake off the capes of Virginia, in which the Chesapeake, refusing to allow a search for English deserters, was attacked and taken. This put the whole of the democracy of America

into a raging fury, though the boarding of the United States war-sloop, the Hornet, in the French port of L'Orient, for the same purpose, was passed over without a murmur. To prevent such collisions, Canning, on the part of the British government, issued orders that search of war-ships should be discontinued. This, however, did not prevent Jefferson from making proclamations prohibiting all English men-of-war entering or remaining in American ports; and the utmost indignities were offered to all the officers and crews of our men-of-war who happened to be lying in American harbours. Moreover, Jefferson issued, in December, 1807, an embargo against all American vessels quitting their own ports, because, if, at sea, they did not submit to be searched to ascertain whether they were carrying goods to French ports, they were treated as hostile by England, were attacked, and seized. This was in retaliation of Buona-

ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL, VENICE.

parte's Berlin decree, and made necessary by it. On the other hand, Buonaparte seized any American or other vessel entering into any port of Europe under the power of France, which had submitted to search. To prevent this certain seizure of trading vessels, the embargo was issued, and all merchant vessels of all nations were prohibited entering American ports. A more suicidal act than this could not be conceived, and the people of the United States soon felt and complained loudly of the consequences. In 1809, Madison succeeding Jefferson in the presidency, and Buonaparte having now rendered matters worse by his Milan decree, in addition to his Berlin one, abolished the general embargo with all nations except France and England, and declared that, too, was at an end, whenever either or both of these nations withdrew—one its decrees, and the other its orders in council. But in 1810 Madison declared that France had withdrawn its decrees so far as America was concerned; though this was notoriously untrue. Numbers of American vessels continued to be seized in French ports, though the United States government dared not to complain, nor did they ever recover any compensation from Napoleon; it was from Louis Philippe that they first obtained such compensation, and, curiously enough, through the friendly intervention of England.

To produce a better tone of feeling in America, the English government had done all in its power, except to annul the orders in council. It put up with many insults and violations of neutrality. It sent Mr. Foster as envoy to the United States, to endeavour to adjust all differences; but in vain. This continued thus till 1812, when, on the 20th of May, Mr. Russell, the American *chargé-d'affaires*, presented lord Castlereagh a copy of an instrument by which France had, on the 28th of April, abrogated its Berlin and Milan decrees so far as they related to American vessels. To show an equal liberality, England, on the 23rd of June, revoked its orders in council so far as concerned America,

EMPEROR ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

on condition that the United States also revoked its non-intercourse act. But this had no effect on the government of America, which had already concluded a secret treaty with France, and was making every preparation for the invasion of our Canadian colonies. The Americans had the most profound idea of the stability of Buonaparte, and could not conceive that the expedition that he was now preparing against Russia would prove his overthrow. The Americans had long been extremely adulatory to the Russian government; for, says Sir Augustus Foster:—"Strange to say, they have always had a leaning affection to the most absolute of all governments, and have been publicly, as well as individually, assiduous in courting the good graces of the autocrat."

But they expected that Buonaparte would crush Russia altogether, and would rule unopposed over all Europe; that the government of England was bankrupt, and that they might assail her with impunity. Accordingly, all activity was used in getting ready all kinds of ships to send out as privateers, calculating on a plentiful spoil of English traders in the waters along the American coast and amongst the West Indian Isles, before they could be put upon their guard. At the same time, on the 14th of April, they laid an embargo on all American vessels, so as to keep them at home; and on the 18th of June the president announced to congress that the United States and Great Britain were in an actual state of war. There was a studied ambiguity in this declaration; it did not candidly take the initiative, and declare that the United States declared war against England, but that the two countries were, somehow or other, already in a state of war.

But this declaration did not issue without a violent debate in congress, where the moderate party declared that the interests of the country were sacrificed to a mischievous war-spirit, and in the east and north of the States there was raised a loud cry of severance, as there had been in the south when Jefferson had laid his embargo on the American vessels—the early indications of that great rupture of the union which is now carried out. They complained bitterly that if, as was now alleged, the French emperor had abrogated his Berlin and Milan decrees in favour of America as early as the 2nd of March, 1811, why was this not communicated to England before the 20th of May, 1812? And when England had long ago declared that she would rescind her orders in council when such a notification could be made to her, accompanied by a repeal of the American non-intercourse act; and when she did immediately rescind her orders in council on this condition, why should there be all this haste to rush into war with Great Britain? They complained bitterly that, though Buonaparte was professed to have abrogated his decrees as early as November, 1810, he had gone on till just lately in seizing American ships, both in the ports of France, and by his cruisers at sea. The state of Massachusetts addressed a strong remonstrance to the federal government, in which they represented the infamy of the descendants of the pilgrim fathers co-operating with the common enemy of civil liberty to bind other nations in chains, and that at the very moment that the European peoples were uniting for their violated liberties.

But the condition of Canada was very tempting to the cupidity of Madison and his colleagues. We had very few troops there, and all the defences had been neglected, in the tremendous struggle going on in Europe. At this moment, it appeared especially opportune for invading the Canadas from the states, as England was engaged, not only in the arduous struggle in Spain, but its attention was seriously occupied in watching and promoting the measures preparing in Russia, in Sweden, and throughout all Germany, against the general oppressor. At such a moment the Americans—professed zealots for liberty and independence—thought it a worthy object to filch the colonies of the state which, above all others, was maintaining the contest against the universal despot. They thought that the French Canadians would rise and join the allies of France against England. The American government had accordingly, so early as 1811, and nearly a year previous to the declaration of war, mustered ten thousand men at Boston, ready for this expedition; and long before the note of war was sounded, they had called out fifty thousand volunteers. Still, up to the very moment of declaring war, Madison had continually assured our envoy that there was nothing that he so much wished as the continuance of amicable connections betwixt the two countries.

As he made these professions, he was, from the very commencement of the year 1812, and nearly six months before the avowal of hostilities, drawing the invading force nearer to the frontiers near Detroit. General Hull had a body of two thousand five hundred men ready for the enterprise, well supplied with artillery and stores; and scarcely was the declaration of war made, when he hastened over the frontier line and seized on the British village of Sandwich. There he issued a bragging proclamation, calling on the *oppressed* Canadians to abandon the despotism of kingship, and become free citizens of free America. To meet the invasion, the British had in Canada only about four thousand regulars, and the militia might number as many more. To make worse of the matter, the commander-in-chief, Sir George Prevost, was a very inefficient officer. But major-general Brock sent orders to the British officers at fort St. Joseph to attack the American port of Michilimachimac, which he did on the 17th of July, a month after the American declaration of war. The place was taken, with sixty prisoners and seven pieces of artillery. This raised the courage of the Indians in that quarter, who had long thirsted for revenge of the continual injuries received from the Americans, and they called on their different tribes to arm and support the British. At the news of the capture of Sandwich by Hull, Brock sent colonel Procter to fort Amherstburg to operate against him. He also followed quickly himself, and found Procter besieging Hull in fort Detroit, to which he had retreated across the border. By the 10th of August he compelled Hull to surrender with his two thousand five hundred men and thirty pieces of artillery. Not only fort Detroit and a fine American vessel in the harbour were taken, but, by the capitulation, the whole of the Michigan territory, which separated the Indian country from Canada, was ceded to us, much improving our frontier.

Major-general Brock left colonel Procter to defend Detroit, and marched hastily towards Niagara, to surprise

the American forts in that direction. But, in the midst of his preparations, he was thunderstruck to learn that Sir George Prevost had concluded an armistice with the American general, Dearborn, and that this armistice stipulated that neither party should move in any manner till the American government had ratified or annulled the engagement. Thus Brock had the mortification of feeling that his hands were tied up, whilst the enemy, aroused to the danger of their position, spite of the truce, were marching up troops, and strengthening every fort and port along the line. As soon as a force of six thousand three hundred men and stores were ready, Madison refused to ratify the armistice. On his part, Sir George Prevost had done nothing to support Brock, and that brave officer found himself with only one thousand two hundred men, partly regulars and partly militia, to repel the swarming invaders.

On the 18th of October the Americans crossed the frontier opposite to the village of Queenstown with three thousand men, and found only three hundred British to oppose them. But Brock was with them, and cheered them so gallantly that they made a desperate resistance. Unfortunately, Brock was killed, and then the brave three hundred retreated, and the American general, Wadsworth, posted himself, with one thousand six hundred men, on the heights behind Queenstown. But the same afternoon he was attacked by a fresh body of about one thousand British and Canadians, and had nearly his whole force killed or taken prisoners. Himself and nine hundred of his men were captured, and four hundred remained on the field slain or severely wounded. The rest, a mere remnant, escaped into the woods, or were drowned in endeavouring to swim back to their own shore. Thus ended Madison's first attempt to conquer Canada.

At sea he was somewhat more fortunate. He took care to have his war-ships, such as they were, in readiness for sea at the very instant that war was proclaimed. The declaration took place on the 18th of June, and on the 21st commodore Rogers was already clear of the harbour of New York in his flag-ship, the President, which was called a frigate, but was equal to a seventy-four-gun ship, and attended by a thirty-six-gun frigate, a sloop of war, and a brig-sloop. His hope was to intercept the sugar fleet from the West Indies, which was only convoyed by a single frigate and a brig-sloop. Instead of the West India merchantmen, about one hundred sail in number, he fell in with the British frigate, the Belvidere, commanded by captain Richard Byron. Though the two other vessels of war were in sight, Byron did not flinch. He commenced a vigorous fight with the President, and held on for two hours, pouring three hundred round shot into her from his two cabin guns alone. By the explosion of a gun, commodore Rogers and fifteen of his men were severely wounded. About half-past six in the evening the President was joined by the Congress frigate, and then captain Byron cut away several of his anchors, started fourteen tons of water, and otherwise lightening his ship, sailed away, and left the President to repair her damages. By thus detaining Rogers for fifteen hours, the West India fleet was out of all danger. Rogers then continued a cruising sail towards Madeira and the Azores, and captured a few small merchantmen, and regained an American one, and he then returned home without having secured a single British armed vessel, but having been in great trepidation lest he should fall in with some of our ships of the line.

Captain Dacres, of the Guerrière, returning to Halifax to refit after convoying another fleet of merchantmen, fell in with the large United States' frigate Constitution, commanded by captain Hull. The Guerrière was old and rotten, wanting a thorough refit, or, rather, laying entirely aside. She was badly supplied with ammunition, and her gunwale was very indifferent. The Guerrière had only two hundred and forty-four men and nineteen boys; the Constitution had four hundred and seventy-six men, and a great number of expert riflemen amongst them, which the American men-of-war always carried to pick off the enemy, and especially the officers, from the tops. Yet captain Dacres stayed and fought the Constitution till his masts and yards were blown away, and his vessel was in a sinking state. In this condition Dacres, who was himself severely wounded with a rifle-ball, struck, the only alternative being going to the bottom. The old ship was then set on fire, the British crew being first removed to the American ship. Though the contest had been almost disgracefully unequal, the triumph over it in the United States was inconceivable. Hull and his men were thanked in the most extravagant terms, and a grant of fifty thousand dollars was made them for a feat which would not have elicited a single comment in England. But when our officers and men were carried on board the Constitution, they discovered that nearly one-half—a number, in fact, equal to their own—were English or Irish. Some of the principal officers were English; many of the men were very recent deserters; and so much was the American captain alarmed lest a fellow feeling should spring up between the compatriots of the two crews, that he kept his prisoners manacled and chained to the deck during the night after the battle, and for the greater part of the following day.

There were three or four more of these utterly unequal fights, in which the Americans succeeded in capturing small English vessels when at the point of sinking. Such was the case with the Macedon, which, with a crew of two hundred and sixty-two men and thirty-four boys, fought the United States, with more and heavier guns, and with a crew of four hundred and seventy-seven men and one boy. The Macedon was a complete wreck before she struck. Similar cases were those of the Java frigate, captain Lambert, which struck to the Constitution, and the British eighteen-gun brig-sloop the Frolic, which struck to the American brig-sloop Wasp, of eighteen guns. Here the arms were equal, but the crews most unequal, for that of the Frolic had a small crew, very sickly from five years' service in the West Indies, and the ship itself was in bad condition. Within a very few hours the Frolic was re-captured by the British seventy-four gun-ship, the Poictiers, which carried off the American vessel too. In none of these cases was there anything like an equal fight, the Americans being too shrewd to risk that if they could avoid it. In all cases a large proportion of the crews was made up of British deserters. The accounts, however, which the Americans published of these affairs were as usual of the most vaunting character.

This was the fatal year in which Buonaparte, led on by the unsleeping ambition of being the master of all Europe, and so of all the world, made his last great attempt—that of subduing Russia to his yoke—and thus ruined himself for ever. From the very day of the treaty of Tilsit, neither he nor Alexander of Russia had put faith in each other. Buonaparte felt that the czar was uneasy under the real dictatorship of France which existed under the name of alliance. He knew that he was most restless under the mischief accruing from the stipulated embargo on British commerce, and which, from the ruin which it must bring on the Russian merchants, and the consequent distress of the whole population, might, in fact, cause him to disappear from the throne and from life as so many of his ancestors had done. Timber, pitch, potash, hemp, tallow, and other articles were the very staple of Russia's trade, and the English were the greatest of all customers for these. The landed proprietors derived a large income from these commodities, and they asked sternly why they were to be ruined that Buonaparte might ruin Great Britain, whence they drew their principal wealth. He knew that Alexander looked with deep suspicion on his giving the duchy of Warsaw to the king of Saxony, a descendant of the royal family of Poland. To this act was added the stipulations for a free military road and passage for troops from Saxony to Warsaw; and also that France should retain Dantzic till after a maritime peace. These things seemed to point to the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, and the demand, at some coming day, for the surrender of the rest of the Polish territory by Russia. So the Poles seemed to interpret these matters, for they had, since these arrangements, flocked to his standard, and were fighting Buonaparte's battles in Spain. To these causes of offence and alarm, which Alexander did not hesitate to express, and which Napoleon refused to dissipate, were added the seizure of the duchy of Oldenburg, guaranteed to Alexander's near relative, and the marriage alliance with Austria. Alexander, on this last occasion, said —"Then my turn comes next;" and we have seen that, in anticipation of it, he had been strengthening himself by a secret league with Sweden.

To the czar it appeared most politic that the war with Napoleon, as it must come, should come whilst the English in Spain were harassing him and draining his resources; and, on his part, Buonaparte, resenting the hostile attitude of Alexander, and suspecting his secret understanding with Bernadotte, determined, notwithstanding the ominous character of the war in Spain, to summon an army utterly overwhelming, and crush the czar at once.

It was in vain that such of his counsellors as dared urged him to abstain from the Russian invasion. They represented the vast extent of Russia; its enormous deserts, into which the army could retreat, and which must exhaust so large a host as he contemplated by following them; the climate; the difficult rivers; the unprofitableness of the conquest, if it succeeded; and the improbability that success there would put an end to the war in Spain, whilst any serious disaster would cause the nations to stand up behind him as one man. These were all arguments of mere policy; for as to the considerations suggested by morality or justice, these had long been abandoned by Buonaparte, and therefore were never even adverted to by his friends.

Fouché, whom Napoleon had allowed to return from Italy, and to occupy his château at Ferrières, near Paris, determined once more to offer his advice. He was closely watched by the police of Buonaparte, but he shut himself up, as he thought, very securely, and penned a very elaborate memorial to him on the subject. Buonaparte readily admitted him to an audience; but when Fouché thought he was going to surprise him by the substance of his address, Buonaparte said, in an easy way, "I am no stranger, Monsieur le duc, to your errand here. You have a memorial to present to me. Give it me; I will read it, though I know already its contents. The war with Russia is not more agreeable to you than that of Spain." Fouché, astonished, apologised for offering some observations on this crisis. "It is no crisis," retorted Buonaparte; and he went on to say that he had eight hundred thousand men, with whom he could crush Alexander. "My destiny," he said, "is not yet complete; my present situation is but a sketch of a picture which I must finish. There must be one universal European code, one court of appeal; the same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws must have currency throughout Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world." With that he turned his back on Fouché, who retired in profound wonder at the means by which the emperor had penetrated the secrecy of his study, and made himself master of his design. He afterwards attributed the discovery to the mayor of a neighbouring town, who had entered his study on pretence of pleading the cause of one of Fouché's tenants, and had managed to cast a glance over the papers of his memorial. The mayor was familiar with such arts, having been employed by Fouché himself in them.

Amongst the rest who laboured to dissuade the emperor from this fatal enterprise was his uncle, cardinal Fesch; but Buonaparte merely led him to a window, and asked him if he saw a particular star. The cardinal replied that he did not. "Then I do," replied Buonaparte; intimating that he followed the star of his destiny, and saw farther than any one else. As for Napoleon's mother, Madame Mere, as she was called, she always had a presentiment that the wonderful fabric of ambition that her son had raised would go to pieces like a fairy dream; and when her children upbraided her with her parsimony, she replied, she was saving money to assist them in their distresses—which, in fact, she lived to do.

Regardless of all advice, Buonaparte hastened to precipitate matters with Russia. He seized and confiscated fifty Swedish merchantmen, and further to express his determination to punish Bernadotte for his refusal to be his slave (he boasted before his courtiers that he would have him seized in Sweden, and brought to the castle of Vincennes, and he is said to have planned doing it), in January of this year he ordered Davoust to enter Swedish Pomerania and take possession of it. Buonaparte followed up this act of war by marching vast bodies of troops northwards, overrunning Prussia, Pomerania, and the duchy of Warsaw with them. They were now on the very frontiers of Russia, and Alexander was in the utmost terror. He saw already four hundred

thousand men ready to burst into his dominions, and as many more following. He had only one hundred and forty thousand to oppose them; he had no generals of mark or experience; confusion reigned everywhere. In the utmost consternation he demanded an interview with Bernadotte, now the sole hope of Europe, at Abo; and Bernadotte, who had his objects to gain, took his time. When the Russian ambassador, in great trepidation, said to him that the emperor waited for him, he rose, laid his hand on his sword, and said, theatrically, "The emperor waits! Good! He who knows how to win battles may regard himself as the equal of kings!"

Bernadotte took his time, and went. It was in March. At Abo, in a solitary hut, he and Alexander met, and there the final ruin of Napoleon was sketched out by a master's hand—that of his old companion in arms. Bernadotte knew all the strength and weakness of Napoleon; he had long watched the causes which would ultimately break up the wonderful career of his victories. He listened to the fears of Alexander, and bade him dismiss them. He told him that it was the timidity of his opponents which had given to Napoleon the victories of Austerlitz and Wagram; that, as regarded the present war, nothing could equal his infatuated blindness; that, treating the wishes of Poland with contempt, neglecting the palpably necessary measures of securing his flanks by the alliance of Turkey and Sweden, east and west, he was only rushing on suicide in the vast deserts five hundred miles from his frontiers; that all that was necessary on the part of Russia was to commence a war of devastation; to destroy all his resources, in the manner of the ancient Scythians and Parthians; to pursue him everywhere with a war of fanaticism and desolation; to admit of no peace till he was driven to the left bank of the Rhine, where the oppressed and vengeful nationalities would arise and annihilate him; that Napoleon, so brilliant and bold in attack, would show himself incapable of conducting a retreat of eight hours—a retreat would be the certain signal of his ruin. If he approached St. Petersburg, he engaged for himself to make a descent on France with fifty thousand men, and to call on both the republican and constitutional parties to arise and liberate their country from the tyrant. Meantime, they must close the passage of the Berezina against him, when they would inevitably secure his person. They must then proclaim everywhere his death, and his whole dynasty would go to pieces with far greater rapidity than it grew.

Every one knows how well these instructions were carried out; how the final hope of Napoleon was destroyed by the conflagration of Moscow, and the terrors of that fearful retreat, in which clouds of Cossacks, mingling with those of the snow and hail, completed the most horrible tragedy which the history of wars from the world's foundation contains; with what consummate ability Bernadotte led his Swedes, through all the great and eventful campaign of 1813, from Leipsic to Paris, and how he received his reward—the possession of Norway, and a family compact between himself and the czar of Russia; while Denmark, with a fatal blindness to the signs of the times, adhered to the falling power, and became, like Saxony, dismembered and debilitated.

To any one viewing the situation of Buonaparte at this moment, it can appear nothing but an act of madness to invade Russia. The English, in Spain, were now defeating his best generals, and it would at an earlier period have caused Buonaparte to hasten to that country and endeavour to settle the war in person. It is remarkable that he was not desirous to cope with Wellington himself, all his ablest generals having failed. But to leave such an enemy in his rear when he proceeded to the north, impresses us with the idea that his enormous success had now turned his head, and that the term of his career, as appointed by Providence, had been reached. Besides Spain, too, there were Prussia and Austria, with whom it was only politic to enter into some terms of security; for assuredly, if his arms suffered a reverse in Russia, all these would rise and join his enemies.

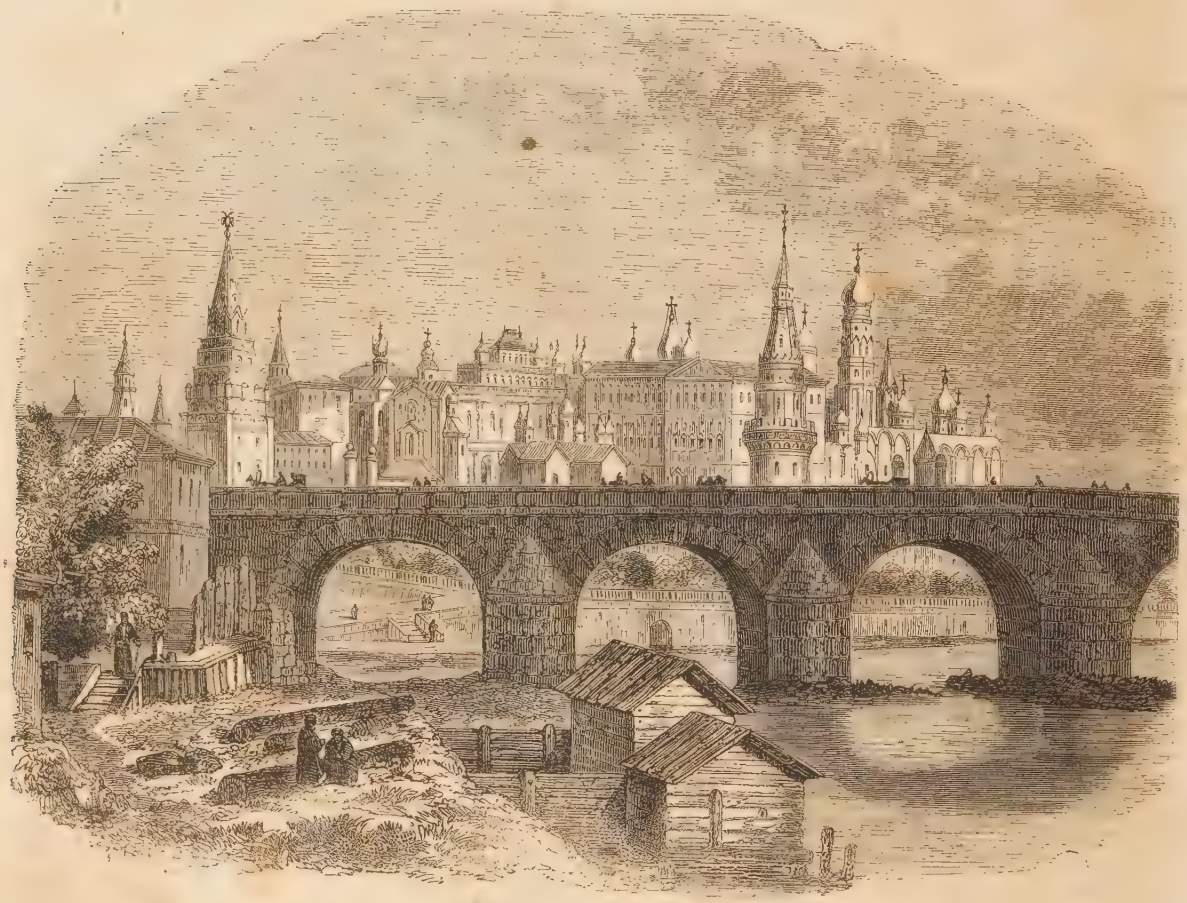
The king of Prussia was anxious to unite with Russia, and to furnish forty thousand men for the common defence. But all his strongest garrisons were in the hands of France, and Alexander did not advise him to subject his territories to the certain misery of being overrun by the French till the contest in Russia was decided; for Alexander meant to fall back during the early part of the campaign, and could, therefore, lend no aid to Prussia. It was agreed, therefore, that Prussia should afford the demanded twenty thousand men and sixty pieces of artillery to the army of Napoleon, and act according to circumstances. Prussia was also to furnish the French army with all that it required during its march across it, the charge to be deducted from the debt of Prussia to France.

Austria also furnished thirty thousand men, under prince Schwartzenberg, but with secret orders to do no more than just keep up appearances, as Alexander had done during the campaign of Wagram. It was of the utmost consequence that Turkey should have been conciliated by Napoleon. Russia had long been ravaging and seizing the outlying provinces of that empire, and nothing could have been more plain than the policy of engaging Turkey against Russia at this crisis, to divide its attention by menacing its eastern boundaries. But Buonaparte, ever since the treaty of Tilsit, had been neglecting the Turks, to allow his ally, Alexander, to make his aggressions on it, and now he altered his plan too late. When he made overtures, so late as March of this year, not only to put them in possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, but to recover the Crimea for the Turks, on condition that they should invade Russia from the east with a hundred thousand men, his offer was rejected, the porte having already been persuaded by the English to make peace with Russia at Bucharest. Thus France, entering on this great enterprise, left, east and west behind it, Turkey and Sweden in open hostility, and carried with her Austria and Prussia as very dubious allies. At the same time the news arrived of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain, and, with this, the certainty that England would do all in her power to arouse and support the enemies of Napoleon in every quarter.

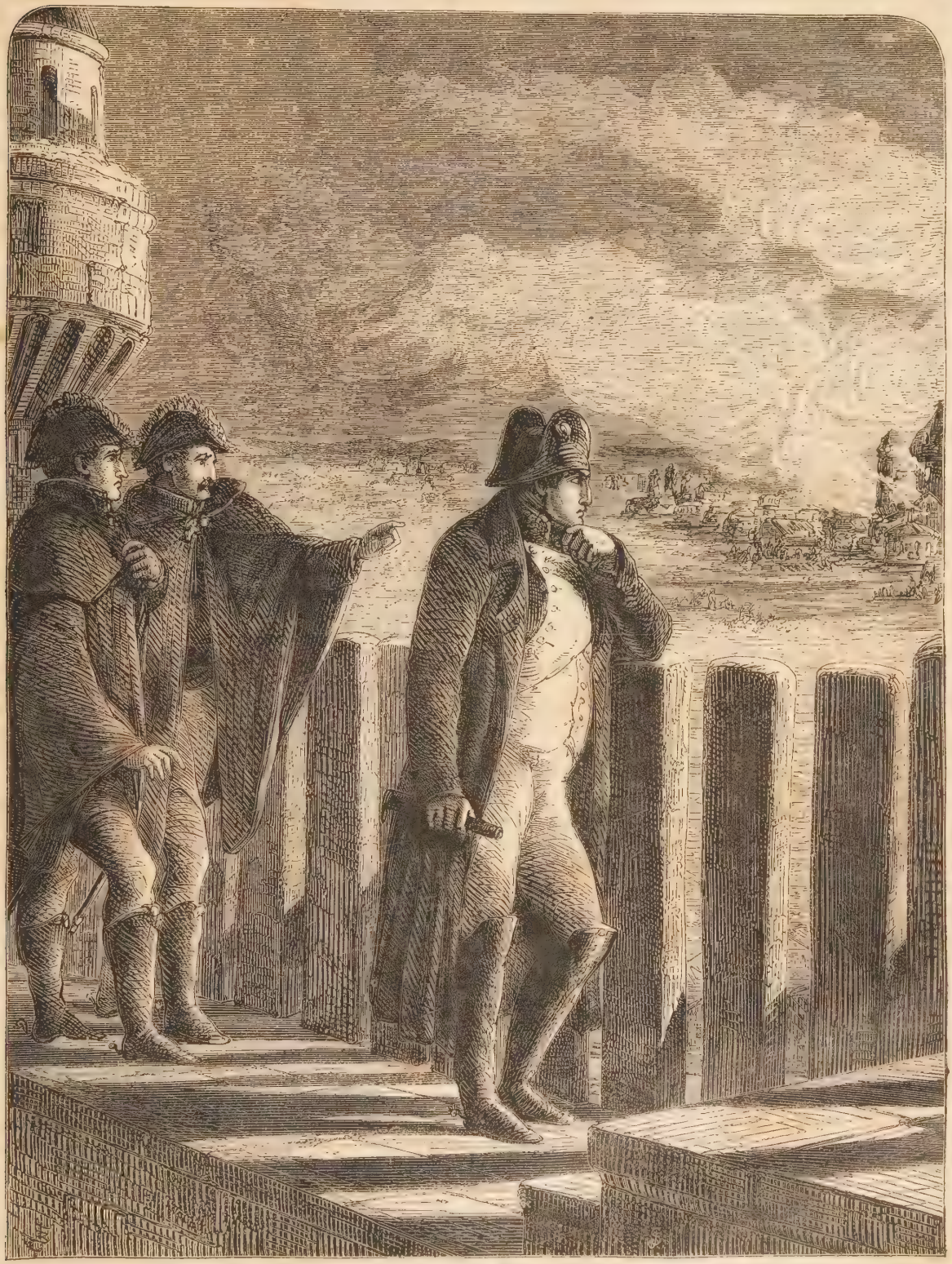
Under the influence of this persuasion, Buonaparte suddenly made overtures of peace to England, though, on the conditions which he proposed, they were certain to be rejected. The duke of Bassano wrote to lord Castlereagh,

offering to secure the independence of Spain under the *present reigning dynasty;* that Portugal should continue under the rule of the house of Braganza, and Naples under Murat. Lord Castlereagh replied, that if by the present reigning dynasty of Spain was meant king Joseph, there could be no treaty, and there the matter ended; for even Fouché says that Napoleon's ministers were ashamed of so clumsy a proposal of ignorance and bad faith. Failing with England, Buonaparte turned to Russia herself, intimating a desire for peace, but not finding in his heart to offer any terms likely to be accepted. In fact, he was now so demented by that Providence that meant soon to destroy him, that he fancied that a mere mention of peace was enough to win over any of his enemies in face of his vast armies. Including the forces of his German and Italian subsidiaries, he had on foot one million one hundred and eighty-seven thousand men. Of these, he led four hundred and seventy thousand men into Russia. Italy, Naples, Austria, Prussia, Würtemberg, Baden, Saxony, Westphalia, and other confederates of the Rhine furnished each from twenty thousand to sixty thousand men. To swell up his French portion, he had called out two conscriptions, each of a hundred thousand men, in one year, and had organised a new system of conscription, under the name of "national guards," which professedly were only to serve in France as a militia, but which were soon drafted off into foreign service. This consisted of three levies, or bans—"the ban," "the second ban," and "the arrière ban." They included all who were capable of bearing arms of all classes. The ban was composed of youths from twenty to twenty-six years of age; the second ban of men from twenty-six to forty, and the arrière ban of those from forty to sixty. By such means was the native population of France being rapidly drawn off into destruction by this unrestable modern Moloch.

On receiving the emperor Alexander's decisive reply that no terms could be entered into with Napoleon till he had evacuated both Pomerania and Prussia, Buonaparte—who professed to be greatly insulted by the demand—immediately set out from Paris for the northern army, on the 9th of May, and left his passports for the Russian ambassador, which were delivered two days afterwards. Buonaparte, accompanied by Maria Louisa, proceeded immediately to Dresden, to which place he had invited, or rather summoned, all his allied and vassal monarchs to meet him. There, accordingly, were assembled the emperor and empress of Austria—the empress being the sister of the expelled duke of Modena, and mother-in-law of the empress of the French—the solitary king of Prussia (whose queen had perished



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MOSCOW.



NAPOLEON I. WATCHING THE DESTRUCTION OF MOSCOW.

under the calumnies and insults of Napoleon), and a crowd of lesser German monarchs. Whilst Napoleon was playing the host to these crowned heads, and treating them to banquets, plays, and operas, he was closeted with his cabinet, still planning fresh humiliations for them when he had utterly extinguished Russia. He declared to them that he should take Galicia from Austria, and Silesia from Prussia. He summoned the abbé de Pradt, now archbishop of Malines, and bade him go and promise the Poles the restoration of their kingdom, so as to induce them all to follow him in a mass to Russia. "I will," he said, "put all Poland on horseback! I am on my way to Moscow. Two battles there will do the business! I will burn Thoula! The emperor Alexander will come on his knees; and then Russia is disarmed. All is ready, and only waits my presence. Moscow is the heart of their empire. Besides, I make war at the expense of the blood of the Poles! I will leave fifty thousand of my Frenchmen in Poland. I will convert Dantzic into another Gibraltar."

In this wild but confident manner did this now pride-blinded man talk. And all the time he had no intention whatever of re-establishing the Poles; he meant only to use them. Once more, however, he sent general Lauriston and the count Narbonne to the emperor Alexander at Wilna. The pretext was to invite him to Dresden, "where," he said, "all might be arranged;" the real object was to spy out the forces and preparations of the czar. Alexander refused to see Lauriston, and gave to Narbonne a very curt and warlike answer. The French emissaries found the Russians neither depressed nor elated, but quietly cheerful and determined.

Buonaparte put his enormous masses in motion. His object was to push rapidly forward, and beat the Russians by one of those sudden and decisive blows by which he had won all his victories. He expected that he should not be able to supply his vast army with provisions in Russia, and therefore he had had thousands of wagons and carts prepared to draw his stores. He meant to seize one of the capitals of the country—Petersburg or Moscow; and that, he quite imagined, would finish the campaign, the Russians being then glad to capitulate; and he resolved to concede no terms but such as should shut out the Muscovites from Europe, and replace them with Poles. "Let us march!" he said to his soldiers. "Let us cross the Niemen; let us carry war into Russia. The war will be glorious; and the peace will terminate that haughty influence which she has exercised for more than fifty years on Europe." But his old general, Bernadotte, had foreseen and defeated his plans. Alexander had commanded his generalissimo, Barclay de Tolly, to show only so much opposition as should draw the French on into the heart of Russia, and then—when they were exhausted by famine along a line of desolation, and by their march—to harass them on all sides. Should the French succeed in pressing so far, a Russian Torres Vedras was prepared for them on the river Düna, at Drissa, so as to protect Petersburg.

Of Napoleon's monster army, marshal Macdonald commanded the left wing—the Austrians, on the right, under Schwartzenberg—and the main body, consisting of a succession of vast columns, commanded by the most famous French generals, including Bessierès, Lefebvre, Mortier, Davoust, Oudinot, Ney, Grouchy, king Jerome of Westphalia, Junot, Poniatowski, Regnier, Eugene, viceroy of Italy, &c.; and Murat commanding all the cavalry. Buonaparte led this centre of two hundred and fifty thousand men with his imperial guard. To oppose this huge army, composed of numbers and of officers such as the world had not seen before, Alexander had about two hundred and sixty thousand men. He lay at Wilna, with Barclay de Tolly and one hundred and twenty thousand men. In different positions, more northwards, lay count Essen, prince Bragation, the Hettman Platoff, with twelve thousand Cossacks; and, watching the Austrian right in Volhynia, lay general Tormazoff, with twenty thousand men. Advancing on them in three vast masses, the French army approached the Niemen—the king of Westphalia directing his march on Grodno, the viceroy of Italy on Pilony, and Buonaparte himself on Nagaraiski, three leagues beyond Kouno. On the 23rd of June the head of Napoleon's column came upon the Niemen, and saw the other bank covered with vast and gloomy forests. As the emperor rode up to reconnoitre this scene, his horse stumbled and threw him; and a voice, from the crowd behind him, was heard saying, "A bad omen! A Roman would return!" When the head of the column the next morning crossed the river, a single Cossack issued from the solemn woods, and demanded their reason for violating the Russian soil. The soldiers replied, "To beat you, and take Wilna!" The Cossack disappeared, and left all solitary as before. Three days were required to get the army across, and before they could pitch their tents they were assailed by a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by torrents of rain.

The Russians were found to be falling back as they advanced, and Buonaparte—impatient to overtake and rout them—pushed forward his troops rapidly. On reaching the river Wilna it was found to be swollen by the rain, and the bridges over it were demolished; but Buonaparte ordered a body of Polish lancers to cross it by swimming. They dashed into the torrent, and were swept away by it almost to a man, and drowned before the eyes of the whole army.

On the 28th of June, however, Napoleon managed to reach Wilna, which Barclay de Tolly had evacuated at his approach, and there he remained till the 16th of July, for he had outmarched his supplies, few of his wagons having even reached the Niemen, owing to the state of the country through which they had to be dragged, and the Russians had taken care to carry off or destroy all provisions for man and horse as they retreated. His vast host began, therefore, at once to feel all the horrors of famine, and of those other horrors that were soon to destroy them by hundreds of thousands. Meantime, the mission of the abbé de Pradt to Poland had failed. The abbé, believing in the reality of the promises of Buonaparte, had faithfully executed his mission. The Poles met in diet at Warsaw, and expressed their gratitude to the emperor for his grand design of restoring their nation. The country was all enthusiasm, and a host of soldiers would soon have appeared to join his standard, when Napoleon returned them an evasive answer, saying that he could not do all that he wished, as he was under engagement to Austria not to deprive her of Galicia. As to the provinces held by Russia, he assured them that—provided they

showed themselves brave in his cause—"Providence would crown their good cause with success." This positive information regarding Austria—this vague statement regarding Russia, at once showed the hollow hypocrisy of the man, and from that moment all faith was lost in him in Poland. To have restored Poland was in the power of Buonaparte, and would have been the act of a great man; but Buonaparte was not a great man, morally: he could not form a noble design—he could form only a selfish one. But he immediately felt the consequences of his base deceit. The Poles remained quiet; nor did the people of Lithuania respond to his calls on them to rise in insurrection against Russia. They saw that he had intended to deceive the Poles, and they felt that, should he make peace with Russia, he would at once sacrifice them. They were about to form a guard of honour for him, but they instantly abandoned the design; and thus his miserable policy destroyed all the effect which he contemplated from the action of the nations on the Russian frontiers.

During the eighteen days that Buonaparte halted at Wilna, he was actively employed in endeavouring to cut asunder the Russian host. Whilst Barclay de Tolly, under the czar, commanded the main force, which had now fallen back from Wilna to Drissa, prince Bragation was lying far to the south-east in Poland, at Wolkowisk, with seven thousand cossacks under Platoff at Grodno, and another body of men under Dorokhoff as far as Lida. Buonaparte ordered Murat, with his cavalry, to drive the rear of the main Russian army in the direction of Drissa. Murat was followed by a division of infantry, under Oudinot and Ney, whilst the king of Westphalia was ordered to advance eastward to cut off Bragation's division from all chance of junction with De Tolly, and Davoust to attack him in the rear. He himself proposed to push forward betwixt these bodies towards Witepsk, and thus threaten both St. Petersburg and Moscow. By this arrangement he made himself sure of destroying Bragation's division, or compelling it to surrender. But, contrary to his wont, Buonaparte was found not to advance with his usual rapidity; and the fact was that there were sufficient reasons for the delay. His supplies had failed already. The country, already impoverished by a bad harvest in the preceding year, was swept by the Russians of all possible provisions; and the vast horde of French, Germans, and Italians now advanced treading down the unripe corn of the present. From the state of the roads, flooded by torrents of rain, the provision-wagons could not get along. Twenty thousand sick men had to be left behind wherever they could, for they had no good hospitals; and, in crossing Lithuania, one hundred thousand men fell from fatigue, from exhaustion, from surprises by the Cossacks, and from diseases which they brought with them; for the troops were so affected by the consequences of their sensual vices that, as a protestant clergyman, in the year 1815, asserted in a thanksgiving sermon at Geneva, they were a gangrened race, who were fit only to perish. This "gangrened race"—French, Germans, Poles alike—went on ravaging, plundering, violating the women, and killing such as resisted, as they went.

Bragation, prevented by Jerome of Westphalia from pursuing his route towards Drissa, changed his course towards Minsk; but, finding himself outstripped there too, he made for the Beresina, and effected a passage at Bobruisk. He then ascended the Dnieper as far as Mohiloff; but, finding himself anticipated by Davoust, he attacked that general in the hope of cutting his way through. In this he failed, after a sharply-contested engagement, and once more he retired down the Dnieper, and crossed at Nevoi-Bikoff, which enabled him to pursue his course for a union with Barclay de Tolly, who was making for Smolensk. Thus Bragation, though running imminent hazard of being cut off, managed to out-manœuvre Napoleon himself—a new event in his campaigns. On his march, his troops had several encounters with the French and Polish cavalry; but Platoff showed great gallantry, and often severely punished the enemy.

On the other hand, Barclay de Tolly, anxious to unite with Bragation and reach Smolensk, abandoned the strong encampment at Drissa, leaving Witgenstein near Drissa to watch the enemy and cover the road to St. Petersburg. The French pursued him with great rapidity, which, though it endangered his immediate union with Bragation at Witepsk, yet served the Russian policy of drawing the French into the interior. Murat continually rushed forward with his cavalry to attack the rear-guard of De Tolly; but the Russian infantry maintained steady order, and continually withdrew before him. Every evening he was close upon them; every morning he found himself again distanced. The Russians appeared in full vigour, and well supplied with everything; the French were sinking with famine and fatigue. At Potolsk the emperor Alexander left De Tolly, and hastened on to Moscow to prepare the inhabitants for that grand catastrophe which he already foresaw, and had resolved upon.

On the 14th of July, when Barclay de Tolly was close pressed by Napoleon, he learned that though Bragation had been repulsed at Mohiloff, he was now advancing on Smolensk; he therefore himself again retreated before the French towards Witepsk. At that town he had a partial engagement with the French; but he quitted in good order. Here Murat and most of the other general officers entreated Napoleon to close the campaign for this year; but he refused. The soldiers were dispirited by this continual pursuit without result; Murat himself was heartily sick of endeavouring to get a dash at the enemy and being as constantly foiled; king Jerome had been disgraced and sent back to his Westphalian dominions, on the charge of having let Bragation escape by want of sufficient energy; and Witgenstein had, to the great disgust of Napoleon, on the 2nd of July, crossed the river, surprised Sebastiani's vanguard of cavalry in Drissa, and completely routed them. These things had embittered Buonaparte; and if he ever intended to encamp for the winter at Witepsk, he now abandoned the idea with indignation. It was still midsummer; the enemy had so far eluded him; he had not been able to strike one of his usual great blows, and send terror before him. He was impatient of a pause. "Surrounded," says Ségur, "by disapproving countenances, and opinions contrary to his own, he was moody and irritable. All the officers of his household opposed him,

some with arguments, some with entreaties, some — as Berthier—even with tears; but he exclaimed, 'Did they think he was come so far only to conquer a parcel of wretched huts? that he had enriched his generals too much; that all to which they now aspired was to follow the pleasures of the chase, and to display their splendid equipages in Paris. We must,' he said, 'advance upon Moscow, and strike a blow, in order to obtain peace, or winter-quarters and supplies.'"

Barclay de Tolly halted at Rudneia, half way between Witepsk and Smolensk, and there was considerable manœuvring between these generals to surprise one another, but this resulted in nothing but the loss of several days. On the 14th of August they arrived at the Dnieper, and Murat dashed across and attacked the rear-guard of the Russians on the opposite bank. Newerowskoi, the general in command, stood his ground well, and then made a good retreat to Smolensk. His retreat was reckoned an advantage on the part of the French; and as it happened to be Buonaparte's birthday, and the anniversary of the canonisation of St. Napoleon—whom Buonaparte had had made a saint—a hundred guns were fired in commemoration. On the 15th Buonaparte pressed after the Russians towards Smolensk. The united Russian army now amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand men, and Buonaparte had already lost or disabled one-third of his active force. Barclay de Tolly, therefore, appeared here to make a stand, much to the delight of Buonaparte, who cried out, exultingly, "Now I have them!"

But De Tolly was only remaining to defend the town whilst the inhabitants carried off with them all their movable property. Whilst on the side of Smolensk, when Buonaparte arrived, all was silent, and the fields empty, on the other side it was one great crowd of the people moving away with their effects. Buonaparte hoped that the Russians would deploy before the gates, and give him battle; but they did nothing of the sort, and Buonaparte determined to storm the place. Its walls were old, but very thick, and it might hold out some time, and the assault must cost many lives; but Buonaparte determined to make it. The French, however, learned that the Russians were already in retreat; and Murat observed that to waste these lives was worse than useless, as the city would be theirs without a blow immediately. Buonaparte replied in an insulting manner to Murat, and ordered the assault the next morning. On this, Murat, driven to fury, spurred his horse to the banks of the Dnieper, in the face of the enemy, betwixt batteries, and stood there as voluntarily courting death. Belliard called out to him not to sacrifice himself — he only pushed on still nearer to the fire of the Russian guns, and was forced from the scene by the soldiers. The storming commenced, and Tolly defended the place vigorously, killing four or five thousand of the French as they advanced to the attack.

But Tolly did not mean to remain longer than was necessary for the inhabitants to have made a safe distance; he was afraid of Napoleon making a flank movement and cutting off his way to Moscow. In the night fires broke out all over Smolensk: they could not be the effect only of the French shells; and Buonaparte sate watching them till morning. Soon bridges, houses. church spires, all of wood, were enveloped in roaring flames. The next day, the 18th of August, the French entered the place whilst it was still burning around them. The dead, half consumed, lay around the smoking ruins; and the French army marched through this ghostly scene with military music playing, but with hearts struck with consternation and despair at this proof of the inveterate determination of the Russians to destroy their whole country rather than suffer it to be conquered. Here they were left without shelter, without provisions, without hospitals for the sick, or dressings for the wounded, without a single bed where a man might lie down to die; and all before them was the same. The Cossacks beset the flanks of march, and burnt down all villages, and laid waste all fields ere they could reach them. Again the officers entreated that they might form an encampment and remain; but Buonaparte replied still, "They must make all haste to Moscow."

That the Russians who had destroyed Smolensk would also destroy Moscow, was pretty certain; and his advance thither could only precipitate Buonaparte into the most awful difficulties on the approach of winter. But his spirit, accustomed to surmount all obstacles, could not brook being thus foiled by the Russians, and he rushed on his fate, adding another example to the defeats of Xerxes in Greece, Cambyses in Egypt, of Crassus, and afterwards of Julian, in Parthia. His forces were rapidly sinking from over-exertion and hunger; those of the Russians were well supplied, and were cheered by the news—which at the same time depressed Napoleon, who received it at Witepsk—of the peace made between Turkey and Russia, at Bucharest, on the 16th of May. Both parties also received news of the English government having supported all Bernadotte's plans, having made peace with Russia, and being actively engaged in supplying her with all the requisites for maintaining the conflict. Alexander, too, had found the most enthusiastic reception at Moscow. The merchants subscribed large sums by voluntary subscription, and voted a general tax. The nobility offered a levy of ten men in the hundred; and many of them armed, equipped, and maintained their own levies. All to a man were resolved to sacrifice everything for the service of the country, and swore never to make peace whilst there was a living Frenchman in it.

From Riga Buonaparte learned that Macdonald maintained the blockade, thus keeping Courland in awe, and alarming St. Petersburg; that St. Cyr, more to the south, had compelled Witgenstein, after a severe battle at Potolsk, to assume the defensive; and that Regnier had defeated Tormasoff at Gorodeczna, in Poland. But Tormasoff fell back on the Moldavian army, commanded by admiral Tchitchigoff; and general Steingel was marching with the army of Finland to join Witgenstein. These distinct successes, therefore, were but of small moment in comparison with the lowering prospects before him.

Napoleon dispatched Murat with his cavalry, Junot, Ney, and Davoust, in pursuit of the Russians, whom they overtook at a place called Valoutina, where a desperate battle was fought, and many men were killed on both sides; but the Russians moved off again without the loss of guns, prisoners, or baggage. Buonaparte, on proceeding to the spot, blamed Junot, imputing to him want of activity in the

action, and threatening to deprive him of his command. The whole road betwixt Smolensk and Valoutina was strewn with the dead and wounded; and as he entered the city on his return, he met whole tumbrils of amputated limbs going to be thrown away at a distance. The scene is said to have overcome even his senses, so long hardened to human suffering. On the 24th of August he marched foward to Gjatz, where his advanced guard had halted. There he learned, to his great satisfaction, from a Frenchman long resident in Russia, that the people and the new levies, impatient of continual retreat and the ravage of their country, had demanded that Barclay de Tolly, a German, whom they imagined not sufficiently careful of Russian property and interests, should be superseded by the old general, Koutousoff, and that they should stand and fight. This was precisely what Buonaparte wanted, and the prudent De Tolly knew to be little better than madness, as it must cause a fearful loss of life, and would not rid the country of the invader, who was better left to starvation and the elements. But Alexander, though of De Tolly's opinion, gave way, and the Russians entrenched themselves on the heights of Borodino, De Tolly most magnanimously continuing to serve under Koutousoff. There, after a march of two hundred and eighty versts in seventeen days, the French came up with them; and, after a halt of two days, they attacked the Russian lines.

This most bloody of battles took place on the 5th of September. There were about one hundred and twenty thousand men engaged on each side, and the guns on each side are said to have amounted to one thousand. Before the battle, the priests passed along the ranks of the Russians, reminding them of the wrongs they had suffered, and promising paradise to all that fell. Buonaparte, on his side, issued this proclamation:—"Soldiers! here is the battle you have longed for! It is necessary, for it brings us plenty, good winter quarters, and a safe return to France. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of you—'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" It was rather a damping circumstance that the day before the battle Buonaparte received the news of Wellington's victory at Salamanca. The battle commenced at seven o'clock in the morning, and continued the greater part of the day, the Russians, even to the newest levies, fighting with the most immovable courage. Buonaparte demanded of Caulaincourt whether the Russians were determined to conquer or die? He replied that they had been fanaticised by their leaders, and would be killed rather than surrender. Buonaparte then ordered up every possible gun, on his plan of battering an army as he would batter a fortress. Still the Russians fought on furiously, and Berthier urged him to call up his "young guard;" but he replied, "And if there is another battle to-morrow, where is my army?"

At length the firing mutually ceased, but the Russians did not quit their position; it was the French who drew off, and their outposts, during the following night, were alarmed by the Russian cavalry. The Russians had fifteen thousand killed and thirty thousand wounded; the French ten thousand killed and above twenty thousand wounded, and of these latter very few recovered, for they were destitute of almost every hospital necessary, even lint. The Russians made one thousand prisoners and the French about two thousand. The loss of guns on either side was nearly equal. Had the battle been resumed the next day it must have gone hard with the French; but Koutousoff was not willing to make such another sacrifice of his men, and he resumed the policy of De Tolly and made his retreat, continuing it to Moscow in so masterly a manner, that he left neither dead, nor dying, nor wounded, nor any article of his camp equipage behind him, so that the French were at a loss to know where he had really gone. On the 12th they learned, however, that he had retreated to Moscow, and Buonaparte instantly resumed his march. At Krymskoie Murat and Mortier came upon a strong body of Russians, and were repulsed, with the loss of two thousand men. The Russian rear-guard then hastened on again towards Smolensk.

There, a council of war was called, and it was debated whether they should make a stand there or not. The conclusion was that they should not, but should abandon the sacred city—the Jerusalem of Russia—to the enemy, and, there can now be little doubt, to the flames. Rostopchin, the governor of the city, had for some time been preparing for the grand catastrophe. Under pretence of pouring down liquid fire on the French from a monster balloon, he had employed great numbers of women in making such a balloon, and men in preparing fireworks and combustibles — the accumulation of the latter being his real object.

On the 14th of September the Russian army filed through the streets of their beloved but doomed city, with sad looks, furled banners, and silent drums, and went out at the Kolomna gate. The population followed them. Rostopchin had encouraged vast numbers already to transplant all their wealth and stores from the place, and, as his last act, he called up two prisoners—a Russian traitor, and a Frenchman who had dropped hostile expressions. The Russian he ordered, with the consent of the culprit's own father, to be put to death; the Frenchman he set at liberty, telling him to go to Buonaparte and say that but one traitor had been found in Russia, and him he had seen cut to pieces. Rostopchin then mounted his horse and rode after his countrymen, having first ordered all the gaols to be set open, and their wretched inhabitants to be allowed to make their escape.

On the 14th of September the French army came in sight of Moscow, and the soldiers, worn down and miserable with their long and severe march, shouted with joy, "Moscow! Moscow!" They rushed up the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because there the natives coming in full view of the city kneel and cross themselves. There the splendid spectacle of the widely-spread ancient capital lay before their eyes, with its spires of thirty churches, its palaces of Eastern architecture, and its copper domes glittering in the sun. Interspersed were beautiful gardens, and masses of noble trees, and the gigantic palace of the Kremlin rising above in colossal bulk. All were struck with admiration of the place which had so long been the goal of their wishes. Napoleon himself sat on his horse surveying it, and exclaimed, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" But he immediately added, in an under tone, "It was full time!" He expected to see trains of nobles come out to throw themselves at his feet and offer submission; but no one appeared, and not a sign of life presented itself, not a smoke

from a single chimney, not a man on the walls. It looked like a city of the dead. The mystery was soon solved by Murat, who had pushed forward, sending word that the whole population had abandoned Moscow! Two hundred and fifty thousand people had forsaken their home in a mass! The tidings struck the invader with wonder and foreboding; but he added, smiling grimly, "The Russians will soon learn better the value of their capital." He appointed Mortier governor of the place, with strict orders that any man who plundered should be shot; he calculated on Moscow as their home for the winter—the pledge of peace with Alexander—the salvation of his whole army. But the troops poured into the vast, deserted city, and began everywhere helping themselves, whilst the officers selected palaces and gardens for residences at pleasure.

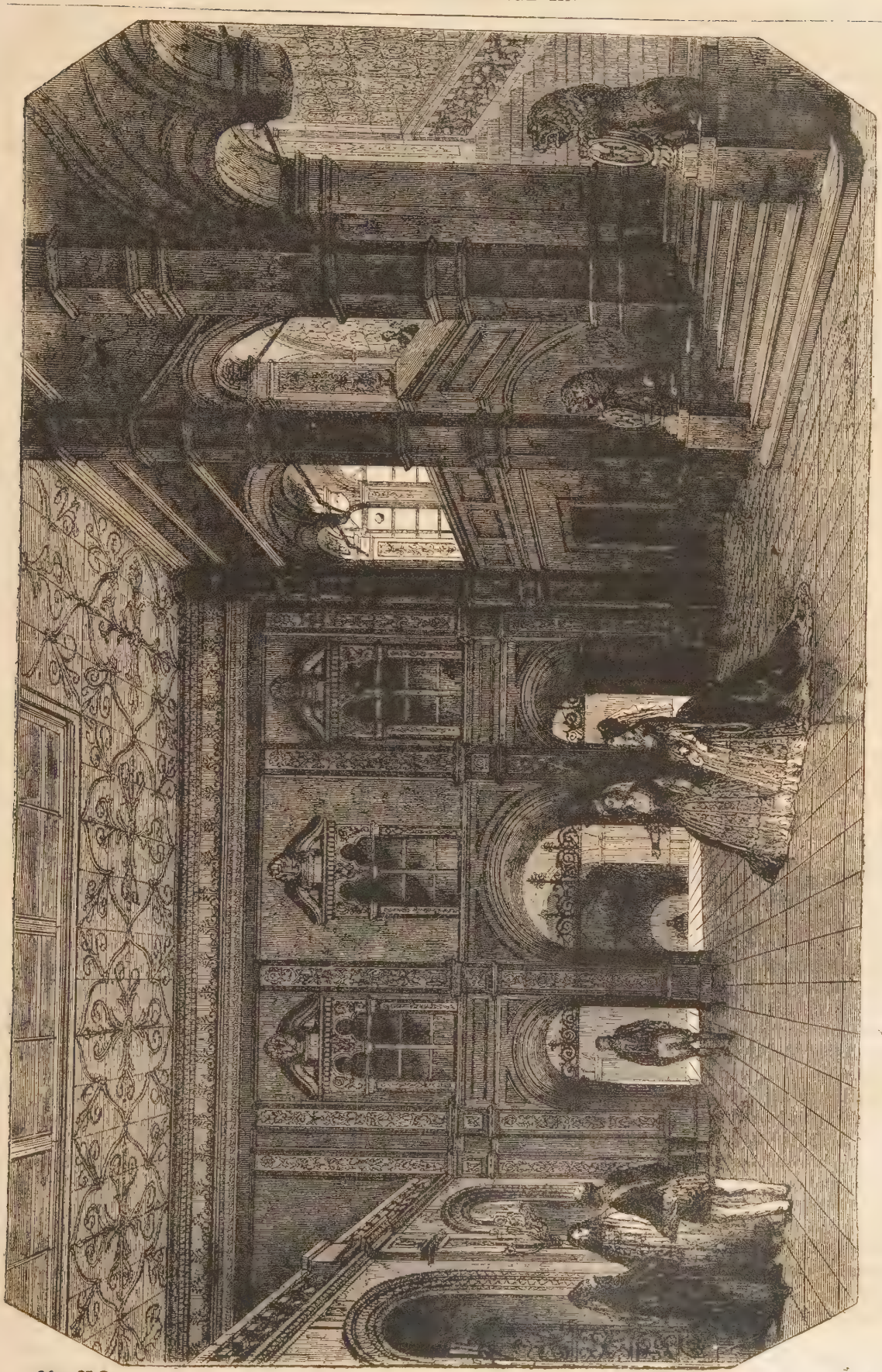
came with the wind; it was extinguished, but the wind changed, and fire rose on that side, and again blew towards the palace. This occurred several times during the night; it was clear that there was a determined resolve to burn down the Kremlin. The flames defied all the efforts of the soldiers; they hunted down, according to Napoleon's twenty-first bulletin, no less than three hundred incendiaries, and shot them on the spot. These were armed with fusees six inches long, and inflammables, which they threw on the roofs.

Buonaparte, who that day had dispatched a letter to Alexander proposing peace, was in the utmost agitation. He walked to and fro in distraction. "These are indeed Scythians!" he exclaimed. The equinoctial gales rose in all their wild fury. Providence commenced its Nemesis. The Kremlin was on fire! and all was raging fire around it;

MODE OF TRAVELLING AMONG THE PEASANTRY IN RUSSIA.

Buonaparte took up his residence at a palace in the suburbs. In the night there was an alarm of fire; it broke out in the quarter full of bazaars and coachmakers' factories. Napoleon rushed to the spot, and the flames were extinguished by the exertions of the soldiers. The next day all was quiet, and such French as lived in Moscow came out of their hiding-places and joined their countrymen. The following night the fires burst forth again. At first the conflagration had been attributed to accident; now it was felt to be the result of design, and Russians were seen fanatically hurrying from place to place with combustibles in their hands—the preparations of Rostopchin. Buonaparte during the day had taken possession of the Kremlin, and it was in imminent danger. When the fire was discovered near it it

churches, palaces, streets, mostly of wood, were roaring in the storm. It was with difficulty that Buonaparte could be induced to leave the Kremlin, and as he did so he said gloomily, "This bodes us great misfortunes." He began to foresee all the horrors which followed. He had to traverse streets and squares blazing and falling around him. "I saw him," says Labaume, "pass by, and could not without abhorrence behold the chief of a barbarous expedition evidently endeavouring to escape the decided testimony of public indignation by seeking the darkest road. He sought it, however, in vain. On every side the flames pursued him, and their horrible and mournful glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing the destined victim of the Furies."



THE GRILLE OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

The fire raged with unabating fury from the 14th till the 19th—five days. Then the city lay a heap of burning ashes. All the wealth which was left behind was burnt or melted down. "The palaces and temples," according to Karamzin, the Russian historian, "monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages passed away," were gone. The Kremlin still remained, and Buonaparte returned into it, though it contained great quantities of gunpowder. "A few scattered houses," says Ségur, "amongst the ruins, were all that was left of the mighty Moscow. The suburbs were sprinkled with Russians of both sexes covered with garments nearly burnt; they flitted about like spectres amongst the ruins. Squatted in the gardens, some of them were scratching up the earth in quest of vegetables, while others were disputing with the crows for the relics of the dead animals which the army had left behind." Yet, amid all this misery, and the prospects of his own famishing troops, Buonaparte busied himself with arranging a theatre in the Kremlin, and passed whole days in discussing the merits of plays, and of players whom he had brought with him from Paris. During this time the soldiers lived on their dead horses, which they salted down, and on sugar and spirits, which they discovered in some unconsumed warehouses, and they employed themselves in digging for melted gold and silver, and such valuables as the falling ruins had saved from the fire. Some of them had collected costly shawls, and furs, and jewels; others had found tea, coffee, and other luxuries; but the main part of them lived on flesh little better than carrion, and muddy water. It was an infernal scene of mingled riot and starvation, "beginning," as Labaume observes, "in a masquerade, and ending in a tragedy."

But there could be no stay at Moscow, for all their provisions had to be brought from distant districts by water carriage in summer, and on sledges in winter. But, as the Russian population had fled, the Russians were only too glad to starve out the French. Not a single article of food came near the place. Alexander returned no answer to Buonaparte's letter. The pledge which he might have made some concessions to redeem had been destroyed by his own orders, and Buonaparte had now nothing to offer worthy of his attention. He and his army were awaiting the attack of the wintry elements to join them in the extermination of the invaders. Buonaparte dispatched general Lauriston to Alexander with fresh offers; but Alexander refused to see him, and turned him over to Koutousoff, who flattered him with hopes and professions of desire for peace, in order to put on the time, for every day nearer to winter was a day gained of incalculable importance. But he said that he must send Napoleon's letter to St. Petersburg, to the czar, and await his reply. This was on the 6th of October, and the reply could not be received before the 26th; there was nothing for it but to wait, and Lauriston waited—a fatal delay for the French!

Meantime, Buonaparte and his marshals spent this precious time in attending plays, and in discussing the best route for a retreat. Had they decamped at once they might have saved a good part of the army; but Providence seemed to have infatuated the once clear-headed Corsican, and held him to his fate.

Koutousoff had made a dextrous march, and encamped at Taroutino, a strong position near Kaluga, between Moscow and Poland, so as to be able to cut off the retreat of the French into the fertile plains of Poland, and to cover Kaluga and Toula, the great Russian manufactory of arms and artillery. Buonaparte sent Murat with the cavalry to watch the camp of Koutousoff, and the king of Naples established himself in front of the Russian lines. As he marched to that position he arrived at a splendid estate belonging to prince Rostopchin; it was, both house and fields, consumed with fire, and a letter was left for Murat, to tell him that it was done that it might afford no atom of comfort to the detested French. The peasantry also burnt their villages and corn-stacks as he approached. In order to compel the serfs to labour in throwing up entrenchments, the French branded some of them in the hand with the letter N., as a mark that they were now serfs of Napoleon; but one man immediately laid his branded hand on a block of wood, and chopped it off with his axe, to show his contempt of the claim. Murat entered into a sort of armistice with Koutousoff whilst waiting for the reply from Alexander, in the hope that thus they should obtain supplies from the peasants; but neither food nor firing was obtainable except by fighting for it, nor was the armistice at all observed, except just in the centre, where Murat lay. From every quarter Cossacks continued to collect to the Russian army—strange, wild figures, on small, wild-looking horses with long manes and tails, evidently drawn from the very extremities of the empire. All Russia was assembling to the grand destruction of the invaders. Behind the camp the French could hear the continued platoon-firing, indicating the perpetual drilling of the peasantry that was going on. Other bodies of peasants formed themselves into bodies of guerillas, under the chiefs of their neighbourhood. The whole of the Russian population since the burning of Moscow had become grimly embittered, and had taken arms, to have a share of the mighty revenge coming. And now, as the sudden descent of winter was at hand, the same men who had pretended to admire the soldier-like figure and gallantry of Murat—who galloped about in all his military finery in front of the Russian camp—began to ask the officers if they had made a paction with winter. "Stay another fortnight," they said, "and your nails will drop off, and your fingers from your hands, like rotten boughs from a tree." Others asked if they had no food, nor water, nor wood, nor ground to bury them in France, that they had come so far?

Murat sent continual intelligence of these things to Napoleon, and urged him to commence his retreat without another day's delay. But, as if deprived of sense and spirit, Buonaparte continued to linger on in Moscow, vainly hoping for the answer from Alexander, which never came, for the czar not only refused to read the letter of the French emperor, but snubbed Koutousoff for sending it to him, or receiving Lauriston for a moment. Sometimes Napoleon resolved to make an entrenched camp of Moscow, and pass the winter there, but then came the recollection that he could procure no provisions. Then, when he resolved upon retreat, he could not renounce his old habit of plundering the country that he invaded, collecting all the pictures, images, and ornaments of the churches which had escaped

the fire, and loading them on wains. He had the gigantic cross on the tower of Ivan the Great, the tallest steeple of Moscow, taken down, vainly hoping to display these memorials of his visit to Moscow with the other spoils of the nations in Paris. He determined to drag away all his artillery with him, and ordered twenty thousand horses to be bought for the purpose of trailing all this incumbrance on a vast marsh, where all the Cossacks and fierce tribes of Russia would dog his heels, and where winter was sure to prostrate his hosts. But no horses were there, and the command was sheer madness.

But at length the thunder of the Russian cannon roused him from this delirious dreaming. Koutousoff, inducing Murat, by a stratagem, to declare the armistice at an end, attacked his position, and defeated him, with a loss of two thousand men killed, and one thousand five hundred taken prisoners. He took his cannon and baggage, and drove him from his entrenchments. The only food found in the French camp was horseflesh and flayed cats; the king of Naples had no better for his table—thus showing the miserable straits to which they were reduced. On the 19th of October Buonaparte marched out of Moscow, leaving, however, a strong garrison in the Kremlin, under Mortier, for it would appear that he still intended to return thither. The army which followed him still consisted of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men, accompanied by five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and two thousand artillery wagons. Buonaparte spoke with affected cheerfulness to his generals, saying that he would march by Kaluga to the frontiers of Poland, where they would go into comfortable winter quarters. After the army came another host of camp followers of French who had been resident at Moscow but dared not remain behind, and a vast train of carriages loaded with baggage and the spoils of Moscow.

Buonaparte endeavoured to manœuvre so as to get into Koutousoff's rear, and thus to have the way into the fertile provinces beyond him open. He sent forward Delzon to occupy Malo-Yarowslavetz, a very strong position; but Koutousoff penetrated his design, made a rapid march, and encountered Delzon in the very streets of Malo-Yarowslavetz. A severe battle took place, and the French finally recovered Malo-Yarowslavetz, but only to find it, like Moscow, in flames, and to lose Delzon and his brother, as well as some thousands of men. Beyond the burning town they also saw Koutousoff and one hundred thousand men drawn up in a position which the French generals declared impregnable. Buonaparte received this information with expressions of consternation unusual to him. He determined the next morning to examine this position for himself, and in so doing was very nearly captured by a band of Cossack cavalry. A council of war was held in a wretched weaver's hut, and he reluctantly concluded to forego this route, and take that by Vereia and Wiazma, the same by which he had advanced on Moscow. This was, in fact, to doom his army to perdition; for all the way by Borodino, Smolensk, and Witepsk, the country had been ravaged and desolated in coming; there was nothing in it to keep alive an army. Had he waited only a few hours, he would have found Koutousoff himself retreating from his strong defiles from fear of being out-flanked by the French, and their making their way beyond him to the fertile provinces. Thus the two armies were each in retreat at the same moment, but Buonaparte's was a retreat upon death and horror.

At Vereia, where Buonaparte halted on the 27th of October, Mortier arrived from Moscow, having blown up the Kremlin with gunpowder, and with it a crowd of Russians who had rushed in at the moment of his evacuation. Mortier on his march had also surprised and captured general Winzengerode. From this place Buonaparte issued a bulletin, announcing that not only Moscow, but the Kremlin was destroyed; that the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Moscow were wandering in the woods existing on roots; and that the French army was advancing towards Petersburg with every means of success. Such was the audacity of lying by which he hoped to conceal the real truth from Paris. At this moment he was exasperated almost to frenzy by his prospects, and since the defeat of Malo-Yarowslavetz he was gloomy and unapproachable from the violence of his temper. On the march the army passed with horror the field of Borodino. "The ground," says Ségur, "was covered with fragments of helmets and cuirasses, broken drums, gun-stocks, tatters of uniforms, and standards steeped in blood. On this desolate spot lay thirty thousand half devoured corses. A number of skeletons, left on the summit of one of the hills, overlooked the whole. It seemed as if here death had fixed his empire. The cry 'It is the field of the great battle!' found a long and doleful murmur. Napoleon passed quickly; no one stopped; cold, hunger, and the enemy urged us on. We merely turned our faces as we proceeded to take a last melancholy look at our late companions in arms."

At the convent of Kolotskoi, where the French had left the thousands who were wounded at Borodino, they found most of them dead for want of food and nursing. The miserable survivors entreated to be taken along with them, and some of them were put in sutler's carts, but were soon murdered by the drivers in solitary places, and the Russian prisoners were murdered too to get rid of them. On arriving at Gjatz, the weary French found it burnt to the ground. On the 1st of November they were at Wiazma, but pursued by the Cossacks, worn down by famine, and reduced from one hundred and twenty thousand to sixty thousand men. At Semelin, tired of dragging the spoils of Moscow and its great cross after them, Buonaparte ordered them to fling them into the Lake of Semelin, and all the artillery they could not manage to draw. Before the French were clear of the river and town of Waizma, Miloradowitch fell on them with the cavalry and vanguard of Koutousoff, and in a battle lasting all the 2nd of November, defeated them with a loss of four thousand men. Sir Robert Wilson, who was present, asserts that, had Koutousoff wished, he could have exterminated the whole of the French host; but he preferred that it should be done by the elements, rather than at the cost of the lives of his men.

On the 6th of November came down that fierce Russian winter of which Buonaparte had been so long vainly warned. A thick fog obscured everything, and snow falling in heavy flakes, blinded and chilled the soldiers. Then commenced wild winds, driving the snow around their heads in whirls,

and even dashing them to the earth in their fury. The hollows and ravines were speedily drifted full, and the soldiers by thousands disappeared in the deceitful depths, to reappear no more till the next summer revealed their corpses. Numbers of others fell exhausted by the way, and could only be discovered by their following comrades by the slight hillocks that their bodies made under the snow. Thus the wretched army struggled and stumbled to Smolensk, only to find famine and desolation, seeming to forget, in the mere name of a town, that it was now but a name, having been burnt by the Russians. On commencing this terrible march of the 6th of November, Buonaparte received the ill news that there was insurrection in Paris—that produced by Mallet, but soon put down; and also that Witgenstein had driven St. Cyr from Potolsk and Witepsk, and reoccupied the whole course of the Duina. To clear his retreat of this obstruction, Buonaparte dispatched Victor to repulse Witgenstein and support St. Cyr. But this was only part of the evil tidings which came in simultaneously with winter. Two thousand recruits from France, under Baraguay d'Hilliers, had been surprised and taken prisoners on the road to Kaluga, and other detachments in other quarters. On arriving at Smolensk, Buonaparte's troops had acquired such a wild, haggard, and ragged appearance, that the garrison at first refused to admit them; and many perished before they could be relieved from the stores. They had no shelter amid the terrible frost but wretched sheds, reared from half-burnt timber, against the fire-blackened walls.

Meantime, the second and rear divisions of the army under Davoust and Ney were labouring hard to reach Smolensk, assailed by all the horrors of the season, and of the myriad Russians collected around them, who killed all who straggled or fell behind from fatigue and starvation. The rear-guard of Ney suffered most of all, for it was not only more completely exposed to the raids of the Cossacks and of the enraged peasants, but they found every house on their way burnt, and nothing around them but treeless, naked plains, over which the freezing winds and the hurrahing Cossacks careered in deadly glee. At the passage of the Dnieper, it was only by stupendous exertions that Ney saved any part of his army. He lost many men, and much of his artillery. On the 13th of November, as he approached Smolensk, he was appalled by the apparition of the remains of the army of Italy pursued by a cloud of Cossacks, who were hewing them down by thousands. Eugene, the viceroy of Italy, had been sent with this division on a northward route, by Dowkhowchina and Poreczie, to support Oudinot, who was retreating before Witgenstein; but he had found it impossible to reach Oudinot, and had again made for Smolensk. His passage of the river Wop had been no less destructive than the passage of the Dnieper by Ney. He had lost all his baggage and twenty-three pieces of cannon, and was only saved by the appearance of Ney.

Buonaparte allowed his army, now reunited in Smolensk, five days' rest, and enjoyment of the stores there, and on the 14th of November he again marched out to force his way into Poland. The second division, under Davoust, followed on the 16th, and the rear, still under Ney, on the 17th. The worn-down Italians of prince Eugene could not move till the 15th, and did not overtake Buonaparte and assume their proper position till the 17th. The way which Buonaparte was taking was by Wilna, Krasnoi, and Borizoff to Minsk, where, and at Borizoff, he had his stores. But his way was now hemmed in on all sides by Russian armies. Witgenstein was already at Witepsk, and thence advancing on Borizoff, on the Beresina, where Buonaparte hoped to cross; whilst Tchitchagoff, who had joined Tormasoff, and thus raised their force to sixty thousand men, had driven the Austrians, under Schwartzenberg, back on the Bugg, and had taken Minsk on the very day that Napoleon marched out of Smolensk. At the same time Koutousoff, with the grand army of Russia, was marching in a parallel line on the left flank of the French, ready to fall on him whenever he was reduced to extremities by the other converging Russian forces. Now was coming the grand crisis. The elements were fighting fearfully against him; his men were wearied, half-starved, and disheartened; his enemies on all sides were alert with hope and revenge. Had Koutousoff used more alertness, and secured the passage of the Beresina as it ought to have been secured, the event which Bernadotte had planned must have taken place, and Buonaparte, with the remainder of his army, must have remained a prisoner there.

As it was, the extreme caution of Koutousoff saved Buonaparte and the little remnant of his army that ever reached France again. Buonaparte left Smolensk with only forty thousand, instead of four hundred and seventy thousand men, which he had on entering Russia, and a great part of the Italian division of Eugene was cut off by the Russians before the viceroy could come up with Buonaparte. Napoleon, therefore, halted at Krasnoi, to allow of the two succeeding divisions coming up; but Koutousoff took this opportunity to fall on Buonaparte's division, which consisted of only fifteen thousand men, and attacked it in the rear by cannon placed on sledges, which could be brought rapidly up, and, if necessary, as rapidly made to fall back.

Sir Robert Wilson, the English commissioner, urged Koutousoff, indeed, to make one general and determined attack on Buonaparte and this small body before the other divisions could come up; and there can be no doubt that, had he done so, he would have destroyed the division utterly, and made himself master of Napoleon's person. But though Koutousoff had fought the battle of Borodino, he had now grown over-cautious, and did not do that which it was the plan of Barclay de Tolly, whom he superseded, to do when the right moment came. Whilst Koutousoff was thus timidly cannonading, the division of Davoust came up, and he retired, allowing both Buonaparte and Davoust to secure themselves in Krasnoi. As for Ney, he was left behind wholly surrounded by the Russians who had harassed the rear of Davoust, and were thus interposed betwixt Davoust and himself, as well as swarming on his own flanks and rear. Napoleon could not wait for him, even, at Krasnoi. He learned that the Russians were drawing fast towards his crossing places at the Dnieper and the Beresina; that prince Galitzen with a strong force was about to occupy Krasnoi; that the Dneiper at Liady would be immediately in the hands of the enemy. He therefore called Mortier, and,

squeezing his hand sorrowfully, told him that he had not a moment to lose; that the enemy were overwhelming him in all directions; that Koutousoff might have already reached Liady, perhaps Orcza, and the last winding of the Dnieper before him. Then, with his heart full of Ney's misfortunes, he withdrew, in despair at being forced to abandon him, towards Liady. He marched on foot at the head of his guard, and often talked of Ney. He called to mind his *coup-d'œil*, so accurate and true, his courage, proof against everything—in short, all the qualities which made him so brilliant on the field of battle. "He is lost! Well! I have three hundred millions in the Tuileries; I would give them all were he restored to me!"

And, in truth, Ney was in the most terrible of situations. When he left Smolensk he was at the head of eight thousand men, but followed by an army of stragglers, whom the cannon of Platoff caused to evacuate Smolensk instantly, leaving behind him five thousand sick and wounded. When they reached the battle field of Krasnoi, they saw the carcases of their late comrades lying in heaps on the ground, and, a little beyond, the Russians in full force occupying the banks of the Losmina, and crowding all the hills around. In spite of this, Ney endeavoured to cut his way through, but failed, after a dreadful slaughter, and only saved one thousand five hundred men of his whole force by retreating and taking another route to the river, where he lost all his baggage, and such sick as he brought with him, for the ice broke with their weight. Pursued by the Cossacks, he came up with Davoust's division on the 20th of November. "When Napoleon," says Ségur, "heard that Ney had reappeared, he leaped and shouted for joy, saying, 'Then I have saved my eagles! I would have given three hundred millions sooner than have lost him!" The losses which troubled Napoleon were those which endangered his own safety or reputation; he thought little of the hundreds of thousands who had perished through this his mad expedition; but he rejoiced over the safety of Ney, because he deemed it a pledge that his own escape was also assured.

Napoleon's grand army had now dwindled down to twelve thousand men, with about thirty thousand stragglers, who added little to his strength. They were in Poland, and provisions were now more abundant; but they had still to cross the Beresina, and at this moment he heard of the fall of Minsk, and that Victor and Oudinot, instead of attacking Witgenstein, had quarrelled about the manner of doing it, and so had not done it at all. Witgenstein and Koutousoff were thus at liberty to attack his flanks, and Tchitchagoff to occupy the Beresina before him. On this, he turned from the route to Minsk, and made for Borizoff. At Borizoff was a bridge of three hundred fathoms in length, and this he had sent Dombrouski to secure and hold; but now he heard of Dombrouski's defeat, that the bridge was in the hands of the Russians, and that they had broken it down. In his agony, he stamped his cane on the ground, and exclaimed, looking upwards—"Is it, then, written that we shall commit nothing but errors?"

Here he heard his faithful servants, Duroc and Daru, whispering, as they thought he slept, of their critical situation, and caught the words "prisoner of state." On this, he started up, and demanded whether the reports of his ministers were yet burnt, and, being answered in the negative, he had both them and all documents which could give information of his affairs to the enemy put into the fire. Ségur says that amongst these were materials for writing his life, for, like Cæsar, he had determined to be his own historian. In tracing the map for a passage over the Beresina, his eye caught the word Pultowa, and he said, "Ah! Charles XII.—Pultowa!"

The crossing of the Beresina, under the circumstances, was a desperate design, but there was no alternative but surrender. Tchitchagoff was posted with his army on the opposite or left bank; Witgenstein and Platoff were pressed down to join them; and Koutousoff, with the grand army of Russia, was in the rear, able, if he could have been induced to do it, to drive Buonaparte and his twelve thousand men into the Beresina, and destroy them. After reconnoitring the river, Napoleon determined to deceive Tchitchagoff by a feint at passing at Borizoff, but really to make the attempt at Studzianka, above Borizoff. He therefore kept up a show of preparations to cross at Borizoff, but prepared two bridges at Studzianka, one for the artillery and baggage, the other for the troops and miscellaneous multitude. At this juncture, to his great joy, he was joined by Victor and Oudinot with their fifty thousand men well provided with everything. Thus he had once more seventy-two thousand men, besides stragglers; and his design of deceiving Tchitchagoff succeeding so completely that he withdrew his whole force from opposite to Studzianka and concentrated it at Borizoff, he began on the 26th of November to cross the river, and had a strong force already across before Tchitchigoff discovered his error, and came back to attack him. So far all went so well that Buonaparte again boasted of his star.

But whilst Tchitchagoff attacked the French on the right bank, Witgenstein attacked them on the left, separated Partouneaux's division from the main body, and, assisted by Platoff, compelled him and two other generals to surrender with seven thousand men, including eight hundred cavalry—a serious loss to Napoleon, who had very few horse left. The Russians then threw a bridge of pontoons over the river at Borizoff, and, being in communication, attacked the French vehemently on both sides of the river at once. Buonaparte and the troops who were over the river forced their way across some marshes over wooden bridges, which the Russians had neglected to destroy, and reached Brelowa, a little above Borizoff, on the other side. But terrible now was the condition of the forces and the camp followers who had not crossed. Witgenstein, and Victor, and Oudinot were engaged in mortal fight on the left bank at the approach of the bridge, the French generals endeavouring to beat off the Russians as the troops and people pressed in a confused crowd over the bridges. Every moment the Russians drove the French nearer to the bridges, and the scene of horror became indescribable. The throngs rushed to make their way over the bridge; the soldiers, forgetting their discipline, added to the confusion. The weak and helpless were trampled down; thousands were forced over the sides of the bridge, and perished in the freezing waters. In the midst of the struggle a fierce tempest arose, and deluges of rain fell; and, to carry the horror to the highest pitch, the bridge

over which the baggage was passing broke down, plunging numbers of sick, and women and children into the flood, amid the most fearful cries and screams. But all night the distracted multitude continued to press over the sole remaining bridge under the fire of the Russian artillery, and amongst them passed the troops of Victor, who gave up the contest on the left bank, and left those who had not crossed to their fate. Thousands of poor wretches were seen, as morning dawned, huddled on the bank of the river, amid baggage-wagons and artillery, surrounded by the infuriated Russians, and in dumb despair awaiting their fate. To prevent the crossing of the Russians, the French set fire to the bridge, and left those behind to the mercy of the enemy.

No scene in history ever was fraught with such multiplied horrors. Thirty thousand French perished in that fatal passage of the Beresina; and had Koutousoff done what he might, not a man, not Napoleon himself, could have escaped. But this cautious old general was contented that winter should finish the work. In the first few days after Napoleon had quitted Smolensk the Russians had taken twenty-six thousand prisoners, including three hundred officers, and two hundred and twenty-eight guns, with numerous standards. They had killed ten thousand Frenchmen, and now thirty thousand more had perished. That was enough for Koutousoff.

On assembling his remnant of an army in Brelowa, Buonaparte beheld a state of general disorganisation prevailing. Perishing with cold and hunger, every man was only mindful to take care of himself. In a short time the whole village was pulled down to make camp-fires of the timber, for the weather was fiercely cold. He could scarcely prevent them stripping off the roof under which he had taken shelter. He set out on his march for Wilna on the 29th of November. The army hurried along without order or discipline, their only care being to outstrip the Russians, who were, like famished wolves, at their heels; the Cossacks continually cutting down numbers of their benumbed and ragged comrades, who went along more like spectres than actual men. The thermometer was at twenty degrees below zero.

At Malodeczno, on the 3rd of December, Buonaparte announced to his officers his intention to leave them and make the best of his way to Paris. He pleaded the state of affairs there, and especially the conspiracy of Mallet; but he was

GRAND SQUARE OF THE KREMLIN, WITH THE GREAT BELL, MOSCOW.

RETURN OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.

now approaching the frontiers of Prussia, and as he knew that he had declared that, if he returned successful, he would deprive Frederick altogether of his crown, he was as apprehensive of that monarch as of the Russians themselves.

But he went on to Smorgoni, and there, the remains of the army having come up, he called a council of war on the 5th of December. He told his generals that he had ordered Ney to reorganise the army at Wilna, and had appointed Murat, king of Naples, generalissimo in his absence. He assumed a tone of great confidence, promised his army good winter quarters beyond the Niemen, and assured them that he was hasting away to present himself directly at the head of one hundred and twenty thousand men to keep the Austrians and Prussians firm to their alliance, and thus to make those he left behind more secure than he could do by staying with them. He then passed through the crowd of his officers, who were drawn up in an avenue as he passed, bidding them adieu by forced and melancholy smiles. He then stepped into a sledge with Caulaincourt and shut themselves in; his Mameluke and Wakasowitch, captain of his guard, occupied the box, and Duroc and Lobau followed in another sledge; and thus the man who entered Russia with nearly half a million of men, stole away, leaving the miserable remnant of his vast army to the elements and the Russians!

Napoleon reached Warsaw on the 10th of December, after a narrow escape of being taken at a village named Youpranoui. The astonishment of his minister there, the quondam abbé de Pradt, now duke of Vicenza, was beyond bounds at his appearance, wrapped in furs and tricked off in lace, to appear a Russian or a Pole; still more when he heard that he was on his way to Paris. "But where is the army?" said De Pradt. "It exists no longer!" replied Caulaincourt, to whom the question was addressed. "But the victory at the Beresina, and the six thousand prisoners?" he asked, still quoting the famous twenty-ninth bulletin. "We got across; that is all," said Caulaincourt, looking upwards. This was before they entered the room of the poor inn where Buonaparte was stopping *incognito*. There they found a servant-girl endeavouring to blow into life a fire of green sticks that refused to burn, and filled the appartment with choking smoke. Buonaparte accosted De Pradt with affected gaiety. The abbé, or duke, put on an air of sympathy; but Buonaparte's pride resented that. "The poor man," says the abbé, "did not understand me." In fact, Buonaparte, after having sent to Paris twenty-eight bulletins in succession, filled with the most astonishing fictions of his victories and successes, knowing now that the truth would soon be all over Europe, prepared France for the loss of its army by attributing the loss of it to the *sudden*, *unexpected*, and *extraordinarily severe* winter, and to the Russians having burnt Moscow, which, he said, was a sacrifice on their parts worthy of Romans: the truth being that he had never beaten the Russians, not even at the sanguinary battle of Borodino; but they had inveigled him, and completely out-generaled him by drawing him into the interior, and leaving him without shelter on the approach of winter. That winter, according to Russian authorities, was neither premature nor of unusual severity, and only the madness of Buonaparte could have led him to remain amid the ruins of Moscow for nearly five weeks, when the Russians themselves had repeatedly warned him by their taunts that the winter would be down upon him and paralyse his army in one night. But his pride refused to believe that Alexander of Russia, even after his most unprovoked invasion of his territory, would treat his offers of peace with contempt, and he lingered on in the vain hope of a reply. Such was the unbending character of his vanity, that, notwithstanding he knew very well of his daily losses, he pretended to know nothing of it, and severely snubbed any of his officers who told him any such news, asking if they wished to deprive him of his tranquillity. All the time that he continued with the army, even during the terrible retreat, he issued his orders as if the whole mighty host continued intact. The truth is, that before his entrance into Russia his head was completely turned by his unparalleled successes, and there it was further turned by his reverses. He continued to talk more like a maniac than a sane man; and such was the enormity of his pride, that to the hour of his death he continued to regard himself, and compelled every one around him to regard him still, as rightful master of the world. The audacity of his lying was equal to the enormity of his egotism, and the inconsistencies of his talk were therefore most pitiful.

When De Pradt congratulated him on the escape from such dangers, "Dangers!" he exclaimed, "there were none! The army is in a superb condition; I have one hundred and twenty thousand men; I have beat the Russians in every action. The army will recruit at Wilna, and I shall speedily return thither with three hundred thousand men!" And yet, in the same breath, he confessed that he had been informed every morning that he had lost ten thousand horses in the night; and that the "*successes* of the Russians had made them foolhardy," and so, on his return, he would beat them twice or thrice on the Oder, then again on the Niemen, and after that would be speedily in Petersburg. He continued to talk for some hours in a continuous and excited strain, interspersed with bursts of laughter, and with every now and then exclaiming, in the language of Tom Paine, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step!"—which was a confession that he had made that step—and then adding, with fresh laughter, "But it was written in heaven that I should marry an archduchess!" Half a dozen times he bade De Pradt and two Polish ministers who came in "good-bye," and then went on again repeating the same melodramatic expressions, when he suddenly entered his sledge, and drove off furiously through the midnight darkness, saying, in answer to the wishes of De Pradt and the Poles, that "he could not be in better health were the very devil in him"—which undoubtedly he was, in all his strength.

On the 14th of December he was in Dresden, and had a long conversation with his satrap king there; and, after escaping some endeavours of the Prussians to seize him, he arrived safe in Paris at midnight of the 18th, where the Parisians, who had with some indifference suppressed the conspiracy got up by the republicans under general Mallet, hastened to overwhelm him with the most fulsome flatteries. The story of his rubbing his hands over the

fire on his arrival at the Tuileries, and saying, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," which was perfectly true, shows an intensity of selfishness which no history on earth can equal. In this one campaign, that magnificent army, the very flower of French, German, and Polish soldiery—perhaps the finest army ever assembled—had perished to a mere fraction, and that amid the most unheard of, the most hitherto unconceived horrors. The remnant of these soldiers was still struggling on in their deserted march, through these horrors even still more intensified. Numbers were falling every day all along the frozen desert tracks, exhausted by famine and cold, and the snows immediately buried them. When they approached any place of rest or refreshment, they fought furiously for fragments of firewood or pieces of horse-flesh. When a horse fell under the burdens they had piled upon him, he was torn by them limb from limb, while yet palpitating with life, and devoured raw. Nay, these gaunt and famishing troops, by the testimony of Ségur, their own companion and historian, devoured one another—cannibalism was raging, like other furies, amongst them. When thus gorged, they lay down to sleep at their bivouac fires; then thrust their feet so close to the embers that they were burnt off, whilst their heads were frozen to the ground; and happy were they, in comparison, when the ruthless Cossacks came up, and thrust their spears through them. Such was the weariness of these miserable fugitives over immeasurable deserts of frost and snow, and cutting, scythe-edged winds, that nothing but the sound of the Cossack drum, and the howls of the Cossack avengers could induce them to rise and pursue their desolate march. And the man who had brought all these terrible calamities upon nearly half a million of men —and more than half a million by far, including women, children, and other camp followers, to say nothing of the invaded Russians—felt not a pang for these vast human sufferings, but only for his own detestable pride. Yet there are men and, what is worse, women, and those of our own country, who have not been ashamed to worship this monster of carnage—this wholesale perpetrator of human misery—as something great and admirable. What a perversion of all heart and intellect. For if the talent and the power for mischief be worshipable, then Satan himself has far greater claims on the depraved homage of such minds.

We need not follow the track of the deserted army with much minuteness. The moment Buonaparte was gone, all discipline and command ceased. The chief officers quarrelled vehemently; and Murat denounced his imperial brother-in-law in the bitterest terms, and escaped away into Italy on the first opportunity. The Austrians and Prussians marched away, and the French, pursued by the Russians till they crossed the Niemen, were continually assailed, and dispersed or killed; so that Macdonald at length reached Königsburg with nine thousand men, the body of French presenting anything but the appearance of an army! In this fatal campaign, Boutourlin states that, of this splendid army, one hundred and twenty-five thousand were killed; one hundred and thirty-two thousand died from fatigue, hunger, and the severity of the climate; and one hundred and ninety-three thousand, including forty-eight generals and three thousand officers, were taken prisoners—an awful comment on the assertions of Buonaparte that he had beaten the Russians everywhere. The nine thousand soldiers who returned with Macdonald leave only eleven thousand to be accounted for of the whole four hundred and seventy thousand, besides women, children, and camp servitors, who entered Russia. These eleven thousand were, no doubt, dispersed fugitives, some of whom might eventually reach France. Such a destruction of human life in one campaign, so utterly unfelt for by the man who occasioned it, stands alone in the history of this world's miserable wars. The crime of it, as it rests on the head of that guilty soul, is beyond mortal calculation.

During this momentous struggle, Russia was munificently supported by England. The peace which Mr. Stratford Canning, now lord de Redcliffe, our ambassador at Constantinople, had been the means of effecting between Turkey and Russia, released admiral Tchitchagoff and his army of thirty thousand men to march against Buonaparte; and had not that stupid personage suffered himself to be so grossly deceived by the French emperor at the Beresina, neither Buonaparte nor a man of his army had ever got across that river. At the same time peace was made with Russia by England, and Russia sent her fleet, for security, to an English port during the invasion. Peace also was ratified betwixt England and Sweden, and Bernadotte was at liberty to pursue his plans for aiding in the general movement of the north for the final extinction of the Buonaparte rule. England also bountifully supplied the Russians with money, and arms, and other necessaries, so that a French officer who accompanied general Lauriston to the head-quarters of the Russian army was astonished to find abundance of English money circulating and in the highest esteem, though Buonaparte had represented England as on the verge of bankruptcy. "When I saw English banknotes passing," he said, "as if they were gold, I trembled for our daring enterprise."

Whilst the latter scenes of this great tragedy were passing, in England a new parliament assembled on the 24th of November, and amongst its first acts were, before Christmas, to vote one hundred thousand pounds to the marquis of Wellington, and two hundred thousand pounds for the relief of sufferers in Russia. And thus closed the remarkable year of 1812.

CHAPTER X.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Continued.)

Wellington in Spain—Soult withdrawn by Buonaparte to meet the Russians — The French driven out of Andalusia, Estremadura, Aragon, and Biscay—Lord Wellington made Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Forces—King Joseph finally evacuates Madrid—Battle of Vittoria—Blockade of Pamplona—Wellington in the Pyrenees—Soult sent back to resist Wellington—Battles in the Passes—Battle of San Sebastian—Wellington crosses the Bidasoa into France—Welcomed by the Inhabitants—St. Jean de Luz—Wellington before Bayonne in December—Movements of the English in the South of Spain—Siege of Tarragona—Arrival of Lord William Bentinck from Sicily—Troops embarked for Alicante—French evacuate Tarragona—Bentinck repulsed by Suchet at Villa Franca—Returns to Sicily—General Clinton left in Command—Buonaparte musters New Forces—Appears, in the Spring of 1813, in Germany with Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Men—Murat returns to head the Cavalry—Maria Louisa appointed Regent during Buonaparte's absence—Alexander of Russia advances into Prussia—Is joined

by the King of Prussia—Armistice offered to Napoleon, and refused—Alliance betwixt Russia and Prussia—The French evacuate Berlin and Dresden—Rising all over Germany—Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and Hamburg cleared of the French—The Allies occupy Leipsic—Repulsed by Buonaparte at Lützen and Boutzen—Great Britain joins the Coalition of Russia and Prussia—French recover Dresden—Armistice agreed to—News of the English victory at Vittoria encourages the Allies—The Armistice expires without result—Enormous advances of Money to Russia, Prussia, and Sweden—Austria joins the Coalition—Vandamme defeated and taken prisoner in Bohemia—Oudinot and Ney beaten by Bernadotte—Blücher beats the French at Katzbach—Bavaria joins the Allies—Death of General Moreau and of Theodore Körner—Defeat of Buonaparte at Leipsic—He retreats over the Rhine—Recovery of all the Prussian Fortresses—Holland rises against the French, and is aided by England—Bernadotte overruns Denmark—Switzerland opens to the March of the Allies—England sends an Army to Holland—Buonaparte treats with Ferdinand of Spain—Wellington advances into France—Victory of Orthez—Wellington occupies Bourdeaux—Ferdinand of Spain is liberated, and reaches that country—British Victory at Toulouse—News of the Abdication of Buonaparte reaches the South—A Convention signed betwixt Wellington and Soult—Base Sally of General Thouvenel from Bayonne—Congress of Chatillon-sur-Seine—The Allies cross the Rhine—Buonaparte repulses Blücher at Brienne and La Rothière—Advance of Schartzenberg and Blücher on Paris—The Allies in Paris—Abdication of Napoleon—He is sent to Elba—Louis XVIII. is proclaimed—The Allied Sovereigns in London—Norway given to Sweden—Hanover returned to England—The Austrians recover Upper Italy—The King of Sardinia restored—Murat retires to Naples—Restoration of the Pope—Ferdinand proclaimed in Spain—The Duke of Wellington arrives in London—Vote of Honours and an Estate to him—Sent as Ambassador to Paris.

THE year 1813 opened in England with high hopes. The defeat of Napoleon in Russia, and the destruction of his army, opened prospects of at length seeing this ambitious and unprincipled man, who had drenched all Europe in blood, brought down and removed from the scene. Lord Liverpool had for some time predicted that one day an English army would march into Paris, and encamp on the Bois de Bologne, and now it really seemed probable. The nations of the north and centre of Europe were mustering to follow the aggressor home, and lord Wellington, in Spain, was daily advancing towards the southern frontiers of France by victory after victory. True, there was much yet to be done, and enormous calls on the wealth of England to be made; and at this time, whilst England and all Europe were engaged in this mighty contest, the people of the United States, instead of sympathising with the great occasion, were doing all they could to divide our attention and weaken our hands. There were warm debates in parliament on the American question, but government carried addresses expressing approbation of the course which England had taken in regard to the United States. But this annoying quarrelsomeness of our American relations tended necessarily to raise the amount of the budget, already too much swelled by the aids to Russia and our contest in Spain. The supplies demanded were seventy-two million pounds—more than had been granted in any former year. Amongst the ways and means were a fresh loan of twenty-one million pounds, and rate of credit for six million pounds. It was, however, some consolation that the nation began to see the beginning of the end.

Before pursuing the immediate story of Buonaparte and his now pursuers from the north, we will narrate the progress of lord Wellington during this year. It was a favourable circumstance for him that, although he continued to receive no little trouble, impediment, and discouragement from the proud and thankless Spaniards, the turn of affairs in the north compelled Napoleon to withdraw some of his best troops and his best general from that country, to aid him in his new campaign against Russia, Sweden, and Germany. He had altogether two hundred and seventy thousand men in Spain, in one quarter or other, to oppose the small Anglo-Italian army in the south, and the miscellaneous army under lord Wellington—amounting only to about seventy thousand men. He therefore withdrew one hundred and fifty skeletons of battalions from Spain—amounting, nevertheless, to only about twenty thousand men—as a means of disciplining his young conscripts. What was of far more consequence, he withdrew Soult—the only general that occasioned Wellington much trouble. The nominal commander-in-chief of the French armies in Spain was king Joseph, but the real commanders were marshal Jourdan and generals Clausel and Foy in the north, general Reille at Valladolid, Drouet at Madrid, and Suchet at Toledo.

The Spaniards had at length made lord Wellington commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, but this appointment was little more than nominal, for the Spanish generals continued as froward and insubordinate as ever; and the Spanish government was poorer than ever, its remittances from the South American colonies, which were asserting their independence, being all stopped. Lord Wellington's dependence, therefore, continued to rest on his army of British and Portuguese—sixty-three thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry.

About the middle of May Wellington entered Spain, leading the centre division himself, the right being commanded by general Hill, and the left by Sir Thomas Graham, the victor of Barossa. As they advanced, the French hastily retreated towards Valladolid, thence towards Burgos; and by the 12th of June, Wellington being close on that city, they blew up the fortifications of the castle, and retreated beyond the Ebro, which they hoped to be able to defend. But Wellington left them no time to fortify themselves. On the 14th he crossed the Ebro; on the 16th he was in full march after them towards Vittoria, for they found the Ebro no defence, as he gave them no time to blow up the bridges. On the 16th and 17th major-general Alten harassed their rear, and dispersed a whole brigade in the mountains, killing considerable numbers, and taking three hundred prisoners. On the 19th they found the French army, commanded by Joseph Buonaparte, with Jourdan as his second and adviser, drawn up under the walls of Vittoria. It was so placed as to command the passages of the river Zadorra, and the three great roads from Madrid, Bilboa, and Logroño. Their left extended to the heights of La Puebla, and behind this, at the village of Gomecha, was posted a reserve. The position was remarkably strong, and commanded by the hills interesting to Englishmen as those where the Black Prince, in his day, had defeated the French army at Najara, commanded by the gallant Dugueslin. Wellington took till the morning of the 21st to reconnoitre the position, and to concentrate his army for the attack.

In the morning of that day—a fine and sunny day—Sir Rowland Hill leading on our right, drove the French from the heights of La Puebla. This was not done without a severe struggle. The Spanish general, Morillo, led on his brigade bravely, and was wounded. The hon. colonel

Cadogan, in the action on the heights, was also mortally wounded, but refused to quit the field, and was carried to an elevation where he could still watch the progress of the battle while he lived. General Hill then pushed the French across the river Zadorra and the defiles and heights beyond to the village of Subijana de Alava, which he took possession of, and the French left fell back on Vittoria. The other divisions, under lord Dalhousie, Sir Thomas Picton, and general Cole, also crossed the river at different bridges or fords, and everywhere drove the French before them. The scene from the heights, which were crowded with people, was one of the most animating ever beheld; the English everywhere advancing amid the roar of cannon and musketry, the French retiring everywhere on Vittoria. In the meantime, our left, under Sir Thomas Graham, having a considerable number of Spanish and Portuguese troops in it, advanced to the heights beyond the Zadorra, along the Bilboa road, and carried the villages of Gamarra Mayor, while the Spanish division of Longa carried that of Gamarra Monor. Both the Spanish and Portuguese troops behaved admirably. While major-general Robertson's brigade carried Gamarra Mayor, colonel Halkett's, supported by that of general Bradford, carried the village of Abechuco. Here a determined effort was made by the French to recover this post, but they were driven back by major-general Oswald, with the fifth division.

These points being all gained, the French were not left long in possession of Vittoria. They were pushed out of the town, and the whole united army joined in chasing them along the road towards Pamplona. So complete was the rout that, according to Wellington's dispatch, they left behind them all their baggage, ammunition, every gun but one, and a howitzer.

So close were they upon king Joseph, that a party of the English, under captain Wyndham, came upon him in his carriage, and fired through the window. Joseph had the good fortune to escape to horse, and gallop off, but his carriage fell into the hands of the English, and it was found crammed with the most precious spoil of the churches and palaces of Spain. Amongst his baggage, which also was taken, were found some of the finest paintings of the Spanish masters, rich plate, including a splendid dinner-service, a splendid wardrobe, and a number of his women, for he was a perfect Sybarite in luxury and voluptuousness. No such scene was witnessed, except on the defeat of some eastern army. The officers had gorged themselves with the spoils of Spain, and here they were left, amid crowds of wives and mistresses, monkeys, poodles, parrots, silks, satins, and jewellery. The officers and soldiers had run for it, with nothing but their arms and their clothes on their backs, and all along the roads leading from the city was one vast crowding, jostling mass of wagons, loaded with all sorts of rich spoils, splendid dresses, and wines, and money, and fine ladies in the most terrible hurry and fright. Sheep, cattle, lambs, like a great fair, were left behind, and became the booty of the pursuers. There was a vigorous bursting open of packages, and rich wardrobes of both officers and ladies were soon fluttering in the winds—gorgeous uniforms on the backs of common soldiers and Portuguese camp-followers—fine silks and satins, and laces and gold chains, on the persons and necks of common women. The military chest was seized, and the soldiers freely helped themselves to its contents. Lord Wellington says that the troops got about a million of money. Planks were placed from wagon to wagon, and a great auction was going on everywhere, the lucky captors converting everything possible—even the heavy Spanish dollars—into gold, as more convenient for carriage. The inhabitants of the city made rich bargains, besides managing to help themselves plentifully in the scramble.

The army of Joseph dispersed at full speed, and as our cavalry could not pursue them across the hedges and ditches, they managed to escape, and made their way to Pamplona in one wild, chaotic herd. On the field they profess to have left eight thousand men in killed and wounded, but their loss was far greater. They left, also, one hundred and fifty-one pieces of brass ordnance, four hundred and fifteen caissons, more than forty thousand rounds of ammunition, nearly two million musket-ball cartridges, forty thousand six hundred and sixty-eight pounds of gunpowder, fifty-six forage wagons, and forty-four forge wagons. The allied army had killed, British, five hundred and one; Portuguese, one hundred and fifty; Spaniards, only eighty-nine: wounded, British, two thousand eight hundred and seven; Portuguese, eight hundred and ninety-nine; Spanish, four hundred and sixty-four. Lord Wellington reported the conduct of almost every officer engaged as admirable. King Joseph did not stop till he was safe, for a time, within the strong walls of Pamplona; but the garrison there would not admit the rabble herd of fugitives, but sent them off like enemies; and they were forced to continue their flight into the Pyrenees.

News of this most extraordinary defeat acted on the French, on all sides, like the concussion of some violent explosion. They fell back and fled in confusion before any enemy appeared. General Clausel, who was advancing from Logroño with fifteen thousand men, fled back to Zaragossa with such precipitation, and thence through the central Pyrenees into France, that he left all his artillery and most of his baggage on the road. The same was the case with general Foy, who fled from Bilboa to Bayonne in hot haste, with general Graham at his heels. Except at San Sebastian and Pamplona, where the garrisons were soon besieged, the French were scarcely to be found in Spain, except those with Suchet in the south-east.

The moral effect of this great victory was instant all over Europe. The allies in Germany, before inclined to treat with Buonaparte, at once altered their tone and their views. The uncertainty of Austria was now at an end. Russia, Prussia, and all the minor states of Germany were filled with exultation, and England rose to the summit of martial reputation. From that moment events progressed steadily towards the union of Germany, and towards the great overthrow of Napoleon in the battle of the nations at Leipsic.

Pamplona and San Sebastian being invested, lord Wellington proceeded with his main army to occupy the passes of the Pyrenees. These, Wellington, in his dispatches, says amounted to about seventy, and, in the service of securing these, he complains that he was left very much without the necessary supplies for his army. The English government had, from some cause—he supposed to send them against the Americans—reduced the number of convoys, and many of

our store-ships were taken by the French frigates and privateers. It was as much in vain as ever to expect the Spaniards to do anything to supply the deficiency, after all that the English had done for them. As fast as they got rid of the French, they busied themselves in making war on the clergy, and putting them down. His lordship was, therefore, continually obliged to arrest his marches to wait for provisions. Notwithstanding, by the 7th of July, he had driven Joseph Buonaparte clean through the mountains into France, chased Clausel beyond Tudela de Ebro, and taken his post on the very edge of France. Buonaparte, alarmed at the progress of Wellington, displaced Jourdan as incapable, and sent back Soult to do what neither he, nor Ney, nor Marmont, nor Massena had been able to do before they were necessarily displaced—that is, arrest the onward march of Wellington into France.

Soult hurried southward, collecting fresh forces to repel the conquering invader, and issued a proclamation, telling the French soldiers that they had at length taught the English to fight, and they must show them that they were still their superiors. Whilst Wellington was superintending the sieges of San Sebastian and Pamplona, Soult advanced, having gathered an army of nearly seventy thousand men, and, on the 25th of July, he suddenly attacked our outposts simultaneously in the passes of Roncesvalles and of Maya. Both these passes converged into one leading to Pamplona, where Soult hoped to raise the siege. He himself led on thirty thousand fresh men up the Roncesvalles pass against generals Cole and Picton, who had about ten thousand to oppose him. He compelled them to retreat to some greater elevations, but with considerable loss, and he hoped there to have them joined by general D'Erlon, who had ascended the Maya pass, with thirteen thousand strong, against general Stewart, who had only four or five thousand men to oppose him. The conflict there had been terrible; the English fighting and giving way only step by step against the superior force. The awful struggle went on, five thousand feet above the plains of France, amid clouds and fogs. Stewart did not fall back till he had sixteen hundred of his small force killed and wounded, and the defiles were actually blocked up with the slain.

Matters were at this pass when lord Wellington, who had heard of the attack, at his head-quarters at Lezaca, two days before, came galloping up on the morning of the 27th. He found Soult only two leagues from Pamplona, and saw him so near that he could plainly discern his features. Wellington caused his own presence to be announced to his two bodies of troops, and they answered the announcement with loud cheers. That day the troops of Soult were pushed backwards by a regiment of the Irish, and a body of Spanish infantry, at the point of the bayonet. The next day, the 28th, the French were driven down still further. On the 29th both armies rested, but on the 30th the fight was renewed with fury; but Picton and Dalhousie, being sent across the mountains in opposite directions, managed to turn both flanks of Soult, and the French fled precipitately as far as Olaque. There the pursuing troops fell in with the right of the French, which had been worsted by Sir Rowland Hill. In the darkness the French continued their flight, and the next morning were found in full retreat for France. The English gave chase, and made many prisoners, taking much baggage. These battles, which have been named "The Battles of the Pyrenees," Wellington describes as some of the most severe that he ever saw. He states the loss of the English in killed at one thousand five hundred, but in killed and wounded at six thousand. The French, he says, admitted that they had lost fifteen thousand men, and he therefore gave them credit for the loss being much more. On one occasion Wellington surprised Soult, and had so laid his plans for surrounding him that he felt sure of capturing him; but three drunken English soldiers, rambling carelessly beyond the outposts, were taken, and let out the secret of Wellington being hidden close at hand, behind the rocks, and thus saved the French commander. A second time he was saved by the Spanish generals, Longa and Barceñas, not being at their posts in a narrow defile near St. Estevan, where he could only pass by a slender bridge. Still the English were at his heels, and committed dreadful havoc on his troops in this pass. The next day, the 2nd of August, there was a fresh encounter with Soult's forces near the town of Echalar, where they were again beaten, and driven from a lofty mountain called Ivantelly. Soult retired behind the Bidasoa, and concentrated his routed forces; and Wellington, having once more cleared the passes of the Pyrenees of the French, gave his army some rest, after nine days of incessant and arduous action, where they could look out over the plains of France, which they were ere long to traverse. But the army had not much rest here. The French made determined efforts to raise the siege of San Sebastian, while Wellington was as active in endeavouring to force Pamplona to capitulate. Unfortunately he had still scarcely any proper men or tools for siege-work. He had long urged on the government the formation of companies of sappers and miners. But, after eighteen months, they had formed only one company, whilst, as Wellington informed the government, there was no French *corps d'armée* which had not a battalion of them. This first British company of sappers and miners came out on the 19th of August, and were immediately set to work. Sir George Collier sent his sailors to assist, and on the 31st Wellington considered that he had made sufficient breach for storming. But that morning Soult sent across the Bidasoa a strong body of French to attack the besiegers. These were met by a division of eight thousand Spaniards, who allowed the French to ascend the heights of San Marcial, on which they were posted, and then, with a shout, charged with the bayonet down hill, at which sight the French instantly broke, and ran for it. They were pursued to the river, in which many plunged, and were drowned. In the afternoon, Soult sent over again fifteen thousand men, having put across a pontoon bridge. These, under the eye and encouragement of lord Wellington, were charged again by the Spaniards, and routed as before; many again rushing into the river, and the rest, crushing upon the bridge, broke it down, and perished in great numbers also. The Portuguese troops likewise met and defeated another detachment of French, who had come by another way. These were supported by our own troops, under general Inglis, and with the same result. Wellington

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ALLIES AND THE FRENCH FORCES NEAR KAYA.

was highly delighted to see the Spaniards thus, at length, doing justice to their native valour under British discipline, and praised them warmly. Soult is said to have lost two thousand men.

While this was going on, the town of San Sebastian was stormed by the British. Sir Thomas Graham conducted the assault, which was led on by the brigade of general Robinson, bravely supported by a detachment of Portuguese under major Snodgrass. The place was taken; the French driven through it to the castle, standing on a height, in which they took refuge. They had seven hundred prisoners taken. The English lost two thousand men in the assault—a loss which would have been far greater had a mine, containing one thousand two hundred pounds of gunpowder, exploded, but which was fortunately prevented by the falling in of a saucisson. Many less would have fallen, however, had general Graham allowed shells to be thrown into the town, which he would not, on account of the inhabitants. But the French had not only prepared this great mine, but exploded various other preparations for setting the town on fire. The French showed no care for the people or the town. When driven to the castle, after a murderous street fight—in which they picked off our men from behind walls and windows, killing Sir Richard Fletcher, the commanding engineer, and wounding generals Robinson, Leith, and Oswald, besides slaughtering heaps of our men — they continued to fire down the streets, killing great numbers of the inhabitants besides our soldiers. Yet, after all, they charged lord Wellington with not only throwing shells into the town, but with setting it on fire, and plundering it. His lordship indignantly repelled these accusations in his letter to his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley. He declares that he himself had been obliged to hasten to his head-quarters, at Lezaca, on the morning of the 31st of August, but that he saw the town on fire in various places before our soldiers entered it; in fact, the French had set it on fire in six different places, and had their mine exploded, scarcely a fragment of the town would have been left, or a single inhabitant alive. Lord Wellington vindicates the humanity of Sir Thomas Graham, who refused to throw a single shell into the place, and is very indignant at the *Xefe Politico*, and other Spanish papers of the bigoted and anti-English party, which joined in the cry.

Lord Wellington did not attempt to deny that there had been plundering by both English and Portuguese soldiery; but he lays it down as one of the shocking inevitabilities of war, that all stormings are attended by plunder; that it is impossible to prevent it during the fury of the assault. But he says, and all the world now will believe him, that throughout the whole war he and his chief officers did all in their power to discourage, to repress, and to punish such outrages, whilst the French everywhere and in all their wars encouraged and practised, not only plunder, but every possible species of outrage. It was not for them to make this outcry; but suffering, as they now were, every day nothing but defeat and shame, they were only too glad to raise a clamour against the English. Lord Wellington says that, had not almost every officer at the storming been killed or disabled, much of this disorder would have been prevented.

The lenity shown to the town by Wellington and Graham, who acted for him, was not used towards their calumniators in the castle. It was stoutly bombarded, and being soon almost battered to pieces about the ears of the defenders, they surrendered on the 8th of September, two thousand five hundred in number; but the siege of both town and fort had cost the allies four thousand men in killed and wounded. Had the town been, as the French represented, bombarded like the castle, some thousands of English and Portuguese lives would have been spared, but at the expense of the inhabitants.

Lord Wellington, early in October, called down his troops from their cold and miserable posts in the mountains, and marched them over the Bidasoa, and encamped them amongst the French hills and valleys of La Rhune. The last division moved across on the 10th of November, the town of Pamplona having surrendered on the 31st of October. This was a very agreeable change to the troops; but, before crossing, his lordship issued the most emphatic orders against plundering or ill-using the inhabitants. He told them, and especially the Spanish and Portuguese, that though the French had committed unheard-of barbarities in their countries, he would not allow of retaliation and revenge on the innocent inhabitants of France; that it was against the universal marauder, Buonaparte, and his system, that the English made war, and not against the people of France. But the passions of the Portuguese and Spaniards were too much excited against their oppressors, and they burnt and plundered whenever they had opportunity. On this, Wellington wrote sternly to the Spanish general, Freyre. "Where I command," he said, "no one shall be allowed to plunder. If plunder must be had, then another must have the command. You have large armies in Spain, and, if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry, you may then enter France; but then the Spanish government must remove me from the command of their armies. It is a matter of indifference to me whether I command a large or a small army; but, whether large or small, they must obey me, and, above all, must not plunder." To secure the fulfilment of these orders, he moved back most of the Spanish troops to within the Spanish frontiers. The strictness with which lord Wellington maintained these sentiments and protected the inhabitants produced the best results. All these southern provinces, being well inclined to the Bourbons, and heartily wearied of seeing their sons annually dragged away to be slaughtered in foreign countries for Buonaparte's ambition, soon flocked into camp with all sorts of provisions and vegetables; and they did not hesitate to express their wishes for the success of our army.

Under sharp fighting, Wellington crossed the Nivelle on the 10th of November, and proposed to go into cantonments at St. Jean de Luz, on the right bank of the Nivelle; but he did not find himself in a position to obtain supplies there, and he therefore crossed the Nive, and occupied the country betwixt that river and the Adour. Soult made desperate efforts to drive the enemy back; but he was compelled to fall back on his intrenched camp in front of Bayonne; and Wellington went into winter quarters about the middle of December, but quarters extremely uncomfort-

able. Their late conflicts, betwixt the 9th and 13th of December, had been made in the worst of weather, and they had marched over the most terrible roads. During these conflicts, they had lost six hundred and fifty killed, and upwards of one thousand wounded and five hundred missing. The French had lost three times that number. But the French were at home amid their own people; while the allies were in a hostile country, suffering every species of want. At this moment we were sending clothes, arms, and ammunition to the Germans, the Sclavonians, and Dutch; but our own gallant army, which had chased the French out of Spain, and which had to maintain the honour of the country by advancing towards Paris, was suffered to want everything, especially great-coats and shoes, in that severe season. Wellington had earnestly implored a reinforcement of twenty thousand men, but it did not arrive.

In the south-east of Spain our motley army of English and Sicilians had done sufficient to keep the attention of Suchet engaged, so that he could not quit that post to follow and assist Soult against the main British army. Lord Wellington had instructed Sir John Murray to embark his troops at Alicante, and, sailing to Tarragona, endeavour to make himself master of it; if he found, however, the French too strong in that quarter to enable him to effect his purpose, to re-embark, return to Valencia, and then attack the French lines on the Xucar before Suchet could make the long march which would be necessary to support them. Murray had had his army weakened by the withdrawal of two thousand troops by lord William Bentinck, very unnecessarily, to Sicily; but he undertook these manœuvres, and might have succeeded in capturing Tarragona, but, alarmed at a rumour of Suchet and general Mathieu having combined their forces, and being in march against him, he abandoned the place panic-stricken, and, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of admiral Hallowell, embarked his troops in the utmost precipitation. Lord William Bentinck arrived on the 17th of June, immediately after the embarkation, but not in time to save nineteen pieces of artillery, which Murray had abandoned in the trenches. Lord Bentinck battered down fort Balaguer, and then sailed away to Alicante, leaving the Spanish general exposed to the enemy, but who saved himself by escaping into the mountains. For this conduct, Sir John Murray on his return to England was tried by court-martial, and gently reprimanded, but nothing more.

Lord William Bentinck, after having retired to Alicante, once more returned to Tarragona, and made himself master of that place. Attempting further advantages in this country, he was compelled to fall back on Tarragona with considerable loss. He then returned to Sicily, and general Clinton took the command of the forces, and strengthened the defences of the post. At the same time news arrived of the retreat of Buonaparte from Russia and the rising of Germany, which compelled Suchet to disarm his German regiments, and march them into France under guard. He had also to send some of his best French troops to recruit Buonaparte's decimated army, and the Italian ones to resist the Austrians in Italy, who were once more in motion through the Alps. Under these circumstances, the campaign for the year closed in the south-east of Spain.

During the winter of 1812 and the spring of 1813, Buonaparte was making the most energetic exertions to renew the campaign against Russia and the German nations that were now uniting with the czar. He called out new conscriptions, and enforced them with the utmost rigour; the militia were drafted extensively into the regular army, and the sailors, whose service had been annihilated by the victorious seamen of England, were modelled into regiments, and turned into soldiers. He sent for part of his forces from Spain; and in the spring he was enabled to present himself in Germany at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand men. But this was a very different army from that which he had led into and lost in Russia—an army of practised veterans, familiar with victory through a hundred fights. It was necessarily but ill-disciplined, and much more full of the sense of wrong in having been dragged from home and its ties than of any thirst of glory. The cavalry was especially defective, and had lost the commander who gave it such spirit by his own example. Disgusted by the insolence and sarcasms of Buonaparte, and believing that his career was about to end, Murat quitted his command on the 16th of January, 1813, and hastened to Naples, where he was not long in opening negotiations with England and the other powers for the acknowledgment of his kingdom as one independent of France, and ranking with the other established powers of Europe. Buonaparte, exasperated at his desertion, announced the appointment of Eugene Beauharnais to his command in these words:—"The viceroy of Italy is appointed commander-in-chief of the imperial forces in Germany. He is more accustomed to the management of military affairs on a large scale, and, besides, enjoys the full confidence of the emperor." Not satisfied with this cutting remark, he wrote to his sister, the queen of Naples—"Your husband quitted the army on the 16th. He is a brave man on the field of battle; but he is more cowardly than a woman or a monk when not in the presence of the enemy. He has no moral courage."

Stung by these bitter words, Murat wrote in the most blunt style of plain-speaking to the emperor:—"The wound on my honour is inflicted, and it is not in the power of your majesty to heal it. You have insulted an old companion in arms, faithful to you in danger, not a small means of your victories, a supporter of your greatness, and a reviver of your wandering courage on the 18th of Brumaire. Your majesty says that when one has the honour to belong to your *illustrious* family, one ought to do nothing to hazard its interests or obscure its splendour. And I, sire, tell you that your family received from me quite as much honour as it gave in uniting me in matrimony with Carolina. A thousand times, though a king, I sigh after the days when, as a plain officer, I had superiors, but no master. Having become a king, but finding myself in this supreme rank tyrannised over by your majesty, and domineered over in my own family, I have felt more than ever the need of independence—the spirit of liberty. Thus you afflict, thus you sacrifice to your suspicion the men most faithful to you, and the men who have served you in the stupendous road of your fortune. Thus Fouché has been immolated to Savary, Talleyrand sacrificed to Champagny, Champagny himself

to Bassano, and Murat to Beauharnais—to Beauharnais, who has with you the merit of mute obedience, and that other merit, more gratifying to you because servile—of having cheerfully announced to the senate of France your repudiation of his own mother. I can no longer deny to my people some restoration of commerce, some remedy for the terrible evils inflicted on them by maritime war. From what I have said of your majesty and myself, it results that our mutual old confidence and faith are gone. Your majesty will do what you most like, but whatever may be your wrongs towards me, I am still your brother, and faithful brother-in-law, "JOACHIM."

The truths in this letter must have been very cutting to Napoleon. But many other circumstances were torturing him. Bernadotte was at the head of an army of Swedes against him—Bernadotte whom he had driven by the same insolent and unbearable domination into the arms of his enemies, and whom he now denounced as a renegade Frenchman who had renounced his country. The truth, however, was that Bernadotte had been adopted by a new country, and was bound to defend it.

Next came the declaration of war by the king of Prussia, which Buonaparte styled a treachery; but, on the contrary, the king of Prussia had only preserved faith towards his oppressor and insulter too long. Not only all Prussia, but all Germany was on fire to throw off the detested yoke of the oppressor, and Frederick William would have been a traitor to his people and to common sense to have hesitated. Yet he proposed terms of a mutual settlement. To place himself in a position of independent treaty, he suddenly left Berlin on the 22nd of January, and made his way to Breslau, where he was out of the reach of French arms, and in certainty of the arrival, at no very distant date, of Russian ones. He invited, however, the French ambassador to follow him, and he there proposed an armistice, on the conditions that the French should evacuate Dantzic and all the other Prussian fortresses on the Oder, and retire behind the Elbe, on which the czar had promised that he would stop the march of his army beyond the Vistula. But Buonaparte treated the proposition with contempt; he was determined to give up nothing—to recover everything.

Immediately on the rejection of his terms, Frederick William concluded a treaty with Alexander on the 28th of February, and Austria was invited to join the league. Alexander had joined his army himself on the 22nd of December, and had marched along with it through that horrible winter. On the 1st of March Prussia concluded its alliance with Alexander, offensive and defensive. On the 15th Alexander arrived at Breslau, and there was an affecting meeting of the two sovereigns, who had been placed in outward hostility by the power of Buonaparte, but who had never ceased to be friends at heart. The king of Prussia was moved to tears. "Courage, my brother," said Alexander; "these are the last tears that Napoleon shall cause you."

The next day the war against France was proclaimed, and for the righteous cause of restoring the independence of the nations. Prussia, and indeed all Germany, had now been trampled on sufficiently to crush the effeminacy out of all classes—to rouse the true soul of liberty in them. Men of every rank offered themselves as the defenders and avengers of their country; the students at this moment not only sung, but aided freedom. The volunteers were formed into Black Bands, and others assumed the dress and arms of the Cossacks, who had won much admiration. They were disciplined in the system of Scharnhorst, and soon became effective soldiers. A leader was found for them after their own heart — the brave and patriotic Blücher, who had been reserving himself for this day, and Scharnhorst and Gneisau, better tacticians than himself, were appointed to assist him, and carry out all the strategic movements; whilst Blücher, never depressed by difficulties, never daunted by defeat, led them on with the cheer from which he derived his most common appellation of marshal Forwards—"Forwards! my children, forwards!"

All classes hastened to contribute the utmost amount possible to the necessary funds for this sacred war. The ladies gave in their gold chains and bracelets, their diamonds and rubies, and wore as ornaments chains and bracelets of beautifully wrought iron.

Austria stood in a hesitating position. On the one hand, she felt reluctant to join the allies and assist in destroying the throne of the emperor's son-in-law; but at the same time she was anxious to strengthen her own position by giving more strength to her neighbour, Prussia. For this purpose Austria offered her mediation for a peace on terms that would restore Prussia to a more becoming position, and such proposals of mediation were made by the Austrian minister to England. But these entirely failed. On the one hand, Napoleon would concede nothing, but declared that he would entirely annihilate Prussia, and would give to Austria Silesia for her assistance in the war; on the other hand, England declared that there could be no peace without France disgorging the great bulk of her usurpations.

On the 15th of April Buonaparte quitted Paris, for the last time as a permanent abode; on the 16th he was at Mainz, and on the 25th at Erfurt. Before quitting Paris he had appointed Maria Louisa regent in his absence. This he deemed a stroke of policy likely to conciliate the emperor of Austria. But the empress's power was merely nominal. She could appear at the council board, but it was only as the instrument of the emperor; he carried all active power along with him, and ruled France from his camp. He had still upwards of fifty thousand troops in the garrisons of Prussia, commanded by Eugene, the viceroy of Italy; and he advanced at the head of three hundred thousand men. Eugene Beauharnais had been compelled necessarily to evacuate Dantzic, Berlin, and Dresden as the Russians and Prussians advanced, and retreated upon the Elbe. In the month of May Bernadotte, according to concert, crossed over to Stralsund with thirty-five thousand men, and awaited the reinforcements of Russians and Germans which were to raise his division to eighty thousand men, with which he was to co-operate with the allies, and protect Hamburg. The allies, under Tetterborn, Czernicheff, and Winzengerode, spread along both sides of the Elbe, the Germans rising enthusiastically wherever they came. Hamburg, Lübeck, and other towns threw open their gates to them. The French general, Morand, endeavouring to quell the rising of the people of Luneburg,

was surprised by the Russians, and his detachment of four thousand men was cut to pieces, or taken prisoners. Eugene marched from Magdeburg to surprise Berlin, but was met at Mockern, defeated, and driven back to Magdeburg. Such was the success of the allies, and the exulting support of the people, that even Denmark and Saxony began to contemplate going over to the allies. Blücher entered Dresden on the 27th of March, driving Davoust before him, who blew up an arch of the fine bridge to cover his retreat. The emperor of Russia and king of Prussia entered Dresden soon after, and were received by the inhabitants with acclamations. At this time died the old Russian general, Koutousoff, at Bautzen, and was succeeded by general Wittgenstein.

At the approach of the new French levies, Eugene Beauharnais retreated from Magdeburg, and joined them on the Saale. The allies and Napoleon now lay face to face, the allies cutting off his advance towards Leipsic and thence to Dresden. He determined to make a determined attack upon and demoralise them by a blow which should make him master of Leipsic, Dresden, and Berlin at once, and give its impression to the whole campaign. In the skirmishes which took place previous to the general engagement at Weissenfels and Poserna on the 29th of April and the 1st of May, Buonaparte gained some advantages; but in the latter action his old commander of the imperial guard, marshal Bessiéres, was killed. His death was deeply lamented, both by his men, who had served under him from the very commencement of Buonaparte's career, and by Buonaparte himself. "Fate," says Savary, "began to deprive Napoleon of his friends, as if to prepare him for the severe losses she had yet in store."

The first great battle was destined to be fought on the very ground where Gustavus Adolphus fell, 1632. Buonaparte marched upon Leipsic, expecting to find the allies posted there; but he was suddenly brought to a stand by them at Lützen. The allies, who were on the left bank of the Elster, crossed to the right, and impetuously attacked the French, whose centre was at the village of Kaya, under the command of Ney, supported by the imperial guard, and their fine artillery drawn up in front of the town of Lützen; the right wing, commanded by Marmont, extending as far as the defile of Poserna, and the left stretching from Kaya to the Elster. Napoleon did not expect to have met the allies on that side of Leipsic, and was pressing briskly forward when the attack commenced. Ney was first stopped at Gross-Görschen. Had Wittgenstein made a decided charge with his whole column, instead of attacking by small brigades, he would assuredly have broken the French lines. But Buonaparte rode up, and galloped from place to place to throw fresh troops on the point of attack, and to wheel up both of his wings so as to inclose, if possible, both flanks of the allies.

The conflict lasted some hours, during which it was uncertain whether the allies would break the centre of the French, or the French would be able to outflank the allies. The young German volunteers—a great proportion of them students from the university, flowers of the rising generation—here came hand to hand into conflict with the young French conscripts, and they fought with a gallantry which justified the enthusiam they had shown in chanting the "Sword-Song" of Körner, and his "Men and Cowards." It is to the eternal honour of the student youth of Germany that at this period they sympathised with the young volunteer, Jäger Körner, and not with the cold, sneering, unpatriotic Gœthe, who, meeting Körner and Moritz Arndt at Dresden, just before this battle, said, "Well, well, shake your chains; the man (Napoleon) is too strong for you; you will not break them!"

Blücher was late on the field; the officer who was sent overnight to him with orders from Wittgenstein was said to have put them under his pillow and slept on them till awoke by the cannon. At length, after a desperate attack by Napoleon to recover the village of Kaya, out of which he had been forced, the allies observing that the firing of Macdonald and Bertrand, who commanded the two wings, was fast extending along their flanks, skilfully extricated themselves from the combat, and led back their columns so as to escape being out-flanked by the French. Yet they did not even then give up the struggle for the day. The allied cavalry made a general attack in the dark, but it failed from the mighty masses of the French on which they had to act. The allies captured some cannon, the French none. The division of Miloradorvitch, from some mistake in the orders, never was engaged. The loss of the allies was twenty thousand men, killed and wounded; that of the French was equally severe. Seven or eight French generals were killed or wounded. On the side of the allies fell general Scharnhorst—an irreparable loss, for no man had done more to organise the Prussian landwehr and volunteers. The prince Leopold of Hesse-Homburg and the prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, both allied to the royal family of England, were slain, and Blücher himself wounded; but he had his wounds dressed on the field, and would not quit it till the last moment.

Napoleon, who had every need of success to regain his former position in the opinion of France, sent off in all haste to Paris the most exaggerated account of the battle of Lützen, as one of the most decisive victories that he had ever won, and that it had totally scattered the allies, and neutralised all the hopes and schemes of England. The empress went in procession to Notre Dame, where *Te Deum* was celebrated by cardinal Maury, who drew the most extravagant picture of Napoleon's invincible genius. The same false statements were sent also to every friendly court in Europe, even to Constantinople. The stratagem had its effect. The wavering German princes, who were ready to go over to their own countrymen, stopped, and still ranged their banners with the French. The king of Saxony had gone to Prague as a place whence he might negotiate his return to the ranks of his own fatherland; but he now hastened back again, and was in Dresden on the 12th with Napoleon, who conducted him in a kind of triumph through his capital, parading his adhesion before his subjects who had hailed the allies just before with acclamations. The Saxon king, in fresh token of amity to Napoleon, ceded to him the fortress of Torgau, much to the disgust of his subjects.

But the allies had only fallen back behind the Elbe, and taken up a strong position at Bautzen, on the Spree, about twelve leagues from Dresden, whilst an army under Bülow covered Berlin. No sooner did the allies fall back to the

right bank of the Elbe than Davoust attacked Hamburg on the 9th of May with five thousand men, and vowed vengeance on the city for having admitted the allies. To their surprise the citizens found themselves defended by a body of Danes, from Altona, who were the allies of France, but had been just then thinking of abandoning Napoleon. But the fate of the battle of Lützen changed their views, and they retired in the evening of that day, leaving Hamburg to the attacks of the French. Bernadotte, not having received the promised reinforcements, did not venture to cover Hamburg. Davoust entered the place like a devil. He shot twelve of the principal citizens, and drove twenty-five thousand of the inhabitants out of the city, pulled down their houses, compelling the most distinguished men of the town

TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ALICANTE, SPAIN.

to work at this demolition and at raising the materials into fortifications. The people had long been subjected by the French to every possible kind of pillage and indignity; no women, however distinguished, had been allowed to pass the gate without being subjected to the most indecent examinations. But now the fury of the French commander passed all bounds. He levied a contribution of eighteen millions of dollars; and not satisfied with that, he robbed the great Hamburg bank, and declared all his doings to be by orders of the emperor.

Napoleon, reinforced by a number of French, Bavarian, Würtemberg, and Saxon troops, moved off to attack the allies at Bautzen, on the 19th of May. He had detached Lauriston and Ney towards Berlin to rout Bülow, but they were stopped by Barclay de Tolly and Yorck at Königswartha and at Weissig, and compelled to retreat. On the 21st Ney combined with Napoleon, and they made a united attack on Blücher's position on the fortified heights of Klein and Klein-Bautzen. In this battle German fought against German, the Bavarians against Bavarians, for they took both sides, such was the dislocated state of that nation. It was not till after a long and desperately-fought battle that the allies were compelled to give ground, and then they retired, without the loss of a single gun, towards the Riesengebirge, and posted themselves strongly behind the fortress of Schweidnitz, so famous in the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia.

In this battle the allies lost in killed and wounded ten thousand men, the French not less than fifteen thousand. The French generals Bruyères, Kirchner, and Duroc were amongst the killed. Duroc had long been one of the most intimate friends and attendants of Buonaparte, who was so much cut up by his loss, that he, for the first time in all his terrible campaigns, became unable to attend to further details, but answered every call for orders with "Everything to-morrow!" When he came to find that not a gun, not a prisoner was left behind by the Germans and Russians, Napoleon seemed to comprehend the stern spirit in which they were now contending, and exclaimed, "How! no result after such a massacre? No prisoners? They leave

BATTLE OF TARRAGONA.

me not even a nail!" He advanced to Breslau, various slight conflicts taking place on the way, and on the 1st of June he entered that city, the princesses of Prussia removing thence into Bohemia.

An armistice was now demanded by the allies—it is said at the instance of Austria, who desired to act as mediator—and gladly assented to by Napoleon, who was desirous of completing his preparations for a more determined attack. The armistice was signed on the 4th of June at the village of Pleisswitz.

At the time of this armistice, Napoleon, by the great battles of Lützen and Bautzen, had recovered his *prestige* sufficiently to induce the German confederates of the Rhine to stand by him; but he was by no means what he had been. The opinion of his invincibility had been irreparably damaged by the Russian campaign, and the success in these battles was not of a character to give confidence to his own army. They saw that the allies had lost all superstitious fear of him. To assist in the negotiations of this armistice, Buonaparte sent for his two ablest heads, Fouché and Talleyrand, whom he had so long thrown from him for their sound advice. This showed that he felt the great importance of the occasion. As Fouché was at Maintz, on his way, Augereau said to him, "Alas! our sun is set! How little do the two actions, of which they make so much in Paris, resemble our victories in Italy! How much labour has been thrown away only to win a few marches onward!' At Lützen our centre was broken, several regiments dispersed, and all had been lost but for the young guard. We have taught the allies to beat us. After such a butchery as that of Bautzen, there were no results, no cannon taken, no prisoners. The enemy everywhere opposed us with advantage. We were roughly handled at Reichenbach the day after the battle. Then one ball strikes off Bessières, another Duroc—Duroc, the only friend he had in the world. Bruyères and Kirchner are killed by spent bullets. What a war!' it will make an end of us all! He will not make peace. You know him as well as I do. He will cause himself to be surrounded by half a million men—for, believe me, Austria will not be more faithful than Prussia. Yes, he will remain inflexible, and unless he be killed—as killed he will not be—there is an end of us all!'"

If Buonaparte could have heard, too, what was really going on in France, what were the growing feelings there, he would have been startled by a most ominous condition of things. But he had thoroughly shut out from himself the voice of public opinion, by his treatment of the press and of liberty, and he now was to suffer for it. No language could so completely describe his conduct during the armistice as that of Augereau. England, on the 14th of June, had concluded an alliance with Russia and Prussia, and promised to send ample materials of assistance, even an army to the north of Prussia; and many English officers of the highest rank repaired to the head-quarters of the allies. When England was asked to take part in this negotiation, she refused, declaring it useless, as Napoleon would not grant the only demands which the allies ought to make.

Austria professed great friendliness to Napoleon, and he thought that she would not like to break with him on account of the empress. But Austria, on the 27th of June, signed an engagement with Russia and Prussia, at Reichenbach, in Silesia, binding herself to break with Napoleon if he did not concede the terms which they demanded. These were to restore Illyria, the whole of Austrian Italy; to reinstate the pope; to leave Poland to the three powers who had formerly possessed themselves of it, and to renounce Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and the confederation of the Rhine. Buonaparte treated these demands as sheer madness; but he was nearly mad himself when Talleyrand and Fouché, and still more, his best military counsellors, advised him at least to fall back to the left bank of the Rhine, and make that the boundary of France. He offered to annihilate the grand duchy of Warsaw, giving up the whole of Poland to Russia—such was his gratitude to the Poles!—to restore Illyria to Austria, but to cut down Prussia still more by pushing the Rhenish confederation to the Oder.

His terms were rejected with disdain. Yet he had a last interview with Metternich, in which he hoped to terrify him by a dread of the future preponderance of Russia; but, seeing that it made no impression, he became incensed, and adopted a very insolent tone towards the Austrian minister. "Well, Metternich," he demanded, "how much has England given you to induce you to play this part towards me?" Metternich received the insult in a haughty silence. Buonaparte, to try how far the diplomatist still would preserve his deference towards him, let his hat fall: Metternich let it lie. This was a sign that the Austrian had taken his part; it was, in fact, the signal of war. Yet, at the last moment, Napoleon suddenly assumed a tone of conciliation, and offered very large concessions. He had heard the news of the defeat of Vittoria. But it was too late. The congress terminated on the 10th of August, and the allies refused to re-open it. On the 12th of August, two days after the termination of the armistice, Austria declared herself on the side of the allies, and brought two hundred thousand men to swell their ranks. She was put also at the head of the allied army by her general, prince von Schwarzenburg.

Immediately after the termination of the armistice, the Russians and Prussians joined the great army of the Austrians, which had been concentrated at Prague. Their plan was to advance through the Riesengebirge and fall upon Buonaparte's rear. Full of activity, that unresting man had been busy, during the whole armistice, in defending his head-quarters at Dresden by fortifications. He had cut down all the trees which adorned the public gardens and walks, and used them in a chain of redoubts and field-works, secured by fosses and palisades. He was in possession of the strong mountain fortresses of the vicinity, as well as Torgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and others, so that the valley of the Elbe was in his hands; and he had a bridge of boats at Koenigstein, extending his communications to Stolpen: thus guarding against an attack on the side of Bohemia. In the beginning of August he assembled two hundred and fifty thousand men in Saxony and Silesia. Of these sixty thousand lay at Leipsic under Oudinot, and one hundred thousand in different towns on the borders of Silesia, under Macdonald; he himself lay at Dresden with his imperial guard. Eugene Beauharnais he had dispatched to Italy, where he had forty thousand men. Besides these, he had a reserve of Bavarians, under general Wrede, of twenty-five thousand men.

Besides the grand army of the allies, of two hundred thousand, marching from Bohemia, one hundred and twenty thousand Austrians, and eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, Blücher lay on the road to Breslau with eighty thousand; the crown prince of Sweden, near Berlin, with thirty thousand Swedes, and sixty thousand Prussians and Russians; Walmoden lay at Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, with thirty thousand allies; and Hiller, with forty thousand Austrians, watched the army of Italy.

Whilst these gigantic armies were drawing towards each other, in the early part of August, for what was afterwards called "the grand battle of the peoples," the weather seemed as though it would renew its Russian miseries on the French. They had to march in constantly deluging rains, up to the knees in mud, and to risk their lives by crossing flooded rivers. Amid these buffetings of the elements the conflict began, on the 21st of August, between Walmoden and Davoust, at Vellahn. A few days afterwards, in a skirmish with Walmoden's outposts at Godebusch, Körner, the youthful Tyrtæus of Germany, fell.

The plan of the campaign is said to have been laid down by Bernadotte, and adopted, after some slight revision, by general Moreau. That general, whom the jealousy of Buonaparte had expelled from France, and who retired to America, now returned in the hope of seeing the fall of Buonaparte accomplished, and peace and a liberal constitution given to his country. He came not to fight against France, but against Buonaparte. The plan showed that they who devised it knew Napoleon's art of war. It was to prevent him attacking and beating them in detail. Whichever party was first assailed was to retire and draw him after them, till the other divisions could close round him, and assail him on all sides. Blücher was the first to advance against Macdonald and Ney. As had been foreseen, Buonaparte hastened to support those generals with the imperial guard and a numerous cavalry, under Latour Maubourg. But Blücher then retired, and, crossing the Katzbach, sate down near Jauer, so as to cover Breslau. The purpose was served, for Schwartzenberg, accompanied by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, as well as by Moreau, had rushed forward on Dresden, driving St. Cyr and twenty thousand men before them, who took refuge in Dresden. The allies were at his heels, and on the 25th of August began to attack the city. They hoped to win it before Buonaparte could return, in which case they would cut off his line of communication with France—stopping the advance of both his supplies and reinforcements. But the very next day, whilst they were in vigorous operation against the city, and had already carried two redoubts, Buonaparte was seen advancing in hot haste over the bridges into Dresden. Warned of its danger, he had left Macdonald to defend himself, and now led his troops across the city and out at two different gates upon the enemies. The battle continued that day, and was resumed the next, by Buonaparte pushing forward immense bodies of troops from different gates, and concentrating them on the allies. The attempt to take the city in Buonaparte's absence had failed, and now they saw themselves in danger of being inclosed by Murat—who had again been induced to join the emperor—on the Freyberg road, and by Vandamme on the road to Pirna, by the Elbe. They were, therefore, compelled to fall back, and the withdrawal soon proved a flight. Napoleon pursued them hotly amid torrents of wind and rain, and made great slaughter, especially of the Austrians, who were seized with a panic of the enemy who had so often beaten them. Seven or eight thousand French were killed and wounded; but of the allies, chiefly Austrians, more than twenty thousand were killed or disabled. During the engagement, Moreau had both his legs shot away by a cannon ball, and died in a few days.

Buonaparte continued the pursuit of the allies as far as Pirna, whence, owing to indisposition, he returned to Dresden; but Vandamme, Murat, Marmont, and St. Cyr pushed forward by different ways to cut off the route of the fugitives into the mountains of Bohemia. Vandamme, however, having passed Peterswald, beyond which he had orders not to proceed, was tempted to reach Töplitz, where the allied sovereigns lay, and take it. In doing this he was inclosed, in a deep valley near Culm, by Ostermann and other bodies of the allies, completely routed, and taken prisoner, with generals Haxo and Guyot, the loss of two eagles, and seven thousand prisoners. This was on the 29th of August.

On the 26th Blücher had nearly annihilated the division of Macdonald. No sooner did he learn the return of Buonaparte to Dresden than he wheeled round upon Macdonald, taking him by surprise, and driving his troops into the rivers Katzbach and Neisse, swollen by the rains. The battle raged the most fiercely near Wahlstadt, and, on the subsidence of the floods, hundreds of corpses were seen sticking in the mud. A part of the French fled for a couple of days in terrible disorder along the right bank of the Neisse, and were captured, with their general, by the Russian commander, Langeron.

The same fate befell the troops of Ney, who had been sent to dislodge Bernadotte and Bulow before Berlin. He was beaten at Dennewitz on the 6th of September, with a loss of eighteen thousand men, and eighty guns. Macdonald had lost on the Katzbach many thousands slain or dispersed, eighteen thousand prisoners, and a hundred and three guns. His army was nearly annihilated. Between this period and the end of September the French generals were defeated in every quarter: Davoust by Walmoden; another body of French by Platoff, on the 29th; Jerome by Czernicheff, on the 30th; and Lefebvre by Thielemann and Platoff, at Altenburg.

These defeats, which were gradually hemming Napoleon round by his enemies in Dresden, were the direct result of the active aid of England to the allies. Sir Charles Stewart, the brother of Lord Castlereagh, had been dispatched to the head-quarters of the allies. By means of the abundant supplies of arms and money, the population of Hanover was raised; Bernadotte was kept firm to his support of the coalition; and, by Sir Charles, Bernadotte was urged to march on Leipsic and be present at the final conflict. Brigadier-general Lyon was sent to head the troops in Hanover; and the duke of Cambridge to conduct the civil government of the country. Money was supplied in abundance, in addition to military stores. Two millions were advanced to the crown prince of Sweden for his army,

two millions more to the Russians and Prussians, and another half million to Russia to equip its fleet in the Baltic. Without these vast supplies the combined armies could not have kept their ground.

From the 24th of September till the commencement of October Buonaparte continued to maintain himself at Dresden, though the allies were fast gathering round him. Occasionally he made a rush from the city, and, on one occasion, pursued Blücher as far as Nollendorf, beyond Culm; but these expeditions only served to exhaust his troops, without producing any effect on the enemy. As he chased one body on one side, others were closing up on other sides. Seeing that he could not long remain at Dresden, and that Bernadotte and Bülow had quitted the neighbourhood of Berlin, he suddenly conceived the design of marching rapidly on that city, and taking up his head-quarters there; but this scheme met with universal disapprobation from his officers, and he was compelled to abandon it. He then continued for days, and even weeks, in a state of listless apathy, for hours together mechanically making large letters on sheets of paper, or consulting on some new schemes with his generals; but the only scheme to which they would listen was that of retreating to the left bank of the Rhine. In fact, they and the army were completely worn out and dispirited.

Meantime, a fresh reinforcement of sixty thousand Russians appeared, under the command of Benningsen—wild figures, wandering Baskirs and Tartars, clad in sheep-skins, and some of them armed with bows and arrows—men gathered from the very extremities of Asia and the wall of China.

The allies now determined to close in on all sides, and compel the French to a surrender. But Buonaparte, after some manœuvres to bring Blücher to action—that general and the crown prince of Sweden having crossed to the left bank of the Elbe—found it at length necessary to retreat to Leipsic. He reached that city on the 15th of October, and learned, to his great satisfaction, that, whilst his whole force would be under its walls within twenty-four hours, the Austrians were advancing considerably a-head of the Prussians; and he flattered himself that he should be able to beat the Austrians before the other allies could reach them.

Leipsic is nearly surrounded by rivers and marshy lands, and only, therefore, accessible by a number of bridges. The Pleisse and the Elster on the west, in various divisions, stretch under its walls; on the east winds far round the Partha; on the south only rise some higher lands. On the 16th of October, at break of day, the Austrians attacked the southern or more accessible side with great fury, headed by generals Kleist and Mehrfeldt, and were opposed by Poniatowski and Victor. Buonaparte was soon obliged to send up Souham to support these generals. Lauriston also was attacked by Klenau at the village of Liebertwolkwitz. After much hard fighting, Buonaparte ordered up Macdonald, who broke through the Austrian line at the village of Gossa, followed by Murat; Latour-Maubourg and Kellermann galloped through with all their cavalry. Napoleon considered this as decisive, and sent word to the king of Saxony that the battle was won, and that poor dupe of an unpatriotic king set the church bells ringing for joy. But a desperate charge of Cossacks reversed all this, and drove back the French to the very walls of the town. In the meantime, Blücher had attacked and driven in Marmont, taking the village of Möchern, with twenty pieces of cannon and two thousand prisoners. On the side of the Pleisse Schwartzenberg pushed across a body of horse, under general Mehrfeldt, who fell into the hands of the French; but another division, under general Guilay, secured the left bank of the Pleisse and its bridges, and, had he blown them up, would have cut off the only avenue of retreat for the French towards the Rhine. Night fell on the fierce contest, in which two hundred and thirty thousand allies were hemming in one hundred and thirty-six thousand French; for the allies this time had adopted Buonaparte's great rule of conquering by united numbers.

The next day the battle paused, as by mutual consent; and, as it was evident that the French must eventually retreat, this day should have been spent in preparing temporary bridges to cross the rivers; but, as at Moscow, the presence of mind of Buonaparte seemed to have deserted him. He dispatched general Mehrfeldt to the allied monarchs, to propose an armistice, on condition that he would yield all demanded at the conference of Prague—Poland, and Illyria, the independence of Holland, Spain, and Italy, with the evacuation of Germany entirely. Before he went Mehrfeldt informed him that the Bavarians had gone over in a body to the allies. But in vain did Buonaparte wait for an answer—none was vouchsafed. The allied monarchs had mutually sworn to hold no further intercourse with the invader till every Frenchman was beyond the Rhine.

On the morning of the 18th the battle recommenced with fury. The French were now fighting close under the walls of the town, and Napoleon, posted on an eminence called Thonberg, watched the conflict. Till two o'clock the fight raged all along the line, round the city; and neither party seemed to make any advance. At length the allies forced their way into the village of Probtsheyda, and threw the French on that side into great confusion. Ney, on the north side, was also fearfully pressed by Blücher and the crown prince of Sweden, and was compelled to retreat under the walls. On a sudden, as the Russians advanced also against Ney, the Saxons—ten thousand in number—went over to them with a shout. They were sent to the rear, but their cannon was at once turned against the enemy. By evening it was clear that the French could not hold their position another day. Schwartzenberg announced to the allied sovereigns that victory was certain, and they knelt on the field, and returned thanks to God. The French knew this better than their opponents, for in the two days they had fired two hundred and fifty thousand cannon-balls, and had only about sixteen thousand cartridges left, which would not serve for more than two hours, much of their artillery having been sent to Torgau. The retreat, therefore, commenced in the night. There was only one bridge prepared, of timber, in addition to the regular stone bridge, over which one hundred thousand men must pass, with the enemy at their heels. To add to the misery, the temporary bridge soon broke down. Napoleon took a hasty leave of the king and queen of Saxony, ordered Poniatowski

to defend the rear, and himself made for the bridge. It was not without much difficulty, and considerable alarm lest he should be surrounded and taken, that he and his suite got across. Then there was a terrible scene of crushing and scrambling; and the enemy, now aware of the flight, were galloping and running from all sides towards the bridge, to cut off the fugitives. Soon after Buonaparte had got over, the bridge was blown up by the French officer in charge of the mine already made, and twenty-five thousand men were left to surrender as prisoners in the town. Amongst these were marshals Macdonald and Poniatowski; but, disdaining to surrender, they sprang, with their horses, into the Pleisse—to swim. Macdonald escaped, but Poniatowski, though he crossed the Pleisse, was again nearly cut off, and plunging into the deep and muddy Elster, was drowned. No braver man perished in these tragic campaigns; both allies and French in Leipsic followed his remains to the tomb, in sincere honour of his gallantry. The triumph of the allied monarchs was complete. They met in the great square of the city, and congratulated each other. The king of Saxony was sent, without any interview, under a guard of Cossacks to Berlin, and at the general congress he was made to pay dearly in territory for his besotted adhesion to the invader of Germany. In this awful battle the French lost three hundred guns. The slain on both sides amounted to eighty thousand, and thousands of the wounded lay for days around the city, exposed to the severe October nights, before they could be collected into lazzarettos; and the view of the whole environs of Leipsic, covered with dead, was fearful.

On the 23rd of October Napoleon reached Erfurt, whose fortifications afforded him the means of two days' delay, to collect his scattered forces. As they came straggling in, in a most wretched condition, and without arms, his patience forsook him, and he exclaimed, "They are a set of scoundrels, who are going to the devil! I shall lose eighty thousand before I get to the Rhine!" In fact, he had only eighty thousand men left, besides another eighty thousand in the garrisons in the north of Germany—thus also lost to him. Of his two hundred and eighty thousand men, had utterly perished one hundred and twenty thousand. He sent orders to those in the garrisons to form a junction in the valley of the Elbe, and so fight their way home; but this was not practicable; and in a few months they all surrendered, on conditions. He here dismissed such of the Saxon and Baden troops as remained with him, and offered the same freedom to the Poles; but these brave men—with a generosity to which the betrayer of their country had no claim—refused to disband till they had seen him safe over the Rhine. Murat, with less fidelity, took his leave again, on the plea of raising troops on the frontiers of France, to facilitate Napoleon's retreat, but, in reality, to get away to Naples, and make terms for himself.

Before Buonaparte quitted Erfurt he learned that his late allies, the Bavarians, with a body of Austrians under general Wrede, were marching to cut off his line of retreat to the Rhine, and that another body of Austrians and Prussians were marching from near Weimar, on the same point, with the same object. He left Erfurt on the 25th of October, amid the most tempestuous weather, and his rear incessantly harassed by the Cossacks. He had Wrede posted at Hanau, but with only forty-five thousand men, so that he was able to force his way, but with a loss of six thousand, inflicting a still greater on the Austro-Bavarians, of nearly ten thousand. On the 30th of October Napoleon reached Frankfort, and was at Maintz the next day, where he saw his army cross, and on the 7th of November he left for Paris, where he arrived on the 9th. His reception there was by no means encouraging. In addition to the enormous destruction of life in the Russian campaign, the French public now—instead of the reality of those victories which his lying bulletins had announced—saw him once more arrive alone. They saw Murat passing at a flying speed through the country, and they eagerly inquired what had become of the two hundred thousand men who had disappeared. It was in vain that about four thousand Bavarian prisoners were ostentatiously paraded before them, with a few captured banners; they still demanded where were their fathers, their brothers, and their sons? And the whole frightful truth soon burst upon them. Then the notes of the French people changed at once. For these twenty years they had read, without a feeling of compunction, of the slaughters and the ravages committed by their countrymen and relatives on all the peoples of the continent, and consoled themselves for the deaths that occurred by saying, "Our sons and brothers have fallen for the glory of France!" But now they bitterly exclaimed, "They have been sacrificed to the ambition of a tyrant!" Nor was their indignation at all diminished when they heard the story of the miseries which had tracked the march of the remnant of their army out of Germany. There the whole road had been covered with carcases of the dead and the dying. The ditches were filled with such as were worn down by fatigue and famine, for the country people refused them everything but destruction. Their horses lay dead amongst them, and their blown-up ammunition and baggage-wagons obstructed the roads; while on both sides of their way smoked the remains of the villages, which they burnt down in their vengeful fury.

When the advanced guard of the allies came in sight of the Rhine, over which the last of the hated invaders had fled, they raised such shouts of "The Rhine! the Rhine!" that those behind rushed forward, supposing that it was a call to action; but they soon learned the true cause, and joined in a mighty acclamation, that proclaimed the haughty and sanguinary oppressor driven out, and the soil of Germany at length freed from his licentious and marauding legions. It turned out that they had left behind them one hundred and forty thousand prisoners, and seven hundred and ninety-one guns.

On the 2nd of November Hanover was again delivered to England; the duke of Brunswick, who had maintained his stern hatred to Buonaparte, also returned to his patrimonial domains; the kingdom of Westphalia dissolving like a dream, the different portions of Jerome's ephemeral realm reverting to their former owners. The confederacy of the Rhine was at an end, the members of it hastening to make peace with the allies, and save as much of their dominions as they could. Bernadotte, immediately after the defeat of Buonaparte at Leipsic, entered Denmark, and overran the country of that ally of France. The Danish army speedily consented to an

ENGLISH AND SPANISH TROOPS DIVIDING THE SPOILS AFTER A BATTLE.

RECEPTION OF LORD WELLINGTON AND THE ENGLISH FORCES IN FRANCE.

armistice, by which it was agreed that the Swedes should occupy Holstein and a part of Sleswick till the French were expelled from all the Danish fortresses. It was already stipulated, as the price of his co-operation, that the crown prince should receive Norway to add to the Swedish crown.

Holland rose in exultation on the news of the overthrow of Buonaparte at Leipsic. His dominion over that country had been a bitter thraldom. Its sons had been dragged yearly, by conscription, to his great slaughter-houses called battle-fields in distant regions. Their trade had been crushed by his continental system; their colonies seized by England; their mercantile sources thus dried up—in fact, he had squeezed the wealth and the life out of Holland as out of a sponge, and hordes of French officials maintained an insolent and lordly dominance all over the country. The Dutch had risen to throw off this hateful and ruinous yoke, on the disasters in Russia; but the French forces in Holland had then been sufficient to put them down, and to severely punish them for the attempt. But the necessities in Germany had nearly drained Holland of French troops, and they now rose once more joyfully at Amsterdam, on the 15th of November, and at the Hague on the 16th. They appointed count Styrum governor in the name of the prince of Orange, and a deputation was dispatched to London to invite the prince to return, and to solicit the support of the British government. They received the most prompt assurances of assistance from England. A man-of-war was immediately put at the service of the prince of Orange, and, after a nineteen years' exile, he embarked on the 25th, and entered Amsterdam on the 1st of December as king of Holland, amid the most enthusiastic acclamations. An army of twenty-five thousand men was soon enrolled; the allies were at hand; the French authorities fled, after laying hands on all the booty they could carry off; and with the exception of the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, the country was speedily cleared of them.

The Swiss acted a more cautious part. Fearful that Napoleon might yet, by some other wonderful chance, regain his power, they summoned a diet, passed an order for the neutrality of the cantons, and issued an order calling on the allies to respect this, and not attempt to march troops through their country. This would have suited Buonaparte extremely well, as it would have closed his eastern frontiers to the Austrians, who were marching that way under count Bubna; but the Austrians informed the Swiss authorities that they should certainly march through; and the allied sovereigns dispatched count Capo d'Istria and herr Lebzeltern to Zurich to state that the power of France over Switzerland was at an end, and to desire them to send deputies to meet them, and to establish an independent government for Switzerland. Thus assured, the greater part of the cantons sent their deputies to Zurich, who proclaimed the restoration of national independence, and gave free consent for the allies to march through it.

Whilst all the countries which Buonaparte, at such an incalculable cost of life and human suffering, had compelled to the dominion of France were thus re-asserting their freedom, Buonaparte, in Paris, presented the miserable phantom of a vanished greatness. He called on the senate to vote new conscriptions, telling them that theirs had been made by him the first throne of the universe, and they must maintain it as such; that without him they would become nothing. But the allies were now entering France at one end, and Wellington was firmly fixed in the other; ere long the insulted nations would be at the gates of Paris, and the senate and people demanded peace. Buonaparte refused to listen, and the senate voted the conscription of three hundred thousand men, knowing that there was no longer any authority in the country to raise them. La Vendée, and all the catholic south, was on the verge of insurrection; Murat, in Naples, was ready to throw off his last link of adhesion to Buonaparte; and the defeated usurper stood paralysed at the approach of his doom.

It was natural that this mighty turn in affairs on the continent should be watched in England with an interest beyond the power of words. Though this happy country had never felt the foot of the haughty invader, no nation in Europe had put forth such energies for the overthrow of the usurper; none had poured forth such a continual flood of wealth to arm, to clothe, to feed the struggling nations, and hold them up against the universal aggressor. Parliament met on the 4th of November, and, both in the speech of the prince regent and in the speeches in both houses, one strain of exultation and congratulation on the certain prospect of a close to this unexampled war prevailed. At that very moment the Gallic invader was on his way to Paris, his lost army nearly destroyed, the remains of it chased across the Rhine, and himself advancing to meet a people at length weary of his sanguinary ambition, and sternly demanding peace.

Lord Castlereagh, in enumerating the aid given by England to the sovereigns of the continent in this grand effort to put down the intolerable military dominance of Buonaparte, drew a picture of expenditure such as no country had presented since the commencement of history. He said that the nations of the north of Europe were so exhausted by their former efforts, that not one of them could move without our aid; that this year alone we had sent to Russia two million pounds; to Prussia two million pounds; to Austria one million pounds in money, and one hundred thousand stand of arms; to Spain two million pounds; to Portugal one million pounds; to Sicily four hundred thousand pounds. By these aids Russia had been able to bring up men from the very extremities of the earth, and Prussia to put two hundred thousand men into the field. We had sent during the year five hundred thousand muskets to Spain and Portugal, and four hundred thousand to other parts of the continent. There was something sublime in the contemplation of one nation, by the force of her wealth and her industry, calling together the armies of the whole world to crush the evil genius of the earth. The idea was poetically grand, apart from considerations lying below the mere surface.

But lord Castlereagh called on parliament to maintain the same scale of expenditure and exertion till the great drama was completed. He estimated that there would still be wanted for 1814 four million pounds for the Peninsula, and six million pounds for Germany. He stated that our army in all quarters of the world amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand men, and that it was probable that we

should have occasion to send from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men to Holland, which, he recommended, should be raised by drafts from the militia. Of seamen, one hundred and forty thousand, and thirty-one thousand marines were voted, as it was resolved to chase the flag of the troublesome Americans from the seas. All these proposals were assented to without hesitation, and, with the warmest encomiums on the achievements of lord Wellington in Spain and the south of France, parliament adjourned on the 26th of December till the 1st of March, 1814.

At the opening of the year 1814 Buonaparte was busy endeavouring to made good some of his false steps, so as to meet the approaching allies with all possible strength. He made haste to liberate the captive pope, and thus remove one of the causes of the hostility of the Italians to him, for in Italy the Austrians were bearing hard on his viceroy, Eugene, who had but about forty-five thousand men there, whilst Murat, at Naples, so far from supporting the claims of Napoleon, was endeavouring to bargain with the allies for the kingdom of Naples. Buonaparte, at the commencement of the year, sent cardinal Maury and the bishops of Evreux and Plaisance to Pius VII., at Fontainebleau. But, even under such pressing circumstances, Buonaparte could not make a generous offer. He endeavoured to bargain for the cession of a part of the papal territories, on condition of the surrender of the rest. But Pius, who had always shown great spirit, replied that the estates of the church were not his to give, and he would not give his consent to their alienation. Foiled on this point, Buonaparte then sent word that the pope should be unconditionally liberated. "Then," said Pius, "so must all my cardinals." This was refused, but he was permitted to go alone, and a carriage and guard of honour were given him. Before departing, Pius called together the cardinals, seventeen in number, and commanded them to wear no decoration received from the French government, and to assist at no festival to which they should be invited. He then took his leave, on the 24th of January, and reached Rome on the 18th of May. Thus ended the most foolish of all the arbitrary actions of Napoleon. The folly of it was so obvious that he disclaimed having ordered the seizure of the pope, but he showed that this was false by keeping him prisoner more than five years.

Another matter which he was in equal haste to set right was the captivity of the king of Spain. He had one hundred thousand of his best-disciplined and seasoned troops in Spain, and he was anxious to get them out to meet the approaching allies. Besides this, he was equally anxious to render the stay of lord Wellington in the south of France indefensible. To effect these purposes, he determined not only to liberate Ferdinand of Spain, but to send him home under the conditions of a treaty, by which a full exchange of prisoners should be effected, and the continuance of the English there be declared unnecessary. Nay, he did all in his power to embroil the Spaniards with their deliverers, the English. He sent, for these purposes, soon after his return to Paris, M. de la Forest to Ferdinand, at Valençay, but under the name of M. Dubois, so that neither the Spanish cortes nor the English should know anything of the matter. La Forest carried to Ferdinand this impudent letter—perhaps the most impudent one ever written, even by Buonaparte, when we consider the manner in which he had kidnapped the royal family of Spain, and had endeavoured, and was endeavouring up to that moment, by a most bloody and desolating war in their dominions, to supplant:—"My Cousin,—The state of my empire and of my political situation lead me to put a final adjustment to the affairs of Spain. The English are exciting anarchy and jacobinism. They endeavour to overthrow the crown and the nobility, in order to establish a republic. I cannot, without being deeply affected, think on the destruction of a nation which interests me, both by its neighbourhood and its common interest concerning maritime commerce. I wish to re-establish the relations of friendship and good neighbourhood which have so long been established between France and Spain. You will, therefore, listen to what the comte de la Forest will propose in my name," &c.

But, imbecile as Ferdinand was, he had too strong a gleam of common sense to act as Buonaparte wanted him. He replied that he had been five years and a half from Spain, kept in utter ignorance of what had passed there, and that he could enter into no treaty without first consulting with the Spanish regency. La Forest observed that his majesty had had the information of the progress of events in Spain from the French papers; but that did not satisfy even the dull senses of Ferdinand. La Forest then endeavoured to incense him against the English and the cortes. He represented England as little better than a republic, and that it had encouraged the cortes to excite republicanism—a circumstance particularly distressing to Napoleon. This seems to have alarmed the weak mind of Ferdinand, and he consented that a treaty should be drawn up betwixt La Forest and the duque de San Carlos. By this treaty Buonaparte recognised Ferdinand VII. and his successors as king of Spain and the Indies, and Ferdinand, on his part, bound himself to maintain the integrity of his empire, and to oblige the English immediately to evacuate every part of Spain. The contracting powers were to maintain their maritime rights against England; and whilst Buonaparte surrendered all fortresses held by him in Spain, Ferdinand was to continue to all the Spaniards who had adhered to king Joseph all the rights, privileges, and property they had enjoyed under him.

Could this treaty have been carried out, Buonaparte would at once have obtained his one hundred thousand veterans from Spain, and completely paralysed the army of lord Wellington. The duque de San Carlos conveyed the treaty to Spain. He was instructed to inquire into the state of the regency and the cortes, whether they were really so infected with infidelity and jacobinism as Napoleon had represented; but, whether so or not, he was to procure the ratification of the treaty by these bodies, and Ferdinand undertook to deal with them himself when once safe upon the throne. San Carlos travelled eastward into Spain, and visited the camp of Suchet, who very soon communicated to general Capons, who was co-operating with general Clinton, that there was peace concluded betwixt Spain and France, and that there was no longer any use for the English. Capons was very ready to act on this information, and enter into a separate armistice with Suchet; but, fortunately for both Spain and the English, neither the regency

nor the cortes would sign the treaty so long as the king was in durance in France.

But before this could be known, such was the impatience of Buonaparte to annihilate the power of the English in Spain, and to procure the immediate return of his veterans, that he released generals Palafox and Zayas from the prison of Vincennes, and sent them, with the canon Escoiquiz and Don Pedro de Macanaz, to Valençay, to persuade Ferdinand to sign an immediate suspension of hostilities between Spain and France—so anxious was this universal bloodspiller "for all useless expenditure of blood to be avoided!" Ferdinand consented to this conditionally that the regency and cortes consented to it, and Palafox was dispatched into Spain to endeavour to accomplish the object; but Ferdinand, at the same time, gave Palafox secret instructions to see the English minister at Madrid, and tell him that the treaty was a hoax. The journey of Palafox was unnecessary, for, before his arrival—that is, on the 28th of January—the regency had given its answer on behalf of the cortes as well as of itself—that the treaty could not be entertained till the king was free and in Spain. Thus were the artful endeavours of Buonaparte defeated.

Lord Wellington had been duly informed of the progress of these manœuvres, and they had given him great anxiety; nor were these the only causes of anxiety which affected him. The English ministry were so much absorbed with the business of supporting the allies in their triumphant march after Buonaparte, that they seemed to think the necessity of lord Wellington's exertions at an end. At the close of 1813 they recalled Sir Thomas Graham and some of his best battalions to send them into Holland. They appeared to contemplate still further reductions of the Peninsula army, and lord Wellington was obliged to address them in very plain terms to impress them with the vital necessity of maintaining the force in this quarter unweakened. He reminded them that thirty thousand British troops had kept two hundred thousand of Buonaparte's best troops engaged in Spain for five years; that without this assistance Spain and Portugal would have long ago been completely thrown under the feet of the invader, and the allies of the north would have had to contend against the undivided armies and exertions of Napoleon; that to render his own army inefficient would be at once to release one hundred thousand veterans such as the allied armies had not had to deal with. This had the proper effect; and, as soon as his lordship could get the necessary supplies, he resumed his operations to drive Soult from under the walls of Bayonne.

Early in February he commenced his operations, and carried them forward with a vigour most extraordinary. He drove Soult from all his intrenchments before Bayonne, and again on the 27th he routed him at Orthez and pursued him to the banks of the Adour. This was a sharply contested field, the English having nearly three hundred killed and two thousand wounded; but the loss of the French was far heavier, for they flung down their arms and ran, and there was a great slaughter of the fugitives. The towns of Bayonne and Bourdeaux being now left uncovered by the French, Wellington sent bodies of troops to invest them. Bourdeaux at once opened its gates, and proclaimed Louis XVIII. Lord Wellington had issued orders that the English should take no part in any political demonstrations, but should leave all such decisions to the allies, who would settle by treaty what dynasty should reign. He himself followed Soult to Tarbes, where he expected that he would give battle; but Soult was anxious for the arrival and junction of Suchet, who was advancing from Spain with upwards of twenty thousand men. Soult, therefore, retreated to Toulouse, which he reached on the 24th of March.

Lord Wellington came up with him on the 9th of April, in the meantime having had to get across the rapid Garonne, with all his artillery and stores, in the face of the French batteries. The next morning, the 10th, being Easter Sunday, Wellington attacked Soult in all his positions. These were remarkably strong, most of his troops being posted on well-fortified heights, bristling with cannon, various strongly-built houses being crammed with riflemen; and a network of vineyards and orchards, surrounded by stone walls, and intersected by streams, protected his men, and rendered the coming at them most difficult. The forces on both sides were nearly equal. Soult had about forty-two thousand men, and Wellington, besides his army composed of English, Germans, and Portuguese, had a division of fifteen thousand Spaniards. The difficulties of the situation far out-balanced the excess of about three thousand men on the British side; but every quarter was gallantly attacked and, after a severe conflict, carried. Soult retired into Toulouse, and during the ensuing night he evacuated it, and retreated by Castelnaudary to Carcassonne. The loss of the allies in killed was six hundred, and about four thousand wounded. Soult confessed to three thousand two hundred killed and wounded, but we may calculate his total loss at little less than that of the allies, although his troops had been protected by their stone walls and houses. There were many of our officers severely wounded, and several killed. Colonel Douglas lost a leg, colonel Pack and major-general Brisbane were wounded. Colonel Forbes, of the 45th, and colonel Coglan, of the 61st, were killed.

On the 12th of March Wellington entered Toulouse amid the acclamations of the people. Yet, with an assurance most astounding, Buonaparte everywhere proclaimed that Soult had won a great victory at Toulouse, and some of their historians coolly assert it to this day. If being driven into Toulouse one day and out of it the next, leaving the English in possession of the town, and his retreating to Castelnaudary, nearly forty miles off, before he stopped, be victory, then assuredly he had a glorious victory. Yet, on these evidences of a victory, the late king Louis Philippe sanctioned the project of erecting a column in honour of Soult's victory over Wellington! "A victory," says M. Capefigue in his "Europe during the Consulate and the Empire," published so late as 1840, "which has created a confraternity between Soult and the duke of Wellington." It is pitiful to see the French, in their agony to cover the continual defeats of Soult, thus endeavouring to imagine a victory for him where the facts are so glaringly contrary; the pretence, indeed, being completely swept away by Soult

himself. Writing to Suchet at the time, he confessed that the battle had been most murderous, and having completely overset all his determinations, had compelled him to enter Toulouse, which he saw that he could not hold. In a subsequent letter, he added that he was compelled to evacuate Toulouse, and the next day should endeavour to reach Villefranche, twenty-four miles off.

But lord Wellington was not only accused by the French of defeat, but of fighting the battle five days after the abdication of Buonaparte, and therefore incurring a most needless waste of life. The fact was, that it was not till the afternoon of the 12th of April that colonel Cooke and the French colonel, St. Simon, arrived at Toulouse, bringing the official information that Buonaparte had abdicated at Fontainebleau on the 4th. Thus the battle was fought a week before the knowledge of the necessity for fighting was received. Moreover, we have the evidence of Soult's own correspondence that on the 7th of April, after he had heard of the entrance of the allies into Paris, he was determined to fight another battle, and for the very reason that the allies had entered Paris. When the English and French colonels arrived at Soult's camp with the same news that they had communicated to Wellington, Soult refused to submit to the provisional government until he received orders from Napoleon; nor did he acknowledge this government till the 17th, when Wellington was in full pursuit of him towards Castelnaudary. On the 18th a convention was signed betwixt Wellington and Soult, and on the following day a like one was signed betwixt Wellington and Suchet. On the 21st lord Wellington announced to his army that hostilities were at an end, and thanked them "for their uniform discipline and gallantry in the field, and for their conciliatory conduct towards the inhabitants of the country."

This campaign was closed in this quarter by one of the most disgraceful acts on the part of the French which ever took place in any war. The abdication of Buonaparte, and the establishment of the provisional government, had been communicated to Sir John Hope, who had sate down before Bayonne, and by him to general Thouvenel, who commanded the garrison within. Supposing, therefore, that all war was at an end, the British were quietly sleeping in their cantonments, when Thouvenel made a sortie long before it was light. This wanton and useless attack, which could only be made from a feeling of savage spite that the usurper was put down and his legions altogether defeated, cost the allies in killed and wounded eight hundred men. A rush was made upon the village of St. Etienne, and the pickets and the surprised soldiers were bayoneted. Sir John Hope galloped up to the spot in the dark only to have his horse killed under him, and to be severely wounded and made prisoner. There was a confused scuffle in the dark; but the allies were soon under arms, and drove back the ruffians at the point of the bayonet. Major-general Hay, colonel Sir H. Sullivan, and captain Croker were killed, and major-general Stopford was wounded. The brutal Thouvenel, who thus killed men for the mere sake of killing them—no other purpose whatever being possible to be served by it—was as barbarous in his conduct throughout. He refused to admit any British officer to attend on their wounded general, Sir John Hope, until after he had been compelled to submit to the provisional government by Soult's orders. Yet this man was one of those upon whom Louis XVIII. was advised to confer the cross of St. Louis; he also confirmed him in the command of Bayonne. Thouvenel had been one of the bloody revolutionists; he had then fought under Dumouriez; and he ended by breaking his oath to Louis XVIII., and declaring for Buonaparte on his return from Elba.

In preparing to meet the invasion of the allies, Napoleon had to encounter the most formidable difficulties. In Russia and in this German campaign he had seen the bulk of his veteran army dissipated—nay, destroyed. After all his years of incessant drafts on the life-blood of France, six hundred thousand men could not be readily replaced. To replace a fourth of that number with well-disciplined troops was impossible. He could draw none from Germany, for his boasted confederation of the Rhine had disappeared as a summer cloud, and the very princes on whom he had relied were marching against him in the vast army of the allies. He could draw none from Italy; for there Eugene Beauharnais was contending, with only about forty-five thousand men, against the much more numerous Austrians; whilst his brother-in-law, Murat, his dashing cavalry general, was gone over to the enemy. Poland could send him no more gallant regiments—for he had grievously deceived Poland; and his trusty ally of Denmark lay trodden under foot by his former companion in arms, Bernadotte. When he turned his eyes over France, which had so long sent forth her hordes to desolate Europe at his command, he beheld a prospect not much more cheering. The male population, almost to a man, was drained off, and their bones lay bleaching in the torrid sands of Egypt and Syria, the rugged sierras of Spain and Portugal, in the fens of Holland and the sandy flats of Belgium, on many a heath and plain in Germany, and far away amid the mocking snows of frozen Muscovy. The fields of "la belle France" were being cultivated by old men, by women, and mere boys. Those who had been so long buoyed up under the loss of husbands, fathers, and children, by the delusive mirage of the glory of the grand nation, now cursed the tyrant whose insane ambition had led such millions of the sons of France to the great slaughter-house of war. The conscriptions, therefore, were very little attended to. Besides this, Buonaparte was well aware that there remained a strong leaven of jacobinism in Paris and the large towns, and he was afraid of calling out city guards to set at liberty other soldiers, lest, in the hour of his absence and weakness, they should rise and renounce his authority.

Buonaparte, therefore, insisted passionately on the conscriptions, and that they should be of men, not boys. Alas! the men no longer existed. When a senator doubted the necessity of such a large conscription, and that the allies would dare to invade France, Buonaparte, breaking through all his usual mists of falsehood, exclaimed—"And wherefore should not the whole truth be told? Wellington has entered the south; the Russians menace the northern frontier; the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians threaten the east. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen in mass to drive him back. All my allies have

deserted me. The Bavarians have betrayed me; they threw themselves on my rear to cut off my retreat; but they have been slaughtered for their pains. No peace now till we have burned Munich. A triumvirate is formed in the north—the same which made a partition of Poland. I demand of France three hundred thousand men. I will form a camp at Bourdeaux—another at Metz—another at Lyons. With the present levy, and what remains of the last, I will have a million of men. But I must have grown men, not these boy-conscripts, to encumber the hospitals, and die of fatigue upon the highways. I can reckon no soldiers now save those of France itself."

LORD CASTLEREAGH. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

"Ah, sire," said one the senators, "that ancient France must remain inviolate."

"And Holland!" answered Buonaparte, fiercely—"abandon Holland? Sooner abandon it to the sea. Counsellors, there must be an impulse given. All must march. You are fathers of families, the heads of the nation; it is for you to set the example. They speak of peace; I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo the cry of war."

This demand for peace, the reluctance of the public for more bloodshed, these conscript-boys coming up, and coming up thinly, should have opened his eyes at last to the fact, that France was sick of war; but nothing could ever teach that man, drunk with human blood—that haughty soul which could brook no idea of surrendering anything—the lesson of moderation. Had he chosen now to make peace, the allies, after all they had suffered, were ready to grant it, and with it a France bounded only by the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; but he spurned these terms, which would have given him an empire such as no French monarch had ever ruled over from the days of Charlemagne. The legislative body, in reply to his call for soldiers, presented him a report, advising that he should satisfy the

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU, PREVIOUS TO HIS ABDICATION.

allied monarchs by making a solemn renunciation of all his ambitious schemes, and an engagement to confine his forces to France. He dismissed them in wrath, and shut the door upon them.

Finding that there remained no other means of reinforcing his army, he drained the garrisons all over France, and drew what soldiers he could from Soult and Suchet in the south. He was busy daily drilling and reviewing, and nightly engaged in sending dispatches to urge on the provinces to send up their men. The *Moniteur* and other newspapers represented all France as flying to arms; but the truth was they looked with profound apathy on the progress of the allies. These issued proclamation after proclamation, assuring the people that it was not against France that they made war, but solely against the man who would give no peace either to France or any of his neighbours; and the French had come to the conclusion that it was time that Buonaparte should be brought to submit to the dictation of force, as he was insensible to that of reason.

On the 25th of January Buonaparte conferred the regency again on Maria Louisa, appointed king Joseph his lieutenant in Paris—the poor man who could not take care of the capital which had been conferred on himself—and quitted Paris to put himself at the head of his army. This army, spite of all his exertions, did not exceed eighty thousand men; whilst the allies were already in France with at least a hundred and fifty thousand, and fresh bodies marching up in succession from the north. He arrived the next day at Chalons, where his army lay, commanded by Marmont, Macdonald, Victor, and Ney. The Austrians, under Schwartzenberg, had entered France on the 21st of December by the Upper Rhine, and directed their march on Lyons. On the 19th of January, a few days before Buonaparte quitted Paris, they had already taken Dijon, and were advancing on Lyons, where, however, they received a repulse. Blücher, at the head of forty thousand men, called the army of Silesia, about the same time entered France lower down, betwixt Manheim and Coblentz, at four different points, and pushed forward for Joinville, Vitry, and St. Dizier. Another army of Swedes, Russians, and Germans, under the crown prince of Sweden, was directed to assist in clearing Holland and Belgium, as the crown prince naturally wished to take no part in the invasion of his native soil. Whilst, therefore, Bernadotte remained to protect Belgium, Sir Thomas Graham, who, with general Bülow, had cleared Holland of the French, except such as occupied the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, remained to invest that stronghold, and Bülow and Winzengerode entered France by its northern frontier.

As Blücher was, as usual, much a-head of the other divisions of the allies, Buonaparte resolved to attack him before he could form a junction with Schwartzenberg. Blücher, informed of his purpose, concentrated his forces at Brienne, on the Aube, fourteen miles below Bar. Brienne is but a small village, having but two streets, one of them ascending to the chateau—occupied as a military academy, and where Napoleon himself received his military education—the other leading to Arcis-sur-Aube. Blücher had quartered himself in the chateau, and was at dinner with his staff, on the 27th of January, when he was astonished to find that Buonaparte was already upon him. The chateau being surrounded by a woody park; under cover of that Napoleon had approached, and suddenly drove in two thousand Russians posted there, and was rushing on to capture the general and all his staff. A most miserable look-out must have been kept by the Prussian outposts. Blücher and his generals, startled by the horrible uproar, had only time to escape by a postern, and by leading their horses down a flight of steps. Recovered, however, from their surprise, the Russians, under general Alsusieff, turned on the French, and were soon supported by the Prussians. The Cossacks galloped forward, and nearly succeeded in capturing Buonaparte at the head of his troops. One man was laying hands on the Man in the Grey Coat, when Gourgaud shot him with a pistol. In the midst of the fray, Buonaparte suddenly recognised a tree under which, as a boy, he used to read Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Buonaparte gained possession of Brienne, but, like Moscow, it was burned over his head, and it was not till eleven o'clock at night that Blücher, who had only twenty thousand men engaged, retired, and took up a position at La Rothière. It could scarcely be styled a victory, yet Napoleon proclaimed it a brilliant one; asserting that he had taken fifteen thousand prisoners and forty pieces of cannon, when he had taken no cannon whatever, and only a hundred prisoners.

Immediately after this engagement Blücher was joined by part of the grand army, under the prince of Würtemberg; he therefore determined to attack Napoleon, and on the 1st of February drew out his forces. Napoleon would have declined the engagement, but he had the deep river Aube in his rear, and only the bridge of Lesmont by which to pass it. He preferred, on this account, to risk the battle, rather than a retreat under such circumstances. Blücher attacked at once from the villages of La Rothière, Dienville, and Chaumont. The battle was severely contested for the whole day; the prince of Würtemberg greatly distinguishing himself in it. In the end Buonaparte was wholly defeated—lost four thousand prisoners and seventy-three guns, and must have been captured himself, had not the Austrians, by a surprising slowness, allowed him to escape over the bridge. He then retreated towards Troyes, where he was joined by his imperial guard—but his losses had been very heavy. Had Blücher and Schwartzenberg, who had now joined, marched on united, they must have been in Paris in a very short time; but, with the German fatality of dividing, they had no sooner experienced the benefit of a powerful union, than they called a council at the château of Brienne, and agreed to separate again. Blücher, uniting to his own the divisions of Yorck and Kleist, proceeded towards Paris by the Marne, and prince Schwartzenberg followed the course of the Seine.

Buonaparte saw his opportunity, and, making a movement by a body of troops on Bar-sur-Seine, he alarmed Schwartzenberg, who thought he was intending to attack him in full force, and therefore changed his route, separating farther from Blücher. This point gained, Buonaparte marched after Blücher. That general had driven Macdonald from château Thierry, and had established his headquarters at Vertus. Sacken was in advance as far as Ferté le Jouarre, and Yorck at Meaux, much nearer Paris than

Buonaparte himself. Paris was in great alarm. But Napoleon, taking a cross-country road, and dragging his artillery by enormous exertions over hedges, ditches, and marshes, came upon Blücher's rear, to his astonishment, at Champ-Aubert. Driving in the Russians, under Alsusieff, Napoleon defeated him, taking two thousand prisoners, and most of his artillery; and being thus posted betwixt Sacken and Blücher, he first attacked and defeated Sacken, destroying or squandering five thousand men—about one-fourth of his division—and then turned to attack Blücher himself, who was marching rapidly up to support Sacken. Blücher, finding himself suddenly in face of the whole army of Buonaparte, in an open country, fell back, and conducted his retreat so admirably, that he cut his way through two strong bodies of French, who had posted themselves on the line of his march, and brought off his troops and artillery safe to Chalons. Napoleon then turned against Schwartzenberg, and on the 17th of February he met and defeated him at Nangis. Such were the immediate consequences of the folly of dividing the allied forces. In these movements Napoleon displayed a military ability equal to that of any part of his career.

The Parisians were now afforded proofs that Napoleon was once more victorious. The prisoners, banners, and cannon which he had taken were sent forward rapidly to the capital, and ostentatiously paraded through the streets. Meantime, the allies were so alarmed, that the sovereigns wrote to Buonaparte, expressing their surprise at his attacks, as they had ordered their plenipotentiaries to accept the terms offered by his ambassador, Caulaincourt. These terms had indeed been offered by Caulaincourt, duke of Vicenza, at a congress held at Chatillon-sur-Seine on the 5th of February, and which was still sitting; but the allies had never, in fact, accepted them, and now, as he was again in the ascendant, Napoleon was not likely to listen to them. He therefore left the letter unanswered till he should have thoroughly defeated the allies, and then he would dictate his reply.

He next attacked and took Montereau from the allies, but at a terrible cost of life. Finding then that the Austrians and Prussians were once more contemplating a junction, he sent an answer to the letter of the allied sovereigns, but it was addressed only to the emperor of Austria, and its tenor was to persuade the emperor to make a separate peace. "Only gain the Austrians," he had said to Caulaincourt, on sending him to Chatillon, "and the mischief is at an end." The emperor sent prince Wenceslaus of Lichstenstein to Napoleon's head-quarters, and it was agreed that a conference should be held at Lusigny, between him and count Flahault, on the 24th of February. But Buonaparte did not cease for a moment his offensive movements. On the night of the 23rd he bombarded Troyes, and entered the place the next day. On this occasion he disgraced himself by having all the sick and wounded left behind by the allies dragged out to grace his triumph; and worse, the chevalier de Gouault, who, with a few other royalists, had mounted the white cockade on the entry of the allies into France, being found in the town, he was arrested and shot. He died shouting, "*Vive le Roi!*" Buonaparte, moreover, showed his apprehension of the Bourbons by issuing a stern decree of death against any one wearing Bourbon decorations.

The movements and counter-movements of these hostile armies inflicted the most direful calamities on the country and the peasantry. The villages and farms were burnt and plundered by the Cossacks, Prussians, and Russians, who were glad to repay on these innocent people the barbarities that their countryman had inflicted on them and their nations. The French peasantry, in revenge, and also for sustenance, attacked the convoys and foraging parties, killed them, and carried off the stores. The horrors of the Russian campaign were thus brought home, by the proceedings of Buonaparte, to his own empire, and to within a few leagues of his own capital. The women and children fled to woods and quarries for concealment, and many of them perished there; and wolves prowled over the desolated and wintry plains.

The congress at Chatillon still continued to sit, Caulaincourt amusing the sovereigns and the ambassador of England, lord Aberdeen, with one discussion after another, but having secret instructions from Buonaparte to sign nothing. At length he wrote to him, on the 17th of February, saying, "that when he gave him his carte-blanche it was for the purpose of saving Paris, but that Paris was now saved, and he revoked the powers which he had given him." The allies, however, continued till the 15th of March their offer of leaving France its ancient limits, and then, the time being expired, they broke up the conference. It is said that as Caulaincourt left Chatillon he met the secretary of Buonaparte bringing fresh powers for treating, but it was now too late. It was well for Europe that he did not accept the terms of the allies, for they would have had all their work to do over again as soon as Buonaparte had recovered sufficient strength. It was now the will of Providence soon to close the great drama of his sanguinary career, and that in a new and complete manner.

A succession of battles now took place with varying success, but still leaving the allies nearer to Paris than before. If Buonaparte turned against Blücher, Schwartzenberg made an advance towards the capital; if against Schwartzenberg, Blücher progressed a stage. To check Schwartzenberg whilst he attacked Blücher, Napoleon sent Oudinot, Macdonald, and Gerard against Schwartzenberg; but they were defeated, and Napoleon himself was repulsed with severe loss from Craonne and the heights of Leon. But Buonaparte getting between the two allied armies, and occupying Rheims, the Austrians were so discouraged, that Schwartzenberg gave orders to retreat. The emperor Alexander strenuously opposed retreat; but the effectual argument was advanced by lord Castlereagh, who declared that the moment the retreat commenced the British subsidies should cease. A sharp battle was fought on the 20th of March, betwixt Schwartzenberg and Napoleon, at Arcis-sur-Aube, and Napoleon was compelled to retreat. Blücher, who had received the order to retreat from Schwartzenberg, had treated it with contempt, and replied to it by his favourite word, "Forwards!" Napoleon had now to weigh the anxious question, whether it was better to push on, and stand a battle under the walls of Paris, with

his small, much-reduced force, against the allies, and with the capital in a state of uncertainty towards him—or to follow and harass the rear of the enemy. He seems to have shrunk from the chance of a defeat under the eyes of his metropolis, and he therefore, finding a Prussian force in Vitry, crossed the Marne on the 22nd of March, and held away towards his eastern frontiers, as if with some faint, fond hope that the peasantry of Franche Compte and Alsace might rise and fly to his support. But no such movement was likely; all parts of France were mortally sick of his interminable wars, and glad to see a close put to them. The allies had now taken the bold resolve to march on Paris, and summon it to surrender.

The emperor Francis determined to remain at Aube, with the division under general Ducca, not thinking it becoming him to join in the attack of the French capital where his daughter ruled as empress-regent; and a body of ten thousand cavalry was ordered to watch the motions of Napoleon, under command of Winzengerode and Czernicheff; to intercept his communications with Paris, whilst the Russian and Prussian light troops scoured the roads in advance, stopping all couriers; and Blücher, at the same time, having thrown open the gates of Rheims, was moving on Chalons and Vitry, to form a junction with the army of Schwartzenberg. The flying parties fell in with and captured, near Sommepuix, a convoy of artillery and ammunition; and, on another occasion, with a courier bearing a budget of the most melancholy intelligence to the emperor—that the English had made a descent on Italy; that the Austrians had defeated Augereau, and were in possession of Lyons; that Bourdeaux had declared for Louis XVIII.; and that Wellington was at Toulouse. These tidings gave immense confidence to the allies. Near Fère-Champnoise the allies met, finding Blücher in the act of stopping a body of infantry, five thousand in number, which was bearing provisions and ammunition to the army of Napoleon. The column consisted of young conscripts and national guards, who had never been in action, but they bravely defended their charge till they were surrounded by the mingling forces of the two armies, and compelled to surrender.

The allies now advanced in rapid march. They put to flight the divisions of Mortier and Marmont, whom Buonaparte had posted to give them a check. These divisions lost eight thousand men, besides a vast quantity of guns, baggage, and ammunition. A similar fate awaited a body of ten thousand national guards. At Meaux, Mortier and Marmont blew up a great powder-magazine as Blücher approached, and then retired beneath the walls of Paris. The allies, in three days, had marched seventy miles. On the 28th of March the allies were in full view of Paris, and had driven Marmont and Mortier close under its walls. The north-east side of Paris, on which they were approaching, was the only one then fortified. A ridge of hill running along that side, including the heights of Belleville, Romainville, and Montmartre, was defended by an old wall, and there the French authorities had placed the defenders of the city—the shattered forces of the two retreating marshals, bodies of national guards, and the youths from the Polytechnic schools, many of them mere boys of from twelve to sixteen years old, some of whom served the guns on the batteries. The whole of the forces left to defend the great and wealthy city of Paris amounted to between thirty and forty thousand men.

The other side of the city was only defended by the Seine; but the allies, who had first to cross that river, feared that Buonaparte might come up and attack their rear while they were doing so. They determined, therefore, to attack the line of fortifications. The most lying proclamations were issued by the ex-king Joseph to assure the inhabitants that the bodies of the enemy who came in view were only stragglers who had managed to get past the army of the emperor, who was cutting up and dispersing the allies most triumphantly. The forces in Paris—eight thousand troops of the line and thirty thousand national guards—were reviewed in front of the Tuileries on a Sunday, to impress the people with a sense of security; but on the morning of the 29th the empress and her child quitted the palace, attended by a regiment of seven hundred men, and fled to Blois, carrying with her the crown jewels and much public treasure, and followed by nearly all the members of government. The population—unlike their fathers, who stopped Marie Antoinette in her attempt to escape—suffered this departure with murmurs, but without any attempt to prevent it. When she was gone, they began heartily to curse Buonaparte for the trouble and disgrace he had brought upon them. That very morning Joseph issued a most flaming proclamation, assuring the Parisians that the emperor was at hand, and would annihilate the last traces of the audacious enemy. But already the assault had commenced, and the next day, the 30th of March, it was general all along the line. The Parisians fought bravely, especially the boys from the Polytechnic schools; and as the allies had to attack stone walls and batteries, their slaughter was great. Joseph rode along the line to encourage them in this useless, because utterly hopeless, waste of life. The allied monarchs had, before commencing the assault, issued a proclamation, promising that all life and property should be strictly protected if the city quietly opened its gates; and, in the midst of the storming, they sent in again, by a French prisoner, the same offer, adding that, should the city be carried by assault, no power on earth could prevent it being ruthlessly sacked by the enraged soldiers, and probably destroyed. Yet Joseph did not give the order for capitulation till the whole line was in the hands of the allies, except Montmartre. The Cossacks were already in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and bombs flying into the Chaussée d'Antin. Then king Joseph, whose lying proclamation was still selling on the boulevards at a sous each, ordered Marmont to capitulate; and though he had vowed in his proclamation to stand by the Parisians to the last gasp, he then fled after the empress to Blois. In this wicked, because useless, defence, four thousand French were killed and wounded, and double that number of the allies, as they had, in full exposure, to face the towers and batteries crowded with soldiers, and to fight their way up-hill.

During the battle, says the author of "Memorable Events," the Boulevards des Italiens and the Café Tortoni were thronged with fashionable loungers of both sexes, sitting, as usual, on the chairs placed there, and appearing almost uninterested spectators of the number of wounded French

and the prisoners of the allies who were brought in. About two o'clock, a general cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" was heard on the Boulevards, and then took place a general and confused flight, which spread, like the undulations of a wave, even beyond the Pont Neuf. The *Moniteur* of this day was a full sheet, but containing no notice whatever of the war or the army. Four columns were occupied by an article on the dramatic works of Denis, and the rest with a dissertation on the existence of Troy!

During the following night, republicans, Napoleonists, and royalists, held anxious consultations as to what was to be done. As morning dawned, throngs of wild and ferocious-looking objects, such as burst on the broad daylight in the first days of the revolution, began to gather in the streets and on the Boulevards. Paris was alarmed. The Buonapartists used every means to excite these wretches in favour of the emperor, but they did not move. The Buonapartists placarded the walls with the assurances that Napoleon was at hand; that he had taken the king of Prussia, and the like fables; but they were pulled down by the tradesmen, who trembled for their shops, as fast as they were put up. The royalists exerted themselves; Chateaubriand issued a tract, ready prepared, on "Buonaparte and the Bourbons," comparing France in peace under her old monarchs, and in eternal war under Buonaparte; while the comtesse Chateaubriand, the princess de Leon, the comtesse Choiseuil, and other ladies of rank, distributed it, and the white cockade, lilies, and other emblems of the old *régime*. A deputation was sent to the allied monarchs, who replied that they had no quarrel with France, but only with the man who oppressed it. The city was reassured, with the sudden impulse of Frenchmen; and as the allies and their troops marched into the city that morning, they were surrounded by vast crushing crowds, shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur Alexandre!*" "*Vive le Roi de Prusse!*" "*Vive Louis XVIII.!*" "*Vive les Bourbons!*" Fifty thousand allied troops filed along the Boulevards; the cavalry, fifteen abreast; the artillery, five; the infantry, thirty—all clean, well clothed, healthy, and orderly, as if they had only come for holiday parade. When the people saw the prodigious number of troops, they repeatedly exclaimed, "Oh! how we have been deceived!" The allied sovereigns halted their troops in the Champs Elysées, and dismissed them to their different quarters, but bivouacked the Cossacks on the spot—a Scythian camp in the most fashionable park of Paris, and under the very windows of the Tuileries!

Meantime, Buonaparte, at St. Dizier, had taken the route for Troyes and Dijon, ignorant of the rapid advance of the allies on Paris. Never in any of his campaigns does he seem to have been so ill-informed of the motions of the enemy as at this most momentous juncture. As he marched he captured several persons of consequence, who did not expect him on that route. Amongst these was baron Weisseimberg, who had long been the Austrian ambassador at London. He also nearly surprised the emperor Francis, which might have been a fortunate capture for him. On the 26th of March he was attacked by the flying squadrons of Winzengerode. At Doulancourt he was startled by learning that Paris was on the point of being assaulted by the allies. From this point he dispatched one courier after another to command the forces in Paris to hold out, and, ordering the army to march with all speed, he himself entered his carriage, and was driven in all haste to Fontainebleau. Thence he was driving to Paris, when, at an inn called La Cour de France, he met general Belliard with his cavalry, who gave him the confounding information that the empress, king Joseph, and the court had fled; that the allies were in Paris, and a convention was signed. At this news he began to rave like an insane man, blamed Marmont and Mortier—as, during his defeats, he had often bitterly upbraided his generals—blamed Joseph, and everybody but himself, and insisted on going to Paris, and seeing the allies himself, but was at length persuaded to return to Fontainebleau, and ordered his army to assemble, as it came up on the heights of Longjumeau, behind the little river Essonne.

On arriving in Paris, the emperor Alexander took up his quarters at the house of Talleyrand, and there the king of Prussia, prince Schwartzenberg, and others, came to consult. Talleyrand now spoke out, and declared that it would be madness to treat with Buonaparte; the only course was to restore the Bourbons, under certain limits. As early as the 12th of March the duke of Angoulême had entered Bourdeaux, and had there proclaimed, amid acclamations, Louis XVIII. The Comte d'Artois came along in the rear of the allied army, and had everywhere issued printed circulars, calling on the people to unite under their ancient family, and have no more tyranny, no more war, no more conscriptions. This paper had also been extensively circulated in Paris. On the 1st of April the walls of Paris were everywhere placarded by two proclamations, side by side, one from the emperor Alexander, declaring that the allied sovereigns would no longer negotiate with Napoleon or any of his family, and the other from the municipality of Paris, declaring that, in consequence of the tyranny of Napoleon, they had renounced the allegiance of the usurper, and returned to that of their legitimate sovereign. On the same day the senate, under the guidance of Talleyrand, decreed that he had violated and suppressed the constitution which he had sworn to maintain; had chained up the press, and employed it to disseminate his own false statements; drained the nation, and exhausted its people and resources in wars of mere personal ambition; and, finally, had refused to treat on honourable conditions: for these and other plentifully-supplied causes, he had ceased to reign, and that the nation was absolved from all oaths sworn to him. This decree, on the 2nd and 3rd of April, was subscribed by the public bodies in and around Paris. A provisional government was appointed.

Caulaincourt, who had been sent by Buonaparte from Fontainebleau to the allied sovereigns to treat on his behalf, returned, and informed Buonaparte of all the events. He declared that he would march on Paris; and the next day, the 4th of April, he reviewed his troops, and told them that some vile persons had insulted the tri-colour cockade in Paris, and they would march there at once and punish them. The soldiers shouted, "*Paris, Paris!*" but, after the review, the marshals produced the *Moniteur*, told him what had taken place, and that it was necessary that he should submit. He appeared greatly agitated, and asked them what they wished. Lefebvre said, bluntly, that he had been advised

OAK OF HENRY IV. IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

by his best friends to make peace in time, when he would have saved everything; there was nothing for it now but to abdicate. Napoleon then called for a pen, and abdicated in favour of his son. Caulaincourt and Ney were sent to carry this to the allied sovereigns. They inquired what terms they should ask for himself. He replied—"None: I ask nothing." Yet, the moment the commissioners were gone, he started up and vowed that he would fight with Marmont's corps and the guards, and would be in Paris on the morrow.

MARSHAL BULOW. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

When Ney and Caulaincourt saw Marmont at Essonne, he informed them that he had entered into a convention with the allied sovereigns on his own account. They begged him to suspend it, and accompany them, and he consented. Whilst the three commissioners were with the emperor Alexander, news was brought that count Souham, with whom Marmont had left the command of his troops, had gone over, and marched the division into the lines of the allies. On this the emperor said they had better return to Napoleon, and assure him that the allies would accept nothing short of an absolute and unqualified abdication. When they announced this to him, to their surprise, he exclaimed, "But what provisions are made for me? How am I to be disposed of?" They replied that it was proposed by the emperor Alexander that he should retain the title of emperor; should have the island of Elba, a guard, a small fleet, and all the attributes of royalty, with a suitable income. With a mood of mind incomprehensible in any other person, he immediately called for maps and books about Elba, and began contemplating his future position, as though he had only been changing one France for another; but there can be no doubt that he, in reality, was weighing the facilities of the place for that effort to regain the empire of France, which he certainly never, in his soul, renounced for a moment. The next morning he drew up a form of unconditional abdication, signed, and dispatched it. Yet, the moment it was gone, he commenced a variety of plans for continuing the

war. He would carry on the campaign beyond the Loire; he would unite his army with that of Augereau; he would proceed to Italy, make a junction with Eugene, and recommence the war from that quarter. His marshals treated all these schemes as visionary and impracticable, and he then again abandoned them.

Ney, Macdonald, and Caulaincourt arrived with the treaty to which the allied sovereigns had agreed. Elba was assigned to him—an island twenty leagues in extent, with twelve thousand inhabitants—and he was to have an income of six millions of francs, besides the little revenue of the island. Two millions and a half more were assigned as annuities to Josephine and the other members of his family. The empress was to be created duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastella, in full sovereignty. The marshals and other officers of his army were received in the same ranks and dignities into the army of the Bourbon sovereign. Lord Castlereagh, who had arrived after the conclusion of this treaty, pointed out the folly of it, which must have been apparent to every man of the slightest reflection; for, to a certainty, Napoleon would not for a day longer than he was compelled, observe it in a place like Elba, in the very vicinity of France. He declined, on the part of Great Britain, any concern in it; but, to avoid a renewal of the war, he offered no formal opposition.

When the treaty was read over to the fallen adventurer, he made a last appeal to his marshals to follow him to the Loire or beyond the Alps, promising them to recover everything; but they shook their heads, and remained silent. They showed him that the troops of the allies had already spread as far as the Loire; that they surrounded Fontainebleau; and not only officers, but soldiers, were every hour quitting his service; Paris was shouting, through its whole extent, welcome to the Bourbons; the comte d'Artois was governing there as lieutenant of his brother, Louis XVIII. It was a painful thing for him to see some of his most trusted friends quietly stealing away from him one after another; amongst them Berthier and his Mameluke Roustan. As for his own family, they had remained at Blois as a sort of court round the empress; but now count Schouwalow, one of the Austrian ministers, arrived to conduct Maria Louisa to her father, and Joseph, Jerome, and the rest of his own relatives fled—his brothers to Switzerland, his mother and cardinal Fesch to Rome. Josephine, who had lived to witness his fall; to see his boasted star, when once dissevered from hers, fall rapidly and incessantly to this catastrophe, died soon after, followed to the grave by the whole population of the neighbourhood, to all of whom, according to their degree, she had been a kind neighbour, or a sympathising and benevolent patroness.

Baron Fain, his secretary, states that the night before signing the unconditional abdication, Napoleon took poison, procured for him by Yvan, his surgeon; that, complaining that it did not operate quickly enough, Yvan took alarm, mounted his horse, and rode off at full gallop. After a sharp fit of agony, and a long stupor, Napoleon came to himself, opened his eyes, and said, "Fate would not have it so." Some have doubted the whole story, but it appears sufficiently clear that he endured a sudden and severe attack of some kind. The next morning he signed the abdication. His last struggle was to take farewell of his celebrated imperial guard, or, at least, of the small remains of it. Both he and the soldiers, who had passed through so many wonderful scenes together, were deeply affected.

On the 20th of April Buonaparte set out for his new Lilliputian empire of Elba. A commissioner of each of the four allied nations was appointed to accompany him to his embarkation—general Schouwalow for Russia, general Köhler for Austria, colonel Sir Niel Campbell for Great Britain, and general the baron Truchsess Waldburg for Prussia. Napoleon received them all with much courtesy, except the Prussian officer. As he had always treated Prussia with much severity and indignity, there was a humiliation in having his fate decided in part by that country which he felt and resented. He chose to be particularly polite to the British commissioner, and to compliment this country, for which he had always expressed so much hatred, and not less contempt, as a nation of shopkeepers—probably because it mortified all the rest. He declared England the only country which had an elevated character, and he had previously written to lord Castlereagh for permission to retire to England, as the only country which possessed great and liberal ideas. These flatteries would have come with a more sterling value at an earlier period.

There were many incidents attending his journey which are very interesting, considering the circumstances under which it was made—for history could present no parallel instance of such a rise and such a fall. Generals Bertrand and Drouet adhered faithfully to his fallen fortunes, and accompanied him to his exile. When the aide-de-camp announced, on the part of Bertrand, that the moment for departure had arrived, he said, "Good; this is something new! Since when is it that my motions are regulated by the watch of the grand marshal? I will not depart till it is my pleasure; perhaps I will not depart at all!" But the momentary vexation passed, and he entered his carriage. His train consisted of fourteen carriages, and required relays of thirty pairs of post horses. In the earlier stages of the journey he was well received in the towns, and the people often shouted, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" but as he affected to call for the prefects and mayors as if still sovereign, he met with some unpleasant reminders of the change which had taken place. He beheld frequent white cockades; and when he remarked on the decay of different places, the authorities now, without circumlocution, ascribed it to his wars. At Valence he found Augereau, but the meeting was anything but agreeable. As on his other generals, Buonaparte had distributed a portion of his defeat on this plain-spoken veteran, and Augereau had issued a proclamation in retaliation, declaring that Buonaparte had brought down his own ruin, and yet was afraid to die. "I have thy proclamation!" said Napoleon, angrily; "thou hast betrayed me!" "No!" replied Augereau; "it is you who have betrayed yourself, France, and the army, by your frantic spirit of ambition!" "Thou hast chosen thyself a new master," said Napoleon. "I have no account to render to you on that score," retorted Augereau. "Thou hast no courage," said Buonaparte. "'Tis thou hast none," replied the general, as he turned his back, and left him.

As he approachde Provence affairs became serious. The

people assembled in throngs at the different towns to assassinate him. They shouted, "Perish the tyrant—the butcher of our children!" He was compelled to disguise himself as a postillion, a domestic, or an Austrian officer—to have the relays of horses sent to quite different parts of the towns to the usual ones. He begged the commissioners, who travelled in the carriage with him, to whistle, and sing, and smoke in his presence, that he might not be supposed there. At Calade, his own effigy, smeared with blood, was presented to him, and it was all that gendarmes, at different places, could do to prevent his being torn to pieces. These exhibitions of the real public feeling towards him southward, made a great impression on him. He shed tears, and was greatly afraid of assassination, and equally so of being poisoned. This was a true poetical justice, such as rarely occurs except in fiction. The man who had sacrificed millions of human beings to his own mad ambition, and would have sacrificed as many more if he had them, without a touch of compunction, was made to feel the execration in which he was held.

At length he arrived at Frejus, the port at which he had landed on his return from Egypt. He seemed to feel the mighty contrast of the rise and the fall of his fortunes thus brought home to him, and traversed his apartment, in which he had shut himself up alone, with hasty and feverish steps. A French frigate and brig had come from Toulon to carry him over; he declined going in a vessel under a Bourbon flag, and requested permission to cross in the British man-of-war commanded by captain Usher. This was readily accorded, and, on the night of the 28th of April, he embarked, under a salute of twenty-one guns. "Adieu to Cæsar and his fortunes!" exclaimed the Russian commissioner, little dreaming that neither Cæsar nor his fortunes were yet done with. The British and Austrian commissioners accompanied him.

On the voyage he seemed to recover his spirits, and talked incessantly to captain Usher and Sir Niel Campbell; telling them that, had he continued to rule France, he meant to have a fleet of three hundred sail of the line; that England had renewed the war because he had insisted, in a treaty of commerce with Addington, that England should take as many French goods as France took English. The Bourbons were "poor devils," and would be gulled by England into some most disadvantageous commercial treaty; whereas, in St. Helena, afterwards, he ridiculed lord Castlereagh for not having done this very thing. He said that the allies had been continually defeated by him during the last campaign, but that "that old devil, Blücher," never minded being beaten, was always ready to fight again, and so gave him more trouble than them all. The British sailors, who at first were prejudiced against him, all became won over by his affability, except the old boatswain, Hinton, who when every one praised Napoleon, always grumbled out—"Humbug!"

On the 4th of May he landed at Porto Ferrajo, at first in disguise, and attended by a party of marines, for there had been a tumult there between the soldiers, when commanded to put on the white cockade, and the people, and he was a little uneasy as to his reception. At two o'clock, however, he went ashore in person, and was received by the governor, prefect, and other authorities, and conducted to the Hôtel de Ville with a wretched band of fiddlers playing before him and the people shouting, "Welcome to the emperor of Elba!" What a most miserable burlesque of the man who had domineered over three-fourths of Europe, and hoped to have ruled the whole! Having landed Napoleon in his miniature kingdom, we may leave him there whilst we note what his dethroners and successors were doing during the short interval of quiet that he left them. Had the allied monarchs possessed the smallest portion of sagacity amongst them, they must have been quite sure that this interval would not be long, for they might as well have expected that a wild eagle set down on the rocks of Elba would remain there, as that the restless soul of Buonaparte, that never was quiescent, never resigned anything that was not forced from him, would remain inactive within almost a stone's throw of the coast of Italy, and with vessels allowed him to carry him and his emissaries at any moment to that of France.

The provisional government of France lost no time in framing a new constitution, in which the limited monarchy, and the upper aristocratic house of England, were imitated. They declared Louis XVIII., the brother of the last king, Louis XVI., the rightful occupant of the throne, and his brothers and the other members of the house of Bourbon, after him in due succession. Talleyrand was the first to put his signature to this document; and the abbé Sièyes, though he did not sign it, declared his adhesion to the abdication of Buonaparte. On the 11th of April, the same day that Napoleon signed his abdication, the brother of Louis, the count d'Artois, arrived, and the next day was received by the new government in a grand procession into Paris. Talleyrand bade him welcome in an address, and the prince replied, "Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more come amongst you." There was a show of much enthusiasm on the part of the people, but this was more show than reality; the Bourbonist party was the only one sincerely rejoiced at the restoration; and when it was seen that a troop of Cossacks closed the prince's procession, the people gave unequivocal signs of disapprobation. The duke of Angoulême had already entered the city of Bourdeaux amid much acclamation, for the Bourbonist interest was strong in the south, and he now came on to Paris. The new king, who had been living, since the peace of Tilsit, at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, a seat of the marquis of Buckingham assigned by the British government for his residence, now went over. Louis was a quiet, good-natured man, fond of books, and capable of saying witty things, and was much better fitted for a country gentleman than for a throne. He was conducted into London by the prince regent, and by crowds of applauding people. The prince regent also accompanied him to Dover, where, on the 24th of April, he embarked on board a vessel commanded by the duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. He was accompanied by the duchess of Angoulême, the prince of Condé, and his son, the duke of Bourbon. On landing at Calais, he embraced the duchess of Angoulême, saying, "I hold again the crown of my ancestors; if it were of roses, I would place it upon your head; as it is of thorns, it is for me to wear it." The

authorities received him with much seeming joy, and even the people seemed to partake it. A Doric column was soon after erected at Calais in commemoration of the event, and the form of the king's foot was cut on the stone of the pier on which he was said first to have stepped, and a brass plate fitted into it recorded the fact. But the wits of Calais were not long before they were found ridiculing this memento, and pretending to wonder how a king of France could have so large a foot.

On the 3rd of May, two days only before Buonaparte entered his little capital of Elba, Louis made his public entry into Paris, amid quite a gay and joyous-looking crowd; for the Parisians are always ready for a parade and a sensation; and none are said to have worn gloomy looks on the occasion except the imperial guard, now, as they deemed themselves, degraded into the royal guard—from the service of the most brilliant of conquerors to that of the most pacific and unsoldierlike of monarchs, who was too unwieldy even to mount a horse. For a little time all looked agreeable enough; but there were too many hostile interests at work for it to remain long so. In the new constitution, by which the senate had acknowledged Louis, they had declared him recalled on the condition that he accepted the constitution framed for him; and at the same time they declared the senate hereditary, and possessed of the rank, honours, and emoluments which Buonaparte had conferred on the members. Louis refused to acknowledge the right of the senate to dictate a constitution to him. He assumed the throne as by his own proper hereditary descent; and he then gave of his free will a free constitution. This was the first cause of difference between the king and the people. The royalists condemned the new constitution as making too much concession, and the republicans resented his giving a charter of freedom, because it made them the slaves of his will. The royalists soon began to monopolise offices and honours, and to clamour for the recovery of their estates, now in the hands of the people, and these were naturally jealous of their prevailing on the king and his family to favour such reclamations. The clergy, who, like the *noblesse*, had been stripped of their property, and had now to subsist on annuities of five hundred livres, or about twenty-six pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence a-year, looked with resentment on those who were in possession of the spoil; and the well-known disposition of the king and his family to restore the status and the substance of the catholic church made those who had this property, and those—the greater part of the nation—who had no religion whatever, readily believe that ere long they would attempt to recall what the revolution had distributed. These suspicions were greatly augmented by the folly and bigotry of the clergy. They refused to inter with the rites of the church a mademoiselle Raucour, simply because she was an actress. Great tumults arose on the occasion, and the government was compelled to interfere, and insure the burial in due form. The more regular observance of the Sabbath was treated as bringing back the ancient superstitions; and the taking up the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and conveying them to the royal place of sepulture in the abbey of St. Denis was regarded as a direct censure of the revolution. It was quite natural that Louis XVIII. should do this, and equally so that he should show some favour to the surviving chiefs of La Vendée; but these things had the worst effect on the public mind, as tending to inspire fears of vengeance for the past, or of restoration of all that the past had thrown down. Under these circumstances, the royalists were discontented, because they thought Louis did too little for them, and the rest of the community because he did too much. The jacobins, who had been suppressed, but not exterminated, by Buonaparte, now again raised their heads, under so mild and easy a monarch, with all their old audacity. They soon, however, despaired of reviving the republic, and turned to the son of their old partisan, Philip Egalité, the duke of Orleans, and solicited him to become their leader, promising to make him king. But the present duke—afterwards king Louis Philippe—was too honourable a man for their purpose; he placed the invitation given him in the hands of Louis, and the jacobins, then enraged, were determined to bring back Napoleon rather than tolerate the much easier yoke of the Bourbons. Carnot and Fouché soon offered themselves as their instruments. Carnot, who had been one of the foremost men of the reign of terror, had refused to acknowledge the rule of Buonaparte, who suppressed the revolution, for a long time, but, so late as the present year, he had given in his adhesion, and was appointed engineer for carrying on the fortifications of Antwerp. He had now the insolence to address a memorial to Louis XVIII., which, under the form of an apology for the jacobins during the revolution, was in truth a direct attack on the royalists, describing them as a contemptible and small body, who had allowed Louis XVI. to be destroyed by their cowardice, and now had brought back the king by the hands of Englishmen and Cossacks to endeavour to undo all that had been done for the people. He represented kings as naturally prone to despotism, and priests and nobles as inciting them to slaughter and rapine. The pretence was to lead the monarch to rely only on the people; the object was to exasperate the people against kings, nobles, and the church.

Carnot pretended that this memorial had been published during his absence, and without his knowledge, but he did not deny the composition; and it was most industriously circulated throughout Paris from little carts, to avoid the penalties which would have fallen on the booksellers had they issued it. As for Fouché, he endeavoured to persuade Louis to declare himself attached to the revolution—to assume the tricolor flag and cockade. For Louis to have ruled according to the more liberal ideas introduced by the revolution would have been wise, without declaring himself formally the disciple of opinions which had sent so many of his family to the guillotine; but to have followed the invidious advice of Fouché, would have let loose at once that terrible race of jacobins which had never ceased to massacre all other parties and then their own so long as they had the power. The cannon of Buonaparte alone had arrested their career; the advice of Fouché would have recalled it in all its horrors. Not prevailing on Louis to do so foolish an act, he wrote to Napoleon, advising him to get away to America, or it would not be long before the Bourbons, in spite of the treaty, would seize and put him to death; and

then Fouché entered heart and soul into the plots of the jacobins for the restoration of Napoleon.

The army was prompt to listen to these suggestions for the return of their old commander, and the officers were stimulated by the arguments that they would be by degrees removed from their commands for royalists. The court fostered this idea and this discontent by allowing the old nobility to take precedence of the new marshals and princes and their wives. These ladies instantly resented the slights put upon them; and Hortense Beauharnais—the wife of Louis Buonaparte, but living separate from him in Paris, under the name of the duchess of St. Leu—the duchess of Bassano, and the duchess of Montebello, the wife of Maret, and the widow of marshal Lannes, became enthusiastic agitators for the restoration of Napoleon. Their agents were everywhere, and working with the jacobin clubs, which were again secretly established all over France; they sent out emissaries, well paid, to alarm the new proprietors everywhere with the assurances that the royalists were intending to seize again all the confiscated lands, and that there was no security but in the return of Napoleon. In the Faubourg St. Antoine Richard le Noir, a cotton-manufacturer, who employed three thousand workmen, began to set himself up for a new Santerre. His daughter was married to general Lefebvre, and he was, therefore, a determined advocate of Napoleon. These conspirators adopted the violet as their badge, and drank the health of Buonaparte under the name of corporal Violet, or Jean d'Epré; and so dense were the royalists, that many of them pledged "corporal Violet" without suspecting who it meant. By the arts of the jacobins, tumults became again not unfrequent, and concourses of people surrounded the Tuileries crying for bread, and recalling the horrible recollections of the revolution. The police, either infected themselves, or partaking the careless security of the government, took little pains to prevent or to suppress these riots, or bring the ringleaders to punishment; and so completely had the ministers again entrenched themselves in their old official forms, that those who would have enlightened them could not approach them; and it is said that after the return of Buonaparte, letters were found in the bureaus of some of these ministers, giving full details of the plans and proceedings for his return, which had never been opened.

Whilst these elements of a new convulsion were in active operation, the allies had settled to some extent the affairs of Europe, and had returned home. On the 30th of May a treaty had been signed at Paris, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, with France. The boundaries of France were settled as they existed in 1792; it was decreed that Holland and Belgium should be united, to form a strong barrier against France; the independence of Switzerland was restored; the north of Italy was again made over to Austria, including Venice, but not including Sardinia, which was enlarged by the addition of Genoa, out of which lord William Bentinck, with an English army, had driven the French. Murat had assisted the Austrians to conquer Eugene Beauharnais, and hoped to be allowed to retain Naples, yet having many fears of his new allies, the Austrians, and of the allies generally. The pope was again in peaceful possession of his states; the arms and the money of England had triumphed over Buonaparte, and had restored the monarchs of Europe to their thrones; but it was not to be denied that in restoring them they had restored so many detestable despotisms. Not one of these monarchs, whose subjects had shed their blood and laid down their lives by hundreds of thousands to replace them in their power, had in return given these subjects a recompense by more liberal governments. The German kings and princes had openly promised such constitutions to induce them to rise and expel Buonaparte; and, this accomplished, they shamefully broke their word. As lord Byron well observed, we had put down one tyrant only to establish ten. In Spain, where we had made such stupendous exertions to restore Ferdinand, that monarch entered about the end of March; and his arrival was a signal for all the old royalists and priests to gather round him, and to insist on the annihilation of the constitution made by the cortes. He went to Gerona, where he was joined by general Elio and forty thousand men. Thence he marched to Zaragossa and Valencia. At that city *Te Deum* was sung for his restoration, and, surrounded by soldiers and priests, he declared that the cortes had never been legally convoked; that they had deprived him of the sovereignty, and the nobles and clergy of their status; and that he would not swear to the constitution which they had prepared. On the 12th of May he entered his capital, amid the most frantic joy of the ignorant populace, and proceeded at once to seize all liberal members of the cortes, and throw them into prison. Lord Wellington, who hastened to Madrid, there, with his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley, the British ambassador, and general Whittingham, urged on Ferdinand to establish a liberal constitution, and govern on liberal principles; but in vain. It was clear that there was a time of terrible and bloody strife before Spain betwixt the old tyrannies and superstitions and the new ideas, and his lordship, writing to lord Castlereagh, said—"The fact is, that there are no public men in this country who are acquainted with the interests or wishes of the country: and they are so slow that it is impossible to do anything with them." Europe, though relieved, for a brief period, from the bloody scourge of Buonaparte, was not relieved from selfish tyranny. The strife had been for the restitution of thrones, not of liberties.

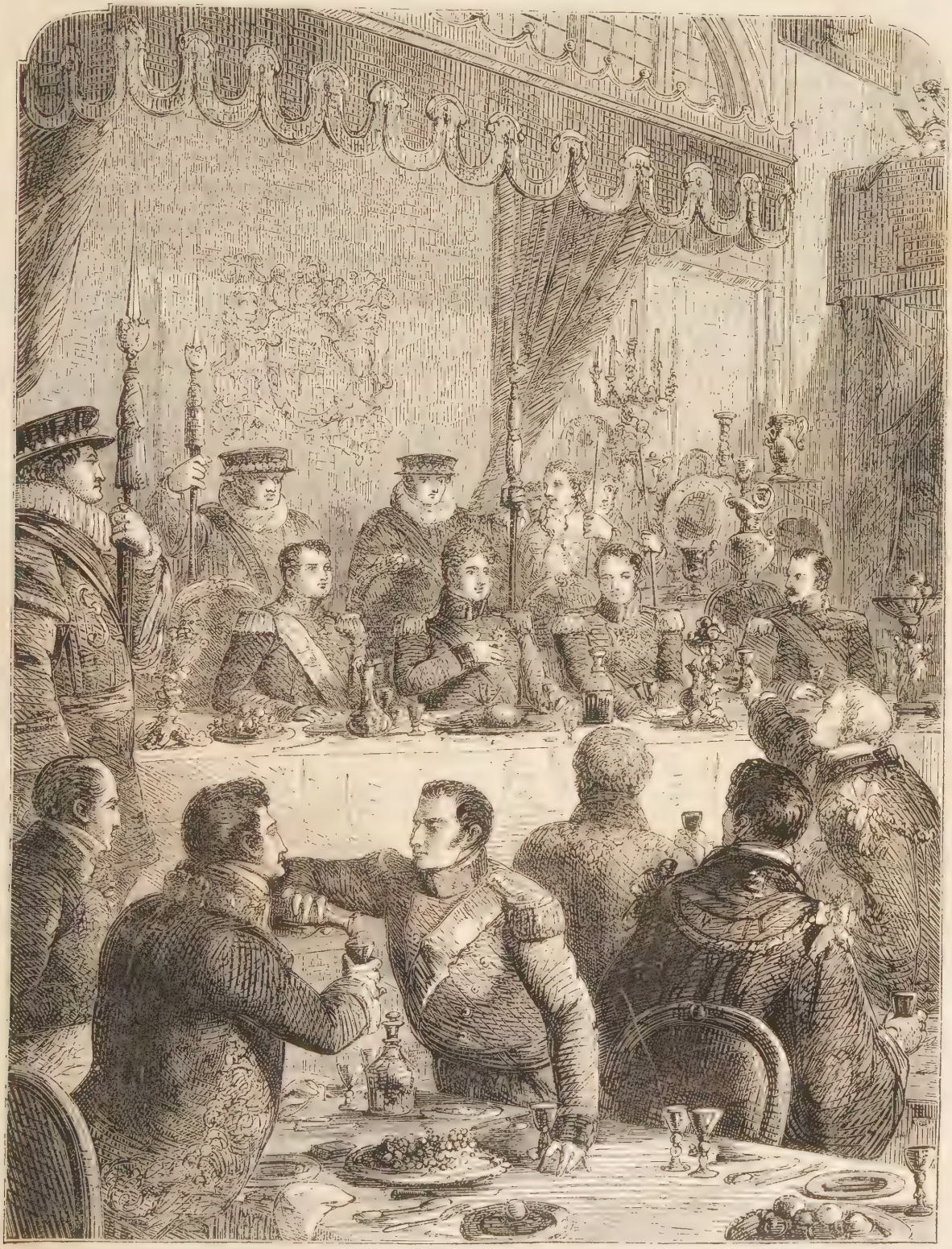
In balancing accounts at the congress at Paris, there was a resignation on the part of England of the colonies which she had won with so much cost of money and men. Our statesmen never thought of placing some of the enormous sums we had bestowed on the powers we helped against the islands we had conquered. We had dearly purchased them. But Great Britain gave back to France all the colonies possessed by her in 1792, except Tobago, St. Lucie, and the Isle of France. Still more absurdly, we returned Pondicherry, in the East Indies, as a focus for fresh annoyances there from the French, whom we had expelled at such cost for their meddling and exciting the natives against us. We restored to the French, under certain conditions, the right of fishing on the bank of Newfoundland, as they had enjoyed it in 1783; conditions which they have boldly violated, and which no British ministry has ventured to insist on being observed. We gave back also to Spain several islands and colonies; and the same to Holland—namely, Demerara, Essequibo,

Berbice, the immense island of Java, and the rich one of Sumatra, retaining only the Cape of Good Hope and the settlements in Ceylon.

These arrangements being made, the allied sovereigns of Russia and Prussia came over to London on a visit to the prince regent, and to take a look at that wonderful capital which had poured out such torrents of gold to bring up their armies to Paris. With them came the duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of the czar, the two sons of the king of Prussia, and a great number of the victorious field-marshals, generals, princes, dukes, barons, and the like. But the two grand favourites of the people were Hettman Platow, whose Cossacks had charmed the English people so by their wild prowess, and the bluff old marshal Blücher. This was a hero exactly after the British heart, blunt, uncompromising, and, like the English, never knowing when he was beaten. His giving the order to march forward, when the allies in France ordered him to retreat, had, in fact, brought the campaign to its triumphant close. Blücher had a fixed and most rational contempt of diplomatists, whom he dubbed feather-foxes, or, as we phrase it, quill-drivers, and who, he constantly averred, lost generally all the advantages that were gained by the sword by their long talks and long documents. When a certain statesman urged on him that Napoleon must be dethroned, although they themselves retreated, because there was a league formed against him in France, he replied, impatiently, "The rascality of the French is no satisfaction for us. It is we who must pull him down—we! You will, no doubt, do wonders in your wisdom. Patience! You will be led as usual by the nose, and will still go on fawning and diplomatising, until we have the nation again upon us, and the storm bursts over our heads!"

It was, therefore, with just cause that the English of all classes received the old hero with enthusiasm, although they carried it somewhat to the ridiculous. If discovered walking abroad, he was so beset by crowds, that, to get a little breathing room, he was obliged to set his back against a wall and keep off his zealous admirers by waving his cane before him. On other occasions he could only make his way through admiring ladies by kissing them in turn. Oxford conferred a doctor's degree upon him, when, smiling at this strange honour, he said—"Make Gneissau an apothecary, for he it was who prepared my pills." On his reception at Carlton House, the populace pushed their way through the guards and doors as far as the apartments of the prince regent, who, taking his grey-headed guest by the hand, presented him to them, and publicly hung his portrait set in brilliants round his neck. On his passing through the streets, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph by the shouting crowd. One *fête* succeeded another. During the great races at Ascot,

PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL, MADRID.



BANQUET GIVEN TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, KING OF PRUSSIA, AND OTHER FOREIGN PRINCES, AT GUILDHALL.

the crowd, breaking through the barriers, and insisting upon Blücher showing himself, the prince regent came forward, and politely telling them that he had not yet arrived, led forward the emperor Alexander, who was loudly cheered; but Blücher's arrival was greeted with thunders of applause, far surpassing those bestowed upon the sovereigns. In the Freemasons' Lodge Blücher was received by numbers of ladies, on each of whom he bestowed a salute. At Portsmouth he drank to the health of the English, in the presence of a vast number of people assembled before his windows. The general rejoicing was solely clouded by the insanity of the aged and blind king, and by the disunion existing between the prince regent and his consort, Caroline of Brunswick.

Lord Wellington, on the 14th of June, took leave of his army, with many praises of its gallant and orderly conduct; the bulk of which was now destined to chastise the insolence of the North Americans. He arrived in London on the 23rd, and on the 28th he was admitted to the house of lords as duke of Wellington—for such he had now been created—and on the 1st of July he attended the house of commons, to receive the thanks of the representatives of the nation, and the grant of half a million for the purchase of a suitable estate. In the month of August he proceeded to Paris, as the ambassador of Great Britain. On the 2nd of December the session of 1814 closed, seventy-five million six hundred thousand pounds having been voted for the annual expenditure.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.—(Concluded.)

The Congress of Vienna—Escape of Buonaparte from Elba—The Allies resume the War—Buonaparte's Proceedings—His triumphant March to Paris—Joined by Ney and the Troops of Macdonald—Louis XVIII. and his Court fly—Buonaparte at the Tuileries—The Chambers of Legislature pronounce Buonaparte dethroned—Murat declares for Buonaparte—Defeated and driven from Naples—Buonaparte quits Paris for the Army—Enters Belgium—Wellington with the Army of the Allies at Brussels—Blücher with the Prussians at Namur—Buonaparte defeats the Prussians at Ligny—Ney repulsed by Wellington at Quatre Bras—Death of the Duke of Brunswick—Wellington retires on Waterloo—Battle of Waterloo—Buonaparte again abdicates in favour of his Son—Fighting betwixt Blücher and the French before Paris—Paris surrendered to the Allies—Louis XVIII. re-enters Paris—Buonaparte gives himself up to the British Captain Maitland, at Rochefort—Conveyed to Plymouth Sound—Condemned to removal to St. Helena—The War with the United States—Fight betwixt the Shannon and the Chesapeake—The Actions at Sea—Capture of the American Ship, the President—Fighting on the Lakes—Surprise of the American Camp at Burlington Bay—Burning of Sackett's Harbour—The Americans evacuate the Canadian Side of the Niagara—Disgraceful Conduct of Sir George Prevost, Governor of Canada—Defeat of the English in a Lake Fight—Defeat of the Indians, their Allies—Final defeat of the Americans, and expulsion from both Canadas—The English burn the American Fleet in the Patuxent—The British burn Washington—Sir George Prevost retreats before the Americans—His Recall and Death—Attack on New Orleans—Retreat of the British—Peace concluded with America—Ney and Labédoyère arrested and shot—Lavalette's Escape—Imprisonment of Sir Robert Wilson, Captain Hutchinson, and Mr. Bruce, for aiding his Escape—Murat's mad Expedition against Naples—His Arrest and Execution—Final Settlement of French Affairs by the Congress of Vienna—Restoration of the Works of Art stolen from the different Nations—Money advanced by England to carry the allied Armies home—Buonaparte in St. Helena—Domestic Events down to Demise of George III.—His Death.

THE allied sovereigns and their ministers assembled at Vienna, in the opening of the year 1815, in congress, to settle the boundaries of such states as had undergone such disruptions and transformations through the will of Buonaparte. They were proceeding, with the utmost composure, to rearrange the map of Europe according to their several interests and ambitions. Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden had their sovereigns or their representatives there. Those for England were the duke of Wellington, the lords Cathcart and Clancarty, and Sir Charles Stewart. Those of France, Talleyrand, the duke of Dalberg, M. Latour du Pin, and count Alexis de Noailles. All at once a clap of political thunder shook the place, and made every astute diplomatist look aghast. It was announced that Buonaparte had eloped from Elba, and was rapidly traversing France on the way to Paris, and that his old soldiers were flocking with acclamation to his standard. It was what was certain to occur—what every man not a cunning diplomatist must have foreseen from the first, as certainly as that a stone thrown up is sure to come down again. Yet no one seems to have foreseen it except it were lord Castlereagh, who, not arriving at Paris before this foolish scheme was adopted, had protested against it, and then yielded to it. On the 13th of March the ministers of the allied powers met, and signed a paper which, at length, was in earnest, and showed that they were now as well convinced of a simple fact as the dullest intellect had been ten years before—that there was no use treating Buonaparte any otherwise than you would a wild beast—shut him safely up somewhere beyond the possibility of further mischief. They now declared him an outlaw, a violator of treaties, and an incorrigible disturber of the peace of the world; and they delivered him over to public contempt and vengeance. Of course, the British ambassadors were immediately looked to for the means of moving the armies of these high and mighty powers, and the duke of Wellington to plan and to lead the military operations against the man who had once more developed himself from the emperor of Elba into the emperor of the French.

The duke of Wellington wrote to the British government to inform them of this event, and that the allied sovereigns were this time resolved to make sure of the fugitive; that the emperor of Austria had agreed to bring into the field three hundred thousand men; the czar, two hundred and twenty-five thousand; Prussia, two hundred and thirty-six thousand; the other states of Germany, one hundred and fifty thousand; and that it was expected Holland would furnish fifty thousand. Thus nine hundred and sixty thousand men were promised, independent of Sweden and England; so that a million of men might be calculated upon to crush Buonaparte, provided that England was ready to furnish the necessary millions of money to put this mighty host in motion.

The duke earnestly recommended the utmost promptness and liberality as the only means to settle the matter effectually and at once. He said that to give only moderate assistance was sure to enable Buonaparte to protract the contest, and would cost England more in the end; that, on the contrary, if England found the means of maintaining a great army, he was confident that "the contest would be a very short one, and decidedly successful." And this, under the circumstances, was clearly the best advice. England, having been no party to the silly arrangement for

setting up Buonaparte as a burlesque emperor at the very doors of France—with the Buonaparte element burning like unextinguished embers all over that country, amongst troops disbanded and undisbanded, amongst a new race of marshals and generals, and princes and princesses, who combined all the talent of France, all its activity, and with an old, decayed dynasty again on the throne, which combined in itself and its supporters all the inactivity and helplessness of France—might very well have said to the allied sovereigns—"This is your work; we have no further concern in it; you may finish it as you please." But England was sure not to do this; as both the government and nation had set their mind on hunting down the slippery and mischievous adventurer, they were sure to follow up the pursuit. The duke of Wellington's was, therefore, the only sound advice—to do the business well and effectually; and the result showed how correct he was in his prognostics.

The English ministry adopted the advice most cordially. Lord Liverpool, in the house of lords, and lord Castlereagh, in the commons, on the 6th of April, announced the astounding fact of the elopement of Buonaparte, and proposed addresses from both houses to the prince regent, recommending the most energetic measures of co-operation with the allies now finally to crush this lawless man. Whitbread vehemently opposed this measure, declaring that it was not our business "to commence a new crusade to determine who should fill the throne of France." This was true enough; but it was a truth, in the then temper of the government or public, which was not likely to be attended to. The addresses were carried in both houses without any division, and lord Wellington was nominated to command the forces which should take the field for England; and these were to amount to no fewer than one hundred and fifty thousand, and to consist of a moderate amount of English soldiers, and the rest to be paid Hanoverians, Belgians, Dutch, and Germans. Parliament immediately voted the enormous sum of ninety million pounds for supplies, knowing the vast subsidies which would be required by the allied monarchs, besides the large sum necessary to pay our own quota of troops.

On the 23rd of March the allied sovereigns, including that of England, signed, by their plenipotentiaries, a new treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, on the same principles as the treaty of Chaumont, entered into in March, 1814. The duke of Wellington then hastened away to Belgium to muster his forces there—for Belgium, as it had been so often before, was sure to become the battle-ground on this occasion. So early as the 5th of April he announced that he had placed thirteen thousand four hundred men in the fortresses of Belgium, and had besides twenty-three thousand English and Hanoverian troops, twenty thousand Dutch and Belgian, and sixty pieces of artillery. Unfortunately, the bulk of his victorious army of the Peninsula had been sent to the inglorious contest with America, where a good naval blockade would have been the most effectual kind of warfare. But he observed that Buonaparte would require some time to assemble a strong force, and this time must be employed by England to collect a correspondingly powerful army. The duke, with accustomed energy, not only applied himself with all his strength to this object, but to stimulating, by letters, the allied sovereigns to hasten up their quotas, some of them notoriously the slowest nations in the world.

We may now notice the progress of Buonaparte's movements towards this new enterprise. That he never for a moment contemplated adhering to the scheme of the allies in sending him to Elba is very clear, and he used to laugh, in his conversations with Sir Neil Campbell as he rode about Elba, at the manner in which he had outwitted the allies. As on the voyage, so on the island, he was in constant fear of assassination. As on ship-board he insisted on a British officer sleeping at the door of his apartment; so, in Elba, he was a prey to fears of poison or the stiletto. He was afraid, too, of the Algerine pirates carrying him off for his ransom, but still more alarmed lest Brulart, the governor of Corsica, should attempt to carry out his threats of killing him, in return for his conduct to Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, &c., who had been Brulart's friends. Another friend of Brulart who had fled to England was desirous of returning to France, and had solicited permission of Buonaparte. Buonaparte readily granted the request, but only to secure this Chouan chief in Paris, and have him shot. The remembrance of Brulart's menace and his vicinity now tortured him, though his conscience could not. To dissipate such thoughts, as well as general *ennui*, he projected all sorts of improvements in the defences of Elba, and soon involved himself in inextricable debts, for his revenue from the island did not exceed three hundred thousand francs; and the government of Louis XVIII., with a meanness, and an impolicy exceeding the meanness, took care not to pay the annuity agreed upon by the allied sovereigns for Buonaparte's maintenance, of two millions and a half of francs. As Louis XVIII. had thus broken the treaty as it concerned Buonaparte, he had no right to complain that the latter ceased to observe it too. For a time Buonaparte showed great partiality for the company of Sir Neil Campbell, but by degrees he began to keep him more and more at a distance. This ought to have been enough to convince that gentleman that some secret affairs were going on.

Very soon after Buonaparte's arrival at Elba he began to show an anxiety to add recruits to his body guard of seven hundred men. As early as July the fermentation going on in Italy and at the court of Murat showed unmistakably its connection with Elba. Recruits came over to Elba, and soldiers were dismissed, who were, in reality, emissaries to France and Italy; and two persons were arrested in Leghorn, on whom were found lists of hundreds of persons willing to serve Napoleon. Soon after arrived in Elba Napoleon's mother and sister Pauline. About the end of August another lady and a little boy of about three or four years old were mysteriously introduced, and again dismissed for Naples; but this lady was recognised as a Polish mistress of Napoleon, and the boy one that he had by her. Baron Köhler had taken his leave in May, and Napoleon had professed great grief at his going. He embraced Köhler at going, and shed tears. Some one asked Köhler what he thought of when he saw these marks of affection; he replied —"Judas Iscariot." But Sir Neil Campbell, after Köhler's departure, found Buonaparte less and less accessible; yet when he did see him he always professed the utmost contempt of the rumours that he intended to escape. He said

he meant to spend the remainder of his days like an English country gentleman; and, to blind Sir Neil the more, he declared his determination to make himself master of the English language, and desired him to get him a grammar.

As winter approached, the symptoms of some projected change were so open that the British resident ought to have put his government into full possession of the facts. The little court of Elba was crowded by people coming and going, of various nations and characters, many of them most suspicious. The four armed vessels of Napoleon were actively and incessantly employed in carrying to and fro Italians, French, Sicilians, Greeks, who gave no reason for their coming or going. All sorts of rumours were afloat. Discharges and furloughs were granted to two or three hundred of Napoleon's old guard, and these, it was afterwards found, were employed to communicate with the troops and officers in France, and prepare them for Buonaparte's return. With all these circumstances in existence, the allied sovereigns should have been fully informed, and a proper fleet ought to have cruised near Elba to prevent the too obvious catastrophe which was approaching. But Sir Neil Campbell seems to have been quite content to spend his time at Leghorn, as if nothing was in agitation. At length the French consul at Leghorn assured Sir Neil that Buonaparte was certainly about to pass over to the continent, and he hastened to Elba to find himself too late. He reached Porto Ferrajo on the 27th of February, and found the mother and sister of Buonaparte in well-feigned distress at the departure of the emperor, who, they informed Sir Neil, had sailed away towards the coast of Barbary. They did all they could to detain the British envoy, but he then plucked up energy enough to sail after the fugitive in the Partridge sloop of war. But Napoleon had got the start, and the easy Briton only obtained a glimpse of his flotilla at Cannes after Buonaparte had landed. This flotilla consisted of the Inconstant brig, and six other small vessels, carrying about one thousand men; but the soldiers in France were already seduced, and general l'Allemand, quartered in the north-east of France, was commissioned to cut off the retreat of Louis and his family, and hold them as hostages for the emperor's advantage. At the same time Murat was prepared to declare in his favour, and, in fact, only declared too soon. To conceal the emperor's departure, his sister Pauline gave a ball that evening, and he only left it to go on board the squadron. The little fleet did not cross without some danger, for a French man-of-war hailed the Inconstant; but the captain of the Inconstant was well acquainted with the commander, and had been accustomed to sail about without question from place to place. The two captains, therefore, only exchanged the usual civilities, and the captain of the man-of-war inquiring how the emperor did, Napoleon is said to have himself replied, through the speaking-trumpet, "*Il se porte à merveille.*"

Buonaparte landed at Cannes on the 1st of March. His advanced guard presented themselves before Antibes, and were made prisoners by the garrison. This did not discourage Buonaparte; he advanced by forced marches with his now less than one thousand men, and leaving behind him his train of artillery. Till he reached Dauphiny, however, he received very little encouragement from any party. All the authorities, proprietors, and clergy, stood aloof; only a few peasantry occasionally cried, "*Vive l'Empereur*," but did not join him. He began to be very uneasy. But on the 7th of March, as he approached Grenoble, colonel Labédoyère, who had been gained over before, came out with an eagle in his hand, and at the gates distributed tricolour cockades, which had been concealed in a drum. Buonaparte advanced alone towards the troops, and called on any one who wished to kill his emperor to do his pleasure. All cried "*Vive l'Empereur*," and crowded round him. General Marchand endeavoured to recall the soldiers to their duty, but in vain.

Whilst Napoleon was thus advancing towards Paris, the besotted Bourbons rather rejoiced in it, for they said it would compel the two chambers to invest the king with despotic power—that was what they were still craving; and Louis himself, addressing the foreign ambassadors, bade them assure their sovereigns that he was well, and that the foolish enterprise of *that man* should as little disturb Europe as it had disturbed him.

Monsieur and the duke of Orleans hastened to Lyons, and the duke of Angoulême to Nismes. Corps of volunteers were called out, and an address to the people was composed by Benjamin Constant, calling on them to defend their liberties against Buonaparte; and a woman on the staircase of the Tuileries exclaimed, "If Louis has not men enough to fight, let him call out the widows and childless mothers who have been rendered such by Napoleon!" In the meantime the conspiracy of general l'Allemand and his brother at Lisle, to carry over the garrison of eight thousand men to Napoleon, was discovered by general Mortier, and defeated. Had this plot succeeded, Louis and his family must have been made prisoners. But there ended the feeble adhesion to the Bourbon cause.

When Buonaparte reached Lyons, the soldiers, in spite of the duke of Orleans, of Monsieur, and of marshal Macdonald, went over to him to a man. He was now at the head of seven thousand men, and Maçon, Chalons, Dijon, and nearly all Burgundy declared for him. Marseilles and Provence stood out, the authorities of Marseilles setting a price upon his head. But being now in Lyons, Buonaparte issued, with amazing rapidity, no fewer than eight decrees, abolishing every change made by the Bourbons during his absence, confiscating the property of every emigrant who had not lost it before, restoring the tricolour flag and cockade, the legion of honour; abolishing the two chambers, and calling a *Champ-de-Mai*, to be held in the month of that name, to determine on a new constitution, and to assist at the coronation of the empress and the king of Rome. He boldly announced that the empress was coming; that Austria, Russia, and England were all his friends, and that without this he could not have escaped. These decrees, disseminated on all sides, had a wonderful effect on the people, and he advanced rapidly, reaching Auxerre on the 17th of March. He rode on several hours in advance of his army, without guards, talking familiarly with the people, sympathising in their distresses, and promising all sorts of redresses. The lancers of Auxerre and Montereau trampled the white cockade under foot, and joined him. He appointed Cambécères minister of justice; Fouché, of police; and

Davoust minister of war. But Fouché, doubting the sincerity of Buonaparte, at once offered his services to Louis, and promised, on being admitted to a private interview, to point out to the king a certain means of extinguishing the usurper. This was presumed to mean assassination by some of his secret agents, and was honourably rejected by Louis, and an officer was sent to arrest Fouché; but that adroit sycophant retired by a back door, locking it after him, got over a wall, and was the next moment in the house of the duchess of St. Leu, and in the midst of the assembled Buonapartists, who received him with exultation.

Thus surrounded by treason, Louis doubted the fidelity of Soult, who resigned his command; but he trusted Ney, and sent him to attack Buonaparte in the rear, whilst an army at Melun, under Clarke, duke of Feltre, was to attack him in front. Ney took leave of Louis on the 9th of April, declaring that he would bring Buonaparte to Paris in a cage; but at Lons-le-Saulnier, on the 14th, he received a letter from Napoleon, calling him "the bravest of the brave," and inviting him to resume his place in his army, and Ney went over at once. To abate the public opinion of his treason, he pretended that this expedition had been long arranged betwixt himself and Buonaparte, but this Buonaparte at St. Helena denied.

Astounded by these repeated defections, Louis endeavoured to gather some intimation of the state of other bodies and troops about him. He attended a sitting of the chamber of deputies, and was received with acclamation; he reviewed twenty-five thousand national guards, and there was the same display of loyalty; he inspected six thousand troops of the line, but there the reception was not encouraging. He finally summoned a general council at the Tuileries, and there the generals declared frankly that he had no real means of resisting Buonaparte. This was on the 18th of March, and Louis felt that it was time for him to be making his retreat. At one o'clock in the morning of the 20th he was on his way towards Lisle, escorted by a body of household troops. It was time; for that very day Buonaparte reached the camp of Melun, where Macdonald had drawn up the troops to attack him; but Buonaparte threw himself amongst them, attended only by a slight escort of horse, and the soldiers all went over to him with a shout. Macdonald rode back to Paris, and, following the king, assumed the command of the guard accompanying him. Louis hoped that the troops at Lisle, under Mortier, would stand by him; but Mortier assured him of the contrary, and so, taking leave of Macdonald on the frontiers, Louis pursued his way to Ostend and thence to Ghent, where he established his court. The household troops who had accompanied him were disbanded on the frontiers, and in attempting to regain their homes by different routes, most of them were killed, or plundered and abused.

On the evening of the very day that Louis quitted Paris Buonaparte arrived in it. He had slept on the night of the 19th at Fontainebleau, where, in the preceding April, he had signed his abdication. No sooner had the king departed, than the Buonapartists, who were all ready for that event, came forth from their hiding places. Lavalette resumed his position at the post-office, and thus managed to intercept the proclamations of Louis, and to circulate those of Buonaparte. Excelsman took down the white flag from the Tuileries and hoisted the tricolour, and a host of the adherents of the old imperial government, hurrying from all quarters, thronged the avenues to the palace, and filled the court of the Carousel. There were ex-ministers of Buonaparte, ex-councillors, ex-chamberlains, in imperial costume—in short, all sorts of officers and courtiers, down to cooks and valets, all crushing forward to get their places. The guards at the gates stood with cockades already on their hats, and the great ladies came driving in, for they were not far off—Madame Hortense, the wife of Louis of Holland, styled the duchess of St. Leu, had remain in Paris, and her house had been the centre of all the Buonapartist adherents and conspiracies. From that centre had been sent summonses to every branch of the Buonaparte family to be in readiness, and all had responded except cardinal Fesch, Louis Buonaparte, and Eugene Beauharnais, who had too much sense to quit Munich with his wife, the daughter of the Bavarian king. Even Murat, to his ruin, had been induced to declare for Buonaparte's return.

When the returned emperor, therefore, drove up to the Tuileries, at nearly ten o'clock on the night of the 20th—a foggy and wet night—his carriage, covered with mud, was surrounded by his friends, as if he had only been absent on one of his campaigns. As he stepped out of his carriage in his old grey great-coat and cocked hat, now to be seen in the museum of the Louvre, he was instantly so hemmed in that he called out, "My friends, you stifle me!" and a number of general officers at once hoisted him upon their shoulders, and thus bore him into the palace and up into the state apartments amid deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur.*"

Thus was the man, who had been put down by all the assembled armies of Europe, not twelve months before, who had quitted Paris weeping like a woman, and threatened, in his exile southward, with being torn limb from limb—thus, as it were, miraculously borne back again on men's shoulders, and seated on the throne of the second time expelled Bourbons! It was far more like a wild romance than any serious history. The peace of the world had again to be achieved. The Bourbons had been worsted everywhere, even in loyal Vendée, and in Marseilles, which had so recently set a price on Buonaparte's head. The duke of Angoulême was surrounded in Marseilles, and surrendered on condition of quitting France. The duke of Bourbon found La Vendée so pre-occupied by Buonapartists that he was obliged to escape by sea from Nantes; and the duchess of Angoulême, who had thrown herself into Bourdeaux, found the troops there infected by the Buonaparte mania, and, quitting the place in indignation, went on board an English frigate.

But the position of Buonaparte was far from being secure or satisfactory. Though the soldiers had come over to him, and endeavoured to rouse the populace of Paris to shout for his return, it was in vain. The guards, incensed at their silence, struck them with the flat of their swords, and bade them cry, "Napoleon and Liberty!" but, though they saw that Napoleon had returned, they very much doubted whether he had brought liberty with him, and they remained cold and indifferent. They saw the armies of the allies looming again in the distance, and they gave no credence to

Napoleon's ready lies that he was at peace with them. But he omitted no exertions to enter into such a peace. He dispatched messengers to every court, offering to accept the ar[illegible] of the treaty of Paris, though he had repeatedly France. At this treaty consummated the disgrace of was already done messages no answers were returned. It cation from the allied that he should receive no communi- whelming armies. They reigns but in the shape of over- at Vienna, and in their new proclaimed, in their congress forfeited every claim to consideration, coalition, that he had of commons had fully coincided with the British house upwards of a million of soldiers were in arms, and already towards France to finally crush him. [illegible]arch

Frimont, Bianchi, and Vincent under him. Two hundred thousand Russians, under Barclay de Tolly, were also marching for Alsace, and Langeron, Sacken, and other generals, were at the head of other numerous divisions, all under the nominal generalissimoship of the archduke Constantine. Blücher was already posted in Belgium with one hundred and fifty thousand Prussians; and the army of Wellington, of eighty thousand men, composed of British, and different nations in British pay, occupied Flanders. The contingents of Holland, Sweden, and the smaller German states raised the total to upwards of a million of men, which, if they were not all at hand, were ready to march up in case of any reverses to those first in the field.

VIEW OF ELBA.

In England the chancellor of the exchequer had found no difficulty in raising a loan of thirty-six million pounds, and this money was freely devoted to put the armies of the coalition in motion. Never had such vast armaments been in preparation from the very north of Europe to France. The congress had removed its *locale* from Vienna to Frankfort, to be nearer the scene of action. The emperors of Russia and Austria, and the king of Prussia, were again at the head of their forces. On the side of Switzerland, one hundred and fifty thousand Austrians, who were liberated from Italy by the defeat of Murat, were ready to march into France; another army of the same amount directed its course to the upper Rhine. Schwartzenberg was again commander-in-chief of Austria, with generals Bellegarde,

To contend against this enormous force, Buonaparte, by the most surprising exertions, had again collected upwards of two hundred thousand men of considerable military practice; but he dared not to name conscriptions to a people already so sore on that point; and he endeavoured to raise further reinforcements by an enrolment of national guards all over France. For this purpose commissioners were sent down into the departments, on the authority of an imperial decree of April the 5th; and he proposed to raise as many federates, or volunteers of the lower orders—the only class which had raised a cheer for him on his return. But these schemes proved, for the most part, abortive. In the northern departments, where heretofore the commands of Buonaparte had been most freely obeyed, the

BUONAPARTE'S RETURN FROM ELBA.

inhabitants showed a sullen and dogged resistance—and the same was the case in Brittany. Further south matters were worse. In the departments of La Garde, the Marne, the Nether Loire, the white flag and cockade were openly displayed; and wherever the tree of liberty was planted—for it was now the trick of Buonaparte to associate the sacred name of liberty with his, a name and a thing on which he had so uniformly trampled—it was cut down, and burnt.

Fouché, now again head of the police department, drew up a most undisguised statement of the universal disaffection, to the great indignation of Napoleon, and dismay of his party. It was considered by them to be really meant to damage Napoleon as much as possible, and that Fouché, too shrewd not to see how events must terminate, was already in secret connection with the allies. And this, indeed, was the truth. Fouché was in direct correspondence with Metternich, and the matter was brought to Buonaparte's knowledge; but such was the hurry and critical condition of his affairs, that the arch-intriguer managed to escape the summary vengeance which he would have received at another period. In fact, Napoleon had little time even to detect and punish treason. Besides the herculean labour of raising and organising the necessary armies, he had to contend with open rebellion on various sides. La Vendée, under another La Rochejacquelein, Antechamp, Sapineau, and Suzannet, was again in arms, and he was compelled to send against them a powerful force, under Lamarque and Travot. The Vendeans were beaten, and La Rochejacquelein being killed, they laid down their arms; but this did not take place till after the battle of Waterloo, of which a few more days would have informed them. Still further south, the people were ready to seize the first opportunity to rise against him.

It was under such circumstances that Buonaparte had to put his frontiers into a state of defence against the advancing hosts. He had defended the northern side of Paris with a double line of fortifications; strongly fortified Montmartre, and on the open southern side cast up some field-works, relying, however, on the Seine as the best barrier. Paris he placed under the command of general Haxo; and the fortresses on the side of Alsace, the Vosges, and Lorraine, were all strongly garrisoned. Lyons, Guise, Vitri, Soissons, Château-Thierry, Langres, and other towns, were made as strong as forts, redoubts, field-works, and garrisons could make them; and trusting by these to retard the slow Austrians, and even the Russians, till he could have given a desperate blow to the allies in the Netherlands, of whom he was most afraid, on the 11th of June he quitted Paris, saying, "I go to measure myself with Wellington!"

We are told that on springing into his travelling carriage, as he made this declaration, his countenance brightened up, though till that moment it had exhibited all the gloom of doubt and anxiety. He was at the head of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men—of which twenty-five thousand were imperial guards—and followed by three hundred pieces of artillery.

But if his countenance did brighten up, it was but a passing gleam, and one that did not relieve the heart, for we have his own acknowledgment that he had no longer his former confidence after his forced abdication. "I no longer felt," he observed, at St. Helena, to Las Cases, "that complete confidence in final success which accompanied me on former undertakings. Whether it was that I was getting beyond the period of life when men are usually favoured by fortune, or whether the impulse of my career seemed impeded in my eyes, and to my imagination, it is certain that I felt a depression of spirit. Fortune, who used to follow my steps and load me with her bounties, was now a severe deity, from whom I might snatch a few favours, but for which she exacted severe retribution. I had no sooner gained an advantage than it was followed by a reverse."

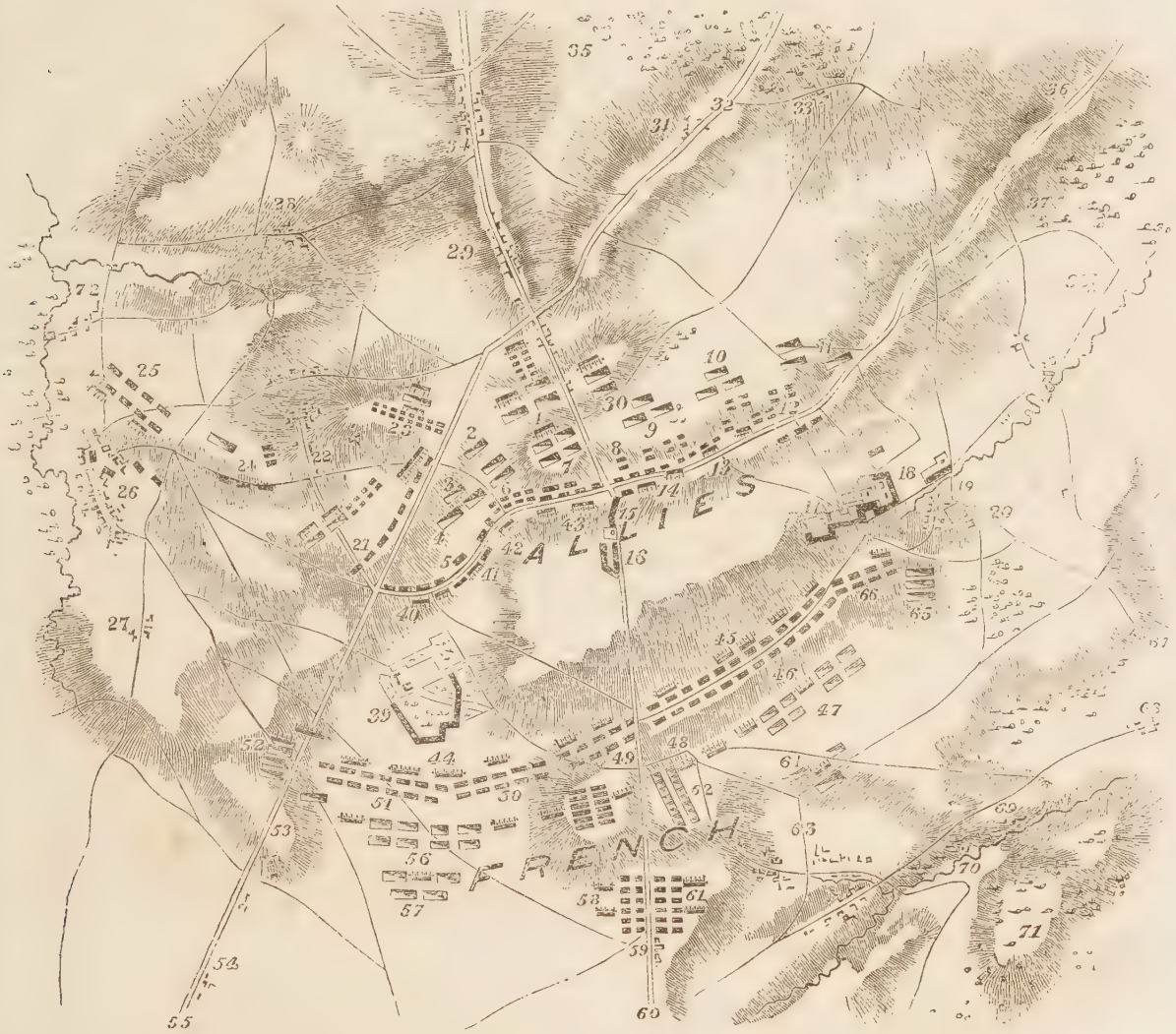
The opposition which he had met with from the state, and the evident alienation of the people, must have added to this feeling immensely. Napoleon saw that it was his best policy to conciliate the French by concessions, but neither his natural temperament nor his necessities permitted him to do this liberally and fully. He gave nominal freedom to the press, but he bought up and secured the majority of the editors and proprietors; yet, not being able to do this wholly, the opposition spoke bitter things to him and of him, and damaged his cause seriously. He called on Sièyes, Carnot, and Fouché to assist in framing his promised constitution; and he gave peerages to Carnot and Sièyes, and those once stern republicans accepted them. But, even with their aid, he could not bring himself to give a free constitution. Nobody gave him credit for sincerity even in what he did give. The police were as strict as ever, and yet every night the walls of Paris were covered with proclamations of Louis XVIII., forbidding the payment of taxes, and announcing the approach of one million two hundred thousand men.

In all classes of society people now indignantly repelled his assumption of the name of freedom. "He is," they said, "the sworn enemy of liberty, the assassin of the republic, which has been so dearly purchased. The show of liberty which he now makes is a trick of legerdemain, executed under protection of his bayonets. Such was his notion of liberty when he destroyed the national representation at St. Cloud; such the freedom he gave when he established an oriental despotism in France; such, when abolishing all free communication of sentiments amongst citizens, and proscribing every liberal and philosophical idea under the name of 'ideology.' Hell and heaven are not more irreconcilable ideas than Buonaparte and liberty. The word 'freedom' was proscribed beneath his iron reign, and only revived in the ears of Frenchmen, after twelve years' extinction, on the restoration of Louis XVIII. Ah! miserable impostor! when would he have spoken of freedom, had not the return of Louis familiarised us with it?"

The very *dames des halles*, the market women, took up the word against him. They sung a song with much vivacity—"*Donnez nous nôtre paire de gants*," equivalent in pronunciation to *nôtre père de Ghent*, that is, Louis, who was then residing at Ghent. None but the very lowest of the population retained the old illusions towards him. Under such circumstances, not even his new constitution could satisfy anybody. It was very much the same as Louis XVIII. had sworn to in 1814. It granted free election of the house of representatives, which was to be renewed every five years; the members to be paid; land and other

taxes to be voted once a-year; ministers were to be responsible; juries, right of petition, freedom of worship, inviolability of property, were all established. But Buonaparte destroyed the value of all these concessions by publishing this, not as a new constitution, but as "an additional act" to his former constitution. This word "additional" meant everything, for it proclaimed all the despotic decrees preceding it as still in force, and thus neutralising or reducing these concessions to a mere burlesque.

Napoleon, however, called his *Champ-de-Mai* together for the electors to swear to this anomalous document; but, to add to the incongruity, the assembly was held in the *Champ-de-Mars*, and not in May at all, but on the 1st of June. There he and his brothers, even Lucien, who had been wiled back to his assistance, figured in fantastic robes as emperor and princes of the blood, and the electors swore to the constitution; but the whole was a dead and dreary failure. On the 4th the two chambers, that of peers and



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITION OF THE ARMIES AT NOON, JUNE 15, 1815.

1. Tripp.
2. Arantschild.
3. Adams.
4. Grant.
5. Maitland.
6. Domberg.
7. Somerset.
8. Kemp.
9. Pack.
10. Vandeleur.
11. Vivian.
12. Vencke.
13. Bat.
14. Sir T. Picton.
15. Breandt.
16. La Haye Sainte.
17. La Haye.
18. Saxe Weimar.
19. Friechemonk.
20. Chateau.
21. Du Plot.
22. Brunswick.
23. Merlebraine.
24. Lord Hill.
25. Chassé.
26. Braine le Leud.
27. Pospol.
28. Le Mesnil.
29. Mont St. Jean.
30. Ponsonby.
31. To Coucourt.
32. To Louvaine.
33. Ter le Haye.
34. To Brussels.
35. Forest of Soignes.
36. To Wavre
37. Forest d'Ohain.
38. Livrament.
39. Hougomont.
40. Byng.
41. Halkett.
42. Kilmansegge.
43. Ompleda.
44. Reille.
45. D'Erlon.
46. Aix Moriobert.
47. Milhaud.
48. Donzelot.
49. Buchelu.
50. Foy.
51. Prince Jerome.
52. Pire.
53. Mon Plaisir.
54. Varrab.
55. To Vivelles.
56. Kellerman.
57. Guyot
58. Imperial Guard.
59. Rosomme.
60. To Fleurus.
61. Imperial Guard.
62. Sobervie.
63. Planchenoit.
64. La Belle Alliance.
65. Jacquinot.
66. Duratte.
67. Pajeau.
68. Hanolet.
69. Forest of Vivieres.
70. Stream.
71. Forest of Hubermont.
72. Le Straye.

that of representatives, met. The peers, who were his own officers and picked men, readily agreed to the constitution; but not so the chamber of representatives. They chose Lanjuinais president, who had been a zealous advocate of Louis XVI., and who had drawn up the list of crimes under which Buonaparte's forfeiture had been pronounced in 1814. They entered into a warm discussion on the propriety of abolishing all titles of honour in that chamber. They threw out a proposition to bestow on Napoleon the title of Saviour of his Country, and they severely criticised the "additional act," declaring that "the nation would entertain no plans of aggrandisement; that not even the will of a victorious prince should lead them beyond the boundaries of self-defence." In this state of things Buonaparte was compelled to depart, leaving the refractory chamber to discuss the articles of his new constitution.

Napoleon was at Vervins, on the 12th of June, with his guard, and on the 14th he had joined five divisions of infantry and four of cavalry at Beaumont. The triple line of strong fortresses on the Belgian frontiers enabled him to assemble his forces unobserved by the allies, whilst he was perfectly informed by spies of their arrangements. Wellington had arrived at Brussels, and had thrown strong garrisons into Ostend, Antwerp, Nieuport, Ypres, Tournay, Mons, and Ath. He had about thirty thousand English, but not his famous Peninsula troops, who had been sent to America. Yet he had the celebrated German legion, eight thousand strong, which had won so many laurels in Spain; fifteen thousand Hanoverians; five thousand Brunswickers, under their brave duke, the hereditary mortal foe of Napoleon; and seventeen thousand men, Belgians, Dutch, and troops of Nassau, under the prince of Orange. Great doubts were entertained of the reliability of the Belgians, who had fought under Napoleon, and who had shown much discontent of late; and Napoleon confidently calculated on them, and had Belgian officers with him to lead them when they should come over to him. But, on the whole, the Belgians behaved well; for, like all others, their country had felt severely the tyranny of Napoleon. On the whole, Wellington's army amounted to about seventy-five thousand men. He occupied with his advanced division, under the prince of Orange, Enghein, Brain le Comte, and Nevilles; with his second, under lord Hill, Halle, Oudenarde, and Grammont; and with his reserve, under Picton, Brussels and Ghent. What he had most to complain of was the very defective manner in which he had been supplied with cannon on so momentous an occasion, being able to muster only eighty-four pieces of artillery, though he had applied for a hundred and fifty, and though there were cannons enough at Woolwich to have supplied the whole of the allied armies.

Blücher's head-quarters were at Namur, his right extending to Charleroi, near the left of Wellington, and his left and reserves covering Gevil and Liege. His force amounted to eighty thousand men, supplied with two hundred cannon. On the 15th Buonaparte addressed his army, telling them that the enemies arrayed against them were the same that they had so often beaten, and whom they must beat again if they were the men they had been. "Madmen!" he exclaimed; "the moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb!" This address had such an effect, that the French advanced with all the spirit of their former days. They swept the western bank of the Sambre of the Prussian outposts; they advanced to Charleroi, drove out the Prussians under Ziethen, and compelled them to fall back on the village of Gossilies, and thence to Ligny and St. Amand. It was now seen that the object of Buonaparte was to cut off the communication betwixt the Prussians and British, and defeat the Prussians first, instead of having to fight the two armies at once. To complete this Ney had been dispatched to attack and drive back the English advance at Quatre-Bras and Frasnes; but, hearing firing in the direction of Charleroi, which was the engagement with Ziethen, he sent a division to support the French there, and thus found his main body too weak to move the English at Quatre-Bras. For doing this without orders, Buonaparte reprimanded Ney, as he afterwards did Grouchy, for too implicitly following his orders in pursuit of Blücher.

The duke of Wellington was informed, at Brussels, on the same day, of this attack of Napoleon on the Prussians at Ligny, and of the English advance, under the prince of Orange, at Quatre-Bras. It has been said that he was taken by surprise. Quite the contrary. He was waiting in the most suitable position for the movement of Buonaparte. This was announced to him by a Prussian officer of high rank, said to be baron Müffling, who arrived at half-past one at his hotel in Brussels. Wellington immediately dispatched orders to all the cantonments of his army to break up and concentrate on Quatre-Bras, his intention being that his whole force should be there by eleven o'clock the next night, Friday, the 16th. At three o'clock his grace sate down to dinner, and it was at first proposed that notice should be sent to the duchess of Richmond to put off a ball which she was going to give at her hotel that evening; but, on further consideration, it was concluded to let the ball proceed, and that the duke and his officers should attend it, as though nothing was about to occur, by which the great inconvenience of having the whole city in confusion during their preparations for departure would be avoided. Accordingly, every officer received orders to quit the ball-room, and as quietly as possible, at ten o'clock, and proceed to his respective division *en route*. This arrangement was carried out, and the duke himself remained at the ball till twelve o'clock, and left Brussels the next morning at six o'clock for Quatre-Bras. Such were the facts which gave rise to the widespread report that the duke knew nothing of the attack of Napoleon till the thunder of his cannon was heard by the duke of Brunswick in the ball-room.

Wellington arrived early in the forenoon at Quatre-Bras, and then rode to Bric, to consult with Blücher. It appeared as if it was the intention of Buonaparte to bear down with his whole force on Blücher; and though Bülow's division, stationed between Liege and Hainault, was too far off to arrive in time, Blücher resolved to stand battle; and it was agreed that Wellington should, if possible, march to his assistance, and *vice versâ*, should the attack be on Wellington. And we have read some severe reflections on Wellington by German historians, because he did not afford

Blücher assistance, but allowed him to be beaten. But any one who had paid any attention to the events of this day must have known that both the generals were attacked at the same time. Ney, with a division of forty-five thousand, attacked the English at Quatre-Bras and Frasnes, whilst Napoleon directed the rest of his force on Blücher, at Ligny, and general d'Erlon lay with ten thousand men near Marchiennes, to act in favour of either French force, as might be required. Buonaparte did not attack Blücher till about three o'clock, and then he continued the battle with the utmost fury for two hours along his whole line. Buonaparte, finding that he could not break the Prussian line, sent for the division of d'Erlon, and then, contriving to get into the rear of Blücher's position at Ligny, threw the Prussians into disorder. Blücher made a desperate charge, at the head of his cavalry, to repel the French, but his horse was killed under him; and the French cuirassiers galloped over him, a Prussian officer having flung a cloak over him. He escaped with his life, and, remounting, led the retreat towards Tilly. The loss of the French in this battle is stated by general Gourgaud at seven thousand, but is supposed to exceed ten thousand. The Prussians admit the loss of as many, and the French declare that they lost fifteen thousand. It was, however, a severe blow for the allies; and had Ney managed to defeat Wellington, the consequences would have been momentous. But Ney found that the British had evacuated Frasnes that morning, and lay across four roads at Quatre-Bras—one leading to St. Amand, the Prussian position. On another, leading from Charleroi to Brussels, was a wood, called the Bois de Bossu; and here the attack commenced on the Belgians. The wood was sharply contested; and, about three o'clock, the Belgians were driven out by the French, but, in their turn, were expelled by the British guards. The battle then became general and severe; the 42nd Highlanders suffered greatly. Ney endeavoured to cut through the English by a furious charge of cavalry; but these were repelled by such a deadly fire as heaped the causeway with men and horses. Ney then sent for the division of d'Erlon, but that had been already summoned by Buonaparte. The battle was continued till it was dark, and the English remained on the field, hoping that the Prussians had also maintained their ground, and that they might form a junction in the morning. But the Prussians had retreated in the night to Wavre, about six leagues in the rear of Ligny, and had gone off in such silence that Napoleon was not even aware of it. But Wellington was aware of it, and, on the morning of the 17th, began a retreat also on Waterloo, where he and Blücher had concerted to form a junction and give battle. Blücher had made his retreat so artfully, that the French were at a loss to know which way he had taken. It appeared as if he had directed his march for Namur, and, about three o'clock on the 17th, Grouchy received orders to pursue Blücher, wherever he might have gone. This dispatch of Grouchy with thirty-two thousand men to deal with Blücher proved a serious mischief to Napoleon, who, not having Grouchy's division to support him at the battle of Waterloo, severely blamed him, and charged his own defeat upon him. But it was the ungenerous practice of Buonaparte, whenever he was defeated, to charge it upon some of his generals, even when they had been acting most meritoriously. This he did in Russia, and this he repeated in the retreat on Paris in 1814, and this we shall find him doing again in the battle of Waterloo, to the undaunted and indefatigable Ney. Grouchy has shown satisfactorily that he himself first brought to Napoleon the news of Blücher's retreat, and requested orders to pursue him with his cavalry, but that he could not obtain such order till noon on the 17th, and then the order was to follow him wherever he went. We shall soon see that Thielemann, by Blücher's orders, kept Grouchy well employed, and took care to prevent his return to Waterloo.

Napoleon, finding Blücher gone, turned his attentions to Wellington, expecting to find him still at Quatre-Bras; but, as we have seen, the duke was now on his retreat to Waterloo. Buonaparte dispatched his cavalry in hot haste after him, and they came up with his rear at Genappe, where the English had to pass through a narrow street, and over a narrow bridge across the Dyle. There the French came with such impetus that they threw the light cavalry into confusion; but the heavy dragoons soon rode back, and drove the French with such effect before them, that they made no further interruption of the march. Without an enemy at their rear the march was repugnant enough to the soldiers. English soldiers abominate anything like a retreat. They had heard of the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny; and this retrograde movement looked too much of the same character to please them. Besides, it was raining torrents all the way; and they had to march across fields up to the knees in mud. At five in the evening, however, the duke commanded a halt, and took up his position on ground which thenceforth was to be immortal. He was on the field of Waterloo! Long before this the position had attracted his attention, and he had thought that had he to fight a battle anywhere in that part of the country, it should be on that ground. Such numbers of our countrymen, as well as men of all countries, have visited Waterloo, that the plan of the battle becomes easy of conception. About two miles beyond the village of Waterloo, which has been chosen to bear the name of this famous battle, and about a mile beyond the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, stretches across the Charleroi road a ridge of some elevation in the open fields. On this Wellington posted his army, his left extending to a hamlet called Ter la Haye, and his right across the Nivelles road, to a village and ravine called Merke Braine. These two roads united in the highway to Brussels, just behind the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, and close behind the centre of Wellington's position was the farm of Mont St. Jean; a little below his centre, on the Charleroi road or causeway, leading through Genappe to Quatre-Bras, whence they had come, was another farm-house, called La Haye Sainte. On Wellington's right, but down in the valley, near the Nivelles road, lay an old château, with its walled orchard, and a wood beyond it, called Hougomont—a contraction of Château-Gomont. Below this position ran a valley, and from it ascended opposite other rising grounds, chiefly open cornfields; and along this ascent, at about half a mile distant, Buonaparte posted his army, inclosing by his right the château Hougomont, and commanding it from the high ground. Nearly opposite to Wellington's centre stood a

farm-house, inclosed in its orchards, called La Belle Alliance. There Buonaparte took his stand, and kept it during the whole fight—each commander being able to command the view of the whole field. Close behind Wellington, the ground again descended towards Mont St. Jean, which gave a considerable protection to his reserves, and kept them wholly out of the observation of the French. To make the situation of Wellington's army clear, we have only to say that behind the village of Waterloo extended the beech wood of Soignies, along the road to Brussels, for the greater part of the way.

When Buonaparte, early in the morning of the 18th, mounted his horse to reconnoitre Wellington's position, he was rejoiced to observe so few troops; for many were hidden behind the height on which Wellington took his stand. One of his staff suggested that Wellington would be joined by Blücher; but so wholly ignorant was Napoleon of the settled plan of the two generals, that he scouted the idea. "Blücher," he said, "is defeated. He cannot rally for three days. I have seventy-five thousand men; the English only fifty thousand. The town of Brussels awaits me with open arms. The English opposition waits but for

ATTACK ON THE CHATEAU HOUGOMONT.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

my success to raise their heads. Then adieu, subsidies, and farewell, coalition!" Then, looking again at the small body of troops visible, he exclaimed, in exultation, "I have them there at last, these English!" General Foy, who had had ample experience of "these English" in Spain, said, "Wellington never shows his troops; but, if he be yonder, I must warn your majesty that the English infantry, in close fighting, is the very devil!" And Soult, who had felt the strength of that infantry too often, confirmed the assertion of Foy.

Wellington was quite prepared for the fiercest attack of Buonaparte. Notwithstanding his loss at Quatre-Bras, he had still his seventy-five thousand, though the English portion did not exceed thirty-five thousand; and Buonaparte, as he had stated, had about the same number, but of the support of the Prussians and of their numerous cannon.

Buonaparte posted himself in his centre, near the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, having Ney and Soult near him, but counts Reille and D'Erlon being in immediate command of the centre. His left, which stretched round the château Hougomont, was commanded by his brother Jerome; his right by count Lobau. Wellington took his post on the ridge near where the great mound of the dead surmounted by the Belgian lion now stands. His troops were divided into two lines; the right of the first line—consisting of English, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops—under lord Hill. The centre, under the prince of Orange, consisted of troops of Brunswick and Nassau, flanked on the right by the guards, under general Cooke, and on the left

NAPOLEON SENDING THE OLD GUARD INTO ACTION.

most of them of the very best troops of France, whilst few of Wellington's army had been under fire before, and some of the Belgians and Hanoverians were of a very inferior quality. In point of cannon, Buonaparte had more than double the number that Wellington had. But the duke informed Blücher that he should make a stand here, and the brave old marshal replied to Wellington's request of a detachment of Prussians to support him, that he would be there with his main army. Wellington therefore expected the arrival of the Prussians about noon; but though they lay only about twelve miles off, the difficulties of the route over the heights of Chapelle-Lambert, and the occupation of part of Wavre by the French under Grouchy, prevented their advance, under Bulow, reaching the field till half-past four. Wellington, however, rested in confident expectation by the British division of general Alton. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert, and Kempe. The second line consisted of troops in which less confidence was placed, or which had suffered severely at Quatre-Bras on the 16th. In and around the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in advance of the centre, was placed a body of Germans. The plan of each commander was simple: Wellington's, to keep his ground till Blücher should come up, and then all simultaneously charge forward to drive the French from the field; Napoleon's, by his brisk and ponderous charges, to break and disperse the English before the Prussians could arrive.

It was not till betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of June, that this terrible conflict commenced; for the troops of Napoleon had not

yet all reached the ground, having suffered from the tempests of wind and rain equally with the allies. The rain had now ceased, but the morning was gloomy and lowering. The action opened by a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougomont, which were held by the troops of Nassau. These were driven out; but their place was immediately taken by the British guards under general Byng and colonels Home and Macdonald. A tremendous cannonade was kept up on Hougomont by Jerome's batteries from the slopes above; and under this fire, the French advanced through the wood in front of Hougomont, but were met by a terrible fire from the English, who had the orchard-wall as a breastwork from which to assail the enemy. The contest here was continued through the day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the English. The buildings of the farm-yard and an old chapel were set fire to by the French shells; but the English maintained their post amid the flames, and filled the wood in front and a lane running under the orchard-wall with mountains of dead.

The fire had soon become general, and a desperate struggle was raging along the whole line. Buonaparte threw column after column forward against the English squares; but they were met with deadly volleys of artillery and musketry, and reeled back amid horrible slaughter. A desperate push was made to carry La Haye Sainte and the farm of Mont St. Jean, on Wellington's left centre, by the cuirassiers, followed by four columns of French infantry. The cuirassiers charged furiously along the Genappe causeway, but were met and hurled back by the heavy British cavalry. The four columns of infantry reached La Haye Sainte, and dispersed a body of Belgians; but Picton, advancing with Pack's brigade, forced them back, and the British cavalry, which had repulsed the cuirassiers, attacking them in flank, they were broken with great slaughter, and left two thousand prisoners and a couple of eagles behind them. But the English, both cavalry and infantry, pursuing their advantage too far, were in turn repulsed with great loss, and generals Picton and Ponsonby were killed. The French then again surrounded La Haye Sainte, where a detachment of the German legion, falling short of ammunition, and none being able to be conveyed to them, were literally massacred, refusing to surrender. In a little time the French were driven out of the farm-houses by shells.

Soon after, a resolute attack was made on the right of the British centre by a great body of cavalry, which rode impetuously into the front of the squares and of thirty pieces of artillery. Though cut down in heaps, they drove the artillerymen from their guns, but these only retreated amongst the infantry, carrying with them the implements for serving the guns, and, the moment the infantry repelled them a little, the men were at their guns again, and renewed the firing. The cuirassiers fought most undauntedly; they rode along the very front of the squares, firing their pistols into them, or cutting at them with their swords. Again and again they dashed forward to break the squares, but in every instance were met with such a destructive fire that they were compelled to draw off, only a mere fragment of this fine cavalry surviving this heroic but fatal attempt. From that time the French continued the battle chiefly by an incessant fire of artillery along the whole line, which the British avoided in great part by lying on their faces.

By six o'clock in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men in killed and wounded, besides a great number of the dispersed Belgians and other foreigners of the worst class, who had run off, and taken refuge in the wood of Soignies. But the French had suffered more severely; they had lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded, and had had more than two thousand taken prisoners. At about half-past four, too, firing had been heard on the French right, and it proved to be the advanced division of Bülow. Grouchy had overtaken the Prussians at Wavre, but had been stopped there by general Thielemann, by order of Blücher, and kept from crossing the Dyle till it was too late to prevent the march of Blücher on Waterloo; so that whilst Thielemann was thus holding back Grouchy, who now heard the firing from Waterloo, Blücher was on the track of his advanced division towards the great battle-field. When Buonaparte heard the firing on the right, he thought, or affected to think, that it was Grouchy, whom he had sent for in haste, who was beating the Prussians; but he perceived that he must now make one gigantic effort, or all would be lost the moment that the main armies of the English and Prussians united. Sending, therefore, a force to beat back Bülow, he prepared for one of those thunderbolts which so often had saved him at the last moment. He formed his imperial guard into two columns at the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance, and supporting them by four battalions of the old guard, and putting Ney at their head, ordered him to break the English squares. That splendid body of men, the French guards, rushed forward, for the last time, with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and Buonaparte rode at their head as well as Ney, as far as the farm of La Haye Sainte. There the great Corsican conqueror, who had told his army on joining it this last campaign that he and they must now conquer or die, declined the death by suddenly wheeling his horse aside, and there remaining, still and stiff as a statue of stone, watching the last great venture. The British right at this moment was wheeling towards Buonaparte's position, so that his guards were received by a simultaneous fire in front and in the flank. The English soldiers advanced from both sides, as if to close round the French, and poured in one incessant fire, each man independently loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could. The French guards endeavoured to deploy, that they might renew the charge, but under so terrible a fire they found it impossible: they staggered, broke, and melted into a confused mass. As they rolled wildly down the hill, the battalions of old guards endeavoured to check the pursuing English; but at this moment Wellington, who had Maitland and Adams's brigades of guards lying on their faces behind the ridge on which he stood, cried, "Up, guards, and at them!" and, rushing down the hill, they swept the old guard before them. On seeing this, Buonaparte exclaimed, "They are mingled together! All is lost for the present!" and rode from the field. The battle was won. But at the same moment Wellington ordered the advance of the whole line, and the French, quitting every point of their position, began a hasty and confused retreat from the field.

Buonaparte, in his bulletin of June 21st, found a reason for this utter defeat in a panic fear that suddenly seized the army, through some evil-disposed person raising the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" But Ney denied, in his letter to the duke of Otranto, that any such cry was raised. Another statement made very confidently in Paris was, that the old guard, being summoned to surrender, replied, "The guard can die, but cannot yield!"—a circumstance which never took place, though the guards fought with the utmost bravery.

As this rout was taking place, Bülow, who had beaten back the French battalions from Frischermont and Planchenois, was approaching La Belle Alliance, and Blücher with the main army soon after appeared following him. At a farm-house called Maison Rouge, or Maison du Roi, behind La Belle Alliance, the duke of Wellington and Blücher met, and mutually congratulated each other. What a moment that must have been in their lives! The great disturber had been beaten at the head of his army, and that army was too thoroughly demoralised ever to become an army again. "The enemy," says Wellington, in his dispatches, "was forced from his positions on all the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which all fell into our hands." Blucher, in the continental manner, embraced and kissed the victorious duke; and it was agreed that, as the army of Wellington had been fighting hard for eight hours, the Prussians should make the pursuit. Blücher swore that he would follow the French whilst a horse or a man could move, and, with three cheers from the English, he set forward with his troops in chase. So far from "the guards dying, but not surrendering," these brave men flew now before the stern old Prussian, and immediately in the narrow passage at Genappe they abandoned to him sixty pieces of their cannon. Amongst other spoil they captured the carriage of Napoleon, and found in it, amongst other curious papers, a proclamation for publication the next day at Brussels. As it was moonlight, the Prussians continued the chase till late into the night, slaughtering the fugitives like sheep. Numbers quitted the road and fled across the country, seeking shelter in the woods, where abundance of them were afterwards found dead or severely wounded. The highway, according to general Gneissenau, was covered with cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and property of every kind. The wounded were humanely sent to Brussels, but those who could continue their flight did so till they had reached France, where they sold their horses and arms, and dispersed themselves to their homes. The grand army was no more, with the exception of the division of Grouchy, who made good his retreat to Paris, only to be upbraided by Buonaparte as the cause of his defeat. In this retreat the French lost more men than in that from Leipsic, the killed and wounded exceeding thirty thousand.

CHATEAU HOUGOMONT.

But the loss of the allies had also been perfectly awful. The Prussians, besides the great slaughter at Ligny, had

been engaged in a bloody struggle at Planchenois, and the English and their allies had lost in the battle of Waterloo two thousand four hundred and thirty-two killed, and nine thousand five hundred and twenty-eight wounded; these, added to the numbers killed and wounded at Quatre-Bras, raised the amount to fifteen thousand. Of British and Hanoverian officers alone six hundred were killed or wounded at Waterloo. Generals Picton and Ponsonby were killed, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby was shot through the body by a Frenchman, ridden over by the charging cavalry, speared by a Polish lancer as he lay bleeding on the ground, and yet survived and lived many years. Colonel de Lancey, Wellington's quartermaster-general, was killed. The duke of Brunswick fell at the head of his troops at Quatre-Bras, without having the satisfaction to witness the final ruin of Buonaparte. The earl of Uxbridge lost a leg, and generals Cooke, Halket, Barnes, Alton, the prince of Orange, and lieutenant-general lord Fitzroy Somerset were wounded. The Austrian general, Vincent, and count Pozzo di Borgo, who had volunteered their services, were wounded, and Sir Alexander Gordon died shortly after of his wounds. So many of Wellington's staff were disabled, that he had at one time no officer to dispatch with a pressing order. A young Piedmontese, of the family of di Salis, offered himself. "Were you ever in a battle before?" asked the duke. "No, sir," he replied. "Then," said the duke, "you are a lucky man, for you will never see such another." When the duke, who had witnessed so many bloody battles, saw the carnage of Waterloo, and heard, one after another, the losses of so many companions in arms, he was quite overcome. In his dispatches he says, "I cannot express the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the losses that we have sustained." And again, "The losses I have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have gained."

An anecdote is related in the village of Waterloo which forcibly demonstrates the profound confidence of all those, of whatever station, about the duke of Wellington in his military ascendancy. As hundreds and thousands of dastards—for there are said to have been no fewer than ten thousand of such—were flying from the tremendous contest to the wood of Soignies, they repeatedly said to the duke's cook as he stood at his door, "Fly! the French are coming!" To which the cook replied, coolly, "No; I shall not fly. I have cooked for his grace whilst he has fought fifty battles, and he always comes home to dinner."

It is scarcely worth while to attempt to expose the assertions of Napoleon and the mortified vanity of the French, which have declared that Wellington made a bad choice of his battle-field, and that he would have been beaten had not the Prussians come up. These statements have been amply refuted by military authorities. The selection of the field may safely be supposed to be a good one when it is known that Marlborough had chosen the very same, and was only prevented fighting on it by the Dutch commissioners. But no one can examine the field without seeing its strength. Had Wellington been driven from his position, the long villages of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo behind him, succeeded by the beech wood of Soignies, would have enabled him to hold the French in check for days—much more for the time sufficient for the whole Prussian force to come up. When it is seen what resistance such a mere farm as La Haye Sainte, or the château of Hougomont, enabled the English to make, what would the houses, gardens, and orchards of Mont St. Jean and Waterloo have done, stretching for two miles, backed by the wood of Soignies—not a forest choked by underwood, but of clear ground, from which ascend the tall, smooth boles of the beech trees? As to the danger of being defeated had not the Prussians come up, there was none. No advantage through the whole day had been gained by the French, except making an entry into the court-yard of Hougomont, and in capturing La Haye Sainte, from both of which they had long been driven again. The cuirassiers had been completely cut up before the arrival of the Prussians; not a square of infantry had been broken; and when Buonaparte made his last effort—that of hurling his guards on the English columns—they were, according to the positive evidence of marshal Ney, who led them on, totally annihilated. It is true that the Prussians had been for some time engaged on the right of the French, and had stood their ground; but they had been terribly cut up at Planchenois, and they do not appear to have made much advance till the total rout of the French by the last charge of the English. Wellington had advanced his whole line, and was leading on the pursuit in person when he and Blücher met on the high ground behind La Belle Alliance—that is, beyond the very ground on which Buonaparte had stood the whole day. The Prussians fought bravely, but they did not affect the question of victory or defeat as it regarded the English; they came in, however, to undertake the chase, for which the English were too tired after standing on the field twelve hours, and fighting desperately for eight; and they executed that chase most completely.

On the 19th of June Paris was excited by the announcements of Buonaparte's bulletin that terrible defeats had been inflicted on the Prussians at Ligny, and the English at Quatre-Bras. A hundred cannon and thousands of prisoners were declared to be taken. The imperialists were in ecstasies; the royalists, spite of the notorious falsehood of Buonaparte on such occasions, were dejected. On the 21st whispers were busily circulating that not only had a most dreadful pitched battle been fought, but that the fine French army which had so lately left France was utterly annihilated or dispersed. It was soon added that, instead of being at the head of victorious forces, as he had represented, Buonaparte had again fled from his army, and was in the palace of the Elysée-Bourbon. And this last news was true. Napoleon had never stopped in his own flight till he reached Philippeville. There he proposed to proceed to Grouchy, and put himself at the head of his division; but he heard that that too was defeated; and he hurried on to Paris, fearful of the steps that the two legislative chambers might take. They had proposed abdication to him before he marched with his army; what might they not do now? They had, in fact, already assembled; and La Fayette had recommended them, to prevent their dismissal by Buonaparte, to declare their sitting permanent, and they had done it. Caulaincourt, Fouché, Carnot, Davoust, and

CHARGE OF LORD SOMERSET'S HEAVY BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, AND TOTAL ROUT OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Lucien Buonaparte appeared, and announced that the emperor had authorised them to treat for peace with the allies. Lacoste reminded the chamber that this was useless, as the allies had already bound themselves not to treat with Buonaparte. Lucien Buonaparte pleaded vehemently for his brother, and called on the members to maintain the fidelity that they had sworn. "We have maintained it," replied La Fayette; "from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia the bones of Frenchmen, scattered through every region, attest our fidelity." The chamber demanded the abdication of Napoleon.

Buonaparte, seeing that nothing was to be expected from the chambers—for even the peers adopted the resolutions of the representatives—assumed the air of the despotic emperor, and demanded of Carnot that he should issue orders for a levy of three hundred thousand men, and should find supplies. Carnot replied that both propositions were impossible. He then summoned, on the night of the 21st, a general council, consisting of the late ministers, the presidents, and vice-presidents of the two chambers, where Regnault and Maret recommended a show of resistance whilst offering terms of peace; but La Fayette said that would only make matters worse. The allies were victorious, and there was but one course for the emperor; and Lanjuinais and Constant supported that view.

On the 22nd the chamber of representatives met early, and again demanded an act of abdication. Napoleon complied, but, as on his former abdication, only in favour of his son. The chamber thanked him, but took no notice of the clause in favour of Napoleon II. The same day the government, having received the news of the escape of Grouchy with the remains of his division, at once magnified the event into the most exaggerated importance, stating his force at sixty thousand—being in reality about twenty thousand. They added that Soult had collected twenty thousand of the old guard at Mezières, and that ten thousand new levies

GENERAL BERNADOTTE. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

had joined him from the interior, with two hundred cannon. Ney—who had reached Paris only to hear himself calumniated by Buonaparte as having thrown away the guard like a madman, though he had led them to destruction by the emperor's own command, and was the last of all to retreat—rose, and said, "The report is false! Dare they tell eye-witnesses of the fatal day of the 18th that we have yet embodied sixty thousand soldiers? Grouchy has not more than twenty thousand. Not a man of the guard will ever rally more. I myself commanded them; I myself witnessed their total extermination ere I left the field of battle. They are annihilated. The enemy are at Nivelles with eighty thousand men; in six days they may be at Paris, if they please. There is no safety for France but in instant propositions for peace!" These words struck consternation into the listeners.

But Lucien Buonaparte and Labédoyère, in violent language, pressed on the house of peers the recognition of Napoleon II. They persisted in passing it quietly over; but they required Napoleon to issue a proclamation to the army, declaring his abdication, without which the soldiers would not believe it, and, to conciliate them, he complied. Still, fearing lest he should put himself at the head of Grouchy's division, or some other, though small, troublesome force, they insisted that he should retire to Malmaison—so long the favourite abode of the repudiated Josephine. With this, too, he complied, but immediately discovered that he was surrounded by guards, and was, in fact, a prisoner. General Becker was appointed to have surveillance over Napoleon; and it was supposed that, as Becker had personal cause of resentment against him, this surveillance would be rigorous. But Becker was a man of honour; he respected the misfortunes of a man who, whatever had been his crimes, had made himself almost master of the world, and he treated him with the utmost courtesy. Orders were issued by the provisional government for two frigates to convey Napoleon to the United States, and Becker was to allow of his retirement to Rochefort, in order to his embarkation—to accompany him there, but not to permit his movement in any other direction. But Buonaparte lingered at Malmaison for a week. There were thirty thousand troops in and around Paris, including the division of Grouchy, and as the provisional government were averse to the recognition of Louis XVIII.—if we except Fouché, who had been in secret correspondence with the allies for some time, and was too shrewd not to know that they must carry all before them—Napoleon clung to the hope that he might be permitted to place himself at their head, and defend the capital. But this the commissioners had no intention of allowing. They dreaded, by such a concession, to put themselves and Paris once more in the emperor's hands; and when he made the proposal, Fouché asked whether he were laughing at them. The commissioners called on the soldiers to defend Paris, but they replied, why should they fight when they had no longer an emperor? Thus encouraged, Buonaparte again offered to defend the capital as the lieutenant of Napoleon II.—but this request was also refused.

Meantime, the British and Prussian armies advanced, and on the 1st of July Wellington was within a few miles of Paris, with his right on the heights of Richebourg, and his left on the forest of Bondy; and Blücher, at the same time, crossing the Seine on the 2nd, posted his army, with its right at Plessis-Piquet, his left at St. Cloud, and his reserve at Versailles. In this position, commissioners were sent by the provisional government to Wellington, desiring a suspension of hostilities, informing him that Buonaparte had abdicated, and retired from Paris. The duke replied that, so long as the army remained in Paris, there could be no suspension of hostilities, and that he had no authority to treat on any question of government. The commissioners demanded whether the allies would stop if Napoleon II. was proclaimed? Wellington said, "No." Whether they would stop provided they chose another prince of a royal house?—probably meaning the duke of Orleans. As the duke said he had no orders to accept any such proposals, they were useless, and he handed to them the proclamation of Louis XVIII., offering to grant constitutional liberties, and to pardon all offenders, excepting a few who had committed the most recent and aggravated treasons. These were supposed to mean Ney, Labédoyère, and some others. Wellington offered, however, to remain where he was on condition that the regular troops should be sent beyond the Loire, and the town be held by the national guards till the king's arrival. The commissioners did not comply with this demand; and the necessity of such compliance was sufficiently shown by this army disputing the advance of the Prussians on the 2nd of July. They had resisted Blücher both at St. Cloud, Meudon, and in the village of Issy. Blücher succeeded, but with considerable loss; and the next day the French made another attack to recover Issy, but without effect.

Wellington was therefore on the point of entering Paris when, on the same day, the 3rd, he received a flag of truce from the provisional government, asking for a military convention between the armies at St. Cloud. This was accepted, and one English and one Prussian officer met three French officers, and the convention was concluded by the agreement that the French army should retire behind the river Loire, and that the allies should be put in peaceable possession of Paris, with all the defences on the Montmartre side of the city, as well as every other. This convention was signed the next day by Wellington, Blücher, and Davoust, and, according to its stipulation, the French troops evacuated Paris, and marched towards the Loire. Ney and Labédoyère made their exit from the city, knowing that they would be arrested by Louis XVIII., if possible.

On the 7th of July the British and Prussian forces entered Paris. The English encamped themselves in the Bois de Boulogne, and the Prussians bivouacked along the Seine. There they came into full view of the bridge of Jena, so named to commemorate the victory of Buonaparte on that field, so fatal to the Prussians, and of the column in the Place Vendôme, erected with cannon taken from the Austrians, and bearing insulting mementoes of the defeats of Prussia. The Prussians had already lowered the statue of Napoleon from the top of the column, and were beginning to demolish the bridge, when the duke of Wellington interfered. He represented that, although these objects were

justly offensive to Prussia, they ought to be left to the decision of the king of France, in whose capital they were, and that the name of the bridge might be changed. Blücher was unwilling to give way, and also insisted on the levy of a military contribution on the city of Paris of one hundred million francs, as some reparation for the spoliations of the French in Berlin. Wellington suggested that these matters should be left for the determination of the allied sovereigns, and at length prevailed.

The next day, the 8th of July, Louis a second time entered his capital, escorted by the national guards. Fouché announced to the two chambers that their functions were at an end; but they still declared themselves sitting in permanence. But general Desolles, commander of the national guards, proceeded to close the chambers. He found both of them deserted, and locked the doors, and put his seal upon them, setting also a guard. Soon after the members of the chamber of representatives, who had only adjourned, began to arrive, but were received with jeers and laughter by the guards, which were eagerly joined in by the populace, and they retreated in confusion. Fouché, in reward for his politic private correspondence with the allies, was reinstated in his old office of minister of police, and the government of Louis recommenced in great quiet—affording the French much more real liberty than they had enjoyed either under Buonaparte or the factions of the revolution. And thus ended the celebrated Hundred Days from the landing of Napoleon to his second exclusion.

Buonaparte had arrived in Rochefort on the 3rd of July—only fifteen days after the battle of Waterloo. The two frigates provided by the provisional government to convey him to America—the Saale and the Medusa, accompanied by the corvette Balladière and the large brig, Epervier—lay in the Aix roads; but Buonaparte was very sure that the British government would not permit them to sail. That government, anticipating such an event as the endeavour of Napoleon to make his escape to America—whence he might watch his opportunity of once more renewing the troubles of the world—had, immediately after the battle of Waterloo, placed no less than thirty vessels of different descriptions along the whole coast of France, from Ushant to cape Finisterre, thus making it impossible for any vessel to pass out of a French port without undergoing the severest search. An order was issued to the commanders of the British vessels engaged in this blockade, by admiral lord Hotham, by authority of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, directing any one to whom Buonaparte might surrender himself to convey him and family to England, entering Torbay in preference to Plymouth; that he was to be kept in safe custody, and the most profound secrecy, not permitting any contact with the shore by either Buonaparte, any of his train, or any person belonging to the ship, except by the officer or officers dispatched, under orders of strictest secrecy, to lord admiral Keith, or to the admiralty itself.

Buonaparte was well satisfied that the attempt to sail out in the frigates was useless, but he thought he might possibly escape by a small coasting vessel, manned with young officers of the navy, equivalent to our midshipmen; but this was despaired of, as sure to attract the notice of English ships at sea; and then a Danish corvette was fixed on, and Buonaparte was to be smuggled away in a cask stowed away in the hold, and supplied with air by tubes; but neither would Buonaparte venture, after reflection, on this uneasy mode of concealment, and he began to turn his attention to getting away to the Loire, and resuming the command of the army. But this prospect did not appear very flattering, when the allies had eight hundred thousand men on foot; and, after a week spent in discussing these schemes, he was compelled to send Savary and Las Cases to captain Maitland on board the Bellerophon. They represented that Napoleon expected a passport from England, and wanted to know if captain Maitland would allow the frigates to sail with him, or some neutral vessel. Maitland informed them that, by his orders, he could not allow either of these measures. This interview took place in the presence of captain Knight, of the Falmouth. On the 14th Las Cases came again with general Lallemand, and captain Maitland sent for captain Sartorius, of the Slaney, to be present. The emperor's messengers represented that he was anxious to spare further effusion of blood, and, though he was under no necessity to quit France, was anxious to retire to America in any vessel that the British government should think proper. Captain Maitland, who was well aware that every day the emperor's necessity to escape became more imminent, replied that he had no authority from his government except to receive him on board and convey him to England, where he must await the decision of the British government as to his reception and his disposal. Finding captain Maitland firm, Las Cases and Lallemand informed him that Napoleon had written a letter to the prince regent, and requested that general Gourgaud might be allowed to proceed to England with it. To this captain Maitland consented, and general Gourgaud was dispatched the same day in the Slaney. The following morning Buonaparte proceeded on board the Bellerophon, accompanied by four of his generals—Bertrand, Savary, Lallemand, and Montholon—as well as Las Cases, counsellor of state, and the ladies of Bertrand and Montholon, with four of their children, the son of Las Cases as a page, nine officers of inferior rank, and thirty-nine domestics. The chief persons were received on board the Bellerophon, the rest were sent into the corvette. He went on board the Bellerophon from the Epervier, and the crew of that vessel, after he left it, continued to cheer him so long as their voices could be heard. He was received on board the Bellerophon with respect, but without any honours. Captain Maitland advanced to meet him on the quarter-deck. Napoleon took off his hat, and, addressing him in a firm voice, said, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws." As it is interesting to know how this extraordinary man appeared at this eventful moment, this is captain Maitland's account:—"His dress was an olive-coloured great-coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lapels turned back and edged with scarlet skirts, hooked back with bugle horns embroidered with gold, plain sugar-loaf buttons, and gold epaulettes, being the uniform of a *chasseur-à-cheval* of the imperial guard. He wore the star, or grand cross of the legion of honour, and the small cross of that order; the

iron crown; and the union, appended to the button-hole of his left lapel. He had a small cocked hat with a tricolour cockade, plain, gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches. The following day he appeared in shoes with gold buckles, and silk stockings, the dress he always afterwards wore while with me."

As when previously on board captain Usher's vessel, Buonaparte showed a curiosity regarding everything in the ship, and in its movements. He praised the marines greatly, and both he and his officers declared that there was now no army in the world equal to the English; that you might as well charge a stone wall as the infantry, and he added that the duke of Wellington, in the management of an army, was equal to himself, and superior in prudence. This is a very different style of language to that which he afterwards permitted himself at St. Helena. On the voyage they passed Ushant on the 23rd of July, where he saw the last of France. He remained long on deck looking at the coast, but made no observation. At daybreak they lay off Dartmouth, and about eight that morning they entered Torbay, at the sight of which Buonaparte expressed much surprise at the beauty of the scenery, which he said reminded him of that of Porto-Ferrajo. No intercourse was permitted with the shore, and on the 26th the vessel received orders to move round to Plymouth Sound. Newspapers then found their way on board, which struck consternation into Napoleon and his party; for in them it was freely declared that the French emperor would be sent to St. Helena. He thereupon expressed a great desire to see lord Keith, to whose nephew he had shown kindness when he was wounded and taken prisoner at Waterloo. On the 28th admiral lord Keith went on board, but could give Napoleon no assurance as to his destination, having yet no orders from the government. Meantime, the Bellerophon was surrounded by such shoals of boats, loaded by eager desirants of a sight of the long-talked of Buonaparte, that it was only by firing muskets into the water that they could be kept at the prescribed distance of a cable's length. Buonaparte was received with stunning hurras whenever he showed himself, and he expressed much astonishment at the curious excitement of the crowd.

On the evening of the 30th major-general Sir Henry Bunbury, one of the under secretaries of state, came on board, accompanied by lord Keith and Mr. Meike, the secretary of lord Keith, bringing the decision of the government. The following is a copy of the letter of Buonaparte to the prince regent:—

"Rochefort, July 13th, 1815.

"Royal Highness,—A victim to the factions which distract my country, and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. "NAPOLEON."

This note contained much that was not true. It implied that Buonaparte had come voluntarily and without necessity on board the Bellerophon, whilst it was well known that perhaps another hour would have been too late to secure him from seizure by the officers of Louis, king of France. He affected to claim the protection of British laws, when he was a notoriously proclaimed outlaw, so proclaimed by the whole of the allied powers for the breach of his solemn engagement to renounce all claims on the throne of France. There was, therefore, no answer whatever to that note from the prince regent, who was under engagement to his allies, as they to him, to hold no communication with a man who had so shamefully broken his word, and had, moreover, thereby sacrificed so many valuable lives. The reply was from lord Melville, first lord of the admiralty, announcing to him that the British government, with the approbation of its allies, had determined that, to prevent any further opportunity for the disturbance of the peace of Europe by *general Buonaparte*, he should be sent to St. Helena; and that they had been guided in this choice, not only by the desire of his security, but also by the consideration that the island was extremely healthy, and would afford him much greater liberty than he could enjoy in a nearer locality; that the general might select three officers, with his surgeon, and twelve domestics to attend him. From the number of the officers Savary and Lallemand were expressly excepted. It also added that the persons permitted to accompany him would be subject to a certain degree of restraint, and would not be permitted to leave the island without the sanction of the British government. It was finally added that general Buonaparte should make no delay in the selection of his suite, as rear-admiral Sir George Cockburn, appointed to the command of the Cape of Good Hope, would convey him in the Northumberland to St. Helena, and would be presently ready to sail.

During the reading of this most unwelcome document by Sir Henry Bunbury, which was done in French, Napoleon listened without any apparent impatience or emotion of any kind; but when he was asked whether he had any observations to make, he pronounced a most determined protest against the whole design. He declared the British ministry had no right to dispose of him in that manner; that he had come on board the Bellerophon a free agent, claiming the protection of the British laws; that he had stated this to the captain, and by him had been led to expect that he would have freedom to live in England; that if this were not meant, it was a snare that had been spread for him; that he would never go to St. Helena—it would be his death in three months. He declared that he could have gone to his father-in-law, the emperor of Austria; or he could have remained for years concealed in France, where the people entertained a warm affection for him. He resented the term "general Buonaparte," and declared himself still a prince, and ought to be treated as such. Again and again he vowed that he would never go to St. Helena, and demanded that his request to land, and live in England under any surveillance that the government might please, should be immediately forwarded to the ministry, and no time lost in communicating their reply. Sir Henry Bunbury and lord Keith replied that they had no authority to enter into any discussions; they had discharged their entire commission by making him acquainted with the resolution of government. He next appealed expressly to lord Keith to interfere on his behalf; but his lordship replied that he could

only obey his instructions, and assured him that he would be much better off in St. Helena than if given up to Russia. "Russia!" exclaimed Napoleon—"God preserve me from that!"

Napoleon now raised the loudest outcries against the English government, and directly charged captain Maitland with having promised him that he should be well received in England. Las Cases asserted the same thing. On the 7th of August he presented a protest to lord Keith from Buonaparte, which commenced with the assertion that England was violating her most sacred rights, though it was self-evident enough that, having broken his convention with the allied sovereigns, and in consequence been proclaimed an outlaw, he had no rights whatever, except such as a prisoner at the mercy of his captors may have. To assume such rights it was necessary to plead promises on the part of his captors, and he did not hesitate through Las Cases, as he had done personally, to charge captain Maitland with the breach of such promises. Lord Keith bluntly replied that if captain Maitland had made any promises of a reception by England, he must be a fool, for he had the strictest orders, drawn up by himself, and to which we have already referred, to offer him nothing but a passage to England, there to await, while still on board, the orders of government. In this respect, Napoleon, however, treated captain Maitland no worse than he was in the habit of treating his own generals, on whom he continually, as we have shown, laid the blame of his own measures. Lord Keith, however, to set the matter at rest, called on captain Maitland to answer the charge, who attended and repeated what he had before said, that Napoleon did not *freely* come on board the Bellerophon; for he could not escape the English vessels at sea, or the French pursuit on land; that he gave him no promises, for his instructions authorised him to give none, but that he had refused to make any promises whatever, in presence of both captain Sartorius and captain Gambier, to the repeated importunities of both Las Cases and general Gourgaud. The characters of these officers for manly honour and straightforwardness were quite sufficient to satisfy any honourable mind. Captain Maitland afterwards published a statement of all that took place whilst Buonaparte was on board his vessel, which is quite sufficient to convince any one, were there no other evidence; but fortunately we have the evidence of both Napoleon and some of his officers.

On the 6th of August, the very day before Las Cases made this statement to lord Keith, Napoleon said to captain Maitland—"They say I made no conditions. *Certainly, I made no conditions.* How could an individual enter into conditions with a nation? I wanted nothing of them but hospitality, or, as the ancients would say, air and water." If he made no conditions, there is an end of the matter; but it may be as well to furnish the confirmation of count Montholon, who, before quitting the Bellerophon, pressed captain Maitland to accept from Napoleon his portrait set in diamonds. Maitland declined, and also mentioned how much he was hurt at the emperor charging him with making delusive promises to him. Montholon said that was Las Cases's representation; that he wanted to throw from himself the responsibility of inducing Napoleon to go on board a British ship; "But I assure you," he added, "the emperor is convinced your conduct has been most honourable;" and, taking his hand and pressing it, added, "and that is my opinion also." Yet, after all this, French writers have continued to repeat the charge.

Having failed to produce any effect by remonstrance, Buonaparte and his suite endeavoured to alarm the officers by menaces of committing suicide. Having delivered his protest, and written a second letter to the prince regent, Buonaparte shut himself up in his cabin, and would scarcely see any one. Madame Bertrand, who had done all in her power to persuade her husband to go back to Paris with her, and had even pretended to throw herself out of the cabin window on his refusal, now hinted that the emperor would not be found alive the next morning. General Lallemand added that, sooner than see the emperor taken to St. Helena, he would himself blow out his brains; on which lord Keith coolly replied, "Then you would get hanged."

The Bellerophon had been ordered to quit Plymouth Sound on the 4th of August, to put an end to the inconvenience of the perpetually crowding round the ship—sometimes not less than three thousand boats being assembled—and captain Maitland was ordered to cruise off the Start till joined by Sir George Cockburn's squadron, bound for St. Helena. This took place the next morning, so that all this tempest of passion and remonstrance occurred whilst Sir George was waiting for his charge. But now Buonaparte—all the bluster, and menace of suicide, and blowing out of brains, being as ineffectual as the preceding remonstrance—gave an indication that he meant to comply by requesting captain Maitland to allow O'Meara, the surgeon of the Bellerophon, to accompany him to St. Helena, his own surgeon wishing to return on plea of ill-health. He had taken a fancy to O'Meara, and this was acceded to. Accordingly, the following morning, about eleven o'clock, lord Keith came in his barge to convey him on board the Northumberland, Sir George Cockburn's flag-ship; and he took his departure quietly, and took a polite leave of the officers and men, all of whom he had personally won upon by his powers of attraction during the voyage. As to his astonishment at being sent to St. Helena, it seems to have been all assumed, as an effort which it was as well to make; for even in Elba he had talked of the intention of the English to send him to St. Helena, and on the voyage in the Bellerophon, according to Las Cases's account, he had said to him, "It is quite certain that I shall go to St. Helena; but what can we do in that desolate place?" Las Cases replied that they would imitate Cæsar; and Napoleon added, "Yes, we will write our memoirs."

Savary and Lallemand remained on board the Bellerophon when the Northumberland hoisted sail, and, followed by the squadron, directed its course for St. Helena. They had been in great alarm lest the British government should give them up to Louis XVIII., who had, in a proclamation of the 24th of July, declared them traitors. Savary in particular, who had the blood of the duke d'Enghein on his head, was in agonies of terror. He wrote to Sir Samuel Romilly to intercede on his behalf, repeating the threadbare falsities that he and Lallemand had gone on board the Bellerophon under the most positive assurances that they

would be under the protection of the laws of England; and though they did not hesitate to assert that captain Maitland had given them such assurances, that officer himself wrote to lord Melville on their behalf. The British government, however, had no other intentions towards them than that they should not accompany Napoleon to St. Helena, and that they should not remain in England. And now, having dismissed the great troubler of Europe on his voyage to his last abode on earth, we must return, and finish the war with the United States of America.

Early in the year 1813 the American general, Dearborn, suddenly approached York, on Lake Ontario, and attacked it, supported by the flotilla under command of commodore Chauncey. We had about seven hundred men there, partly regulars, partly militia, with some few Indians. General Sheaffe drew off the main part of his force, and left the rest to capitulate, thus leaving a considerable quantity of military and other stores, which were most desirable for the Americans. Our government ought to have taken care to have a good fleet on the lakes, but this had been utterly neglected,

MARSHAL BLÜCHER. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

The war in America, amid the absorbing momentousness of the gigantic conflict in Europe, went on with little attention from ministers at home, and, consequently, with the results which seem destined to attend our campaigns in that quarter. In Canada, which the Americans were particularly anxious to snatch from us, we had a most meagre and inadequate force; and, what was more disastrous, government still continued there the incompetent and dastardly governor, Sir George Prevost. The only circumstances to which we owed the preservation of those provinces were the loyalty of the people and the sterling bravery of the handful of soldiers. so that we could not prevent the Americans bearing down on any point of our lake frontiers. Accordingly, Dearborn, having a strong flotilla, embarked the stores he won at York, and sailed for Niagara, where he landed at Fort George, with six thousand infantry, two hundred and fifty cavalry, and a good train of artillery. Our troops there were not a fourth of the enemy. Vincent, therefore, after some gallant fighting, retired up the strait to Burlington Bay, about fifty miles from Fort George, and, collecting the little garrisons from Fort Erie and other points, found himself at the head of about one thousand six hundred men, and resolved to make a

NAPOLEON SURRENDERING TO CAPTAIN MAITLAND ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

stand. Dearborn, rendered confident by his great superiority of numbers, marched after him, and, on the 4th of June, was seen approaching the English position. He encamped about five miles from Vincent, with three thousand five hundred men and nine pieces of artillery. He intended to attack the next morning, but in this he was forestalled; for colonel Harvey reconnoitred his camp, and advised general Vincent to assault it at midnight with fixed bayonets. This was done, and though the attacking party numbered only seven hundred and four men, the Americans fled in all direc-

tions, leaving two generals, one hundred prisoners, and four pieces of artillery in their hands. Colonel Harvey, who had headed the charge, returned to the English camp loaded with booty. It was expected that, in the morning, when Dearborn ascertained the inferior force of English, he would renew the fight; but, after destroying provisions and stores, to facilitate his flight, he decamped, and only halted eleven miles off, where he met with strong reinforcements.

About the same time Sir James Yeo, who had dared to attack the superior squadron of commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario, and took two of his schooners, now prevailed on the spiritless Sir George Prevost to join him in an attack on Sackett's Harbour. Here the Americans had a dock-yard, where they built vessels for the lake fleet, and had now a frigate nearly ready for launching. Sir George consented, but, on reconnoitring the place, his heart failed him, and he returned across the water towards Kingston. Sir James was highly chagrined, and again prevailed on this miserable governor to make the attempt. Seven hundred and fifty men were landed, who drove the Americans at the point of the bayonet from the harbour, and set fire to the new frigate, to a gun-brig, and to the naval barracks and arsenal abounding with stores. Some of the Americans were in full flight into the woods, and others shut themselves up in a log barracks, whence they could soon have been burnt out. In the midst of this success, the miserable Sir George Prevost commanded a retreat. Men and officers, astonished at the order, and highly indignant at serving under so dastardly a commander, were, however, obliged to draw off. The Americans, equally amazed, turned back to endeavour to extinguish the flames. The arsenal, the brig, and the stores were too far gone; but the new frigate, being built of green wood, had refused to burn, and they recovered that but little injured. Thus, however, was lost the chance of crushing the American superiority on the lake, which must have been the case had Sackett's Harbour been completely destroyed.

Sir James Yeo, greatly disappointed, put Sir George Prevost and his troops over to Kingston again, and then proceeded to the head of the lake, to reinforce general Vincent. Dearborn, as soon as he learned this junction, fled along the lake shore to Fort George, where he shut himself up in a strongly-intrenched camp, with about five thousand men. There Vincent, however, determined to attack him, but once more he was met by the curse of an incompetent appointment. Major-general Rottenburg had been made governor of Upper Canada, and assumed the command over the brave Vincent, only to do nothing.

The western extremity of Lake Erie was the scene of a most unequal contest at the commencement of 1813. Colonel Procter lay near Frenchtown, about twenty miles from Detroit, with about five hundred troops, partly regulars, partly militia and sailors. In addition, he was supported by about the same number of Red Indians. The Americans, under general Winchester—an old officer of the war of independence—amounted to one thousand two hundred men. With these he had scoured the Michigan country, and, at the end of January, advanced to attack Procter. Sir George Prevost had strictly commanded Procter to act only on the defensive; but, scorning this cowardly advice, he suddenly advanced by night, as the Americans had quartered themselves in Frenchtown, surprised, and captured or destroyed the whole of them, except about thirty who escaped into the woods. Winchester himself was seized by Round Head, the Indian chief, who arrayed himself in his uniform, and then delivered him up to colonel Procter. From this point colonel Procter hastened to cross the lake in a flotilla, and attack general Harrison at Fort Meigs. He knew that Harrison was expecting strong reinforcements, and he was anxious to dislodge him before they arrived. Procter had with him one thousand men, half regulars, half militia, and one thousand two hundred Indians; but Harrison's force was much stronger, and defended by a well-intrenched camp. Procter erected batteries, and fired across the river Miami, endeavouring to destroy the American block-houses with red-hot shot, but they were of wood too green to take fire. On the 5th of May Harrison's expected reinforcements came down the river in boats, one thousand three hundred strong. Harrison now commenced acting on the offensive, to aid the disembarkation of the troops; but he was defeated by Procter, who routed the whole of the new forces, under general Clay, took five hundred and fifty prisoners, and killed as many more. But his success had its disadvantage. His Indian allies, loaded with booty, returned to the Detroit frontier, and the Canadian militia to their farms. Procter was compelled, therefore, to leave Harrison in his camp, and return also to Detroit, for Sir George Prevost had provided him no new militia, or any other force, to supply the place of those gone. Still worse, he could not even be prevailed on to send sailors to man our few vessels in Lake Erie, in which the Americans had now a flotilla far superior to the English one. In vain did captain Barclay, who commanded our little squadron, urge Prevost to send him sailors, or our few vessels must be captured or destroyed; in vain did colonel Procter urge, too, the necessity of this measure. Sir George, who took care to keep out of harm's way himself, sent taunting messages to captain Barclay, telling him that the quality of his men made up for the inferiority of numbers, and that he ought to fight. Barclay, who was as brave a man as ever commanded a vessel, and had lost an arm in the service, but who did not pretend to do impossibilities, was now, however, stung to give battle. He had three hundred and fifty-six men—few of whom were experienced seamen—and forty-six guns of very inferior description. The American commodore, Percy, had five hundred and eighty men, and fifty-four guns, with picked crews on all his vessels. Barclay fought till he had taken Percy's ship, and lost his remaining arm. In the end the British vessels were compelled to strike, but not till they had lost, in killed and wounded, one hundred and thirty-five men, and had killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-three of the Americans. This success enormously elated the Americans, and they now confidently calculated on defeating Procter, and annexing Upper Canada. Harrison made haste to interpose nearly six thousand men betwixt Procter—who had now only five hundred, and as many Indians—and the country on which he was endeavouring to retreat. The forces of Procter were compelled to give ground, and Harrison inflicted a severe revenge on the Indians, for their slaughter of the Americans at Fort

Meigs. The chief, Tecumthé, being killed, they flayed him, and cut up his skin into razor-straps, as presents to the chief men of congress, and Mr. Clay is said to have boasted the possession of one of these. These American armies now put themselves on the track for Kingston and Montreal. Harrison marched along the shore of Lake Erie with upwards of five thousand men, and general Wilkinson, with ten thousand more, crossed Lake Ontario, towards Kingston, to join him. General Hampton, at the same time also, was marching on Montreal. Sir George Prevost was in the utmost alarm, and sent orders to general Vincent to fall down to Kingston, leaving exposed all Upper Canada. But as general Rottenburg was moving on Kingston, Vincent, who was now joined by the remainder of Procter's force, determined to disobey these orders; and several general officers confirmed him in this resolution, and offered to share the responsibility. This was the salvation of Upper Canada. The whole of the three American generals were attacked and routed. The Canadian militia did good service, and the Americans were completely driven out of both Upper and Lower Canada before winter. In their retreat they grew brutal, and committed savage cruelties on the unarmed population. They burnt down the town of Newark, near Fort George, driving above four hundred women and children out of it into the snow. They destroyed various villages in their route. This ferocity excited the British and Canadians to retaliation. Colonel Murray crossed the water, and pursued them in their own territories. He attacked and carried Fort Niagara, and captured or killed the whole garrison, as well as the arms and stores. General Hull came up, with two thousand men, to check the march of Murray; but, with one thousand regulars and militia, and between three and four hundred Indians, on the 30th of December, repulsed him with great slaughter, followed, and—to avenge the poor Canadians—set fire to Buffalo and the village of Black Rock. The whole of that frontier was thus left defenceless.

Whilst these operations were going on, our blockading squadrons rode in every American port, and completely obstructed all commerce. Our vessels ascended many of their rivers, especially the Chesapeake and its tributaries. At the end of June Sir S. Beckwith landed, from the squadron of admiral Cockburn, at Hampton, in Virginia, where the Americans had a fortified camp, and drove them out of it, and captured all their batteries. In the following month admiral Cockburn visited the coasts of North Carolina, and seized the islands, towns, and ports of Portsmouth and Ocracoke. The complaints of the Americans of the miseries of this state of blockade began very unpleasantly to reach the ears of president Madison.

In the spring of 1814 the Americans made a fresh attempt to invade Canada. Wilkinson, who had retreated so precipitately the preceding autumn, was the first to cross the frontier; but he was repulsed, and followed to Sackett's Harbour, where he took refuge. The English burned some of his block-houses and barracks, and carried off great quantities of stores. In April general Drummond, being put across Lake Ontario by Sir James Yeo's squadron, stormed Fort Oswego, destroyed it, and burnt the barracks. In May the English were not so successful in intercepting some naval stores which the Americans were conveying to Sackett's Harbour. They were repulsed with loss. At the beginning of July the American general, Brown, crossed the Niagara with a strong force, attacked and took Fort Erie, and advanced into Canada. General Riall attempted to stop him at Chippewa, with an insufficient force, and was compelled to retreat to near Fort Niagara. There he was reinforced by general Drummond, with a detachment of the troops recently landed from the army of the Peninsula. Riall and Drummond had now about three thousand men, and Brown had five thousand. A severe battle was fought, almost close to the cataract of Niagara, where the veteran Peninsular men defeated Brown, killing and wounding one thousand five hundred of his troops, but having six hundred killed and wounded themselves. They pursued Brown to Chippewa, and thence to Erie. There Drummond rashly attempted the reduction of the fort with his inferior numbers, and was repulsed with loss.

Sir George Prevost now put himself at the head of the brave troops which had so lately advanced from conquest to conquest under Wellington. He had eleven thousand of these brave fellows, including a fine regiment of cavalry, and a numerous train of artillery. With such an army, an able general would not only have cleared the whole frontier of Canada, but would have inflicted a severe chastisement on the Americans in their own territory. The great object to be accomplished was the destruction of Sackett's Harbour, with which must fall at once the whole naval power of America on Lake Ontario. Every military man expected that this would be done; but Sir George, after waiting in a camp at Chambly, advanced to Plattsburg harbour, on Lake Champlain. But there he would do nothing till the American flotilla, which lay in the harbour, was also attacked. For this purpose, captain Downie was sent by Sir James Yeo from the Ontario squadron suddenly to take command of a squadron of a few ships, and a miscellaneous naval force, as hastily mustered, and knowing little of each other—Downie knowing only one of his officers. The ship which he commanded was just launched, was still unfinished, and everything was in confusion: yet, in this condition, Sir George Prevost insisted on their going into action against a superior and well prepared American squadron, promising to make a simultaneous attack on the harbour and defences on land. Downie commenced the attack on the water, but found no co-operation from Sir George on shore, who stood still till he had seen Downie killed, and the unequal British vessels, three in number, fairly battered to pieces, and compelled to strike. And, after all, Sir George never did commence the attack of the fort with that fine army, which would have carried it in ten minutes, but marched back again, amid the inconceivable indignation of officers and men, who could not comprehend why they should be condemned to obey the orders of so disgraceful a poltroon. On their march, or rather retreat, they were insulted by the wondering Americans, and abandoned vast quantities of stores, ammunition, and provisions. The loss of men during this scandalous expedition was not more than two hundred; but eight hundred veterans—who had been accustomed to very different scenes, under a very different commander—in their resentment at

the indignity, went over to the enemy. In fact, had this unhappy general continued longer in command, the whole British force there would have been thoroughly demoralised, for they could not comprehend why they should be subjected to the hootings and scoffs of an American rabble without discipline, when they could, at a single word of command, have scattered them like autumn leaves.

The officers who had served under Prevost had too long withheld their remonstrances, expecting that the British government would see plainly enough the wretched incompetence of the man. But now Sir James Yeo made a formal and plain-spoken charge against him, and especially for his wicked abandonment of captain Downie and his squadron to destruction. He was recalled; but it was too late: a natural death had, in the meantime, rescued him from that punishment which he so richly deserved. It could not, however, rescue him from the disgrace which must hang on his memory, so long as the history of these transactions remains.

In September the Americans in Fort Erie, being strongly reinforced, and elated by their repulse of general Drummond, marched out, and made an attack on the British lines. General de Watteville received them with such effect that they rapidly fell back on Fort Erie, and, no longer feeling themselves safe even there, they evacuated the fort, demolished its works, and retreated altogether from the shore of Upper Canada. When the news of peace, which had been concluded in December of this year, arrived in the spring, before the commencement of military operations —though thirty thousand men at a time had invaded our Canadian frontiers, and Hampton, Wilkinson, and Harrison had all been marching in the direction of Kingston and Montreal simultaneously—we were in possession of their fortress of Niagara, and of Michilimakinac, the key of the Michigan territory; and they had nothing to give in exchange for them but the defenceless shore of the Detroit. They had totally failed of their grand design on Canada, and had lost—in killed, wounded, and prisoners—nearly fifty thousand men, besides enormous quantities of stores and ammunition, and a heavy account of expenditure—sufficient to deter them from lightly assaying the Canadas again.

In July, 1814, whilst the struggles were going on upon the Canadian frontiers, the English projected an expedition against the very capital of the United States. This was carried into execution about the middle of August. Sir Alexander Cochrane landed general Ross, and a strong body of troops, on the banks of the Patuxent, and accompanied them in a flotilla of launches, armed boats, and small craft up the river itself. On entering the reach at Pig Point, they saw the American flotilla, commanded by commodore Baring, lying seventeen in number. They prepared to attack it, when they saw flames begin to issue from the different vessels, and comprehended that the commodore had deserted it; and it was firmly believed that he had so timed the setting fire to his vessels that they might blow up when the English were close upon them, if they had not already boarded them. Fortunately, the flames had made too much progress, and the English escaped this danger. The vessels blew up one after another, except one, which the English secured. Both soldiers and sailors were highly incensed at this treachery, and prepared to avenge it on Washington itself. On the 24th they were encountered at Bladensberg, within five miles of Washington, by eight or nine thousand American troops, posted on the right bank of the Potomac, on a commanding ridge. Madison himself was on one of the hills, to watch the battle, on the event of which depended the fate of the capital.

To reach the enemy the British had to cross the river, and that by a single bridge. This was commanded by the American artillery, and it might have been expected that it would not be easily carried; but, on the contrary, a light brigade swept over it, in face of the cannon, followed by the rest of the army; and, the troops deploying right and left the moment they were over, this single division—about one thousand six hundred strong—routed the whole American force before the remainder could come into action. Few of the Americans waited to be killed or wounded. Madison had the mortification to see his army all flying in precipitation, and the city open to the British.

Before entering Washington, general Ross sent in a flag of truce—or, rather, he carried one himself, for he accompanied it—to see that all was done that could be done to arrange terms, without further mischief or bloodshed. He demanded that all military stores should be delivered up, and that the other public property should be ransomed at a certain sum. But scarcely had they entered the place, with the flag of truce displayed, when—with total disregard of all such customs established by civilised nations in war—the party was fired upon, and the horse of general Ross killed under him. There was nothing for it but to order the troops forward. The city was taken possession of, under strict orders to respect private property, and to destroy only that of the state. Under these orders, the capital, the president's house, the senate-house, the house of representatives, the treasury, the war-office, the arsenal, the dockyard, and the ropewalk were given to the flames; the bridge over the Potomac, and some other public works, were blown up; a frigate on the stocks, and some smaller craft, were burnt. All was done that could be done by general Ross, and the officers under him, to protect private property; but the soldiers were so incensed at the treachery by which the Americans had sought to blow up the seamen in Baring's flotilla, by the firing on the flag of truce, and the like unprincipled manner in which the Americans had carried on the war in Canada, as well as by the insults and gasconading of the Americans on all occasions, that they could not be altogether restrained from committing some excesses. Yet it may be said that never was the capital of a nation so easily taken, and never did the capital of a nation which had given so much irritating provocation escape with so little scathe. The following evening it was evacuated in perfect order, and without any enemy appearing to molest the retreat. On the 30th the troops were safely re-embarked.

But this was not the only chastisement which the Americans had received. On the 27th captain Gordon, of the Sea-horse, accompanied with other vessels, attacked Alexandria, situated lower on the Potomac. They found no resistance from Fort Washington, built to protect the river

at that point; and the authorities of Alexandria delivered up all public property, on condition that all private property should be spared. The English carried off all the naval and ordnance stores, as well as twenty-one vessels, of different freights. On the 12th of September general Ross made an assault on the city of Baltimore. This was a strongly fortified place, and the Americans can always fight well under cover; and, on that account, the attempt should have been made with due military approaches. But general Ross had so readily dispersed the army that defended Washington, and another which had been drawn up in front of Baltimore, that he made a rash endeavour to carry the place at once, but was killed in the attempt, as well as a considerable number of his men. He had inflicted a loss of six or eight hundred men, in killed and wounded, on the Americans; but this was little satisfaction for his own loss.

Earlier than this, in July, colonel Pilkington took all the islands in the Bay of Pasquamoddy; and in another expedition, in September, the British took the fort of Castine, in the Penobscott river—defeated double their number of Americans—pursued up the river the John Adams, a fine frigate, and compelled the commander to burn it. They took the town of Bangor, and reduced the whole district of Maine, from Pasquamoddy Bay to the Penobscott. In fact, these ravages and inroads, which rendered the whole seaboard of America unsafe, made the Americans, and especially the president Madison, exclaim loudly against our barbarity and wanton destruction of their capital and ports. This is the true system of warfare to be carried on against the United States—one in which we have the most complete advantage, and which at any time soon reduces that community to submission. This was the system recommended by colonel Barré and lord Barrington in the war of Independence, and which, whenever practised, has been successful.

But, not contented with this superiority, the English were tempted to invest and endeavour to storm New Orleans. This was returning to the old blunders, and giving the American sharp-shooters the opportunity of picking off our men at pleasure in the open field from behind their walls and batteries. This ill-advised enterprise was conducted by Sir Edward Pakenham. Nothing was so easy as for our ships to blockade the mouth of the Mississippi, and thus destroy the trade, not only of New Orleans, but of all the towns on that river; but this common-sense plan was abandoned for the formidable and ruinous one of endeavouring to take the place by storm. The city of New Orleans lies at the distance of one hundred and ten miles from the sea, on a low, boggy promontory, defended on the river side by a chain of powerful forts, and on the other by morasses. Having landed as near New Orleans as they could, our troops, on the 23rd of December, were met by an American army, and received a momentary repulse; but this was quickly reversed, and on Christmas day Sir Edward Pakenham encamped at the distance of six miles from New Orleans. But he found at least twenty thousand Americans posted between him and the city, behind a deep canal and extensive earthworks. There was no way of approaching them except across bogs, or through sugar plantations swarming with riflemen, who could pick off our men at pleasure. This was exactly one of those situations which the whole course of our former wars in that country had warned us to avoid, as it enabled the Americans, by their numerous and excellent riflemen, to destroy our soldiers, without their being in scarcely any danger themselves. In fair and open fight they knew too well that they have no chance with British troops, and the folly of giving them such opportunities of decimating those troops from behind walls and embankments is too palpable to require military knowledge or experience to point it out. Yet this Sir Edward Pakenham, who had fought in the Peninsula, was imprudent enough to run himself into this old and often-exposed snare. On the 26th of December he commenced a fight on these unequal terms, the Americans firing red-hot balls from their batteries on the unscreened advancing columns, whilst from the thickets around the Kentucky riflemen picked off the soldiers on the flanks. Pakenham thus, however, advanced two or three miles. He then collected vast quantities of hogsheads of sugar and treacle, and made defences with them, from which he poured a sharp fire on the enemy. By this means he approached to within three or four hundred yards of the American lines, and there, during the very last night of the year, the soldiers worked intensely to cast up still more extensive breastworks of sugar and treacle casks, and earth.

The new year of 1815 was commenced by a heavy fire along the whole of this defence from thirty-six pieces of cannon, the immediate effect of which was to drive the Americans, in a terrible panic, from their guns, and walls composed of cotton bales and earth. Why an immediate advance was not made at this moment does not appear. It would probably have placed the whole of the American defences in the hands of our troops, and driven the Americans into the city. But even then little advantage would have been gained, for the news of the contest was bringing down riflemen in legions from the country all round, and our men, struggling in bogs, and exposed at every fresh advance, must be mowed down without a chance of retaliating.

In a little time the Americans, recovering their spirits, returned to their guns, and plied them so well that they soon knocked the breastworks of sugar and treacle casks to pieces. As nothing would tempt the Americans to show themselves from behind their cotton bales and embankments, after maintaining this murderous position for two whole nights and days, Pakenham drew back his men, sacrificing some of his guns, and formed a scheme of sending a detachment across the river to turn the batteries, and then play them off upon the enemy. But for this purpose it was necessary to cut a canal across the tongue of land on which the army stood, in order to bring up the boats necessary to carry the troops over the river. Major-general Lambert had arrived with reinforcements, so that against the American twenty thousand Pakenham had now about eight thousand men. All worked at the canal, and it was finished on the 6th of January. Colonel Thornton was to carry across the river one thousand four hundred men, and surprise the great flanking battery of eighteen or twenty guns, whilst Sir Edward Pakenham advanced against the lines in front. A rocket was to be thrown up by Pakenham when he commenced his assault, and Thornton was at that instant to

make a rush on the battery, and turn it on the enemy. But they had not sufficiently calculated on the treacherous soil through which they cut their canal. Thornton found it already so sludged up that he could only get boats through it sufficient to carry over three hundred and fifty men, and this with so much delay that, when Pakenham's rocket went up, he was still three miles from the battery—and that in broad daylight—which he ought already to have taken. Unaware of this, Pakenham advanced against the chain of forts and ramparts. He had ordered ladders and fascines to be in readiness for crossing the canal, but by some gross neglect it was found that they were not there, and there were the whole of the British troops exposed to the deadly fire of the American batteries and musketry. No valour was of any use under such circumstances; but Sir Edward cheered on the rapidly-slaughtering troops till the ladders and fascines could arrive; but ere this took place Pakenham was killed. Generals Gibbs and Keane took the place of the fallen commander, and still cheered on their men; but it was only to unavailing slaughter: the American marksmen, under cover, and with their rifles on rest, picked off the British soldiers at their pleasure. Gibbs was soon killed, and Keane disabled by a wound. Under such circumstances the troops gave way and retired, a strong reserve protecting the rear; but, once out of gun-shot, there was no further danger, for the Americans would not once show their heads beyond the protection of the defences.

Meantime, colonel Thornton, though delayed, and with only a handful of men, still pushed on towards the battery, surprised the Americans, who expected no attack in that quarter, and carried it against overwhelming numbers. When about to turn the captured guns against the enemy, a messenger came in haste to say that Pakenham had fallen, and the attacking force had retired. But Thornton would not retrace his steps without carrying off a good quantity of the artillery, amongst which was a howitzer, inscribed, "Taken at the surrender of York-town, 1781." On his return to the main body, which he did without any pursuit—for even so small a band the Americans did not venture to pursue—it was found that he had had but three men killed and forty wounded, he himself being amongst the latter.

General Lambert, who was left in command, now sent in a flag of truce, in order to collect and bury his dead. This was granted for two days. The brave British lay in heaps up to the very front of the enemy's works, showing their undaunted spirit, and the skilful mark of the American gunners. There was not a single American to be seen amongst the dead—a clear proof, if any were wanting, how carefully they had kept under cover. In fact, they boasted that, in the whole of this fighting, they had only eight men killed and fourteen wounded; whilst the British, in this foolish enterprise, had sacrificed nearly two thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. If they had been Americans who had fought on both sides, it is probable, as in the late storming of the Fort Sumpter, not a single man would have fallen.

The dead being buried, it was resolved to retreat; but it was necessary to make a road across the morasses before this could be accomplished; and though this required the labour of nine days, the Americans, now swelled to a vast number by the news of their success, never once made a sally, but contented themselves with firing at them from behind their breastworks, and with sending emissaries to scatter papers amongst the soldiers, inviting them, by all kinds of inducements—the least being fifty or a hundred dollars—to desert; and it is sad to record that some of the men, worn out with fatigue, and disgusted with their unnecessary exposure to hidden marksmen amid these impracticable swamps, were drawn away by these arts.

On the 18th of January, 1815, commenced the final retreat of the British to their ships. They were allowed to march away without molestation, taking all their guns and stores with them, except ten old ship guns of no value, which they rendered useless before they abandoned them. Andrew Jackson, afterwards president of the United States, commanded in this defence of New Orleans, and loud were the boastings of his prowess all over the states, when, in fact, he had not risked a man. His merit was to have shown what excellent shots his countrymen were, and how careful they were to keep out of the reach of shot themselves. So far as the English were concerned, they had shown what there was no need to show, their unparalleled bravery, but, as on many such occasions, their great want of prudence. All this sacrifice of life would have been spared by a single and much more effectual blockade, and the most lamentable part of the business was, that all the time peace was made, though the news of it had not reached them.

But general Lambert did not retire far without striking another blow. His predecessor had failed to take New Orleans, but he had brought away the troops in excellent order, and he passed over in Sir Alexander Cochrane's squadron, and attacked and took the important forts of Mobile, at the confluence of the Mobile, Tombigby, and Alabama rivers—the territories around which have since grown into states. This was a basis for important operations on those shores; but these were rendered unnecessary by the peace.

When peace was made in Europe, the United States became anxious for peace too. Madison had begun the war in the ungenerous hope of wresting Canada from Great Britain, because he thought her too deeply engaged in the gigantic war against Napoleon to be able to defend that colony. He believed that it would fall an easy prey; that the Canadians must so greatly admire the model republic, that they would abandon monarchy at the first call, and that he should thus have the glory of absorbing that great world of the north into the American republic. In all this, he and those who thought with him found themselves egregiously deceived. The Canadians showed that they were stanchly attached to England, and the attempts at invasion were beaten back by the native militia and by our handful of troops with the greatest ease. Meantime, the blockade of the east, and the seizure of the merchant shipping, drove the New England and other eastern states to desperation. They demanded peace with England, and when it was not conceded, menaced that secession which the south has just now proclaimed, and for which the northern states, which established the right and the principle of secession in their separation from us, are now fighting to compel them to surrender. Throughout this war Great Britain made a

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, CANADA

uniform declaration of a preference for peace, but her offers were regularly rejected so long as Napoleon remained triumphant. The United States, professing the utmost love of freedom, were the blind and enthusiastic worshippers of the man who was trampling the liberties of all Europe under his feet. It was not till the last moment—not till he had been defeated in Russia, driven by England out of Spain, routed and pursued out of Germany, and compelled to renounce the imperial crown of France—that the American government began to understand the formidable character of the power which it had so long and so insolently provoked, and to fear the whole weight of its resentment directed against its shores. It is certain that, had England been animated by a spirit of vengeance, it had now the opportunity, by sending strong fleets and a powerful army to the coast of America, to ravage her sea-board towns, and so utterly annihilate her trade as to reduce her to the utmost misery, and to precipitate that system of internal disintegration which has now commenced of itself. The New England States, in 1814, not only threatened to secede, but declared that they would not furnish another shilling towards the expenses of the war. They even intimated an idea of making a separate peace with England. In Massachusetts especially these menaces were vehement. Governor Strong spoke out plainly in the legislative chamber of that state. Madison endeavoured to mollify this spirit by abandoning his embargo and emancipation acts, but this was now too late, for the strict blockade of the British, in 1814, rendered these acts perfectly dead.

To procure peace, Madison now sought the good offices of the emperor Alexander of Russia with Great Britain, and these offices were readily accepted, for England had never willingly gone into, or continued this unnatural war. A congress was appointed at Gottenburg, and thence transferred to Ghent. There, on the 24th of December, 1814, a loose and indefinite peace was concluded, in which every principle on which the war had been begun was left to be settled by commissioners; and some of which—such is the difficulty of negotiating with Americans—have not been settled to this day. On these points alone were the two powers agreed—that all hostilities between the contracting parties and the Indians should be put an end to, and that both parties should continue their efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade. Such was the joy of the north-eastern states of America at the peace, that the citizens of New York carried the British envoy, sent to ratify the treaty, in triumph through the streets.

When the Bourbons had entered Paris in 1814, they had shown the utmost liberality towards those who had driven them from France, and had murdered those of their family on the throne, and nearest to it. They did not imitate the summary vengeance of Napoleon, whose government, in 1812, had put to death, not only general Mallet, who had endeavoured to restore the Bourbons, but shot, on the plain of Grenelle, thirteen of his accomplices. When Louis XVIII. returned, there were numbers of the bloody revolutionists who had voted for, and some who had acted in, the frightful atrocities of the revolution—many who had urged on the sufferings, the indignities, and the death of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the princess Elizabeth, the princess Lamballe, and the worst form of death of the unhappy dauphin. Yet no vengeance was taken, and numbers of these people were suffered to continue living in Paris. Having been now again driven forth, and seen the readiness with which those who had sworn to maintain their government had taken their oaths and betrayed them, it might have been expected that there would have been some severe punishments. To render the resistance of the Parisians as desperate as possible, it had been eagerly circulated, before the surrender of the city to the allies, that the Bourbons now meant to take a sanguinary vengeance; that the guillotine was to be established in permanence; and that there was a list of proscriptions drawn up of a terrible length. But the natural mildness of Louis XVIII., and the wise counsels of Wellington and Talleyrand, produced a very different scene. Never, after such provocations, and especially to the sensitive natures of Frenchmen, was so much lenity shown. In the proclamation of Louis XVIII. of the 24th of July, nineteen persons only were ordered for trial, and thirty-eight were ordered to quit Paris, and to reside in particular parts of France, under the observation of the police, till their fate should be decided by the chambers. Of the nineteen threatened with capital punishment, with trial before a military tribunal, only Ney and Labédoyère suffered; another, Lavalette, was condemned, but, as we shall see, escaped. It was also stated that such individuals as should be condemned to exile should be allowed to sell their property in France, and carry the proceeds with them. Yet more clamour was raised by the Buonapartists about the deaths of Ney and Labédoyère than had been in any executions by the imperial or the revolutionary parties over whole hecatombs of innocent persons. As for Ney and Labédoyère, their treason had been so barefaced and outrageous that no reasonable person could expect anything but summary punishment for them. Ney had gone out declaring to Louis XVIII. that he would bring Buonaparte to him in a cage, and then carried over his whole army at once to the emperor. Labédoyère had been equally perjured, after the most generous forgiveness of his former treasons, and he had been particularly active in stimulating the Parisians to make a useless resistance to the allies approaching Paris, by stating that the Bourbons were preparing a most sanguinary proscription. Both these officers knew that they had no hope of life, no plea of protection, and they fled in disguise. Yet the most vehement reproaches were cast on the duke of Wellington for having, as the Buonapartists asserted, broken the 12th article of the convention of Paris, by which it was surrendered to the allied armies. Madame Ney, after the seizure and condemnation of her husband, went to the duke, and demanded his interference on the marshal's behalf, as a right on the ground of this article, which she interpreted as guaranteeing all the inhabitants, of whatever political creed or conduct, from prosecution by the restored government. It was in vain that Wellington explained to her that this article, and, indeed, the whole convention, related solely to the military surrender, and not to the political measures of the government of Louis, with which the duke had publicly and repeatedly declared that he had no concern, and in which he would not interfere. When the commissioners from the pro-

visional government had waited on him, so early as the 2nd of July, at Estrées, and claimed exemption for political offenders, he showed them the proclamation of Louis, dated Cambray, the 28th of June, making exceptions to his pardon, and distinctly told them that he had no orders to interfere with the measures of the Bourbon government. To this the commissioners had nothing to object, and they thus clearly understood that the English commander would not take any part in political, but merely military measures. Nevertheless, when Ney was executed, the clamour was vehemently renewed that Wellington had betrayed him. We now step forward, somewhat, in time, to dispose of this calumny at once, for there never was a party so recklessly and vengefully addicted to charging their enemies with the crime of breach of faith as that of Buonaparte and his followers. The foul charge was so industriously disseminated all over Europe, that Wellington, at Paris, on the 19th of November, 1815, issued a memorial on the subject, which he first caused to be sent to all the allied powers, and then to be published. In this most decisive document, to be found at p. 906 of Gurwood's "Wellington Dispatches," he stated that the convention of Paris related exclusively to the military occupation of the place, and was never intended, and could not be intended, to prevent either the existing French government, the provisional, or any French government that might succeed it, from acting towards political offenders as it might deem proper. He had refused before to enter into a question of settling the government. To make this clear, he quotes the 11th article, providing for the non-interference of the allied army with property, and the 12th:—"Seront pareillement respectées les personnes et les propriétés particulières; les habitans, et en général tout les individus qui se trouvent dans la capitale, continueront à jouir de luer droits et libertés sans pouvoir être inquietés, ou recherchés en rien, relètivement aux fonctions qu'ils occupent ou aurient occupées, à leur conduite, ct à leurs opinions politiques."

"By whom," asks Wellington, "were these properties and persons to be respected? By the allied generals and their troops mentioned in the 10th and 11th articles, and not by other parties, to whom the convention did not relate in any manner." That it did not so relate the duke had, as we have shown, most clearly and repeatedly made known beforehand. Still in the same mind, he wrote to the British government the very next day that "the convention decided all the military points then existing at Paris, and touched nothing political." And to leave no question of this being well understood, he quotes Carnot's "*Exposé de la conduite politique de M. Carnot*," where he says:—"Il fut résolut d'envoyer, aux généreaux Anglais et Prussiens, une commission, spéciale chargée de leur proposer une convention *purement militaire*, pour la remise de la ville de Paris entre leurs mains; en écartant *toute question politique*, puis qu'on ne pouvait préjuger quelles seraient les intentions des allies, lorqu'ils seraient réunis."

That Ney himself, that Fouché, that Talleyrand, and every one on both sides, perfectly understood this was evident by Fouché and Talleyrand urging Ney to lose no time in getting out of the country, and Ney himself accepting a passport for Switzerland from Fouché in a false name, and quitting Paris in disguise. All that applies to Ney applies to Labédoyère. This is amply sufficient to settle this question for ever, and so convincing is it that all the French writers who have endeavoured to blacken the character of Wellington on this point, have taken care to avoid referring to this memorial.

By a strange fatality, however, Ney and Labédoyère neglected the ample opportunity which they had of escaping. Ney fled in disguise on the 6th of July, the day before Wellington and Blücher entered Paris; but instead of placing himself in safety by going to Switzerland, he went to Auvergne, where he was discovered by M. Locard, a zealous loyalist, and prefect of the department. He found him in an obscure public-house in Cantal, and he was seized, brought to Paris, and a commission of his old associates — marshals Massena, Augereau, Mortier, and others—were appointed to try him. From this unwelcome office they were relieved by Ney's advocates contending that, having been a peer at the period of his alleged treason, he ought to be tried by the chamber of peers. This was acceded to, but he gained nothing by it, for the peers unanimously condemned him to die, and he was shot in the great walk of the Luxembourg gardens, leading to the observatory, on the morning of the 7th of December.

Labédoyère had long preceded Ney to the tomb. He had fled to the army behind the Loire, and the way to escape out of the kingdom was open to him; but he returned to Paris at a time when there were rumours of Buonapartist plots very rife, and in which he was most likely engaged. He was discovered, seized, tried by a court martial, and shot on the 19th of August.

The third condemned general was Lavalette. He had been director-general of the post-office under Buonaparte, and, being permitted to remain in Paris, he had used that lenity to engage in an active conspiracy for the return of Buonaparte from Elba. No sooner was this enterprise in motion than he was ready to seize again on his old office, and to employ it in facilitating Napoleon's plans and overturning those of the Bourbons. The moment that Louis quitted the capital he resumed the director-generalship, made himself acquainted with all the proceedings and intentions of the royalists by opening all letters, and at the same time spread throughout the country the proclamations of Buonaparte, and suppressed those of Louis. He was seized some time after the king's return, tried by the ordinary court of assize on the 22nd of November, and condemned to die. Madame Lavalette, by means of marshal Marmont, one of Lavalette's old companions in arms, obtained access to Louis, and on her knees implored her husband's pardon. She did not succeed. Immediate steps were, therefore, taken for effecting his escape. Lavalette had many friends, and these were freely admitted to visit him in prison. He was to be executed on the 22nd of December, but, on the day before, madame Lavalette went to pay her last visit to him, and contrived to change dresses with him, and thus let him go out as herself. The stratagem was a very old, thread-bare one, too notorious since the days of the countess of Nithsdale not to excite suspicion, and might have been supposed particularly liable to failure from madame Lava-

lette being tall and thin, and the general short and stout. It is well known that the gaolers had been deeply bribed, and probably the sentinels too, for Lavalette walked out unchallenged. But the difficulty was to get out of Paris, for the alarm was given, the police were all on the alert, and actively beating up every nook of the city in quest of him. But in this difficulty three Englishmen came to the rescue. These were no other than major-general Sir Robert Wilson, captain Hely Hutchinson, and Mr. Michael Bruce. Sir Robert Wilson was not in active service, but captain Hutchinson was, and that in Paris itself, with his regiment. Set there to defend the Bourbons, it was not exactly the business of such a man to aid in the escape of their enemies. But passports for Belgium were procured by Sir Robert Wilson, from Sir Charles Stuart, the British ambassador, for a pretended general and colonel. Lavalette was disguised as a British general, and thus driven out of Paris in Sir Robert Wilson's carriage, in company with Sir Robert, and with captain Hutchinson riding by the carriage side, conversing loudly in English with Wilson within. By these means they eluded all recognition of the police, and thus Sir Robert delivered Lavalette safe at Mons, in Belgium. He then drove back to Paris, and within sixty hours the whole affair had been accomplished. The truth, however, soon flashed on the police, and the letters of Englishmen, particularly such as were addressed to the members of the opposition at home, were carefully opened at the post-office, and the narrative of the whole proceeding was found detailed in a letter from Sir Robert Wilson to earl Grey.

The three gentlemen were arrested, and committed to the prison of La Force, bail being refused. They were afterwards transferred to the Conciergerie, the prison from which Lavalette had escaped. On the 22nd of April, 1816, they were brought to trial. Sir Robert Wilson appeared in full uniform, and decorated with a number of orders conferred by different sovereigns of Europe; captain Hutchinson was also in uniform. The prisoners had rejected all attempts to induce them to confess their guilt—attempts which, contrary to our custom, are always made in France—and they declared that this was to compel the French authorities to admit that they had opened their letters in the post-office. But they now avowed all that they had done, and Mr. Bruce, to whom Lavalette had first applied, stated that "he could not repulse a man who had put his life into his hands." But the prisoners were not satisfied with this very reasonable plea; they went on to justify their conduct by declaiming against the folly of England and the other European countries in restoring the Bourbons, and Sir Robert Wilson joined in the condemnation of the duke of Wellington for the breach of the 12th article of the convention, and the betrayal of Lavalette, Ney, and Labédoyère · with what justice the reader may judge. The court was crowded with Buonapartists, and this style of defence was applauded by them by loud clapping of hands. The prisoners were found guilty, and were liable to an imprisonment of two years, but were let off with one of three months, in addition to the three months which they had already spent in prison. The two officers had rendered themselves also liable to be cashiered from the English service; but the prince regent caused them to be informed that he censured their conduct, but forbore to inflict any further punishment.

The heroism of madame Lavalette and of the three Englishmen were greatly celebrated in England, and especially so by the party—and it then was a large one—who sympathised with Buonaparte and his fortunes. Madame Lavalette had been allowed to go free immediately on the discovery, but the turnkeys and sentinels were put on their trial, and the chief turnkey, Eberlé, was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and afterwards to ten years of police surveillance; the rest were acquitted.

It remains only to notice the terminating scene of the once gay Murat, Buonaparte's gallant leader of cavalry in so many campaigns, and finally king of Naples. In consequence of plans laid with Buonaparte in Elba, as we have stated, Murat rose on the 22nd of March of this year, and pushed forward with the intention of driving the Austrians out of Upper Italy. But Austria was well aware of what had been in progress, and, though Murat proclaimed the independence of Italy, the Italians fled from him, rather than joined him. On the Po he was met by the Austrians, under general Fremont, fifty thousand strong, and defeated. He retreated rapidly towards Naples again, receiving other discomfitures, and, at the same time, receiving a notice from lord William Bentinck that, as he had broken his convention with the European powers, England was at war with him. To keep the Neapolitans in his interest, he drew up a liberal constitution, on the 12th of May, amid the mountains of the Abruzzi, and sent it to Naples, where his queen, Caroline Buonaparte, proclaimed it. It was of no avail; the people, instead of assisting him, were ready to rise against him, and his soldiers every day rapidly deserted, and went to their homes. He soon received the news that the mother of Buonaparte, the sister of Buonaparte, Pauline, and cardinal Fesch, had fled from Naples to France, and that his own wife had entered into an arrangement to go on board a British vessel with her children, and be conveyed to some place of safety.

Murat hastened in disguise to Naples to consult with his wife, who had as much courage and more judgment than he had; but this availed him nothing. On the 20th of May his generals signed a convention with the Austrians at Casa Lanza, a farmhouse near Capua, to surrender Capua on the 21st, and Naples on the 23rd, on condition that all the Neapolitan officers who took the oath of allegiance to king Ferdinand should retain their respective ranks, honours, and estates. At this news Murat fled out of Naples, and, with a very small attendance, crossed over in a fisherman's boat to the island of Ischia, and his wife went on board the vessel of commodore Campbell, which, however, she was only able to effect by a guard of three hundred English sailors and marines, for the lazzaroni were all in insurrection. Commodore Campbell, having received on board his squadron Caroline Buonaparte, her property and attendants, then sailed to Gaeta, where were the four children of Murat, took them on board, and conveyed them altogether to Trieste, the emperor of Austria having given madame Murat free permission to take up her residence in Austria, under the name of the countess of Lipano.

Well had it been for Murat could he have made up his

mind to seek the same asylum; for it appears clear that it would have been granted him, for he was no longer dangerous. But he clung convulsively to the fortunes of Napoleon, and making his way in a small coasting vessel, he followed him to France, and reached the port of Frejus on the 28th or 29th of May, where Buonaparte had landed on his return from Elba. From this place Murat wrote to Buonaparte through Fouché, offering his services to him; but Buonaparte, who would have been duly sensible of the services of Murat had he succeeded in holding Italy against the Austrians, and thus acting as an important divider of the efforts of the Austrians, was equally sensible of the little value of Murat as a mere individual, defeated, and having lost Italy. He sternly asked Fouché, when he had read the letter, "What does he mean? Has peace been made betwixt us?" alluding to Murat's late defection to the allies. No question would have been made on this point had Murat been still at the head of a powerful army; and peace had virtually been made between them, by Buonaparte in Elba negotiating with Murat at Naples for co-operation in his new enterprise. But Murat had risen too soon, and his political existence was destroyed; therefore, he was to Buonaparte a mere broken weapon, to be flung aside. He refused to give him a word of reply. Murat accordingly lay in concealment with his followers, vainly hoping for a word of encouragement, till the news of the utter defeat of Buonaparte at Waterloo came upon him like the shock of an earthquake. The south of France was no longer a place for any who had been prominent amongst the retainers of Buonaparte; some of Murat's followers made haste to escape from the search and the vengeance of the royalists. As for Murat himself, he wrote again to Fouché, imploring his good offices with the allies to obtain him a passport for England. Receiving no response to this, Murat condescended to write a most imploring letter to Louis XVIII., but he had no time to wait for the slow progress of diplomatic life—he fled, and, after many adventures, reached Corsica. There he was allowed to remain, and a few weeks would have brought him the assurance of entire freedom from enmity on the part of the allies. But, unfortunately, by this time the shock of the utter overthrow and captivity of Buonaparte following on his own misfortunes, had overturned his intellect. He conceived the insane idea of recovering Naples by the same means that Buonaparte had for a while recovered Paris. A number of Neapolitan and Corsican refugees encouraged him in the mad project. In vain did his few prudent friends exert themselves to show him the folly of the scheme; in vain did they endeavour to recall to his remembrance how the people had remained deaf to his appeals to rise in his behalf; how his very soldiers had disbanded themselves. Two Neapolitan noblemen, who had so far followed most faithfully his fortunes, now quitted him in despair. Yet before he had fully committed himself, a courier arrived in Corsica from Fouché, bringing him a letter, and a passport from the emperor of Austria, permitting him to join his wife and family, and to select his residence in any part of Upper Austria, of Bohemia, or Moravia. Nothing but the most hopeless insanity could have induced him to reject this generous offer, but he did reject it, and on the night of the 28th of September he set sail with his little ragamuffin army of some hundred and fifty men, in six small vessels. But after knocking about some time at sea in stormy weather, all his vessels deserted him except two, carrying away to Algeria the arms and ammunition, prepared with the last funds of Murat, to sell them there.

On the 8th of October Murat landed near Pizzo, on the Calabrian coast—a coast more than any other in Italy fraught with fierce recollections of the French. His army now consisted of only twenty-eight men; yet, in his utter madness, he advanced at the head of this miserable knot of men, crying, "I am your king, Joachim!" and waving the Neapolitan flag. But the people of Pizzo, headed by an old Bourbon partisan, pursued him, not to join, but to seize him. When they began firing on him, he fled back to his vessels; but the commander, a man who had received the greatest benefits from him, deaf to his cries, pushed out to sea, and left him. His pursuers were presently upon him, fired at him, and wounded him; and, rushing upon him, knocked him down, and treated him like furies. Women, more like furies than anything else, struck their nails into his face and tore off his hair, and he was only saved from being torn to pieces by the old Bourbon and his soldiers, who beat off these female savages, and conveyed him to the prison at Pizzo. His clothes had been already rifled of the rich jewels that he wore in that tawdry vanity which was always his foible; but they now found in his pocket the passport of the emperor of Austria, and a proclamation which he intended to print and distribute, denouncing death on all who did not at once quit the service of king Ferdinand and adhere to him. The news of his capture was a great delight to Ferdinand. He entertained none of the magnanimity of the allies, but sent at once officers to try by court-martial, and, of course, to condemn him. Some of these officers had been in Murat's service, and had received from him numerous favours, but not the less readily did they sentence him to death; and on the 13th of October, 1815, he was shot in the court-yard of the prison at Pizzo, with his characteristic bravery refusing to have his eyes bound, and with his characteristic vanity bidding the soldiers "save his face, and aim at his heart!"

Having now seen the military career of Napoleon terminated, the spell of his conquering power broken, the last of his created kings unthroned and put to death, and himself consigned to a distant captivity, we might leave him there without further notice, as his life out-lasted this reign; but justice to England and some of her officers require us to take a concise review of what took place at St. Helena during his confinement there. Undoubtedly, Buonaparte did not yield to the deportation to that solitary island without a fixed resolve to make his escape thence. His plan was to still surround himself with imperial state and forms, so as to elude the vigilance of his keepers; and when he found that this was not permitted, that he was treated and addressed only as a general, to which rank he had reduced himself by breaking the treaty under which he went to Elba, he commenced a system of insult and irritation towards those who had the surveillance of him, and towards England generally, which has no parallel for its pettiness or its virulence.

CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, CONTAINING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, PARIS.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ALLIED POWERS SIGNING THE TREATY OF PEACE.

In the first place, he declared that England meant to kill him by sending him to a notoriously unhealthy climate. Now, St. Helena, by all the medical authorities who have treated of it, and by the condition of our troops there, is shown to be one of the most healthy islands in the world. As shown by the thermometer, its temperature is mild, and most remarkably equable. In the course of the year—from September, 1820, to September, 1821—the thermometer never rose higher than seventy-six degrees, or fell lower than fifty-seven degrees of Reaumer. Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces at that time, says that the sickness amongst the troops employed there, and of course constantly exposed to all the changes of weather, did not exceed one man in forty-five; and he attributes this extraordinary degree of salubrity in a tropical island to its being situated in the trade winds, which carry off the superfluous heat, and with it such noxious vapours as might affect the human constitution. Dr. Arnott, and the other medical men who have served there, all bear the same testimony.

Napoleon landed in St. Helena on the 16th of October, 1815, and, till the house at Longwood, intended for his residence, could be fitted up, he took up his abode at a pleasantly-situated villa, called Briars, near James' Town. He remained there till the 9th of December, when Longwood was ready for him. At Longwood he was not only farther from the coast, but he had the largest piece of ground around him fit for horse exercise in the island. Within a circle of twelve miles, he could take daily exercise with his suite, and without the presence of any Englishmen. If he wished to exceed those bounds, he could visit any part of the island accompanied by an English officer. He refused to have such attendant, and not only so, to approach any part of the bounding circuit, because he there saw English sentinels. At night, these sentinels drew in and surrounded the house, so as not to be seen from it, but, at the same time, so that no one could go to or from it without their challenge. These regulations, and the regular manner in which they were maintained, as they cut off the hopes of his escape, excited not only his wrath, but that of all his suite. Sir George Cockburn, who remained in command there till a suitable governor of the island should be appointed, though a most gentlemanly man, could not avoid becoming the object of much calumny and abuse both from Napoleon and his followers. On the island resided a Russian, a French, and an Austrian commissioner, to assist in the onerous task of preventing a second escape of this man, who observed no treaties or engagements, and whose elopement from Elba had cost the lives of so many thousands of men much better than himself. None of these would Buonaparte admit to his presence, because he regarded them as his gaolers, and because they refused him any higher title than that of general. The same causes excluded the officers in the British service there.

In July, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe arrived at St. Helena as governor, and relieved Sir George Cockburn of his irksome office. Sir Hudson had served in the English army much on the coast of Italy, and had distinguished himself as a good and brave officer in the resistance which had been made to Buonaparte's usurpations in Calabria and other parts of Italy. No sooner, therefore, did he arrive than Buonaparte began a system of the most unmeasured insult to him. He opened his address at his very first interview with "*Monsieur, vous avez commandé des brigands.*" Sir Hudson replied that he had never commanded brigands, but soldiers employed by his country in a legitimate manner, though it might not be in a manner agreeable to him. But this style of insult was not only kept up by Buonaparte, but by the whole of his suite, in whom it was more intolerable. Here were these French people, maintained by England in ease and luxury, and who could at any moment be sent out of the island, constantly employed in abusing the governor, and in inventing all kinds of lying stories to excite the anger of Buonaparte against him. Sir Hudson stated that he could have borne the petulance of Napoleon, and made great allowances for it; but these Montholons, Bertrands, Las Caseses, and the women more especially, were a perpetual and insufferable pestilence. Much odium was heaped upon Sir Hudson Lowe and propagated throughout Europe by every possible channel, and which was received to a very great extent in England, so that Sir Hudson Lowe was declared very low indeed. But the fact remains, that the commissioners of the other allied powers on the island at the same time perfectly approved of the conduct of Sir Hudson, and his own government, who had the fullest information on every particular, not only supported him in his proceedings, but afterwards presented him to a far superior appointment—the government of Ceylon. As to the sarcasms of Buonaparte and his suite on Sir Hudson having commanded brigands, it would apply to all our commanders on that coast, for they commanded mixed troops —Sicilians, Corsicans, and others. General Stuart, the victor of Maida, Sir Sidney Smith, lord William Bentinck, and others, were all in the same category with Sir Hudson.

But the fact was that no one placed in the unenviable position of Sir Hudson Lowe could avoid exciting his unmitigated hatred; and he who had not spared the characters of his own most meritorious officers was not likely to spare that of the British officer set to keep him secure in his island prison. Sir George Cockburn had found that no word of honour, no parole, could for a moment bind Buonaparte. He expressed such repugnance to have the company of an English officer whenever he exceeded his twelve mile circuit, and pledged his word so solemnly that he would hold no communication with the people of the island if allowed to ride about anywhere without such escort, that Sir George accepted his word of honour, and it was immediately broken; he therefore withdrew the indulgence, in consequence of which the most violent outcry was raised, and sent to Europe, against the capriciousness of the admiral.

Sir Hudson Lowe was too well acquainted with the character of Napoleon to need this warning. His flight from Elba was proof enough that nothing but the impossibility of escape would keep him in St. Helena. His orders from Downing-street were of the most explicit kind. "You will observe that the desire of his majesty's government is, to allow every indulgence to general Buonaparte

which may be compatible with the entire security of his person. That he should not by any means escape, or hold communication with any person whatsoever, excepting through your agency, must be your unremittent care." These orders, issued on the 12th of September, 1816, were reiterated on the 26th of October. Whilst advising him to make every allowance for the effect of so sudden a change on a person of his irritable temper, it was added—"You will, however, not permit your forbearance or generosity towards him to interfere with any regulations which may have been established for preventing his escape, or which you may hereafter consider necessary for the better security of his person." Any one has, therefore, only to place himself in the situation of Sir Hudson Lowe, under these explicit orders, and with the tremendous responsibility of such a person escaping once more to embroil Europe, in order to feel that the firmest adherence to his orders was necessary; and, recollecting that Sir Hudson did nothing without consulting his government, or informing it of what he had been obliged to do on the spur of the moment, to understand that the British government, and not the governor, were responsible for the system pursued. So far from the appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe being one of a mean and gaoler-like kind, it was, in truth, one of a most important character—he held in his hands the security of the whole civilised world. But his office was certain to bring down on him the bitterest vituperation of the Buonapartists, and he found them far more ready to vilify him than his own government to justify him. There were those, however, who, from first representations, took a decided part against Sir Hudson Lowe, who, on further inquiry, did him full justice, and amongst these were pre-eminent lord and lady Holland.

Under such circumstances wore on the six years and seven months of Napoleon's captivity in St. Helena. For six years of this time, never, probably for a moment, was there any abandonment of plans for his escape; and the vigilance and ability with which these were defeated necessarily intensified the hatred of Buonaparte and his suite to the governor. General Gourgaud, who returned to Europe in 1818, made no scruple in stating to the British government that plans for Buonaparte's escape had constantly been agitated at Longwood during his abode there, but that the emperor had regarded them all as too hazardous, trusting to some change in the cabinet of England for his liberation.

The story of Buonaparte's captivity is one of constant warfare on his part with his detainers. First he and his followers complained of the allowance of eight thousand pounds a-year for their maintenance. Sir Hudson Lowe had the liberty of extending the allowance to twelve thousand pounds, and he did so at once, and he was authorised to extend it still further in case of any advance in the price of provisions. But no extension diminished the complaints of the French. They ate of the very best that could be procured, and drank claret of the most expensive kind obtainable—namely, Carbonel, at six pounds a dozen, without duty. Every officer of superior rank had a bottle of this daily, and the labourers and soldiers had each a bottle of excellent Teneriffe. All was of no avail. Buonaparte complained that his establishment was starved, and determined to sell his plate to procure the means of more ample supplies. Accordingly, his plate was broken up and sold for old silver, at the same time that it was known to everybody on the island, and this was confessed by general Gourgaud, that he had just received ten thousand pounds in Spanish doubloons! But the thing was done to tell in Europe, and thus to stigmatise the English, who were expending altogether, in detention of this troublesome personage, some hundred thousands of pounds annually. And it had its effect.

The British government sent out the materials for constructing a much better house than Longwood, and Sir Hudson waited on Buonaparte to ask his pleasure as to the proposed building; but he received him with the greatest violence and ferocity, and boasted of it to his retinue. Sir Hudson withdrew, with the remark, "You were pleased to remark, sir, in our last interview, that you had miscalculated the spirit of the English people. Give me leave to say that you at present miscalculate as erroneously the spirit of an English soldier."

The conduct of Sir Hudson in this interview was fully approved by the British government. The new house, said to have cost sixty thousand or seventy thousand pounds, was erected, but being, after the fashion of many English houses, surrounded by a brick fence and iron railings of an ornamental character, Buonaparte immediately imagined that it was intended as an additional means of confinement. On learning his objection, Sir Hudson, finding all explanation unavailing, pulled down the palisades, and levelled the ditch; but in vain—Buonaparte refused to go into it.

Napoleon admitted persons of distinction who touched at St. Helena to an audience, on which occasions he put on his most amiable aspect, that they might carry a favourable impression to Europe, and thus give force to his complaints which he lavished on all who came near him. Amongst these visitors were captain Basil Hall, lord Amherst, then returning from his embassy to China, and Mr. Henry Ellis, the third commissioner of the embassy. In 1817 Buonaparte began to complain of the failure of his health, which he attributed to the air of the island, but which turned out to be the result of an hereditary disease, probably accelerated by his refusal to take necessary exercise under the restrictions established. On the 18th of March of that year a parliamentary inquiry into his treatment, by his great advocate, lord Holland, was made by motion. The chief heads of lord Holland's charges were the climate, the restriction on Napoleon's intercourse with Europe by letter, and the refusal to allow him books. Lord Bathurst showed, from the best authorities, that the island was remarkably healthy; that no restriction was put on his correspondence, but that it was required that all letters should be first inspected by the governor, and this was justified by the constant attempts to organise a plan of escape. With respect to the complaint of the refusal of books, lord Bathurst replied that general Montholon had sent over a list of books for Napoleon, which the general termed a few books, but which amounted to nearly one thousand five hundred pounds. All of these that could be procured had

been sent. The complaints were so evidently groundless that lord Holland's motion was not seconded.

Las Cases and Mr. O'Meara, the surgeon, were sent from the island in consequence of breaking the regulations—Las Cases by keeping up intrigues with the islanders, and O'Meara by forwarding Buonaparte's secret correspondence with Europe. As Buonaparte's disease increased, Sir Hudson Lowe offered him the services of the best physicians in the island, but he refused their attendance, and, in September, 1818, arrived Dr. F. Autommarchi, as his medical attendant; but Buonaparte refused to take medicine, declaring that the human being was a machine made to live, and that doctors only interrupted the provisions of nature to set herself right. It was not till the 2nd of April, 1821, that Dr. Autommarchi prevailed on Napoleon to allow Dr. Arnott to see him, and it was then too late, if, indeed, medicine could have done anything for him at any time. The disease was cancer at the stomach. His father died of the same complaint, and Napoleon had long asserted that this was his ailment, and no other; that the physicians of Montpelier had declared that it would be hereditary in his family. On his body being opened in the presence of five English medical men, including Drs. Shortt and Arnott, as well as Dr. Autommarchi and several distinguished officers, both French and English, this was demonstrated to be the case. The stomach presented a fearful appearance; the rest of the viscera were sound. Buonaparte expired on the 5th of May, 1821, like Oliver Cromwell, amid tempests of wind and rain, so violent that nearly all the trees about Longwood were torn up by the roots, and amongst them a weeping-willow, which was a great favourite of his, and under which he used often to sit. And thus closed that life which had been death to millions. "Napoleon's passing spirit," says Sir Walter Scott, "was deliriously engaged in a still more terrible strife than that of the elements around. The words '*tête d'armée*'—the last which escaped his lips—intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, he breathed his last." His convulsions were emblematic of those in which he had kept all Europe for above twenty years.

One of the worst features of Napoleon's character was his vindictiveness. This was especially shown in his latter days against the duke of Wellington, who had finally put him down. He delighted in nothing so much as in depreciating his military talents, and in attributing his captivity to his counsels. If we do owe it to lord Wellington that Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, we will remain his debtors for the obligation. But, to his very last hour, Buonaparte brooded over this fall before the man with whom he said, on going to Waterloo, that he meant to measure himself with, and he left in his will the most shocking proof of a more undying enmity than ever before disgraced human nature. It has been said that his bequest to Cantillon for attempting to assassinate the duke of Wellington, of ten thousand francs, was a myth; but it stands only too really in the fourth codicil of his will, paragraph five, added only eleven days before his death. "Item.—Ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interests of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated that lord, would have excused himself, and have been justified by the same motives—the interest of France—to get rid of a general who, moreover, had violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs Ney, Labédoyère, &c., and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties."

It should be remembered that the museums here referred to as pillaged by authority of Wellington, were those of the Louvre, and others in Paris, glutted with the pillage of all nations, which they reclaimed, and with which lord Wellington had nothing to do; for Britain, never having been over-run by Buonaparte, had nothing to reclaim; and, as for lord Wellington, he even refused the statue of Napoleon taken from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, which was offered to him to place in his house in London. If, after tracing his amazing career, we still needed any proofs that the genius of Buonaparte resembled the lightning—quick, brilliant, and deadly—and had no resemblance to the sun—permanent, genial, and beneficent—we have them in these lamentably petty sentiments in his last solemn hours. There never was a mind so vigorous, which was so wholly destitute of true greatness.

To follow the great actor in the vast drama which we have been witnessing to his exit, we have overstepped other events, and even the bounds of the reign narrated by this history. We must return to the entrance of the allies into Paris. The Buonapartists were loud in their assertions of the sufferings and spoliations which their unhappy country was about to undergo at the hands of the allies. They had had very little feeling for all the miseries which France, under their favourite leader, had inflicted on almost every country in Europe.

The congress of Vienna, which had been interrupted by the last razzia of Buonaparte, resumed its sittings, and, finally, the conditions betwixt France and the allies were settled, and treaties embodying them were signed at Paris by Louis XVIII. on the 20th of November. France was to retain the limits settled at the former treaty in 1814; but, to prevent any danger of a recurrence of the calamities which had called the allies thus a second time to Paris, they were to retain in their hands seventeen of the principal frontier fortresses, and one hundred and fifty thousand of their soldiers were to be quartered and maintained by France in different parts of the kingdom. The term of their stay was not to exceed five years, and that term might be curtailed should the aspect of Europe warrant it. The allied sovereigns also insisted on the payment of the enormous expenses which had been occasioned by this campaign of the hundred days—the amount of which was estimated at seven hundred millions of francs. This sum, however, was not to be exacted at once, but to be paid by easy instalments.

There was one restitution, however, which the allies had too delicately passed over on their former visit to Paris—that of all the works of art which Buonaparte and his generals

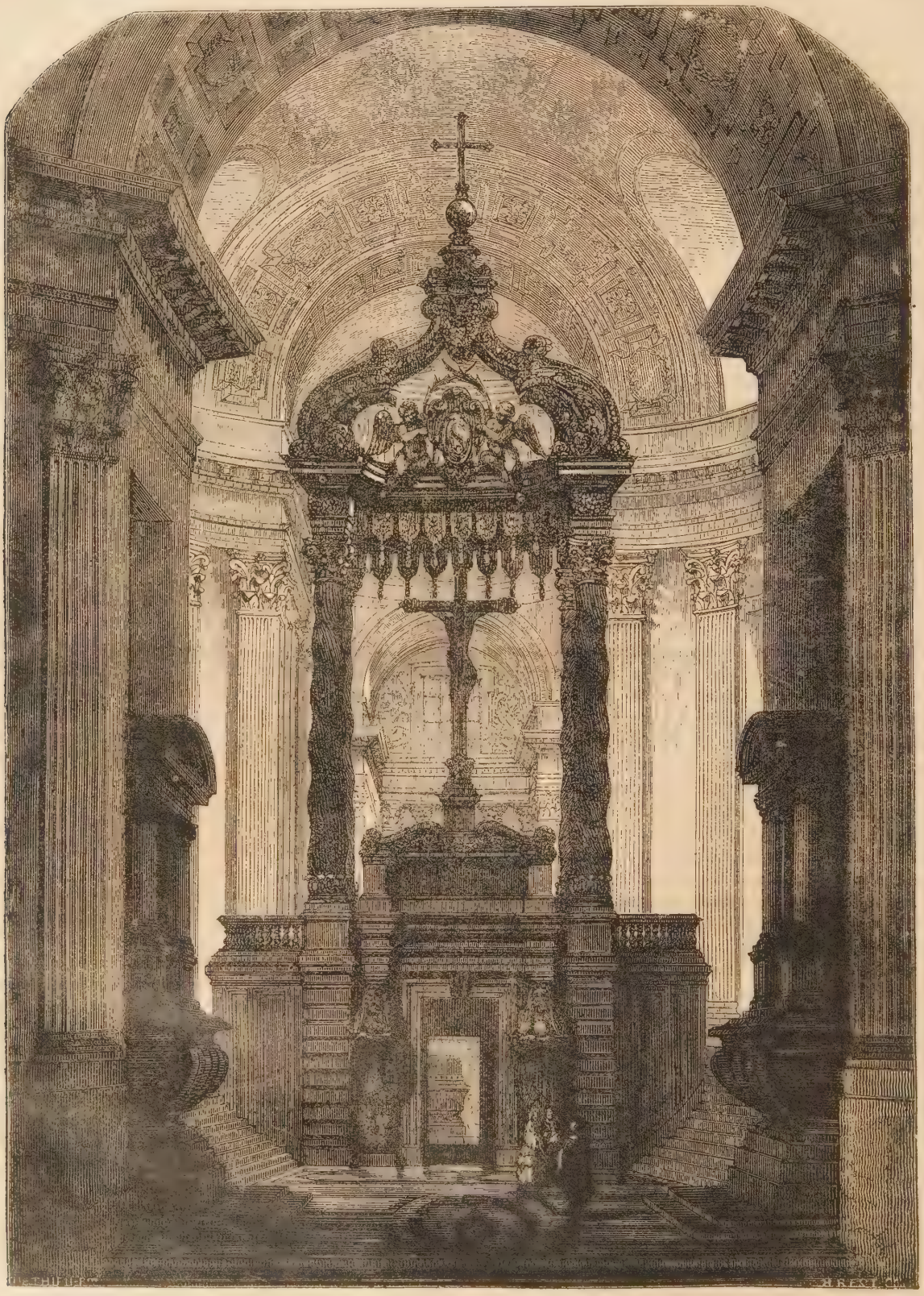
had carried off from every town in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, during their rapacious wars. This was the pillaging of museums to which Buonaparte, the wholesale pillager, alluded. Accordingly, there was a great stripping of the Louvre, and other places, of the precious pictures and statues which the hands of the greatest marauder that the world had ever seen had accumulated there. The "Horses of the Sun," from St. Mark's, Venice, the "Venus de Medici," the "Apollo Belvedere," the "Horses of the Car of Victory," which Buonaparte had carried away from Berlin, and many a glorious painting by the old masters, precious books, manuscripts, and other objects of antiquity, now travelled back to their respective original localities, to the great joy of their owners, and the infinite disgust of the French, who deemed themselves really robbed by this defeat of robbery.

Louis XVIII., having raised an army of thirty thousand men, thought that he could protect himself, and was anxious that France might be spared the expense of supporting the one hundred and fifty thousand men. Accordingly, one-fifth of the army was withdrawn in 1817. In the following year a congress was held, in the month of September, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the king of Prussia attended; on the part of France, the duke of Richelieu; and of England, the duke of Wellington and lord Castlereagh, when it was determined that a complete evacuation of France might and should take place by the 20th of November, when the three years terminated. At this congress, it was determined also that, besides the seven hundred million francs for the charges incurred by the allied armies, another seven hundred millions should be paid in indemnification of damages to private individuals in the different countries overrun by France. These and other items raised the total to be paid by France for Napoleon's outbreak of the hundred days to about sixty million pounds sterling.

England, who had amassed so enormous a debt in aiding the continental sovereigns against Napoleon, played the magnanimous to the last. She gave up her share of the public indemnities, amounting to five million pounds, to the king of Holland and the Netherlands, to enable him to restore that line of fortresses along the Belgian frontiers which our Dutch king, William III., had planned, and which Joseph II. of Austria had suffered to fall to decay, thus rendering invasion from France especially easy. Nor was this all: she advanced five million pounds to enable the different sovereigns to march their troops home again, as she had advanced the money to march them up, the money demanded of France not being ready. Truly might Napoleon, in St. Helena, say that England, with her small army, had no business interfering in continental wars. "That with our fleet, our commerce, and our colonies, we are the strongest power in the world, so long as we remain in our natural position; but that our gains in continental wars are for others, our losses are for ourselves, and are PERMANENT." Regarded, however, from the magnanimous point of view, no nation ever acted with a like generosity. Truly England may be said, in this gigantic contest, to have loved her neighbours better than herself. She charged herself for them with debts which appear likely to be more immortal than her fame, or the gratitude of those she served, who now, as every one who has lived on the continent knows, attribute her enormous outlay to a selfish, trading regard to her own commercial interests.

Here, then, our history of the political transactions of the reign of George III. terminates. That reign really terminated in 1811, with the appointment of the regency, which continued the ruling power during the remainder of his life. From that date it is really the history of the Regency that we have been prosecuting. But this was necessary to maintain the unity of the narrative of that most unexampled struggle which was involving the very existence of every nation in Europe. Of all this the poor old, blind, and deranged king knew nothing—had no concern with or in. The reins of power had fallen from his hands for ever; his "kingdom was taken from him, and given to another." He had lived to witness the rending away of the great western branch of his empire, and the sun of his intellect went down in the midst of that tempest which threatened to lay in ruins every dynasty around him. We have watched and detailed that mighty shaking of the nations to its end. The events of the few remaining years during which George III. lived but did not rule, were of a totally different character, and belong to a totally different story. They are occupied by the national distresses consequent on the war, and the efforts for reform, stimulated by these distresses, the first chapter of which did not close till the achievement of the Reform Bill in 1832.

The government and parliament which, with so lavish a hand, had enabled the continental monarchs to fight their battles, which had spent above two thousand millions of money in these wars, of which eight hundred millions remained as a perpetual debt, with the perpetual necessity of twenty-eight millions of taxation annually to discharge the interest—that burden on posterity which Napoleon had, with such satisfaction, at St. Helena, pronounced PERMANENT—this same government and parliament, seeing the war concluded, were in great haste to stave off the effects of this burden from the landed aristocracy, the party which had incurred this, and to lay it upon the people. They saw that the ports of the world, once more open to us, would, in exchange for our manufactures, send us abundance of corn; and, that the rents might remain during peace at the enormous rate to which war prices had raised them, they must keep out this foreign corn. True, this exclusion of foreign corn must raise the cost of living to the vast labouring population to a ruinous degree, and threatened fearful convulsions from starving people in the manufacturing districts; but these considerations had no weight with our land-holding government and its parliamentary majority. In 1814 they were in haste to pass a corn law excluding all corn except at famine prices; but the lateness of the season, and an inundation of petitions against it, put it off for that session. But in 1815 it was introduced again, and carried by a large majority. By this all corn from abroad was excluded, except when the price was eighty shillings per quarter. By this law it was decreed that the people who fought the battles of the world, and who would bear the bulk of the weight of taxation created by these wars, were never, so long as this law continued, to eat corn at less than four pounds per quarter. This was, in fact, not only a prohibition of cheap



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, PARIS.

THE OASIS IN THE DESERT, ALGERIA.

bread, but a prohibition of the sale of the labours of the people to foreign nations to the same extent. It was an enactment to destroy the manufacturing interest for the imagined benefit of land-owners; and it was done on this plea, as stated by Mr. Western, one of the leading advocates of the bill—"That, if there is a *small deficiency of supply*, the price will rise in a ratio *far beyond any proportion of such deficiency:* the effect, indeed, is almost incalculable. So, likewise, in a surplus of supply beyond demand, the price will fall in a ratio exceeding almost ten-fold the amount of such surplus." The avowed object, therefore, was to prevent the manufacturing population reaping the benefit of that continental peace which they had purchased at such a cost, and consequently to repress the growth of their trade to the same degree. Mr Tooke, in his "History of Prices," confirms this view of the matter, asserting that "the price of corn in this country has risen from one hundred to two hundred per cent., and upwards, when the utmost computed deficiency of the crops has not been more than between one-sixth and one-third below an average, and when that deficiency has been relieved by foreign supplies." Mr. Western candidly showed that, to the farmer, years of deficiency were the most profitable, from this principle of enormous rise from a small cause; that if the produce of an acre of wheat in a good year is thirty-three bushels at six shillings, the amount realised would be only nine pounds eighteen shillings; but, if the produce were reduced by an unfavourable season one-sixth, and the price raised from six shillings to twelve shillings, the produce of twenty-seven and a half bushels would realise sixteen pounds ten shillings, the difference being profit!

The effect was immediately shown by a rapid rise of prices, wheat becoming one hundred and three shillings a quarter. But this did not satisfy the land-owners, and Mr. Western, in 1816, introduced no less than fourteen resolutions, to make more stringent the exclusion of foreign corn. It was openly declared "that excessive taxation renders it necessary to give protection to all articles, the produce of our own soil, against similar articles, the growth of foreign countries." Mr. Barham declared that "the country must be forced to feed its own population. No partial advantage to be derived from commerce could compensate for any deficiency in this respect. The true principle of national prosperity was an absolute prohibition of the importations of foreign agricultural produce, except in extreme cases;" and on this ground it was proposed to exclude foreign rape-seed, linseed, tallow, butter, cheese, &c.

Some of the most eminent land-owners were clear-sighted and disinterested enough to oppose these views with all their power. The dukes of Buckinghamshire and Devonshire, the lords Carlisle, Spencer, Grey, Grenville, Wellesley, and many members of the commons, voted and protested energetically against them; and the additional restrictions were not carried. But enough had been done to originate the most frightful sufferings and convulsions. We shall see these agitations every remaining year of this reign. The prince regent, in his opening speech, in 1816, declared "manufactures and commerce to be in a flourishing condition." But Mr. Brougham at once exposed this fallacy. He admitted that there had been an active manufacturing and an unusual amount of exportation in expectation of the ports of the world being thrown open by the peace; but he declared that the people of the continent were too much exhausted by the war to be able to purchase, and that the bulk of these exported goods would have to be sold at a ruinous reduction — at almost nominal prices; and then would immediately follow a stoppage of mills, a vast population thrown out of employment, and bread and all provisions made exorbitantly dear when there was the least power to purchase. All this was speedily realised. English goods were soon selling in Holland and the north of Europe for less than their cost price in London and Manchester. Abundant harvests defeated in some degree the expectations of the agriculturists, and thus both farmers and manufacturers were ruined together; for, the check being given to commerce, the manufacturing population could purchase at no price, and, spite of the harvest, the price of wheat was still one hundred and three shillings per quarter. Many farmers, as well as manufacturers, failed; country banks were broken, and paper-money was reduced in value twenty-five per cent.; and a circumstance greatly augmenting the public distress was the reduction of its issues by the bank of England from thirty-one millions to twenty-six millions.

The year 1816 was a most melancholy year. Both agricultural and manufacturing labourers rose in great masses to destroy machinery, to which, and not to the temporary poverty of the whole civilised world, exhausted by war, they attributed the glut of manufactured goods, and the surplus of all kinds of labour. In Suffolk and Norfolk, and on the Isle of Ely, the agricultural labourers and fen-men destroyed the thrashing-machines, attacked mills and farms, pulled down the houses of butchers and bakers, and marched about in great bands, with flags, inscribed "Bread or blood!" In Littleport and Ely shops and public-houses were ransacked, and the soldiers were called out to quell the rioters, and much blood was shed, and numbers were thrown into prison, of whom thirty-four were condemned to death, and five executed. The colliers and workers in the iron mines and furnaces of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, as well as in the populous districts of South Wales, were thrown out of work, and the distress was terrible. The sufferings and consequent ferments in Lancashire were equally great. In Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire, the Luddites broke out again, as they had done in 1812, and by night demolished the stocking-frames, and the machinery in the cotton-mills. Great alarm existed everywhere, and, on the 29th of July a meeting was called at the City of London Tavern, to consider the means of relieving the distress, the duke of York taking the chair, and the dukes of Kent and Cambridge, the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, the chancellor of the exchequer, &c., attending, where many palliatives were proposed; but where lord Cochrane and other reformers declared that the only effectual remedy would be the abolition of the Corn Law. Soup-kitchens were recommended; but in Scotland these were spurned at as only insults to the sufferers; at Glasgow the soup-kitchen was attacked, and its coppers and materials destroyed; and at Dundee the people helped themselves by clearing a hundred shops of their provisions.

During the whole of these scenes the attitude of government was not merely indifferent, but absolutely repulsive. At no time had so cold and narrow-spirited a ministry existed. The names of Castlereagh, Liverpool, Sidmouth, and lord Eldon as lord-chancellor, recall the memory of a callous cabinet. They were still dreaming of additional taxation when, on the 17th of March, they were thunderstruck by seeing the property-tax repealed by a majority of forty. The prince regent had become utterly odious by his reckless extravagance and sensual life. The abolition of the property-tax was immediately followed by other resistance. On the 20th of March a motion of disapprobation of the advance of the salary of the secretary to the Admiralty, at such a time, from three to four thousand pounds a-year was made, but lost. On this occasion Henry Brougham pronounced a most terrible philippic against the prince regent, describing him as devoted, in the secret recesses of his palace, to the most vicious pleasures, and callous to the distresses and sufferings of others! Mr. Wellesley Pole described it as "language such as he had never heard in that house before."

Not only in parliament, but everywhere out of doors the cry for reform rose simultaneously with the distress. Hampden clubs were formed in every town and village almost throughout the kingdom, the central one being held at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, its president being Sir Francis Burdett, and its leading members being William Cobbett, major Cartwright, lord Cochrane, Henry Hunt, &c. The object of these clubs was to prosecute the cause of parliamentary reform, and to unite the reformers in one system of action. With the spirit of reform arose, too, that of cheap publications, which has now acquired such a vast power. William Cobbett's "Political Register," on the 18th of November, 1816, was reduced from a shilling and a halfpenny to twopence, and thenceforward became a stupendous engine of reform, being read everywhere by the reformers, and especially by the working-classes in town and country, by the artisan in the workshop, and the shepherd on the mountain. The great endeavour of Cobbett was to show the people the folly of breaking machinery, and the wisdom of moral union.

It is only too true, however, that many of the Hampden clubs entertained very seditious ideas, and designs of seizing on the property of the leading individuals of their respective vicinities. Still more questionable were the doctrines of the Spenceans, or Spencean Philanthropists, a society of whom was established in London this year, and whose chief leaders were Spence, a Yorkshire schoolmaster, one Preston, a workman, Watson the elder, a surgeon, Watson the younger, his son, one Castles, who afterwards turned informer against them. Mr. Orator Hunt patronised them. They sought a common property in all land, and the destruction of all machinery. These people, with Hunt and Watson at their head, on the 2nd of December, met in Spa Fields. The Spenceans had arms concealed in a wagon, and a flag displayed declaring that the soldiers were their friends. The crowd was immense, and soon there was a cry to go and summon the Tower. Mr. Hunt and his party appear to have excused themselves from taking part in this mad movement. The mob reached the Tower, and a man, supposed to be Preston, summoned the sentinels to surrender, at which they only laughed. The mob then followed young Watson into the City, and ransacked the shop of Mr. Beckwith, the gunsmith, on Snow Hill, of its firearms. A gentleman in the shop remonstrated, and young Watson fired at him, and severely wounded him. Young Watson then made his escape, but his father was secured and imprisoned; and the lord mayor and Sir James Shaw dispersed the mob on Cornhill, and took one of their flags and several prisoners. Watson the elder was afterwards tried and acquitted; but a sailor, who was concerned in the plunder of the gunsmith's shop, was hanged. Only a week after this riot the corporation of London presented an address to the throne, setting forth the urgent necessity for parliamentary reform.

These events were a little diversified by the storming of Algiers on the 27th of August. In 1815 the government of the United States of America had set the example of punishing the piratical depredations of the Algerines. They seized a frigate and a brig, and obtained a compensation of sixty thousand dollars. They do not appear to have troubled themselves to procure any release of Christian slaves, or to put an end to the practice of making such slaves; and, indeed, it would have been rather an awkward proposal on the part of North Americans, as the dey might have demanded, as a condition of such a treaty, the liberation of some three millions of black slaves in return. But at the congress of Vienna a strong feeling had been shown on the part of European governments to interfere on this point. It was to the disgrace of Great Britain that, at the very time that she had been exerting herself so zealously to put an end to the negro slave trade, she had been under engagements of treaty with this nest of corsairs; and lord Cochrane stated in parliament this year that only three or four years before it had been his humiliating duty to carry rich presents from our government to the dey of Algiers. But in the spring of this year it was determined to make an effort to check the daring piracies of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli. Lord Exmouth was sent to these predatory powers, but rather to treat than to chastise; and he effected the release of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two Christian slaves. From Tunis and Tripoli he obtained a declaration that no more Christian slaves should be made. The dey of Algiers refused to make such concession till he had obtained the permission of the sultan. Lord Exmouth gave him three months to determine this point, and returned home. A clause in the treaty which he had made with Algiers ordered that Sicily and Sardinia should pay nearly four hundred thousand dollars for the ransom of their subjects, and they paid this accordingly. This clause excited just condemnation in England, as actually acknowledging the right of the Algerines to make Christian slaves. But this matter was not to be thus peacefully ended. Before lord Exmouth had cleared out of the Mediterranean, the Algerines—not in any concert with their government but in an impulse of pure fanaticism—had rushed down from their castle at Bona on the Christian inhabitants of the town, where a coral fishery was carried on chiefly by Italians and Sicilians, under protection of a treaty made by us, and under that of our flag, and committed a brutal massacre on the fishermen, and also pulled down and

trampled on our flag, and pillaged the house of our vice-consul.

Scarcely had lord Exmouth reached home when he was ordered forth again to avenge this gross outrage, and he sailed from Plymouth on the 28th of July with a fleet of twenty-five sail of large and small ships. At Gibraltar he was joined by the Dutch admiral Van Cappellan with five frigates and a sloop, to which were added a number of gun-boats of our own. On the 27th of August lord Exmouth sailed right into the formidable harbour of Algiers, and dispatched a messenger to the dey, demanding instant and ample recompense for the outrage; the delivery of all Christian slaves in the kingdom of Algiers; the repayment of the money received by the dey for the liberation of Sicilian and Sardinian slaves; the liberation of the British consul—who had been imprisoned—and of two boats' crews detained; and peace betwixt Algiers and Holland. The messenger landed at eleven o'clock, and two hours were given the dey to make his answer in. The messenger remained till half-past two o'clock, and no answer arriving, he came off, and lord Exmouth gave instant orders for the bombardment. The attack was terrible. The firing from the fleet, which was vigorously returned from the batteries in the town and on the mole, continued till nine in the evening. Then most of the Algerine batteries were knocked literally to pieces, but the firing did not cease till about eleven. During that time the English commander and his Dutch allies had burnt eighteen tons of gunpowder, and thrown five hundred tons of shot and shell. The Algerines declared that hell itself had opened its mouth upon them. No sooner was the assault over than a land wind arose and carried the fleet out of the harbour, so that the vessels were all out of gunshot by two o'clock in the morning. A wonderful spectacle then presented itself to the eyes of the spectators in the fleet. Nine Algerine frigates, a number of gun-boats, the storehouses within the mole, and much of the town were in one huge blaze, and by this they could see that the batteries remained mere heaps of ruins. Scarcely had the fleet anchored when it had to endure a terrible storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The loss on the part of the assailants was very severe, and showed the dogged courage of the Algerines. There were killed and wounded, of the English, eight hundred and fifty-two, including a considerable number of officers, and of the Dutch sixty-five.

The next morning lord Exmouth sent in a letter to the dey with the offers of the previous day, saying, "If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns." They were fired. The dey made apologies, and signed fresh treaties of peace and amity, which were not of long endurance. But within three days one thousand and eighty-three Christian slaves arrived from the interior, and were received on board and conveyed to their respective countries. The scene of their going on board was most strange and affecting. They were beside themselves with wonder and joy, and, when the English boats put off from the shore with them, they simultaneously took off their hats, and shouted in Italian, "*Viva il ré d'Ingliterra, il padre eterno! e l'[illegible] Inglese che ci ha liberato da questo secondo inferno!* (Long live the king of England, the eternal father! and the English admiral who has delivered us from this second hell!)"

We must return from victory abroad to discontent at home. On the 28th of January the prince regent proceeded to open the fifth session of parliament. In his speech he expressed indignation at "the attempts which had been made to take advantage of the distresses of the country for the purpose of exciting a spirit of sedition and violence;" and he declared himself determined to put down these attempts by stern measures. The seconder of the address in the commons had the good sense to believe that the demagogues and their acts would die of themselves. Certainly, if the demagogues had no cause on which to base their efforts, those efforts must have proved fruitless; and the wisdom of government consisted in seriously inquiring whether there were such causes. To attempt to insure peace by smothering distress is the old remedy of tyrants, and is like heaping fuel on fire to put it out. Whilst this debate was proceeding, a message arrived from the lords to announce that the regent, on his return from the house, had been insulted, and some missile thrown through the windows of his carriage. The house agreed upon an address to the regent on this event, and then adjourned.

The next day the debate was resumed. It appeared that the prince had been hooted, and a stone, or something of the kind, flung through the window of the carriage. The ministerial party endeavoured to raise the occurrence into an attempt on the prince's life; the opposition hinted, as the expression of public disgust with the tone which government was assuming towards the distresses of the people, and called zealously for stringent reductions of expense, and they moved an amendment to that effect. But the government had yet much to learn on this head; and lord Sidmouth announced that the prince regent in three days would send down a message on the disaffection of large masses of the people. It would have been wise to have added to this measure a recommendation of serious inquiry into the causes of this disaffection, for disaffection towards a government rarely exists without a sufficient cause; but the government had carried on matters so easily whilst they had nothing to do but to vote large sums of money for foreign war, and had been so much in co-operation with arbitrary monarchs, that they had acquired too much of the same spirit; and they now set about to put down the people of England as they, by the people of England, had put down Buonaparte. It was their plan to create alarm, and, under the influence of that alarm, to pass severe measures for the crippling of the constitution and the suppression of all complaints of political evil.

In the debate on this subject, George Canning, who on many occasions had shown himself capable of better things, breathed the very language of toryism. He declared the representation of parliament perfect, and treated the most moderate proposals for reform as only emanations from the mad theories of the Spenceans. The message of the prince regent came down on the 3rd of February, ordering certain papers to be laid before the house, "concerning certain practices, meetings, and combinations in the metropolis, and in different parts of the kingdom, evidently calculated to endanger the public tranquillity, to alienate the affections

of his majesty's subjects from his majesty's person and government, and to bring into hatred and contempt the whole system of our laws and institutions." Lord Sidmouth endeavoured to guard the house of peers against the belief that the insult to the regent had any share in the origination of this message, but the house of lords, in its address, directly charged this event as an additional proof of the public disaffection. So far as the prince regent was concerned, Machiavelli long before had described his mental condition, in that of "princes who, neglecting all virtuous actions, began to believe that they were exalted for no other purpose than to discriminate themselves from their subjects by their pomp, luxury, and all other effeminate qualities, by which means they fell into the hatred of their people, and, by consequence, that fear increasing, they began to meditate revenge." Unfortunately, the regent had two houses of parliament only too much disposed to make themselves the instruments of such vengeance. The message was referred to a secret committee in each house, and on the 18th and 19th of February they respectively made their reports. Both went at great length into the affair of the Spa Fields meeting, and the proceedings and designs of the Spenceans were made to represent the designs of the working classes all over the kingdom; that such men as Thistlewood, who not long after suffered for his justly odious conduct, were conspicuous among the Spenceans, and that there had been an affray in Spa Fields were circumstances to give ample colouring to the reports of these committees. That of the lords stated—"It appears clear that the object is, by means of societies, or clubs, established, or to be established, in all parts of Great Britain, *under pretence of parliamentary reform*, to infest the minds of all classes of the community, and particularly of those whose situation most expose them to such impressions, with a spirit of discontent and disaffection, of insubordination, and contempt of all law, religion, and morality; and to hold out to them the plunder of all property as the main object of their efforts, and the restoration of their natural rights; and no endeavours are omitted to prepare them to take up arms, on the first signal, for accomplishing their designs."

The country societies were pointed out "as principally to be found in, and in the neighbourhood of Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Mansfield, Derby, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Blackburn, Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich, Glasgow, and its vicinity; but," it added, "they extend, and are spreading in some parts of the country, to almost every village." The report of the commons went much over the same ground, dwelling particularly on the Hampden clubs, as avowed engines of revolution. It dwelt on the acts and activity of the leaders, of the numbers which they had seduced and were seducing, the oaths which bound them together, the means prepared for the forcible attainment of their objects, which were the overthrow of all rights of property and all the national institutions, to introduce a reign of general confusion, plunder, and anarchy.

Now, though in some obscure and ignorant parts of the country there were clubs which contemplated the foolish idea of seizing on neighbouring properties, the committees must have been very ill informed to have drawn any such conclusion as to the Hampden clubs, which were organised for parliamentary reform, under the auspices of Sir Francis Burdett, major Cartwright, lord Cochrane, Cobbett, and others. Most of these persons had large properties to be sacrificed by the propagation of any such principles, and the great topics of Cobbett's "Register," the organ through which he communicated with the people, were the necessity of refraining from all violence, and of rising into influence by purely political co-operation. But these reports answered the purposes of the government, and they proceeded to introduce, and succeeded in passing four acts for the suppression of popular opinion. The first was to provide severe punishment for all attempts to seduce the soldiers or sailors from their allegiance; the second to give further safeguards to the person of the sovereign, but did not include the most effectual of all—that of making him beloved; the third was to prevent seditious meetings, and gave great power to the magistrates and police to interfere with any meeting for the most mild reforms; the fourth was the old measure of suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, which armed the magistrates with the fearful authority to arrest and imprison at pleasure, without being compelled to bring the accused to trial. The last of these acts was not passed till the 29th of March, and it was to continue in force only till the 1st of July. But in the meantime events took place which occasioned its renewal.

Within a few days after the first passing of this act—that is, in the first week of March—a body of weavers, said by the government to amount to ten thousand men, but by a more competent authority, Samuel Bamford, the author of the "Life of a Radical," not to have exceeded four or five thousand, met in St. Peter's Field, at Manchester, and commenced a march southward. The intention was to proceed to London, to present to the prince regent, in person, a petition describing their distress. Bamford had been consulted, and had condemned the project as wild, and likely to bring down nothing but trouble on the petitioners. He believed that they were instigated by spies sent out by government, in order to find an opportunity of justifying their arbitrary measures. Suspicious persons had been trying him. But the poor, deluded people assembled, "many of them," says Bamford, "having blankets, rugs, or large coats rolled up, and tied knapsack-like on their backs. Some had papers, supposed to be petitions, rolled up, and some had stout walking-sticks." From their blankets, they afterwards acquired the name of Blanketeers. The magistrates appeared and read the riot act, and dispersed the multitude by soldiers and constables; but three or four hundred fled in the direction of their intended route, and continued their march, pursued by a body of yeomanry. By the time that they reached Macclesfield, at nine o'clock at night, they amounted to only one hundred and eighty; yet many of them persisted in proceeding, but they continually melted away, from hunger and from the misery of lying out in the fields on March nights. By the time that they reached Leek they were reduced to twenty, and six only were known to pass over the bridge at Ashbourne.

This was an attempt as constitutional as it was ignorantly and hopelessly planned by suffering people; but more criminal speculations were on foot. A second report of the lords' secret committee, recommending the renewal of the

suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, stated that a general insurrection was planned to take place at Manchester, on the 30th of March—to seize the magistrates, to liberate the prisoners, burn the soldiers in their barracks, and set fire to a number of factories; and that such proposals were really in agitation is confirmed by Bamford, and other of the radical leaders. The report says that the design was discovered by the vigilance of the magistrates, a few days before its intended taking place; but it is far more probable that the magistrates had received some intimations of what was in progress from those who had misguided the ignorant and the more enlightened workmen at once saw through the snare, and not only repulsed the tempters, but warned their fellows against their arts. The failure of the first attempt, however, did not put an end to the diabolical attempt on the part of the spies. They recommended the most secret meetings for the purpose; that another night attack should be prepared for Manchester, and that ministers should be assassinated. Such proposals were again made to Bamford and his friends, but they not only indignantly repelled them, but sought safety for their own persons in concealment, for there were now continual seizures of leading reformers made.

WILLIAM COBBETT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

multitude. Bamford tells us that both he and his friends had been applied to to engage in the design, but they had condemned it as the work of incendiaries, who had availed themselves of the resentment of the Blanketeers at their treatment, to instigate them to a dreadful revenge. The truth was, a number of spies in the pay of government, with the notorious Oliver at their head, were traversing the manufacturing districts of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, to stimulate the suffering population into open insurrection, that they might be crushed by the military. Bamford

Disappointed in this quarter, the odious race of incendiary spies of government tried their arts, and succeeded in duping some individuals in Yorkshire, and many more in Derbyshire. That the principal government spy, Oliver, was busily engaged in this work of stirring up the ignorant and suffering population to open insurrection from the 17th of April to the 7th of June, when such an outbreak took place in Derbyshire, we have the most complete evidence. Immediately after this unhappy outbreak, on the 10th of June, we have Mr. Ponsonby making remarkable statements. It

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES WITH PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBURG.

was on the 23rd of June, on the debate for renewing the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, that he made them. He had been a member of the secret committee, but had strongly dissented from the opinions of the majority of the committee as to the necessity of the renewal of the suspension. He remarked that Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire had for some years been agitated by violent prejudices against the use of machinery, and that men assembling under the name of Luddites, or followers of Ned Ludd, had repeatedly committed nocturnal acts of such destruction. These proceedings, he properly stated, had no political character whatever, as was fully shown on the trials of eight of the Luddites, at the spring assizes at Leicester, of whom six were convicted of such outrages at Loughborough, and hanged. But it pointed out to government that the materials of insurrection existed in the Midland Counties, if they were duly excited. And here the arch instigator comes to light! This Mr. Oliver had been examined before the secret committee, and the account which he gave of his proceedings was this: he represented that a man, calling himself a delegate, had come up to London to seek the sympathy and co-operation of the London agitators; that this man had received no encouragement from the reformers, but had met with two persons ready to go down with him into the Midland Counties, and to these three Oliver had joined himself as a fourth delegate. This is Mr. Ponsonby's statement: "Before they proceeded on their journey, Oliver was in communication with the home office, but received no instructions to compromise the safety of any one, by tempting them with practices which he afterwards exposed. The co-delegates fully relied on Oliver; the country delegate introduced him to all his friends as a second self. Oliver remained amongst these people from the 17th of April to the 27th of May, everywhere received as the London delegate. He was examined before the secret committee, and told them he was very shy of giving information. What he said was, that London was ready to rise, and only wished to know what assistance could be derived from the country. His friend the country delegate gave effect to this information, by telling his brethren the country delegates that seventy-five thousand individuals could be relied on in the eastern part of the capital, and seventy-five thousand in the western."

There ended Mr. Ponsonby's disclosures; but Oliver was attending a meeting of delegates at Thornhill-lees, near Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, on the 6th of June. He was arrested, with nine others, but he was at large the same evening in Wakefield. It then came out, from a servant of Sir John Byng, commander of the forces in that district, that Oliver had previously been in communication with Sir John, and no doubt obtained his immediate liberation from him on the safe netting of his nine victims. In fact, in a letter from this Sir John Byng (then lord Strafford), in 1846, to the dean of Norwich, he candidly admits that he had received orders from lord Sidmouth to assist the operations of Oliver, who was, his lordship said, going down into that part of the country where meetings were being frequently held, and that Oliver, who carried a letter to Sir John, was to give him all the information that he could, so that he might prevent such meetings. Here, as well as from other sources, we are assured that Oliver only received authority to collect information of the proceedings of the conspirators, and by no means to incite them to illegal acts. We have also the assurance of Mr. Louis Allsop, a distinguished solicitor of Nottingham, that Oliver was in communication with him on the 7th of June, immediately on his return from Yorkshire, and informed him that a meeting was the same evening to take place in Nottingham, and that he and another gentleman strongly urged him to attend it, which Oliver did. Mr. Allsop says that Oliver had no instructions to incite, but only to collect information. All this has been industriously put forward to excuse ministers. But what are the facts? We find Oliver not only—according to evidence which came out on the trials of the unfortunate dupes at Derby—directly stimulating the simple people to insurrection, but joining in deluding them into the persuasion that all London was ready to rise, and that one hundred and fifty thousand from the east and west of the capital only waited for them. We find him not only disseminating these ideas throughout these districts from the 17th of April to the 27th of May, but also to have concerted a simultaneous rising in Yorkshire, at Nottingham, and in Derbyshire, on the 6th of June. Thornhill-lees, in Yorkshire, was on the verge of action, and ten delegates, including Oliver himself, were arrested. In Derbyshire the insurrection actually took place. Yet what did these gentlemen, who bear testimony to the innocent instructions of ministers, to Oliver? They knew that he *had* incited the people to rise, and they none of them, except the magistrates at Dewsbury, attempted to prevent the rising, by making use of Oliver's information and arresting the ringleaders. And then for the ministers, and especially lord Sidmouth, from whom this incendiary directly proceeded: when they came fully to know to what lengths he had gone—when a great number of most simple, ignorant men had been led into outbreak, and many were transported and several were executed for following his suggestions—did they renounce and denounce him? On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he was richly rewarded, and sent into the colonies, out of the reach of the vengeance and the odium which awaited him in England. These facts are sufficient to lay the burden of the guilt of these dark doings on the true shoulders.

What immediately follows shows that Oliver had planned and brought to a crisis, by his personal exertions, this unhappy rising. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Jeremiah Brandreth, a framework-knitter of Nottingham, appeared, with some others, at a public-house, called the White Horse, in the village of Pentrich, in Derbyshire. This village is about fourteen miles from Nottingham, and about a mile from the small market town of Ripley. It is in a district of coal and iron mines, and is near the large iron foundry of Butterley. The working people of the village, and of the neighbouring village of South Wingfield, are chiefly colliers, workers in the iron mines or iron foundry, or agricultural labourers—a race little informed at that day, and therefore capable of being readily imposed on. This Brandreth had been known for years as a fiery agitator. He was a little, dark-haired man, of perhaps thirty years of age. He had been much with Oliver, and was one of his most thorough

dupes, ready for the commission of any desperate deed. He had acquired the cognomen of the "Nottingham captain," and now appeared in an old brown great-coat, with a gun in his hand, and a pistol thrust into an apron, which was rolled round his waist as a belt.

Two of the workmen from Butterley Foundry entered the White Horse, which was kept by a widow Wightman, whose son George was deep in the foolish conspiracy into which Oliver and this his blind, savage tool, the Nottingham captain, were leading him. They found Brandreth with a map before him, and telling them there was no good to be done, they must march up to London and overthrow the government. He said all the country was rising; that at Nottingham the people had already taken the castle and seized the soldiers in their barracks, and were waiting for them. This shows that he had come straight from Oliver, who, on the 7th, was at Nottingham, attending the meeting there, and who knew that the meeting in Yorkshire had been prevented. Yet he had allowed the people of Nottingham to believe that the Yorkshire men were coming, according to agreement, in thousands; and he allowed Brandreth to go and arouse Derbyshire, under the belief that Nottingham that night would be in the hands of the insurgents. So Brandreth was telling these simple villagers that "all the country was to rise at one time—that England, France, and Ireland would rise that night at ten o'clock, and the men of Yorkshire were already coming down in clouds, and would carry all before them." Such was the mad absurdity with which Oliver had filled the ears and the minds of his ignorant victims. Brandreth told these poor fellows that at Nottingham every man would receive a hundred guineas, and then—such was his knowledge of geography, though he had a map in his hand—"they would go down the Trent in boats; and it would be only a journey of pleasure to London."

He then ordered a barrel of gunpowder in, and proceeded to show those present how to make cartridges, repeating some doggerel verses which had been widely circulated, beginning—

> "Every man his luck must try;
> He must turn out, and not deny;
> No bloody soldier must be dread;
> He must turn out, and fight for bread."

They then separated, agreeing to meet again on the morrow after dark. The two men from Butterley Foundry, though special constables, were too much intimidated to mention the matter to their employers. On Monday night, the 9th of June, Brandreth and a knot of his colleagues proceeded to muster their troop of insurgents for the march to Nottingham. They roused up the men in their cottages, and, if they refused to go, they broke in the doors with a crowbar, and compelled them to join them. Most of these unwilling levies slipped away in the dark on the first opportunity. At South Wingfield he assembled his forces in an old barn, and then they proceeded through the neighbourhood demanding men and guns. An old woman had the courage to tap the "captain" on the shoulder, and say—"My lad, we have a magistrate here;" and many of the men thought Brandreth must be mad or drunk. At the farm of widow Hetherinton he demanded her men and arms, and when she stoutly refused him, he put the gun through the window and shot one of her men dead.

As the day dawned, Brandreth and his infatuated troop appeared before the gates of Butterley Foundry, and demanded the men; but Mr. Goodwin, the manager, had been apprised of their approach, and had closed the gates. Brandreth had planned to take Butterley Foundry, and carry away not only the men but a small cannon kept there; but Mr. Goodwin went out and told Brandreth he should not have a man for any such insane purpose, and seeing an old man that he well knew, Isaac Ludlam, who bore a good character, and had been a local preacher amongst the Methodists, he seized him by the collar, and pushed him into the foundry court, telling him not to be a fool, but stay at home. Ludlam, however, replied, "he was as bad as he could be," rushed out, and went on—to his death; for he was one of those executed.

All this time it was raining heavily, and Brandreth, daunted by the weather, or by the courageous conduct of the manager, gave the word to march. The manager calculated that there were only about a hundred of them at this point; but they were soon after joined by another troop from Ripley, and they took two roads, which united about three miles farther on, collecting fresh men by the most direful threats. When they reached Eastwood, a village three or four miles farther on the road to Nottingham, they were said to amount to three hundred, but ragged, famished, drenched with the rain, and not half of them armed, even with rude pikes. Such was the army intended to overturn the government of England! Near Eastwood they were met by a troop of horse from Nottingham, which had been summoned by Mr. Rolleston, a magistrate, and at the sight they fled in confusion. About forty guns and a number of pikes were picked up, and a considerable number of prisoners were made, amongst them Brandreth. These prisoners were afterwards tried at a special assize at Derby. They were defended by Thomas, afterwards Lord Denman, whose eloquence on the occasion raised him at once into notice, and whose generous, gratuitous, and indefatigable exertions on behalf of these simple, ignorant victims of government instigation, showed him to be a man of the noblest nature. Notwithstanding his efforts, twenty of these unhappy dupes were transported for different terms, and three—Brandreth, Ludlam, and Turner—were hanged and then beheaded as traitors.

Bamford—who had himself been, in the meantime, arrested at Middleton, in Lancashire, and conveyed to London with a number of others, where he was five times examined by the privy council, and by lord Sidmouth himself, but, no charge being proved against him, was discharged on the 30th of April—gives us, in his "Life of a Radical," a curious proof of the extensive operations of Oliver. Scarcely had he returned home when he found the tempter busy in that quarter. Joseph Mitchell, an old acquaintance, and a stranger were going about planning meetings, and one day an old man, who had been a delegate from Derby to London, where he had himself gone up in that character from Middleton, came to him with a young man looking like a weaver, and informed him that a meeting was about to take place in Yorkshire, which would give a finishing blow to

the borough-mongers. Bamford gave them a very cold reception, and advised the old man to let those things alone, but "he huffed at the advice." This old man was Thomas Bacon, one of the very men engaged with Brandreth at Pentrich, and who was transported for life; the young man with him was William Turner, one of the three executed at Derby; "and," adds Bamford, emphatically, "the *stranger* whom Joseph Mitchell had so industriously introduced amongst the discontented classes of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, who first inveigled them into treasonable associations, then to armed insurrections, and then betrayed them—that stranger, that betrayer, reader, was Oliver, the spy!"

Such were the means employed by the British government in 1817 to quieten the country under its distress—a distress the inevitable result of the long and stupendous war carried on for the restoration of foreign despotic monarchs. No feeling of commiseration seems to have existed in the bosoms of ministers for the miseries of the millions thus plunged into destitution by the reckless expenditure for these un-English wars. The only idea was to tighten the reins of government — to stimulate the sufferers into overt acts, and then crush them. Fortunately—with the exception of the Derby juries, who were chiefly farmers out of the Peak, who came from the sowing of their turnips ignorant of politics as the cattle on their hills, and were alarmed into severity by the florid harangues of the attorney-general on plots, and seditions, and traitors—the juries in general saw through the miserable farce of rebellion, and discharged the greater part of Oliver's and lord Sidmouth's victims. Watson was acquitted of high treason in London on the 16th of June, less than a week after the Derbyshire insurrection. His son had eluded the pursuit of the police. Seventeen prisoners on the like charges were liberated in July in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and were paid seven shillings each to carry them home. On the 22nd of August, of the twenty-four persons that Oliver had entrapped in Yorkshire, twenty-two were discharged—against eleven of them no bills being found by the grand jury—and the two left in prison were detained there because, under the suppression of the *habeas corpus* act, they were not brought up for trial. The Manchester Blanketeers were, in like manner, all discharged, though the duke of Northumberland did his utmost to stimulate lord Sidmouth to get them punished; his grace seeing in their miserable march a resemblance to the march of the armed and desperate Marsellois to Paris, in the early days of the French revolution. On the country at large, the impression was that the government had propagated a most needless alarm, and that those who had fallen on the scaffold had been exalted by them from poor, ignorant labourers into burlesque traitors, through the execrable agency of their incendiaries, Oliver, Castles, Mitchell, and others.

But the government had to receive another lesson this year on the folly of endeavouring, in the nineteenth century, to crush the liberties of Englishmen. There was an organ called the *Press*, which, neither partaking the governmental fears of a necessary complaint by the public of the evils which preyed upon it, nor the governmental hopes of silencing the sufferers without any attempt to mitigate their calamities, reported freely the mingled folly and cruelty of ministers, and called for the only remedy of the country's misfortunes—reform. The government and its supporters then turned on this troublesome engine. It was a foolish act, for that iron-man represented by Spenser in his "Fairy Queen" by the name of Talus, had broken the heads and prostrated the efforts of much abler men on many a former occasion. On moving the second reading of the bill for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, lord Sidmouth observed that some noble lords had complained that the authors and publishers of infamous libels on the government were not prosecuted. He assured them that the government were quite as anxious as these noble lords to punish the offenders, but that the law officers of the crown were greatly puzzled in their attempts to deal with them; that authors had now become so skilful from experience, that the difficulties of convicting them exceeded those of any former time.

It would seem that the law officers of the crown despaired of proceeding in the old way, but they, or the ministers themselves, hit on a new and more daring one. On the 27th of March the secretary of state addressed a circular letter to the lords-lieutenant of counties, informing them that the law officers were of opinion that a justice of the peace may issue warrants to apprehend persons charged with the publication of political libels, and compel them to give bail; and he required the lords-lieutenant to communicate this opinion to the ensuing quarter sessions, that all magistrates might act upon it. This was the most daring attack on the liberty of the subject which had been made in England since the days of the Stuarts. There was not a man now living in the kingdom who might not, under the operation of the *habeas corpus* suspension act, at any moment, be dragged from his family and business, and lodged in a dungeon, without power of compelling the magistrates to bring him to trial. And now this law was particularly directed against the proprietors of the press. Not a syllable could be uttered that ministers might deem offensive, without the utterer of it being liable to be arrested and imprisoned, and the action of his press stopped. It was truly called a "gagging" measure. Thus was the whole race of ignorant and hot-headed country justices, who knew little beyond dogs and horses, made the judges of all the subtleties and delicacies of literature, and even a well-affected poet like Coleridge, humming his verses on the Quantoc Hills, was put into jeopardy by one of them. Lord Grey, on the 12th of May, made a most zealous and able speech in the house of lords against this proceeding, denouncing the investment of justices of the peace with the power to decide beforehand questions which might puzzle the acutest juries, and to arrest and imprison for what might turn out to be no offence at all. He said:—"If such be the power of the magistrate, and if this be the law, where, I ask, are all the boasted securities of our independence and freedom?"

But, from the correspondence of lord Sidmouth, since published, he was at this moment glorying in this expedient, and triumphing in its imagined success. He said the charge of having put such power into the hands of magistrates, he would do his best and most constant endeavour to deserve; and that already the activity of the dealers in libellous matter

was much diminished. He had, in truth, struck a deadly terror to the hearts of the stoutest patriots, who saw no prospect but ruin and incarceration if they dared to speak the truth. The great Cobbett himself fled, and got over to America. In taking leave of his readers, in his "Register" of March 28th, he gave his reasons for escaping from the storm:—"Lord Sidmouth was 'sorry to say' that I had not written anything that the law of offences could prosecute with any chance of success. I do not remove," he continued, "for the purpose of writing libels, but for the purpose of being able to write what is not libellous. I do not retire from the combat with the attorney-general, but from a combat with a dungeon, deprived of pen, ink, and paper. A combat with the attorney-general is quite unequal enough; that, however, I would have encountered. I know too well what a trial by special jury is; yet that, or any sort of trial, I would stand to face. So that I could be sure of a trial of whatever sort, I would have run the risk; but against the absolute power of imprisonment, without even a hearing, for time unlimited, in any gaol in the kingdom, without the use of pen, ink, and paper, and without communication with any soul but the keepers—against such a power it would have been worse than madness to attempt to strive."

Nor were the fears of Cobbett imaginary. The ministry at this time were such fanatics in tyranny, that they would have rejoiced to have thus caged the great political lion, and kept him in silence. At this very moment they had pounced upon one who was equally clever in his way, and who had, perhaps, annoyed them still more, but whom they did not so much fear to bring into a court of justice. This was William Hone, who had for some time been making them the laughing-stock of the whole nation by his famous parodies. Hone was a poor bookseller in the Old Bailey, who had spent his life in the quest after curious books, and in the accumulation of more knowledge than wealth. His parodies had first brought him into notice, and it did not appear a very formidable thing for the government to try and commit a secluded book-worm, who was not even able to fee counsel in his defence. Lord Grey, on the 12th of May, made the public aware that the man who had lately so much amused them, was laid hands upon by those whom he had so severely ridiculed, and committed to prison. He asked whether ministers were intending to prosecute other parodists, whether they happened to be in the cabinet or out of it; and he recited a portion of Canning's parody of the *Benedicite*—"Praise Lepaux"—and passages in the book of Job, which had been published in the "Anti-Jacobin." This was because it was the intention of government to prosecute Hone, not for the parodies on themselves—the real offence—but for others on the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, &c., so as to excite the religious world against him as a blasphemer. His trial did not come on till the 18th of December, and then it was evident that the man of satirical fun meant to make a stout fight. He sent into court whole boxes of books, but they were not such books as are usually seen on the table of a court of justice; but old dingy folios, tattered octavos, and crumpled yellow pamphlets. When the parodist was summoned, there did not appear in him anything at which lawyers, in their smart gowns and their calf-skin bound law-books, need dread. He was a pale, quiet-looking man, of middle age, in a very threadbare coat, and with an air that betrayed the absent and cogitating, rather than the alert and ready-witted one, prompt to seize and turn everything to his advantage. The judge was Mr. justice Abbot, and the attorney-general Sir Samuel Shepherd, who, from their manner of surveying the accused, did not apprehend much difficulty in obtaining a verdict against him. But they very soon discovered their mistake. The charge against Hone was for having published a profane and impious libel upon the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, thereby bringing into contempt the Christian religion. The special indictment was for the publication of the late John Wilkes's catechism. The attorney-general did not very judiciously commence his charge, for he admitted that he did not believe that Hone meant to ridicule religion, but to produce a telling political squib. This let out the whole gist of the prosecution, though that was very well perceived by most people before; and it was in vain that he went on to argue that the mischief was just the same. Hone opened his own defence with the awkwardness and timidity natural to a man who has passed his life amid books, and not in courts; but he managed to complain of his imprisonment, his harsh treatment, of his poverty in not being able to fee counsel, of the expense of copies of the informations against him, and of the haste, at last, with which he had been called to plead. The judge repeatedly interrupted him, with a mild sort of severity, and the spectators were expecting him to make a short and ineffective defence. Hone, on the contrary, began to show more boldness and pertinacity. He began to open his books, and to read parody after parody of former times. In vain Mr. justice Abbot and the attorney-general stopped him, and told him that he was not to be allowed to add to his offence by producing other instances of the crime in other persons. But Hone told them that he was accused of putting parodies on sacred things into his books, and it was out of his books he must defend himself. He asserted that it was no crime in him not to be a churchman; it was enough that he was a Christian, and held in reverence the doctrines of Christianity as much as any one in that court. Would they venture to call such men as he could name, authors of famous parodies on sacred things, blasphemers? and again he began to read. Again Mr. justice Abbot desired him not to read such things; but he went on, only remarking:—"My lord, your lordship's observation is in the very spirit of what pope Leo the Tenth said to Martin Luther—'For God's sake don't say a word about the indulgences and the monasteries, and I will give you a living'—thus precluding him from mentioning the very thing in dispute. I must go on with these parodies, or I cannot go on with my defence." And he went on quoting from such an ocean of books, that the lawyers found themselves quite out of their depth, and all their ordinary weapons—statutes and precedents—knocked out of their hands. The poor, pale, threadbare retailer of old books was now warmed into eloquence, and stood in the most unquestionable ascendancy on the floor of the court, reading and commenting as though he would go on for ever; and he did go on for six hours. He declared that the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" was a parodist—he parodied a chapter

of Ezekiel; Martin Luther was a parodist—he parodied the first Psalm; bishop Latimer was a parodist; so was Dr. Boys, dean of Canterbury; so was the author of the "Rolliad;" so was Mr. Canning. He proved all that he said by reading passages from the authors, and he concluded by saying that he did not believe that any of these writers meant to ridicule the Scriptures, and that he could not, therefore, see why he should be supposed to do so more than they. Nay, he had done what they never did: as soon as he was aware that his parodies had given offence he suppressed them—and that long ago, not waiting till he was prosecuted. They, in fact, were prosecuting him for what he had voluntarily and long ago suppressed. The attorney-general, in reply, asserted that it would not save the defendant, that he had quoted Martin Luther and Dr. Boys, for he must pronounce them both libellous. The judge charged the jury as if it were their sacred duty to find the defendant guilty; but, after only a quarter of an hour's deliberation, they acquitted him.

This signal and unexpected defeat seemed to rouse the government to a fresh effort for victory over the triumphant bookseller. The lord chief justice Ellenborough, who was not accustomed to let juries and the accused off so easily, rose from his sick bed, where he was fast drifting towards the close of his career. Abbot did not seem to him, or to ministers, firm and stern enough to deal with this man, who had turned out so able and pertinacious. The defendant was called into court the next morning, the 19th of December. There sate Ellenborough, with a severe and determined air. Abbot sate by his side. Hone this time was charged with having published an impious and profane libel, called, "The Litany, or General Supplication." The attorney-general again asserted that, whatever might be the intention of the defendant, the publication had the effect of bringing into contempt the service of the church. Hone opened his books to recommence the reading of parallel productions of a former day, or by persons high in esteem in the church, but this was precisely what the invalid lord chief justice had left his bed to prevent. He told the defendant to confine himself to the charge against him, and that the court could not allow of the introduction of an endless amount of matter, which, if it inculpated others, did not excuse him; and he gave the defendant to understand that he would not permit the court to be trifled with. But here the lord chief justice found no yielding on the part of the accused. He contended that he had a right to show that publications like his own had long and invariably been tolerated by the government, and approved by the public, and that was his legitimate defence. The judge sternly ordered him to refrain, and to plead directly to the charge; but Hone stood firm, and bearded the old legal lion with a spirit that rose not only into parity with that of the impetuous old judge, but above it. He not only insisted upon his rights, but complained of his wrongs. He denounced the system of *ex-officio* informations, asserted his claim to copies of the indictment against him, without the extravagant charges which had been made, and commented strongly on Fox's libel bill. The judge told him all that was beside the mark, but Hone would not allow that it was so, opened his books, and read on in spite of all attempts to stop him. Never had Ellenborough, not even in his strongest and best days, been so stoutly encountered; scarcely ever had such a scene been witnessed in the memory of man. The spectators showed an intense interest in the combat, for such it was, and it was evident that the general sympathy went with the accused, who put forth such extraordinary and unlooked-for power. The exhausted chief justice was compelled to give way, and Hone went on reading one parody after another, and dwelt especially on the parodies of the Litany which the cavaliers wrote to ridicule the puritan roundheads. When he had done, the lord chief justice addressed the jury in a strain of strong direction to find a verdict for the crown. He said "he would deliver the jury his solemn opinion, as he was required by the act of parliament to do; and under the authority of that act, and still more in obedience to his conscience and his God, he pronounced this to be a most impious and profane libel. Believing and hoping that they, the jury, were Christians, he had no doubt but they would be of the same opinion." This time the solemn and severe energy of the lord chief justice seemed to have made an impression on part of the jury, for they took an hour and a half to determine their verdict, but they again returned one of Not Guilty. Here, had the government been wise, they would have stopped; but they were not contented without experiencing a third defeat. The next morning, the 20th of December, they returned to the charge, with an indictment against Mr. Hone for publishing a parody on the Athanasian Creed, called, "The Sinecurist's Creed." The old chief justice was again on the bench, apparently as resolved as ever, and this time the defendant, on entering the court, appeared pale and exhausted, as he well might, for he had put forth exertions and powers of mind which had astonished the whole country, and excited the deepest interest. The attorney-general humanely offered to postpone the trial, but the defendant preferred to go on. He only begged for a few minutes' delay, to enable him to put down a few notes on the attorney-general's address, after that was delivered; but the chief justice would not allow him this trifling favour, but said, if the defendant would make a formal request for the purpose, he would put off the trial for a day. This would have injured the cause of the defendant, by making it appear that he was in some degree worsted, and, fatigued as he was, he replied, promptly, "No! I make no such request." And he then read lord Ellenborough a very proper lesson. "My lord," he said, "I am glad to see your lordship here to-day, because I feel that I sustained an injury from your lordship yesterday—an injury which I did not expect to sustain. If your lordship should think proper, on this trial to-day, to deliver your opinion, I hope that opinion will be coolly and dispassionately expressed. My lord, I think it necessary to make a stand here. I cannot say what your lordship may consider to be necessary interruption; but your lordship interrupted me a great many times yesterday, and then said you would interrupt me no more, and yet your lordship did interrupt ten times as much." Then, turning to the jury, he said, "Gentlemen, it is you who are trying me to-day. His lordship is no judge of me. You are my judges, and you only are my judges. His lordship sits there to receive your verdict. I will not say what his lordship did yesterday, but trust his

lordship to-day will give his opinion coolly and dispassionately, without using either expression or gesture which could be construed as conveying an entreaty to the jury to think as he did. I hope the jury will not be beseeched into a verdict of guilty."

William Hone, on this third trial, once more seemed to forget his past fatigues, and rose with a strength that completely cowed the old and fiery judge. He did not desist till he had converted his dictatorial manner into a suppliant one. After quoting many eminent churchmen as dissenters from the Athanasian Creed, and amongst them Warburton and Tillotson, he added, "Even his lordship's father, the bishop of Carlisle, he believed, took a similar view of this creed." This was coming too near; and the judge said, "Whatever that opinion was, he has gone, many years ago, where he has had to account for his belief and his opinions. For common delicacy, forbear." "O, my lord," replied the satisfied defendant, "I shall certainly forbear." The judge had profited by the lesson to-day: he gave a much more temperate charge to the jury, and they required only twenty minutes to return the third and final victory of Not Guilty.

Never had this arbitrary government suffered so withering a defeat. The sensation throughout the country was immense. The very next day lord Ellenborough sent in his announcement of retiring from the bench, and in a very short time he retired from this world altogether, it being a settled conviction of the public mind that the mortification of such a putting down, by a man whom he rose from his sick-bed to extinguish, tended materially to hasten that departure.

GEORGE FREDERICK, THE PRINCE REGENT.

The acquittal of Hone was the more unexpected because a printer in the country, who had republished one of Hone's parodies, was tried and readily found guilty. The government, therefore, could scarcely entertain a doubt that a jury of respectable London merchants would quickly decide against publications ridiculing the established church. But these merchants were shrewd men of the world, and could

not be blinded to the fact that the real offence was kept in the background, and that Hone might have written parodies on creeds and catechisms with as much impunity as George Canning, had he not stung ministers by satire, only too just, on their despotism, nepotism, and extravagance. Ministers had not even now done with Hone. They had conferred on him immense popularity; they had made him formidable; and he went on attacking them and the prince regent in a succession of stinging squibs—"The Political House that York Built" (1819); "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder" (1820); "The Political Showman" (1821), in which lord Sidmouth figured as the *Doctor*—his father having been one—and Nicholas Vansittart, the chancellor of the exchequer, as *Old Bags*. A large sum was raised for him by public subscription, to indemnify him for the expenses of the trials, and to establish him as a bookseller.

The only matters of interest debated in parliament during this year, except that of the discontent in the country, were a long debate on catholic emancipation, in the month of May, which was negatived by a majority of only twenty-four, showing that that question was progressing towards its goal; and a motion of lord Castlereagh for the gradual abolition of sinecures. This intimated some slight impression of the necessity to do something to abate the public dissatisfaction, but it was an impression only on the surface. This ministry was too much determined to maintain the scale of war expenditure to which they had been accustomed to make any real retrenchment. A committee appointed to consider the scheme, recommended the abolition of sinecures to the amount of fifty-four thousand pounds per annum, but neutralised the benefit by recommending instead, a pension-list of forty-two thousand pounds per annum. The country received the amendment with disgust and derision.

The year, gloomy in itself from the dislocation of trade and the discontent of the people, terminated still more gloomily from another cause—the death of the princess Charlotte. This event, wholly unexpected, was a startling shock to the whole nation. This amiable and accomplished princess was not yet twenty-two. She had been married only in May, 1816, to prince Leopold of Coburg, and died on the 5th of November of this year, a few hours after being delivered of a still-born child. What rendered the event the more painful was, that her death was attributed to neglect by her accoucheur, Sir Richard Croft. Dr. Baillie, who saw her soon after her confinement, refused to join in the issue of a bulletin which the other medical men had prepared, stating that she was going on well, and a few hours proved the fatal correctness of his opinion. Sir Richard Croft, overwhelmed by the public indignation and his own feelings, soon after destroyed himself.

No prince or princess for a long time had excited so many hopes, and won so strongly on the affections of the nation. She showed great talent in the acquisition of the branches of education and accomplishment usually conferred on ladies of her rank. She excelled in music and dancing, and spoke with fluency the chief languages of Europe; but she was not contented with these acquisitions, but pursued on system those branches of information, history, statistics, &c., which were particularly calculated to enable her to discharge ably and justly the duties of that illustrious throne to which she stood the heiress. Her disposition was frank and amiable; she had chosen her husband, not from state policy, but pure affection; and the general excellence of his character, his prudence and liberality of sentiment, which have been amply displayed on the throne of Belgium, justified the very highest hopes of the nation. The people saw in her a future queen, with the vigour, unaccompanied by the vices and tyrannies, of Elizabeth. She had taken the part of her mother against the treatment of her father, and this was another cause which drew towards her the affections of the people. All these hopes were extinguished in a moment, and the whole nation was plunged into sorrow and consternation, the more so that, notwithstanding the twelve children of George III., there had only been this single grandchild, and several of his sons remained unmarried.

The year 1818 commenced gloomily. On the 27th of January parliament was opened by a speech, drawn up for the prince regent, but read by the lord chancellor. The first topic was, of course, the severe loss which the country and the prince had sustained in the death of the princess Charlotte. It was only too well known that the prince and his daughter had not for some time been on very cordial terms, the princess having taken the part of her mother; and the vicious and voluptuous life of the regent did not probably leave much depth of paternal affection in his nature, which had originally been generous and capable of better things. It was remarked by Mr. Ward, afterwards lord Dudley and Ward, that the mention of the princess "was rather dry—sulky, rather than sad." But the death of his only legitimate issue, and that at the moment that she might have been expected to give a continued succession to the throne, was a severe blow to him. There was an end of all succession in his line. He stood now unsupported by the hopeful connection with his daughter's affectionate regard in the country, and he was ill able to bear the loss of any causes of popularity. He received a severe shock; and it was only by copious bleeding that he was saved from dangerous consequences; yet, so little was the depth of his trouble, that within three months of his loss he attended a dinner given by the Prussian ambassador, and entertained the company with a song.

The rest or the speech consisted of endeavours to represent the country as in a prosperous condition; to have escaped from insurrection by the vigilance and wisdom of ministers, and to have recovered the elasticity of commerce. No amendment was moved to the address in either house, but not the less did the conduct of ministers escape some animadversion. In the peers, lord Lansdowne ridiculed the alarms which had been raised regarding the movements in Derbyshire, which, he said, had not been at all participated in by the working population at large, and had been put down by eighteen dragoons. He contended that there was no evidence of any correspondence with these conspirators in other quarters; but this was notoriously incorrect, for there had been a correspondence in Lancashire and Yorkshire, a correspondence especially disgraceful to the ministers, for it was on the part of their own incendiary agents. He observed truly, however, that the insurrection, as it was called, had by no means justified the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, for it could have been most readily put

down without it by the regular course of law. In the commons, Sir Samuel Romilly thought that the Derbyshire insurrectionists had been very properly brought to trial; for Brandreth had committed a murder, and, therefore, those who acted with him were, in the eye of the law, equally guilty. But if they were properly brought to trial, there were others who ought still more properly to have been brought to trial too—the very men whom government had sent out, and who had aroused these poor people into insurrection by false and treacherous statements. There was no justice in trying and punishing the victims, and screening their own agents; and this was what government had done, and was still doing. It is in vain, therefore, that their defenders contend that they gave no authority to Oliver and the other spies to excite the people to outbreak: these spies having notoriously done it, they still protected and *rewarded* them, and thus made themselves responsible for their whole guilt. If they had not authorised the worst part of the conduct of the spies, they now acted as though they had, and thus morally assumed the onus of these detestable proceedings.

One thing immediately resulted from the pœans of ministers on the flourishing state of the country—the repeal of the suspension bill. The opposition at once declared that if the condition of the country was as ministers described it, there could be no occasion for the continuance of this suppression of the constitution; and accordingly a bill for the repeal of the suspension act was at once brought in and passed by the lords on the 28th, and by the commons on the 29th of January.

In seconding the address in the commons, Mr. Wyndham Quin had drawn a very flattering picture of the state of the nation. He said, "The country felt an increased circulation in every artery, in every channel of its commerce. Last year the fires were extinguished in most of the iron-works; now they are in full activity, and the price of iron has risen from eight or nine to about fourteen pounds a ton. The demand for linen—the staple of the north of Ireland—is unprecedented, both as to quality and price. The funds are now eighty; last year they were about sixty-three. Money is most abundant, and when lent on mortgage at good security, lowering in rate of interest, and to be had at four and a half per cent.; at the same time that sales of land are effected at better prices than last year."

Now, much of this at the moment was true; the manufacturers were naturally anxious to resume their business, and a fall in the price of corn, after the plentiful harvest of 1817, to seventy-four shillings and sixpence, relieved a little the pressure on the working classes. Could cheap bread have been secured, the condition of the people might soon have become easy; but the fatal Corn Law came immediately into operation. By the end of 1817 corn had risen in price again to eighty-five shillings and fourpence; and then the ports were opened, but the supplies did not bring down the markets. The spring of 1818 proved wet, and then about the middle of May a drought set in, and continued till September, so that the apprehensions of a deficient harvest kept up the price of all articles of life, notwithstanding a million and a half quarters of wheat being imported during the year. So long as bread was tolerably cheap, and work more abundant, political agitations in the manufacturing districts subsided; but it was soon proved that the apparent increase of activity in manufacturing and commercial exports was but a feverish desire on the part of manufacturers and merchants to force a trade for which the exhausted continent was not yet prepared. Nothing but a free importation of corn could have carried the country tolerably through this crisis; and this was denied by the measures of government, except at a rate of price that put the proper consumption of bread beyond the means of the working classes.

Meantime ministers, anxious to exonerate themselves from the odium so fully their due for fomenting insurrection, commenced parliamentary inquiries, which only the more clearly demonstrated their guilt. On the 2nd of February the celebrated green bag was sent down by the prince regent to the lords, and another green bag on the following day to the commons. These green bags—or, rather, this green bag, for they were classed as one by the public, their contents being one—make a great figure in the newspaper comments of the time. They were stuffed with documents regarding the late extraordinary powers assumed by ministers, and the occurrences in the Midland Counties which had been held to justify them. No doubt the papers had been carefully selected, and they were now submitted to a secret committee of each house, which, being named by ministers, were pretty sure to bring in reports accordingly. On the 23rd the committee of the lords brought up its report, and on the 27th the commons produced theirs. As might have been expected from their parentage, there was a striking likeness in the offspring of the committees; they were veritable twins. Both travelled over the same ground; the statements made by the secret committee of 1816 averring that schemes of conspiracy were in agitation, and the events of 1817, particularly in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, as fully confirming these averments. They were compelled, however, to confess that the insurrections, though clearly connected in different counties, in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, were not very formidable, and that the mass of the population in those counties did not at all sanction, much less second, such proceedings. Yet, notwithstanding this confession, the fact stood before the public, that under the arbitrary measures of ministers a great number of persons had been arrested and thrown into prison, against whom no charge could be established; and that at Derby three had been executed, and twenty others transported or imprisoned for long terms, and those, every one of them, through the acts and incitements of the emissaries of the ministers themselves. On the motion for printing the report of the commons, which, of course, justified the ministers, Mr. Tierney said that it was scarcely worth while to oppose the printing of "a document so absurd, contemptible, and ludicrous."

But ministers were too sensible of the unconstitutional character of their deeds to rest satisfied with the new justification of an accepted report. A bill of indemnity was introduced to cover "all persons who had in 1817 taken any part in apprehending, imprisoning, or detaining in custody persons suspected of high treason, or treasonable practices, and in the suppression of tumultuous and unlawful

assemblies." The ministers were shielded thus under general terms, and to avoid all appearance of a personal movement in this matter, by those in the cabinet the most immediately active, the bill was introduced by the duke of Montrose, the master of the horse.

There was an energetic debate in each house as the bill passed through. It was opposed in the peers by lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Erskine, but was carried by ninety-three against twenty-seven. Ten peers entered a strong protest on the journals against the measure, denying the traitorous conspiracy or the extensive disaffection to the government alleged, affirming that the execution of the ordinary laws would have been amply sufficient, and that ministers were not entitled to indemnity for causeless arrests and long imprisonments which had taken place, for the bill went to protect them in decidedly illegal acts. In the house of commons the bill was strongly opposed by Brougham, Tierney, Mr. Lambton—afterwards lord Durham—and Sir Samuel Romilly. They condemned the conduct of ministers in severe language, while the bill was supported by Canning, by Mr. Lamb—afterwards lord Melbourne, who generally went with the other side—by Sir William Garrow, attorney-general, and Sir Samuel Shepherd, solicitor-general. It was on this debate that Canning gave such offence to the liberal part of the nation, by ridiculing the infirmity of one of the persons who had petitioned parliament for redress for their false imprisonment. This was a Mr. Ogden, who had the misfortune to have a rupture, and Canning described him as "the revered and ruptured Ogden." It was a sarcasm on a human ailment which drew down on the speaker the just indignation of the public.

Ministers carried their indemnity in the commons by one hundred and sixty-two against sixty-nine; but this did not prevent a prolongation of the demands of the reformers for a searching inquiry into their employment of the spies. Many petitions were presented to the house of commons for this inquiry—one of them from Samuel Bamford, who had been a sufferer by imprisonment. On the 3rd of February Hone's case was brought forward by William Smith, of Norwich; on the 10th, lord Archibald Hamilton made a motion for inquiry into similar prosecutions of persons in Scotland, and especially of Andrew M'Kinley, and this was supported by Sir Samuel Romilly and others, but rejected; yet the next day Mr. Fazakerley made a demand for a rigid inquiry into the employment of the spies, and for ascertaining whether they really had executed their instructions. Here was an opportunity for ministers to clear themselves, were they really innocent of sending them out to excite as well as to discover conspirators. There was a violent debate, but the motion was rejected by one hundred and eleven against fifty-two. The discussion left no doubt whatever of the employment of Oliver and others, and this fact being put beyond dispute, ministers should, in self-vindication, have cleared themselves, if they were guiltless, as their friends pretended: they did not do it. On the 17th lord Folkstone moved for inquiry into the treatment in prison of Mr. Ogden and others, and a similar motion was made on the 19th, in the lords, by the earl of Carnarvon. In both these cases ministers, instead of courting inquiry, resented it, and closed the door of investigation by large majorities. Lords Sidmouth, Bathurst, and Liverpool were prominent in staving off these inquiries; and lords Grosvenor, King, and Holland were earnest in urging on them the necessity of such inquiry for their own good fame. Lord Stanley, now the earl of Derby, put this in the strongest light. He said, "He thought ministers had been much calumniated, but they would be most so by themselves if they refused to inquire into those acts, when inquiry, according to their own statements, would fully acquit them of the charges laid against them." This was so self-evident, that the fact that they would not admit this inquiry might, were there no other grounds for decision, be taken as positive proof of their guilt. But it is not likely that Oliver and his comrades, who were for months in daily communication with ministers whilst on their detestable missions, would have dared so far to have exceeded their orders, or, had they done it, that they would have been protected at the expense of the reputations of ministers themselves, and rewarded into the bargain. The instructions to these men were undoubtedly of too dark a character to be produced in open daylight.

Amid this melancholy manifestation of a convicted, yet dogged, treason against the people on the part of their rulers, many motions for reform and improvements in our laws were brought forward. On the part of Mr. Sturges Bourne, a committee brought in a report recommending three bills for the improvement of the poor-law: one for the establishment of select vestries, one for a general reform of the poor-law, and one for revising the law of settlement. On the part of Henry Brougham, a bill was introduced for appointment of commissioners to inquire into the condition of the charities in England for the education of the poor. There were many attempts to reform the criminal law, in which Sir Samuel Romilly especially exerted himself. One of these was to take away the penalty of death from the offence of stealing from a shop to the value of five shillings, another was to prevent arrests for libel before indictment was found, and another, by Sir James Mackintosh, to inquire into the forgery of Bank of England notes. There was a bill brought in by Mr. Wynn to amend the election laws; and one for alterations in the law of tithes, by Mr. Curwen; another by Sir Robert Peel, father of the late great statesman, for limiting the hours of labour in cotton and other factories; a bill to amend the law of bankruptcy, and a bill to amend the copyright act, by Sir Egerton Brydges; and finally a bill for parliamentary reform, introduced by Sir Francis Burdett, and supported by lord Cochrane, the late gallant earl of Dundonald. All of these were thrown out, except the select vestries bill, Brougham's bill to inquire into the public charities, a bill for rewarding apprehenders of highway robbers and other offenders, and a bill granting a million of money to build new churches. The cause of reform found little encouragement from the parliamentary majorities of the Sidmouths, Liverpools, and Castlereaghs. This list of rejections of projects of reform was far from complete; a long succession followed. The Scotch came with a vigorous demand, made on their behalf by lord Archibald Hamilton, for a sweeping reform of their burghs. Municipal reform was equally needed, both in Scotland and

England. The whole system was flagrantly corrupt. Many boroughs were sinking into bankruptcy; and the elections of their officers were conducted on the most arbitrary and exclusive principles. The Scotch had agitated this question before the outbreak of the French revolution, but that and the great war issuing out of it had swamped the agitation altogether. It was now revived, but only to meet with a defeat like a score of other measures quite as needful. Lord Archibald Hamilton asked for the abolition of the Scotch commissary courts, in conformity to the recommendation of a commission of inquiry in 1808; General Thornton called for the repeal of certain religious declarations to be made in taking office; and Dr. Phillimore for amendment of the marriage act of 1753; and numerous demands for the repeal of taxes, of one kind or another, all met the same fate of refusal.

The time fixed by law for the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England was the 5th of the coming July. Ministers were now asked whether this was really to take place, and they returned this extraordinary and oracular answer:—That the bank had made ample preparations for resuming its payments in cash at the time fixed by parliament, and that the government knew of nothing in the internal state of the country, or in its political relations with foreign powers, which would render it expedient to continue the restriction; but there was reason to believe that pecuniary arrangements of foreign powers were going on, of such a nature and extent as might probably make it necessary to continue the restriction some time longer. This declaration was received by the house with astonishment; but it turned out that the governments of France and Russia were about to raise extensive loans, and were offering such high interest as would infallibly draw a vast amount of specie out of this country.

The budget of this year, as a year of peace, bore some small diminution. Last year the supplies voted had been twenty-two millions three hundred and four thousand six hundred and ninety-one pounds; this year they were twenty-one million eleven thousand pounds; but the interest of the debt had been swelled up by war to nearly thirty million pounds, so that the annual expenditure of the nation had now reached the formidable sum of upwards of fifty million pounds. And this was likely to be increased, for the floating debt had grown to sixty-three million pounds; and it was proposed to add twenty-seven million pounds to the already astounding funded debt. This was the prospect of permanent taxation which the indulgence in other people's wars had left for the contemplation of the British people.

The death of the princess Charlotte left the prospect of the succession to the crown equally serious. Of the numerous sons and daughters of George III. not one had legitimate issue. It might be necessary soon to look abroad in Germany or in Denmark for an heir to the crown. This consideration led to a number of royal marriages during the earlier part of this year. The first of these marriages was not of this description. It was that of the princess Elizabeth, his majesty's third daughter, to the landgrave and hereditary prince of Hesse-Homburg, on the 7th of April. As the princess was already nearly eight-and-forty, no expectation of issue in that quarter was entertained. On the 13th of April lord Liverpool brought down a message from the regent to the peers, and lord Castlereagh to the commons, announcing treaties of marriage in progress between the duke of Clarence and the princess Adelaide Louisa, of Saxe Meiningen; and also between the Duke of Cambridge and the princess Augusta Wilhelmina, of Hesse, youngest daughter of the landgrave of Hesse. The house of commons was also asked to add an additional ten thousand pounds a-year to the allowance of the duke of Clarence, and six thousand pounds a-year each to those of the dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, and to that of the duke of Kent, if he, too, should marry. Ministers intimated that it had been the intention to ask much larger sums, but they found that it was necessary to reduce the sum asked for the duke of Clarence. It was a matter of notoriety that the duke had already a large family by the actress, Mrs. Jordan, and probably the feeling of the house was influenced by his desertion of that lady; but there was a stout opposition, and the sum was reduced to six thousand pounds. Loud acclamations followed the carrying of this amendment, and lord Castlereagh rose and said, after the refusal of the sum asked, he believed he might say that the negotiation for the marriage might be considered at an end. The next day the duke sent a message declining the sum granted; yet, after all, his marriage took place. The duke of Cumberland was already married to the princess Frederica Sophia, the daughter of the duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who had been divorced from Frederick Louis, prince of Prussia, and was the widow of a second husband, the prince of Solms Braunfels. The duke of Cumberland was one of the most unpopular men in the kingdom, and that with all parties, for there were rumours of very dark passages in his life, and parliament had rejected an application for an additional allowance on his marriage; and it now rejected this application, and that amid much applause. The sum asked for the duke of Cambridge was carried, but not without considerable opposition.

On the 13th of May came down a message, announcing the approaching marriage of the duke of Kent with the daughter of the duke of Saxe Coburg, Mary Louisa Victoria, the sister of prince Leopold, and widow of Emrich Charles, the prince of Leiningen. The princess was already the mother of a son and daughter. The nation was extremely favourable to this match. The duke of Kent was popular, and the more so that he had always been treated with unnatural harshness by his father. He had been put under the care of an old martinet general in Hanover, who had received a large annual allowance with him, and kept him so sparely that the poor youth ran away. He had been then sent to Gibraltar, where the severe discipline which he had been taught to consider necessary in the army brought him into disgrace with the garrison. But towards the public at large his conduct had been marked by much liberality of principle. It was particularly agreeable to the nation that from this marriage sprang one daughter—the present queen, who has realised to the nation all that it had fondly anticipated from the reign of the princess Charlotte.

The marriage of the duke of Cambridge took place on the 1st of June; that of the dukes of Clarence and Kent on the 13th of July. Amid these royal marriages the queen was

taken ill, and there was an apprehension of her decease. Four additional members were added by bill to the council for assisting her in the care of the king's person; and a clause was added, rendering it unnecessary for parliament to reassemble in case of the queen's demise. At this time, however, she recovered.

During this session treaties were entered into with Spain and Portugal for the abolition of the slave-trade. With Spain we, in fact, purchased this abolition, by a sum of four hundred thousand pounds, as a compensation to such Spanish subjects as should suffer loss by the suppression of the trade. It was to cease on the 30th of May, 1820, throughout all the Spanish dominions, and right of search

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was agreed to, to be exercised by vessels of war under special instructions. The treaty with Portugal only effected the extinction of the trade on any part of the African coast lying north of the equator, which was, in fact, effecting very little. But such has been the humanity of the treatment of their slaves by the Portuguese in Brazil, that the increase of the black population there has of itself rendered the continuance of the trade now for some years unnecessary—a trait in the character of the Portuguese very different to that of the planters of the southern states of North America.

It was deemed necessary, before the end of the session, which would close the term of parliament, to renew the alien act. It had been renewed in 1814, and again in 1816, each time for two years. It had on the last occasion been vehemently opposed, and as determined an opposition was now manifested against its renewal. From the 5th of May to the 29th the fight was continued, every opportunity and advantage which the forms of parliament afforded being resorted to to delay and defeat it; but on the 29th it passed the commons, by ninety-four votes against twenty-nine. It was introduced into the lords on the 1st of June by lord Sidmouth. But it had been discovered that, by an act of the Scottish parliament of 1685, all foreigners holding shares in the Bank of Scotland to a certain amount became thereby naturalised; and, by the act of union, all subjects of Scotland became naturalised subjects of England. A clause, therefore, was introduced by the lords to obviate this, and passed; but, on the bill being sent down to the commons, it was struck out: and ministers were compelled to allow the bill without this clause to pass, and to introduce their separate bill, which was passed on the 9th of June.

Ministers were in haste to close and dissolve parliament, in order to call a new one, before the very probable demise of the king—for though they had provided that in case of the decease of the queen the parliament should not re-

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BENGAL NATIVE INFANTRY.

assemble, this did not apply to the decease of the king; and should this take place before the day fixed for the assembling of the new parliament, the old parliament—even though formally dissolved—would re-assemble: therefore, on the 10th of June—the very day after the passing of the supplementary alien bill—the prince regent came down to the house of lords, prorogued parliament, and then immediately the lord chancellor pronounced it dissolved. The members of the commons were taken by surprise. No such sudden dismissal had taken place since 1625, when Charles I.

NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.

dismissed his Oxford parliament after a single week's session. On the return to their own house the speaker was proceeding, as usual, to read the royal speech, but he was reminded by Mr. Tierney that there was no parliament in existence, and by lord Castlereagh that, by so doing, he might render himself liable to a *præmunire*, and he therefore desisted, and the members withdrew.

The elections for the new parliament were carried on with much vigour, and there were upwards of a hundred contested ones. In some cases the contest was extremely violent, considering the death of the king was almost daily expected, and that the term of the parliament must necessarily be a short one. In Westminster there were no less than six candidates. Lord Cochrane was about to depart for Chili, to take the command of the naval forces of that state, and therefore did not offer himself again. There were Sir Francis Burdett again, the honourable Douglas Kinnaird, Sir Murray Maxwell, Sir Samuel Romilly, major Cartwright, and Mr. Henry Hunt, commonly called orator Hunt. Of these Sir Murray Maxwell was a tory, and received severe treatment. Major Cartwright and Hunt received very little support, and soon withdrew from the contest. The members returned were Romilly and Burdett, a whig and a radical. For London were returned four new members, all whigs, Wood, Wilson, Waithman, and Thorpe. Brougham patriotically stood for Westmoreland, to break, if possible, the influence of the Lowther family; but he was compelled to retire on the fourth day, and two of the Lowther family were returned. A hundred and ninety new members were returned, and the opposition gained considerably by it. An observer, well accustomed to party battles, remarked that government did not appear much beloved, and that they had almost spent all their war popularity; they were not destined to recover it in the coming year. The state of things in the manufacturing districts was gloomy; the spirit of reform, the child of distress, was everywhere gaining strength, and this cabinet was not of a temper to concede prudently to the pressure.

Scarcely were the elections over when a strike took place amongst the working cotton spinners in Manchester. Food was dear, and the rate of wages was not in any proportion to the dearness. The men who turned out paraded the streets, and, as is generally too much the spirit of strikes, endeavoured forcibly to compel the workmen of other factories to cease working too. The magistrates, on the 1st of September, issued a proclamation, that they were determined to resist such attempts, and to punish the offenders. Sir John Byng, the same who had favoured the endeavours of Oliver in Yorkshire, commanded the forces there, and every precaution was taken to secure the factories still in work. On the very next day, the spinners were joined by a great mob from Stockport, and they endeavoured to break into Gray's mill, in Ancoat's-lane, and force the men to cease. But there was a party of soldiers placed within in expectation of the attack, and they fired on the assailants, and killed one man, and wounded two others. The troops then dispersed the mob, which was said to have amounted to at least thirty thousand men. This ended the strike and the rioting for the time. The coroner's jury pronounced the death of the man justifiable homicide, and ministers congratulated themselves on the speedy end of the disturbance. But the elements of fresh ones were rife in the same districts. The country was by no means in the prosperous condition in which they had represented it.

After a partial recovery from, or rather, alleviation of her complaint, which was dropsy on the chest, queen Charlotte expired on the 17th of November, in her seventy-fifth year. Notwithstanding her own numerous issue, she died without any visible prospect of the continuance of the line into another generation, at least upon the throne. She had a considerable number of illegitimate grandchildren; for it is a singular fact that a king and queen of such exemplary morals had scarcely ever, perhaps, sate upon a British throne, yet few royal couples had so many licentious children. Charlotte has been justly said to have banished libertinism from her court, except amongst her own sons. She certainly had rendered the marriage tie by her example more respectable in the court in general, and perhaps her failure in her own family may have resulted from her conduct being more rigid than winning. She was parsimonious, severely correct, rather than amiable. She left the king sitting in darkness and aberration of mind, but she only preceded him about one year and two months.

The deaths of several individuals who had played a distinguished part preceded or immediately followed that of the queen. In August, at the age of eighty-five, died Warren Hastings; and towards the close of the year his implacable enemy, Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the pungent Letters of Junius. On the 2nd of November perished Sir Samuel Romilly, by his own hand, in a fit of insanity. In him the cause of law reform lost one of its earliest and most zealous champions. On the 13th of December lord Ellenborough breathed his last, having never recovered the mortification of his signal defeat by William Hone, in the court where he had so long presided with almost sovereign sway. He had been allowed, at his own desire, to retire from the bench, but only three months previous to his death.

In the autumn the great congress of sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. We have already anticipated their chief object—the final evacuation of France by the allied troops, and the settlement of compensations. They assembled about the middle of September, and remained together till the middle of November. Their business conferences, however, did not commence till the 30th of September. With regard to the evacuation of France, we need only state that it was greatly promoted by the exertions of the duke of Wellington; and we have pleasure in quoting the just tribute to the great duke on his conduct in this closing scene of his military duties, by a distinguished French historian, M. Capefique. "Sufficient justice," he says, "has not been generally done to the duke of Wellington, for the liberal and faithful manner in which he protected the interests of France throughout all the negotiations with foreign powers. The duke was highly favourable to France in everything that was favourable to the evacuation of her territory. His position as generalissimo of the army of occupation gave great weight to his advice on this question. He was consulted at every step, and his opinions were always given in terms expressive of an elevation of view and sentiment which

did him honour." M. Capefique adds, "that this was the more meritorious, because the other English minister there, lord Castlereagh, was of a different opinion, and because his more rigorous sentiments towards France were supported by a large portion of the English aristocracy. And this was his conduct, though his position of generalissimo, and an income of great amount, ceased with the evacuation."

A great number of persons of different nations and characters crowded Aix-la-Chapelle during the congress: German students in their peculiar costumes, Cossacks, painters, singers, philanthropists, and eager hunters after dissipation. Sir Thomas Lawrence attended by the command of the prince regent, to take the portraits of the emperors of Austria and Russia, and the king of Prussia. Robert Owen was there to endeavour to enlist the sovereigns in his schemes of social reform, but did not make any proselytes amongst the crowned heads, though the czar Alexander told him he fully entered into his views, as he was generally accustomed to tell all reformers and religious professors, leaving them in the pleasing delusion that they had won him to their opinions. Clarkson was there to engage them to sanction the suppression of the slave trade, but with as indifferent result. This was the closing scene of the great European drama, which opened with the French revolution, and terminated with the capture of Buonaparte. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle may be regarded as the recital of the epilogue.

We are not, however, to close the year 1818 without one more brush of war. This was in India. We had not enjoyed much perfect quiet, even after the destruction of Tippoo Sultaun and the power of Mysore. When the earl of Moira succeeded, as governor-general, to earl Minto, in 1812, he found the country still disturbed in different directions, particularly on the north-west frontiers. The Burmese engaged his immediate attention, and after them the Nepaulese, who were not quietened till after two campaigns. But there was a far more troublesome enemy than either of these in the field. These were the Pindarrees, a multitude of horsemen made up of the scum of Hindostan —men who had either lost caste, or never had any—who formed themselves into flying bands, and with the swiftness of the wind rushed down on the cultivated districts, and swept away all before them, cattle, sheep, money, jewels, everything that could be made prey of. They decamped as rapidly as they came if any regular force appeared against them, and again made a fresh lubbur, or as the Scotch call it, a raid in another quarter. It was difficult, often impossible, for regular cavalry, even, to come up with them, for they had neither tents nor baggage, each horseman carrying a few cakes for his own food, and a little bag of corn for his horse. They were led by chiefs called durras, and predatory forces often united under one commander, in bodies from three to twenty thousand. Of late years these terrible banditti had entered the service of the Mahrattas, who, though they regarded them as of the lowest stamp, and would hold no personal intercourse with them, used them to harass the districts of the English, or of their allies. They marched in advance of the Mahratta armies, and were allowed by them to plunder and ravage at their pleasure. By these armed and mounted hordes the company's territories westward, the Deccan, and the states of the peishwa, or chief of the southern Mahrattas, were kept in continual alarm. The two most celebrated chiefs of the Pindarrees were Kureem and Cheetoo, but Cheetoo managed to put down Kureem, and became the one great and formidable head of these robbers. In 1811 he rode at the head of twenty-five thousand cavalry. In 1814, whilst our troops were engaged in Nepaul, the Pindarrees, under Cheetoo, crossed the Nerbudda, the Godavery, and advanced to the Kistna, ravaging the whole of the Deccan and the neighbouring territories; and in spite of our forces under major Frazer in one direction, and colonel Doveton in another, they effected their retreat across the Nerbudda again, loaded with enormous booty. In 1816 they made a still more extensive incursion, ten thousand in number, descending into the Madras presidency as far as Guntoor, and though colonel Doveton exerted himself to come up with them, it was in vain. In twelve days Cheetoo's marauders had plundered three hundred and ninety villages in the company's territory, put to death one hundred and eighty-two people, wounded five hundred and five, and tortured in various ways three thousand six hundred.

It was now found that our pretended Mahratta allies, the peishwa, Scindiah, and other chiefs, were in league with Cheetoo, and unless this conspiracy was broken the most fearful devastations might be expected on our states. The governor-general represented this to the authorities at home, and recommended that the Pindarrees should be regularly hunted down and destroyed. In the course of the year 1816 he received full authority to execute this scheme. At the end of October he posted lieutenant-colonel Walker along the southern bank of the Nerbudda, to prevent the Pindarrees crossing into the company's territories; but as the line of river thus to be guarded was one hundred and fifty miles in length, the force employed was found insufficient against such adroit and rapid enemies. In November Cheetoo dashed across the river between lieutenant-colonel Walker's posts, and his forces dividing, one part made a rapid gallop through forests, and over rivers and mountains, right across the continent, into the district of Ganjam, in the northern Circars, hoping to reach Juggernauth, and plunder the temple of its enormous wealth. But this division was met with in Ganjam by the company's troops, and driven back with severe loss; the other division descending into the Deccan, as far as Beeder, where it again divided, and one portion being met with by major Macdonald, who had marched from Hyderabad, was completely cut up, though it was six thousand strong. The other body struck westward into Koncan, under a chief named Sheik Dulloo, and then, turning north, plundered all the western coast, and escaped with his booty beyond the Nerbudda, though not without some loss from the British troops on that river.

As it was now clear that it was useless to endeavour to prevent these desperate hordes crossing the Nerbudda, it was determined to march into their own retreats beyond that river, and regularly hunt them down. Sir John Malcolm, one of our ablest officers, and who has left us the graphic account of these transactions, had just now returned from England, and he was appointed, with major-general

Marshall, to this service. Not only Cheetoo, but Kureem, was again on foot; and Sir John learnt that Cheetoo was posted near the camp of the Holkar Mahrattas, and had received a lac and sixty thousand rupees from the peishwa. By this time he had advanced as far as Agra, but on this information he fell back on Oojein, where Sir Thomas Hislop lay with another body of troops. On the 21st of December the Holkar army and Cheetoo's army made a united attack on the English at Maheidpoor, on the banks of the Sepra. They were received with a murderous slaughter, and fled, leaving seventy pieces of artillery, all they had, and a great quantity of arms. They fled in confusion to Rampoora, a fortified town in Malwa. The English on their part had suffered severely, having one hundred and seventy-four killed, and six hundred and four wounded. Amongst these were thirty-five officers wounded, half of them severely.

Sir John Malcolm and captain Grant pursued the fugitives along the banks of the Sepra, killing numbers, and seizing immense booty, including elephants and numerous camels. He left them no time to reassemble, but advanced rapidly on the capital of Holkar, joined by reinforcements from the Bombay army under major-general Sir William Keir. Alarmed at this vigorous action, the Holkar Mahrattas hastily concluded peace, gave up all their forts, and placed their territories under British protection. Some Patan chiefs attempted to resist, trusting to the defences of Rampoora; but general Brown soon stormed that place, and the whole country of the Holkar Mahrattas was reduced to obedience. No respite was granted to the Pindarrees. Cheetoo was followed from place to place by the Guzerat army under Sir William Keir, and sought refuge in vain amongst the hills and jungles of Malwa, and along the Nerbudda. At length, in January, 1818, Cheetoo's last camp was surprised and cut to pieces. After seeking refuge amongst various tribes, Cheetoo at length was found in the jungle near the fort of Aseerghur, torn to pieces by a tiger, his horse grazing found not far off, safe, and a bag on his saddle containing Cheetoo's remaining jewels and two hundred and fifty rupees. And thus ended the existence of the long formidable hosts of the Pindarrees.

Whilst this extirpation of the Pindarrees had been going on the cholera broke out at Jessore, in the low lands of the Delta of the Ganges. This fatal disease has been by medical men supposed to receive its force, if not its origin, from the want of salt in this unhealthy district, salt being one of the monopolies of the East India Company, and which, though abundant in Madras, is not permitted to be carried into Bengal, except on payment of a duty of two hundred per cent. The natives, therefore, who subsist on a rice diet, not being able to procure this necessary antiseptic, have long fallen victims to the terrible scourge of cholera. From this centre, where it is said, more or less, to rage in perpetuity, it now spread rapidly up the course of the Ganges, the Jumna, and their confluent rivers, and if the British impost on salt had anything to do with its prevalence, it now inflicted a severe retribution. The marquis of Hastings, the governor-general, was posted in Bundelcund with his army, when it appeared there and swept away thousands, both British and natives. The very men attending on the governor-general at dinner dropped down behind his chair and died. To seek a healthier region he marched eastward, but all the way the pest pursued him, and when he reached the healthy station of Erech, on the right bank of the Betwa river, towards the end of November, one-tenth of the force had fallen under its ravages. The scourge did not stop there, but for a number of years continued travelling eastward, at about the speed that a horse can gallop, and visited Europe with its horrors.

During the time that Malcolm, Keir, Hislop, and other officers were running down the Pindarrees, major-general Smith, who had received reinforcements at Poonah, was performing the same service against Bajee Rao, the peishwa who had furnished Cheetoo with funds. He marched from Poonah at the end of November, 1817, accompanied by Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone. They encountered the army of the peishwa on the Kistna, where his general, Gokla, had posted himself strongly in a ghaut. The pass was speedily cleared, and the army of the peishwa made a rapid retreat. The chase was continued from place to place, the peishwa dodging about in an extraordinary manner, till, at length, he managed to get into the rear of general Smith, and, passing between Poonah and Seroor, he was joined by his favourite Trimbukjee, whom he had long lost sight off, with strong reinforcements of both horse and infantry. General Smith, so soon as he could discover the route of the peishwa, pursued it, but soon after the Mahrattas showed themselves again in the vicinity of Poonah. To secure that city from the peishwa's arms, captain F. F. Staunton was dispatched from Seroor on the last day of the year with six hundred sepoys, three hundred horse, and two six-pounders; but he was not able to reach Poonah. The very next day, the 1st of January, 1818, he found his way crossed by the whole army of the peishwa, consisting of twenty thousand horse and several thousand foot. With his small force captain Staunton was in the utmost danger of being surrounded and cut off. He therefore pushed forward to get possession of the village of Corregaum, situated on a height, and consisting of stone houses, with gardens surrounded by stone walls. Here he might have defended himself till relieved; but the Arabs, who composed the principal part of the peishwa's infantry, knew his design, and dashed forward to seize it before him. The British and they met in the streets, and a desperate conflict ensued—the whole Mahratta army supporting the Arab force. Captain Staunton was soon wounded, yet he and his little handful of men continued to hold their ground the whole of the day till nine at night, without refreshment, and so much as a drop of water. Lieutenant Chisholm and assistant-surgeon Wingate were killed, and not only captain Staunton, but lieutenant Conellan and lieutenant Pattinson were severely wounded, yet they sustained charge after charge from the Arabs and Mahrattas, and soon after nine they had driven the enemy out of the village. During the night the British troops obtained no refreshment but a little water, yet they kept their post all the next day, the enemy not daring to attack them. Could they have remained a little longer, general Smith, who was on the track of the peishwa, would have been up to support them. But in the night of the 2nd of January, having no provisions, and his men getting

nothing but a little water, he fell back, carrying with him all his wounded and his guns, and reached Seroor by nine o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of January.

That very day general Smith reached Corregaum in force, and at this apparition the peishwa fled back towards the sources of the Kistna, whence he had descended. Not only general Smith, but brigadier-general Pritzler and colonel Boles kept up the pursuit, advancing from different quarters, as the slippery Mahratta chief turned and manœuvred, till, growing weary of the chase, at the suggestion of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, they determined to reduce Satara, his capital, and then each of his strong forts and towns one after another, thus depriving him of supplies, and leaving him no place of refuge or subsistence. Satara surrendered to general Smith on the 10th of February, the same day that he appeared before it. As one place after another fell, the general Gokla made an effort to arrest this process of reduction, and this enabled general Smith to attack him on the 20th of February, at Ashtee, where he completely routed him. Gokla himself was killed, and the peishwa only escaped by abandoning his palanquin and mounting a horse. General Smith and lieutenant Warrand were wounded, but not a man was killed on the British side. Great booty was taken, including twelve elephants and fifty-seven camels.

The remnant of the Mahratta army fled northwards, pursued and continually reduced by the British. At the same time the reduction of the towns and forts was steadily going on, and every day the fugitive peishwa became more and more involved in the toils of his enemies. He endeavoured to escape into Nagpoor, but on the banks of the Werda he was met, on the 1st of April, by colonel Scott, and driven back, only to fall into the hands of colonel Adams, who attacked him near Soonee, with only one regiment of native cavalry and some horse artillery, and gave him a thorough defeat, taking five guns, three elephants, and two hundred camels. More than a thousand Mahrattas fell, and the peishwa himself narrowly escaped, his palanquin, which he had abandoned, being found shot through. Bajee Rao now endeavoured to get to the north-east into Malwa, but he was stopped by general Sir Thomas Hislop, who was advancing from that quarter towards the Deccan. Sir Thomas had orders for the surrender of a number of Holkar's forts; but at the fort of Talnere, on the river Taptee, the commander, instead of obeying the order, fired on the British. Sir Thomas sent word to him that if he did not quietly surrender the fort upon his master's order he would treat him as a rebel and hang him. The killadar continued to fire, whereupon Sir Thomas blew the gates of the fort open with cannon. At a second gate a treacherous *ruse* was resorted to. Pretending to surrender, a wicket was opened, and a number of our officers and a dozen grenadiers went in. They were immediately fallen upon with knives, and major Gordon and captain Macgregor were killed, and lieutenant-colonel Murray severely wounded. Immediately lieutenants Chauvel and Macgregor were massacred, and the whole of the grenadiers. For this the storming party took summary vengeance, bursting in and putting to the sword the whole of the garrison, three hundred in number. The killadar was seized, and Sir Thomas kept his word and hanged him. On this severe execution, the remainder of the forts surrendered on summons.

At length, his forces dispersed, his towns in possession of the English, his way on all sides cut off, the peishwa came in and surrendered himself to Sir John Malcolm, on the 3rd of June, 1818, on promise of good treatment. Sir John granted him eight lacs of rupees per annum, on condition that he resigned the title of peishwa for ever, and surrended all his possessions. This was confirmed by the supreme government at Calcutta. He was required to retire to Betoor, on the Ganges, near Cawnpore, where, on his splendid allowance of eighty thousand pounds a-year, he continued to live in magnificence, maintaining three expensive sets of dancing girls, and surrounded by a low and sensual court. Thus was the existence of the Pindarrees, and the power of the Mahrattas, broken up, and the rajah of Satara restored. He was a minor, but on reaching the age of twenty-one, which was in the year 1821, he was invested with the government of his dominions. These included a district of about eleven thousand square miles, and produced a net revenue of fifteen million rupees. Out of this, however, three lacs per annum were reserved for chiefs who had become subjects of the company, and three more lacs were alienated. The rajah was required also to renounce for ever the title of peishwa, to which he had the hereditary claim; and many of the hill-forts, which had been the sources not only of much resistance to the British, but of oppression to the natives, were dismantled. As for Trimbukjee, whose crimes and murders had determined the English to secure him at any cost, he was discovered, after a long quest, in the neighbourhood of Nassuck, by captain Swanston, and carried to Tannah, the prison from which he had escaped. He was thence transferred to Calcutta, and finally to the rock of Chunar, near Benares. The last success of this war was the reduction of the fortress of Asseerghur, one of the most formidable strongholds in India, and which had undergone some most arduous sieges. "In this war," says lieutenant Lake, the historian of it, "thirty-three hill fortresses, each of which might have defied the whole Anglo-Indian army, fell in the course of a few weeks; and this vast Mahratta empire, which had overshadowed the East, and before which the star of the mogul became pale, was annihilated."

Nothing had ever contributed so much to the peace and security of India as the suppression of these restless depredatory Pindarrees and Mahrattas. For more than thirty years the whole of central India had repeatedly been overrun and pillaged by them. One army of Pindarrees, Mahrattas, Rajpoots, and Patas, had succeeded another, the one as fierce and rapacious as another. Means were now taken to bring the districts which were reduced to protection into order, and to lay the foundations of future prosperity. Sir John Malcolm, who had contributed so greatly to this pacification, and earl Moira, now the marquis of Hastings, were appointed to the military and political command of Malwa. This province had suffered enormously. Hundreds of villages had been destroyed by the continual traversing of fierce and cruel armies. They were become the lairs of tigers, which made a determined resistance to the returning

inhabitants, and the British soldiers were sometimes obliged to be called in to expel them from these lairs in the long grass grown up in the village streets. In the state of Holkar, out of three thousand seven hundred and one villages, one thousand six hundred and sixty-three were totally deserted. Under the management of Sir John Malcolm, in two years, two-thirds of these were wholly restored, and in less than five Malwa was in a state of such prosperity as it had been a stranger to for a very long period. Indore, a city of Malwa, which had been nearly deserted in a very few years, acquired a population of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants. The Grasseas, the Sondwarrees, the Gonds, the Bheels, and other hereditary depredators, were suppressed. In 1818 the country along the Nerbudda, and in the Vindhya mountains, stretching from the province of Bahar to Cape Comorin, were infested by such formidable bands of robbers, that small bodies of troops, much less the inhabitants, were not safe. It was the same from the territory of Bopaul to Guzerat, and from Hindia to the country of Burwannee, on both banks of the Nerbudda. All these marauding tribes were reduced, and many of them were induced to adopt the cultivation of the land, instead of the trade of robbery. This was the case with the Bheels between Jaum and Mandoo.

None of the princes who accepted our protection benefited more than Scindiah. He was relieved from the insolence of haughty military chieftains, who commanded his armies, and left him as little free will as they left to his subjects quiet possession of their property. He was enabled to disband his vast armies, and reduce them to thirteen thousand infantry and nine thousand horse. His disbanded soldiers returned home, and became tillers of the land lately running into jungle, by which, and other influences of peace, his revenue was nearly doubled. All the districts wrested from him by the Pindarrees were restored to him; he lost only the mischievous fortress of Asseerghur. Sir John Malcolm cleared the country of the swarms of Arabs, and of Meckranees, from Meckran, in Persia, who had acquired a most formidable ascendancy in the armies of the Indian chiefs; and these chiefs were informed that again to employ these mercenary ruffians, or to allow them to remain on their territories, would be regarded as a declaration of hostility by the British government. Similar changes were introduced into the territories of the dethroned peishwa by the honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, who resided at Poonah; and by the conquest of the Poonah territory, and by the treaty of Mundissoor, made by Sir John Malcolm after his great victory at Maheidpoor, and by exchanges made with Guicowar Rajah, and other arrangements, the British dominions were now linked together in one broad and continuous expanse, from Calcutta to Bombay, and from Bombay to Madras, as by the former Mahratta war they had been betwixt Madras and Calcutta.

If we were to believe figures, and the returns of exports and imports, and of duties paid, we must set down the opening of the year 1819 as considerably prosperous. This was the view which ministers took of the condition of the country when they met the new parliament on the 14th of January. The speculations which had been carried on during 1818 had swelled the revenue, and given an impression of growing commerce, which, unfortunately, did not exist. The results of these speculations of our imports of raw material, especially of cotton, and of extensive exports of manufactures to countries not yet sufficiently reinvigorated to purchase, had been producing numerous and heavy failures during the latter part of the past year, and which still continued in strange contrast to the self-congratulating language of ministers. In nothing was the fall of price so great as in cotton, and those who had bought largely suffered in proportion. These bankruptcies were not confined to this country; they extended to New York, and to southern ports of the United States, where the same speculation had been going on largely. We shall presently see how these circumstances operated on the labour-market, notwithstanding the roseate auguries of government.

Besides the flattering assurances of the steady improvement in commerce and manufactures, and, consequently, in the revenues, the regent's speech, read, as usual, by the lord chancellor, justly congratulated the country on the successful termination of the Pindarree war by the marquis of Hastings. It informed the two houses that a new treaty had been entered into with the United States for adjusting the different points at issue between the two nations, not settled by the treaty of peace, and also for regulating the commerce between them. It announced the results of the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that some new measures were required for the care of his majesty's person in consequence of the death of the queen. The address, in both houses, was carried almost *pro formâ*. Mr. Manners Sutton was elected speaker of the commons by acclamation.

The new arrangements for the care of the king's person came on first for discussion. On the 25th of January lord Liverpool introduced a bill to make the duke of York custos of his majesty's person in place of the late queen. This question was decided with little debate. On the 4th of February a message was brought down from the regent informing the house of commons that, in consequence of the demise of her majesty, fifty-eight thousand pounds became disposable for the general purposes of the civil list; and recommending that the claims of her late majesty's servants to the liberality of the house should be considered. Lord Castlereagh moved that the house should go into committee on this subject, as, besides the fifty-eight thousand pounds, there was another sum of one hundred thousand pounds, which had been appropriated to the maintenance of the establishment at Windsor. It was understood that ministers would propose to reduce the sum for the establishment at Windsor to fifty thousand pounds, but that they would recommend that ten thousand pounds, which her majesty had received in consideration of her charge of the king, should be transferred to the duke of York. Mr. Tierney objected to the charge of fifty thousand pounds for the maintenance of the establishment at Windsor. He said he could not conceive how this money was to be spent, or on whom, for certainly it could not be on the king, who, he understood, was in that state of mental and bodily debility which made it necessary that as few persons as possible should be about him, and that his regimen was so very simple that it could cost next to nothing.

On the 22nd the commons went into committee on this

subject, and Mr. Tierney then proposed that both the establishment at Windsor and the salary to the duke of York should be paid out of the privy purse or other private funds of the crown. There was a private property belonging to the crown of one hundred and forty thousand pounds a-year, and surely this was sufficient to defray the charge of the necessary care of the king's person. He reminded the house also of the sums which had been voted for the royal family since 1811. Besides fifty thousand pounds a-year set apart for the debts of the prince regent, he had a privy purse of sixty thousand pounds a-year, besides an additional grant of ten thousand pounds a-year made since. The king had also a privy purse of sixty thousand pounds a-year, with an additional revenue of ten thousand pounds from the duchy of Lancaster. Surely, out of all these sums, there must be ample means of taking care of the king's person. To all these very reasonable statements Mr. Peel—afterwards Sir Robert, who began his political career in the ranks of high toryism—replied that the duke of York would accept no salary which came from the privy purse, and he quoted Sheridan and Adam, old friends of the prince regent, and staunch whigs, who had zealously advocated the sacredness of the privy purse. This, which he probably expected would shame the opposition, only produced derisive cheers, which Mr. Peel assuming to be intended for Sheridan, who had been on and off with his party, he zealously defended him as one of the ablest supporters of the whig party which it ever had, and one of the greatest ornaments of the house. When the vote was taken for the disposal of the sum for the Windsor establishment it was carried by two hundred and eighty against one hundred and eighty-six, a sufficient proof that in the new parliament the government possessed a strong majority, and that this would remain the case till there was a thorough parliamentary reform. On the 25th the proposal to confer on the duke of York ten thousand pounds per annum, for this charge of his own father's person, was also carried by a still larger majority—two hundred and forty-seven against one hundred and thirty-seven. In the debate, Denman and Brougham opposed the vote, and Canning supported it. In the house of peers lords Grey, Lansdowne, and other whig peers, opposed the vote of the ten thousand pounds to the duke of York. And, truly, in private life, it would not have presented a very filial aspect for a man, already possessing a large income, to require a great annual payment for discharging the simple duty of seeing that his aged father, a gentleman also of ample means, was well looked after.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A great portion of the present session was occupied with discussing the return to cash payments, which, by the act of parliament, ought to take place on the 5th of July of this year. It appears that no less than fifty debates and conversations in both houses took place on this important subject during the session. Very soon after the meeting of parliament a secret committee of each house was appointed to inquire into the state of the bank. These committees were, however, so managed, by delivering to the members lists of suitable persons for such committees, that scarcely any but ministerial men were voted, though these votes were given by ballot. In the commons this result was so evident that the opposition declined to vote at all. The name of Mr. Brougham, indeed, was proposed, but rejected,

though only by one hundred and seventy-five against one hundred and thirty-three votes. The first reports of the committees went rather to close more strictly than to open the issue of gold by the bank. It had been paying in gold its notes issued previous to January, 1817. This payment it was proposed to stop, as, at present, evidently injurious to the interests of the country. Mr. Peel, on moving for a bill for this purpose, stated that the gold at the present price was fast finding its way abroad, and was as rapidly absorbed in re-minting a gold coinage for France. It appeared, during the first half of 1818, that no less than one hundred and twenty-eight million francs had been coined at the French mint, of which three-fourths were understood to have been derived from the gold coinage of England. A bill was accordingly passed to stop payment altogether in gold till the necessary preparations were made by a fresh bill. Still, the condition of the bank was represented as flourishing. Its liabilities were stated in January, 1819, as amounting to thirty-three million eight hundred and ninety-four thousand five hundred and eighty pounds; its assets, including the debt due from government, fifty-three million seven hundred and eighty-three thousand seven hundred pounds. The total bank surplus appeared to be nineteen million eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand one hundred and twenty pounds; and its surplus, independent of the government debt, and therefore available for current use, was five million two hundred and two thousand three hundred and twenty pounds. The committee adopted the scheme broached by Mr. Ricardo in his "Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency," published in 1816. This was that the bank, in the first instance, should not pay for its notes in gold coin, but in ingots of a certain weight, and its fineness attested by a stamp; and this degree of purity should be regulated from time to time till the gold descended to the mint price of three pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny per ounce. When the mint gold at length reached this rate of value, then the payment in coin was to be begun. Resolutions to this effect were moved by the earl of Harrowby on the 21st of May, and they received the approval, not only of the ministerial side, but of the leading opposition members, lords Grenville, Lansdowne, and King.

In the house of commons similar resolutions were moved on the 24th by Mr. Robert Peel, who, on this occasion, made the first of those candid admissions of new views, which he afterwards repeated on the question of catholic emancipation, and finally on the abolition of the Corn Laws. This eminent statesman, though beginning his career in the ranks of conservatism, had a mind capable of sacrificing prejudice to truth, though it was certain to procure him much obloquy and opposition from his former colleagues. He now frankly admitted that the evidence produced before the secret committee of the commons, of which he had been a member, had greatly changed his views regarding the currency, since in 1811 he opposed the resolutions of Mr. Horner, the chairman of the bullion committee. He now believed the doctrines of Mr. Horner to be mainly sound, and to represent the true nature of our monetary system; and, whilst making this confession, he had only to regret that he was compelled by his convictions to vote in opposition to the opinions of his venerated father. Several modifications were proposed during the debate, which occupied two evenings, by Messrs. Edward Ellis, Crips, &c., but there appeared so much unanimity in the house that no alterations were made, and the resolutions passed without a division. The resolutions were to this effect:—That the restrictions on cash payments should continue till the 1st of May, 1822. That, meantime, the house should make provision for the gradual payment of ten millions of the fourteen millions due from the government to the bank. That, from the 1st of February, 1820, the bank should take up its notes in gold ingots, stamped and assayed in quantities of not less than sixty ounces, and at a rate of eighty-one shillings per ounce. After the 1st of October of the same year the rate of gold should be reduced to seventy-nine shillings and sixpence per ounce; and again on the 1st of May, 1821, the price should be reduced to seventy-seven shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce; and at this rate of gold, on the 1st of May, 1822, the bank should finally commence paying in the gold coin of the realm. Bills to this effect were introduced into both houses by the chancellor of the exchequer and Mr. Peel, and were readily passed; and such was the flourishing condition of the bank that it did not wait for the full operation of the act, but commenced paying in coin to any amount on the 1st of May, 1821.

Simultaneously with the sitting of the committees on the resumption of cash-payments, a select committee of the commons was also sitting, at the instance of lord Castlereagh, to inquire into the state of the national income and expenditure. This was agreed to on the report of this committee being presented on the 3rd of June; the chancellor of the exchequer stated on its authority that, since 1815, taxation had been reduced eighteen million pounds per annum; that in 1816 the revenue of Great Britain and Ireland had been consolidated, and that, at that time, the interest of the debt of Ireland, including the sinking fund provided for its reduction, exceeded the entire revenue of that part of the United Kingdom by one million nine hundred thousand pounds. He then announced that supplies for the present year would be required to the amount of twenty million five hundred thousand pounds; that the existing revenue would only furnish seven million pounds towards this; and that it would be necessary to have recourse to the sinking fund to make up the deficiency of thirteen million five hundred thousand pounds. This sinking fund was fifteen million five hundred thousand pounds, so that it would leave only two million pounds; but as it was necessary to have a tolerable surplus in hand to meet exigencies, it was proposed to raise this reserve fund to five million pounds by fresh taxes to the amount of three million pounds.

On this basis Mr. Vansittart, the chancellor of the exchequer, on the 9th of June, produced his budget. Including the interest on the debt, the whole annual expenditure amounted to seventy-six million seventy-four thousand pounds—an ominous peace expenditure. Instead, therefore, of the supplies, aided by the draft from the sinking fund, leaving a surplus of two million pounds, there was a fresh loan of twelve million pounds, beside the

three million pounds new taxes on malt, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, tea, British spirits, pepper, and foreign wool. By the hocus-pocus of exchequer accounts, this was made to look like a reduction of the debt instead of an increase of it; but the country saw with dismay, that three years after the peace, the incubus of past war was still adding to its burden. Mr. Tierney, on the 18th, moved for a committee to inquire into the state of the nation, but this was negatived by three hundred and fifty-seven votes against one hundred and seventy-eight; and a motion of Sir Henry Parnell on the 1st of July for extensive retrenchments was got rid of in the same manner.

But amid the discouragements of monetary legislation, which showed that it would require a determined contest to compel ministers to retrench, there were symptoms of a spirit of legal and social reforms amongst our parliamentary men which augured the approach of better times. Mr. Sturges Bourne obtained the passing of his long-advocated poor law bill; but bills for regulating settlements, and for preventing the misapplication of the poor rates, were thrown out. A bill was passed to regulate the treatment of children in cotton factories, and to limit the hours of their employment—the harbinger of a much necessary enactment for these objects. Mr. Brougham's act, for inquiry into the charitable foundations of England, was extended, and that, with the support of government, from educational to all kind of charities, except such as had special visitors, or were maintained by private subscriptions. Sir James Mackintosh also took up the humane track of labour occupied so nobly by the late Sir Samuel Romilly. On the 2nd of March he moved for the appointment of a select committee to take into consideration the subject of capital punishment as regarded felonies. This was eminently needed, for the penal laws during the reign of George III. were truly Draconian. Notwithstanding a strong opposition by ministers, the motion was carried, amid much cheering, and on the 6th of July Sir James Mackintosh introduced the report, which was ordered to be printed. Government, as if to wipe out their disgrace in resisting so humane a measure, now proposed an inquiry into the condition of gaols and other places of confinement, and into the best method of employing and reforming delinquents during their imprisonment. Some reforms were made in Scotch law. The old right of trial by battle, and of appeals of murder, felony, or mayhem, were abolished as rendered unnecessary by the full exercise of the institution of jury, and as belonging only to a barbarous age. The severity of the Scotch law against duels was mitigated, that law pronouncing forfeiture of all movable property, and banishment against all persons sending, or even carrying a challenge to fight a duel. The principle of that law was sound, but its severity was its own defeat. A more questionable bill was one carried, after much opposition, called the foreign enlistment bill, which was intended to check the aid of Englishmen in assisting the Spanish South American colonists in throwing off the oppressive government of the mother country. Numbers of Englishmen were engaged on the side of independence, and this bill was vainly intended to put an end to that generous aid.

The Scotch burgh question was brought forward again this session. The magistrates of the burgh of Aberdeen having been elected, in 1817, in the same corrupt manner as those of Montrose had been in 1816, the court of session had declared the election illegal. The burgh of Montrose was found to have been disfranchised; but this was not the case with Aberdeen, and the magistrates applied to government to grant a warrant for a new election, or rather a re-election of themselves. This the government, in the face of the decision of the court of session, as well as of a numerously signed petition from the burgesses praying that the election should be by open poll, issued. On the 1st of April lord Archibald Hamilton moved an address to the prince regent, praying for a copy of this warrant. It was strenuously resisted by ministers, but the motion was lost by only a small majority. On the 6th of May lord Archibald Hamilton renewed his motion in another form—namely, that the petitions which had been presented from Scottish burghs on the subject of reform should be submitted to a committee of inquiry. He showed that out of sixty-six royal burghs thirty-nine had voted for reform; that these thirty-nine contained a population of four hundred and twenty thousand souls, whilst the remaining twenty-seven contained only sixty thousand. The preponderance was so great that, spite of the opposition of ministers, the house took another view of the matter, and lord Archibald's motion was carried, though only by one hundred and forty-nine votes against one hundred and forty-four.

The question of catholic emancipation was brought forward on the 3rd of May, by Grattan; it was the last time that he did so, but he had the satisfaction of seeing that the question was rapidly advancing, for it was lost by only two votes. A fortnight afterwards lord Donoughmore introduced a similar motion, in the hope of surmounting this small difference, but, after a long debate, he found the majority increased against it by thirty-nine votes. The closing contest of the session was for parliamentary reform. Sir Francis Burdett brought on his annual motion, on the 1st of July, for the eighteenth time, but was defeated by one hundred and fifty-three votes against fifty-eight. He was seconded by Mr. George Lamb, brother of the late lord Melbourne, who, however, did not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage. Even at that day, Joseph Hume was for moderate reform, and lord John Russell was alarmed at anything further than triennial parliaments, and the transferring the franchise from certain corrupt boroughs to others not yet represented. Such were the feeble ideas of reform amongst its self-constituted leaders. Parliament was prorogued, on the 13th of July, by the prince regent in person.

During this, the first session of the new parliament, ministers had carried matters with a high hand, imagining that they had a majority which would enable them to resist popular opinion, as they had done since the conclusion of the war. But the progress of the session did not warrant this conclusion. They were defeated in several very important contests, and before the session came to an end were made to feel that they had greatly declined in public confidence. In the severe debate of the 18th of May, on the motion of

Mr. Tierney for a committee of inquiry into the state of the nation, they had a majority of more than two to one. But this was very different on the 3rd of June, when they only carried their foreign enlistment bill by a majority of thirteen. On the question of the resumption of cash payments, the conversion of Mr. Peel to the principles of Horner was a rude shock to the cabinet, and shrewd men prognosticated that, the entire system of Mr. Vansittart being thus overturned, he must retire. Then came not merely partial conversions, or near approaches to defeat, but actual defeats. Such were those on Sir James Mackintosh's motion for inquiry into the criminal laws, and of lord Archibald Hamilton's on Scotch burgh reform. The question of catholic emancipation had approached to a crisis, and a majority of only two against it was, in truth, a real defeat. The consequence was that the conviction of the insecurity of ministers was not onlyshared by men of impartial judgments, but by themselves. Towards the end of the session, lord Liverpool himself was found writing to a friend, that unless the measure for the return to cash payments raised the confidence of the public in them, they must soon go out.—"I am quite satisfied that, if we cannot carry what has been proposed, it is far better for the country that we should cease to be a government. After the defeats we have already experienced, during this session, our remaining in office is a positive evil. It confounds all ideas of government in the minds of men. It disgraces us personally, and renders us less capable every day of being of any real service to the country, either now or hereafter. If, therefore, things are to remain as they are, I am quite sure that there is no advantage, in any way, in our being the persons to carry on the public service. A strong and decisive effort can alone redeem our character and credit, and is as necessary for the country as it is for ourselves."

This measure did something to strengthen them, but not permanently. The fact that parliament might terminate any day, from the death of the king, did much to keep members in remembrance of their constituents; but the great cause of ministerial decay of popularity was that the circumstances and the spirit of the times demanded more liberal legislation than such men as Liverpool, Sidmouth, and Eldon could comprehend, much less originate. The manufacturing districts were especially in a depressed condition. The efforts which had been made to force a trade had failed. The excessive exportations of manufactured goods had resulted exactly as lord Brougham had prognosticated: the foreign markets had been glutted before the people were capable of buying, and the fall in prices had been ruinous. The equally great importations of raw material to continue the supply of fabrics for which the demand was inadequate, had made matters worse. The bankruptcies during the first half of this year were double the average number, credit was severely shaken, and numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment, or reduced to very low wages. Wheat, though not so high as a year or two ago, averaged eighty shillings per quarter. The consequence was a renewed political action, and meetings were called by the workmen in various parts of the manufacturing districts to consider both their unsatisfactory position, and the governmental as well as commercial causes of it. The corn-laws were justly denounced as one potent cause of their sufferings, and the popular leaders of reform were called upon to assist them in getting rid of it. So early as the 18th of January a meeting of this character was held at Manchester. Application had been made to the borough-reeve to summon a meeting to petition parliament for this object, but he declined, the Manchester authorities of that day standing strangely aloof from the people in their endeavours for relief from this unnatural enactment, which was as inimical to their own interests as manufacturers, as it was to the comfort of their workpeople. Had the employers and employed drawn together on these questions, it would have materially tended to maintain the public peace, at the same time that it gave vastly increased momentum to the agitation.

Refused in this quarter, the people proceeded to call a meeting without such sanction, and invited Mr. Orator Hunt to go down and take the chair. Perhaps they could not have selected a more unsafe guide on the occasion, for personal vanity was Hunt's besetting sin. His vanity was particularly flattered by the manner in which he was received, great crowds going out to bring him into the town, with banners inscribed, "Hunt and Liberty!" "No Corn-Laws!" "Rights of Man!" "Universal Suffrage!" &c. He was conducted to an open place called St. Peter's Field, destined ere long to a sanguinary fame, and to the cognomen of Peterloo. Hunt, instead of encouraging the very constitutional object of the meeting—to petition parliament for the repeal of the obnoxious law—treated the petitioning that house as ridiculous, and persuaded the excited people to put their sentiments into the form of a remonstrance to the prince regent. The meeting then dispersed quietly; but Hunt found occasion to keep himself in the public eye there a little longer. Some officers of the 7th Hussars, who were posted at Manchester, rudely treated him as he appeared at the theatre, asserting that when "God Save the King" was called for he hissed. Whether he did so or not, the conduct of the officers answered his purpose of making political capital; he wrote to the commander-in-chief, the duke of York, and then sent his letter to the newspapers. Still more, he wrote to Samuel Bamford to support him in a scheme which was particularly calculated to produce a riot and bloodshed, and in this case Bamford did not exercise his usual good sense. At Hunt's suggestion—to select a dozen stout fellows, and appear on the evening of the following Monday in the pit of the theatre, armed with stout cudgels, to inflict a summary chastisement on the officers, in case of a second demonstration of their feelings—Bamford appeared at the time appointed with ten stout, picked fellows, with knotty cudgels, marching along the streets to the theatre. The object was immediately perceived by the people, who crowded to the door of the theatre, completely gorging the the space in front. But the manager was too prudent to open his theatre under such circumstances. He announced that there would be no performance that evening. Hunt was, therefore, disappointed of a catastrophe in the theatre; but he drove up in a carriage, mounted the box, and addressed the crowd in very exciting tones, declaring that the magistrates desired nothing so much as an opportunity of letting loose the bloody butchers of Waterloo upon them—

meaning the 7th Hussars. It was not his fault that all went off quietly.

In May the gingham-weavers of Carlisle and that neighbourhood held a similar gathering, and in June such also were held on Hunslet Common, near Leeds, at Glasgow, Ashton-under-Lyne, and other places. The meeting at Glasgow, on the 16th of June, was held on the Green, and amounted to thirty or forty thousand people. They complained of the low wages for cotton weaving, and proposed a petition to the prince regent, praying that he would enable them to get over to Canada, promising that all such as received that favour should repay the outlay by yearly instalments. But the bulk of the assembly protested against emigration, asserting that the remedy for their distresses lay in annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and the consequent reduction of taxation; and they proposed that they should march up to London in a body, and present their petition to the prince regent in person.

At Ashton the chair was taken by a person calling himself the Rev. Joseph Harrison, and the strange creature called Dr. Healey—of whom Bamford gives an extraordinary account in his "Life of a Radical"—made a most wild and seditious harangue. At a great meeting at Stockport, on the 28th of the same month, a very different personage presided. This was Sir Charles Wolseley, of Wolseley Park, in Staffordshire. Sir Charles told his auditors that he had been one of those engaged in the outbreak of the French revolution, and had assisted in the taking of the Bastille, and that he would spend his last drop of blood, if it were necessary, in destroying the Bastilles of his own country. It was wonderful that the horrors of that revolution had not cooled Sir Charles's ardour for liberty, as it had done that of most men of property. But, so far from that, he had, during the meeting, the cap of liberty mounted on a pole and displayed from the platform. The acquisition of such an advocate of reform was not likely to be received with apathy. Sir Charles was invited to preside at a similar meeting at New Hall, near Birmingham, on the 12th of July. At this meeting he was elected "legislatorial attorney and representative" for that town.

This was a circumstance that excited the alarm of government. To see men of property coming forward to head the people, and the people proceeding to elect their own representatives to parliament, brought to their recollections the like proceedings in past days in France, that filled them with fear. They immediately issued warrants for the apprehension both of Sir Charles and of Dr. Harrison for seditious expressions used at the Stockport meeting. Sir Charles was arrested at his own house, at Wolseley Park; and Harrison was taken on the platform of a public meeting, at Smithfield, in London, on the 21st of July, at which Hunt was presiding. On conveying Harrison to Stockport, the constable who arrested him was attacked by the mob, and a pistol was fired at him, the ball of which lodged in his body.

Circumstances appeared now to be growing serious. Meetings were held in defiance of the strict measures of government throughout the manufacturing districts; and at Blackburn it was announced at such a gathering, on the 5th of July, that the women had also formed themselves into "Sister Reform Associations," and these called on their own sex everywhere to imitate their example, so as to co-operate with the men, and to instil into the minds of their children a hatred of tyrannical rulers. The men, at the same time, made another advance in the reform movement; this was drilling—a movement which gave great alarm to the magistrates of Lancashire, who wrote from various quarters to apprise government of it. It was an appearance which might well excite suspicion that something more than reform was intended. But when it came to be explained by the parties themselves, it turned out to mean nothing more than that the reformers in the neighbourhood of Manchester were intending to hold a great meeting in order to elect a representative, as the people of Birmingham had done, and that they wished to assemble in the utmost order and quiet. But the very means employed by them to avoid confusion, and enable them to meet and disperse with decorum, were just those most calculated to excite the fears of a magistracy and ministry already suspicious. One magistrate wrote generally that such drilling parties were in existence, and on the increase; another, that it had been deposed on oath before him, that in various places in the neighbourhood of Bury, such parties assembled numerously by night. This was on the 7th of August. On the 9th, other parties swore to having seen the same thing going on in the neighbourhood of Bolton. Another, that such parties had been seen drilling, on Sunday, the 8th, at Tandle Hill, near Rochdale; and that information was received that Sunday next would be the last occasion. If that would be the last occasion, the object for which these drillings had been instituted must be at hand. It was stated that these drillings had been going on for a long time; but no direct evidence was given of this, and it was contradicted by the most trustworthy of the workmen themselves. The simple solution of the mystery was, that the great meeting in question was to be held in Manchester, on the 16th of August, and this was perfectly in accordance with the assertion of the man who said the drilling of one more Sunday, which fell on the 15th, would be the last. Bamford, in his "Life of a Radical," states the matter fully and satisfactorily. He says that they had often been taunted with the confusion and mob-like character of their meetings, and these means were adopted to obviate this objection on this occasion. Orders were issued that every one should proceed to the local place of meeting, clean, washed, and in his best attire; that the parties who had been drilled in preparation should then march from their respective localities, under certain leaders, to the great rendezvous at Manchester. He declares that they had no arms at their drillings, and that they were requested not even to carry sticks with them to the Manchester gathering. He denies that there were any midnight meetings, or secret drillings; asserts that they had no sinister object, and that they did all they did do in the face of the sun; that spectators, or persons sent to watch them, of whom he does not doubt that there were many, might attribute their clapping their hands together in "standing at ease," which some jokingly called "firing," to an intention on some future occasion to fire; but that the whole had for its object simply what has been stated.

The great meeting had been intended to have taken place on the 9th of August; and on the 31st of July, an advertisement appeared in the *Manchester Observer*, calling on the inhabitants to meet on the 9th in the area near St. Peter's Church, for the purpose of electing a representative to parliament, as well as for adopting major Cartwright's plan of parliamentary reform. This immediately drew from the magistrates a notice that such a meeting would be illegal, and that those who attended it would do so at their peril. The working men on this, announced that the meeting would not take place, and a requisition was presented to the borough-reeve and constables, requesting leave to hold such a meeting. It was refused; and on its refusal the people proceeded with their original design, only appointing the 16th as the day of meeting, and that Mr. Hunt would take the chair.

This was making a bold step in defiance of the authorities, and orderly and peaceable conduct was, more than ever, necessary. On the morning of the day proposed, there was little appearance of any stir amongst the artisans of the town, and it does not seem that they took any or much part in the assembly; but that it was made up of the parties marching in from the country and towns around. During the forenoon of this day, Monday, the 16th of August, large bodies came marching in from every quarter, so that by twelve o'clock it was calculated that eighty or a hundred thousand such people were congregated in and around the open space designated. We have Bamford's account of the squadron from Middleton, of which he was the leader, and it may give us a good idea of the whole.

HENRY HUNT (COMMONLY KNOWN AS "ORATOR" HUNT). FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

At eight o'clock in the morning the men assembled, and were arranged by Bamford in a column of five abreast, headed by a dozen youths, each holding in his hand a branch of laurel, as a token of peace and amity. There were also two flags, one blue and the other green, and on them were mottoes inscribed, in letters of gold—namely, "Unity is Strength!" "Liberty and Fraternity!" "Parliaments Annual!" and "Suffrage Universal!" Between these were borne aloft the cap of liberty, of crimson velvet, with a tuft of laurel. The words Liberty and Fraternity, and the

HUNT ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE AT MANCHESTER.

cap of liberty, showed that they had ideas of the French revolution mingled with their peaceable intentions; and these symbols were, to say the least, ill-chosen.

The whole number of Middleton men amounted to about three thousand, and when all were assembled, their leader threw them into a hollow square, and whilst vast numbers crowded round to witness the proceedings, Bamford made them a speech, exhorting them to conduct themselves peaceably through the day; to offer no insult or provocation to any one, nor to take notice of any such offered to them, as retaliation would necessarily lead to disturbance, and thus furnish an excuse for interfering with the meeting. He reminded them that, by the regulations of the committee, no sticks, or weapons of any kind, were to be carried; if there were any there who had such, he requested that they would leave them behind; and this, he says, was complied with, and only a few old or infirm men retained their walking-sticks. He states that the whole body presented a most respectable appearance of working men, decently, though humbly attired, in clean shirts and neat neck-cloths.

Having made his harangue, Bamford then threw his troop again into marching order, five abreast; and at the head of every hundred was a leader, distinguished by a sprig of laurel in his hat. He himself marched at the head of the troop, with a bugleman at his side to sound the orders. They departed amid loud cheering, and marched in pace to the sound of music. Presently they fell in with the Rochdale band, and they now advanced in a united column of about six thousand men. A considerable number of young women in their holiday trim, the wives or sweethearts of the young men, preceded the column, singing in accompaniment to the music, and sometimes dancing; whilst numbers of others, of both sexes, went along with them, marching on each side. Other bands fell in with the column as they advanced; and, thus formidable in numbers, but evidently with the most peaceable intentions, they proceeded towards Manchester.

At Newton, near Manchester, Bamford was accosted by a gentleman, a partner in a firm by whom he had been employed, who shook him kindly by the hand, but expressed some anxiety at such numbers of people pouring into the town. Bamford assured him that their object was of the most peaceable kind, and that he would pledge his life for their orderly conduct; asking him to notice them, and observe that they were evidently heads or members of decent-working families. This appeared to satisfy his interrogator, and, in return, Bamford asked whether he thought they would meet with any interruption, to which he replied that he did not think they would. "Then," replied Bamford, "all will be well;" and the column again advanced.

But other bands had not been mustered and brought forward with the prudence for which Bamford seems always to have been conspicuous. Some of them had disregarded the injunctions of the general committee, and had gone in extensively armed with sticks. Bamford soon heard that his eccentric friend, the quacking, so-called Dr. Healey, of whom his narrative gives some ludicrous recitals, had headed the band from Lees and Saddleworth, with a black flag borne behind him, on which stared out, in great white letters, "Equal Representation, or Death" on the one side, and on the other "Love," with a heart and two clasped hands—but all white on their black ground—looking most sepulchral and hideous. On reaching the appointed ground, from that day destined to be named "Peterloo," they found a vast concourse, probably amounting to eighty thousand persons, and others continued for some time to pour in, so that Bamford and his band were wedged fast in about the centre of the multitude. Presently there were loud shouts, which indicated Hunt was approaching, who came, preceded by a band of music, seated in an open barouche, with a number of gentlemen, and on the box a woman, who, it appeared, had been hoisted up there by the crowd, as they passed through it.

The platform for the chairman and speakers consisted of a couple of wagons boarded over, and Hunt and his friends had some difficulty in reaching it through the dense press, the attendant bands continuing to play "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia," till they were safely placed on the platform, when the music ceased, and Hunt, having been called to the chair, took off his white hat, and was commencing his address, when there was a strange movement in the crowd, and a cry, "The soldiers are upon us!" and this was the fact. The magistrates had met in great numbers on the previous Saturday, and had determined to seize the ringleaders; but instead of doing this as they might have done, at their several localities when drilling, or on their way to the town, they left this to be done after these vast numbers were assembled, and by the aid of the soldiers, which was certain to produce serious consequences. We have the statements of these magistrates themselves, as laid before parliament, and of Sir William Jolliffe, M.P., lieutenant of the 15th Hussars, and personally engaged on the occasion. The reason assigned by them was, that they waited to see "what the complexion of the meeting might be;" but, if this was the case, they might as well have waited till some disorder took place, which they did not, but sent the soldiers into the crowd, whilst peaceably and in an orderly manner standing to listen to the chairman. Had they waited to the end, they would undoubtedly have seen the immense crowd disappear as quietly as they had come. But the magistrates were clearly excited by their fears. They had assembled a great constabulary and military force. Two hundred special constables had been sworn in; six troops of the 15th Hussars lying in the barracks, were held in readiness; a troop of horse artillery, with two guns; the greater part of the 31st Regiment of infantry; several companies of the 88th Regiment; the Cheshire yeomanry, nearly four hundred men, who had ridden in that very morning; and about forty Manchester yeomanry, chiefly master manufacturers. These were troops enough to storm a town, much more to defend it from an unarmed multitude. The whole of this force, except the Manchester yeomanry, were put under the command of colonel L'Estrange, of the 31st Regiment, in the absence of Sir John Byng, the general of the district, but who had his head-quarters at Pontefract, and who, it appeared, had received no information of these military preparations, or of the imagined need of them.

These forces were thus disposed:—The magistrates sate at the Star Inn, only a few hundred yards from the hustings, and they had the constables so placed that they should form a cordon round the hustings, with a line of them extending to the inn, so as to keep up uninterrupted communication with them; two squadrons of the 15th Hussars were posted in a street to the north of St. Peter's Field, the gathering place, with the Cheshire yeomanry on their left, ready at a signal to charge down on the crowd; the artillery was posted between the cavalry barracks and the town, supported by a troop of hussars, and the rest of the hussars ready in barracks for mounting; the Manchester yeomanry were posted in a [illegible] on the east side of the area; and the infantry was held in readiness should there be need of it.

We have the accounts of what took place from both sides—from the magistrates and the people. Mr. Hulton, the chairman of the bench of magistrates, made the following statements, in evidence, on the trial of Hunt, at York. He said that the warrants for the apprehension of the leaders of this movement were not given to Nadin, the chief constable, till after the meeting had assembled, and that he immediately declared that it was impossible for him to execute them without the protection of the military; that orders were at once issued to the commander of the Manchester yeomanry, and to colonel L'Estrange, to come to the house where the magistrates sate. The yeomanry arrived first, coming at a quick trot, and so soon as the people saw them they set up a great shout. The yeomanry advanced with drawn swords, and drew up in line before the inn where the magistrates were. They were ordered to advance with the chief constable to the hustings, and support him in executing the warrants. They attempted to do this, but were soon separated one from another, in the dense mob, and brought to a stand. In this condition, Sir William Jolliffe, also giving evidence, said that he then, for the first time, saw the Manchester troop of yeomanry. They were scattered, singly or in small groups, all over the field, literally hemmed in and wedged into the mob, so that they were powerless either to make an impression, or to escape; and it required only a glance to discover their helpless condition, and the necessity of the hussars being brought to their rescue. The hussars now coming up, were, accordingly, ordered to ride in and disperse the mob. The word "Forward!" was given, and the charge was sounded, and the troop dashed in amongst the unarmed crowd. Such a crowd never yet stood a charge of horse. There was a general attempt to fly, but their own numbers prevented them, and a scene of terrible confusion ensued. "People, yeomen, constables," says Sir William Jolliffe, one of these hussars, "in their confused attempts to escape, ran one over another, so that by the time we had arrived at the midst of the field, the fugitives were literally piled up to a considerable elevation above the level of the ground."

Surely, both magistrates and soldiers might now have been satisfied. A defenceless multitude have no means of resistance, and, doing their best to get away, might have been left to do so without further molestation, which would be equally brutal in the magistrates, and cowardly in soldiers. But neither of these parties seems to have thought so on this unhappy occasion. The magistrates issued no orders to desist, and the soldiers, by the confession of one of their officers, went on striking and cutting the impeded people, who were thrown down in their vain efforts to get away, and piled in struggling heaps on the field. Mr. Hulton confessed that he walked away from the window, after he had let loose the horse soldiers on the people. "He would rather not see any advance of the military." He was, in fact, so tender-hearted, that he did not mind the people—men, women, and children, met to exercise their political rights—being trodden down under the iron hoofs of horses, and cut down by the sword, so that he did not see it. What says lieutenant Jolliffe:—"The hussars generally drove the people forward with the flats of their swords; but sometimes, as is almost inevitably the case when men are placed in such situations, the edge was used by the hussars, and, as I have heard, by the yeomen also; but of this fact, however, I was not cognisant; and, believing though I do, that nine out of ten of the sabre wounds were caused by the hussars, I must still consider that it redounds highly to the humane forbearance of the men of the 15th, that more wounds were not received, when the vast numbers are taken into consideration with whom they were brought into hostile collision."

Vast numbers of what? Of people endeavouring to fly, and tumbling over one another in their flight! [illegible] hostile collision? Was it not a repetition of don Quixote attacking a flock of sheep? What was there in such a scene to excite brave English soldiers to cut and wound the defenceless and the yielding—a multitude that had not struck a blow, and had no means of doing it? Did such a scene require "forbearance?" Was it not enough that the crowd, so far as it could not fly, lay prostrate? This same gallant officer of hussars confesses that the far greater number of the injuries arose from the pressure of the routed multitude. Was it not enough that there was this inevitable injury to the people, without still urging them, and still cutting at them? These were questions which were soon asked from one end of the country to the other, and with an indignation that left little answer on the part of the offenders in authority. The lesson which the public resentment of this outrage on a suffering people taught both magistrates and soldiers rendered very little forbearance necessary, on similar occasions afterwards. On the contrary, magistrates became as timid as they had here been rash, and soldiers found that there was no need to strike even with the flats of their swords in order to disperse an unarmed multitude. I myself saw, in 1832, the magistrates of Nottingham sitting three days, whilst mobs were setting fire to the castle, and to factories, without daring to give the order to the cavalry to disperse them, though the commander assured them that not a man should be hurt; and when the order at length was given, the mob dispersed in ten minutes without a single blow struck. But before the Manchester massacre, as it was properly called, the people were held in great contempt as "a swinish multitude"—an epithet commonly applied to them; but the voice of human indignation which broke from the heart of the nation taught municipal authorities, at least, that the people had sacred rights, which could not be trampled upon with impunity.

Bamford, who, on the popular side, has decribed this revolting scene, says that, on seeing the cavalry advancing, sword in hand, he shouted to those around him to stand fast. He could not imagine that British soldiers would strike a multitude standing peaceably. But he soon saw his mistake; "they threw themselves, with all their weight of man and horse, on the compact mass of human beings, and, finding that they could not penetrate it, they began to hew away through naked held-up hands and defenceless heads. Then chopped limbs and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. 'Ah! ah! for shame! for shame!' was shouted; then, 'Break! break! they are killing them in front, and they cannot get away!' and there was a general cry of 'Break! break!' For a moment the crowd held back, as in a pause; then there was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea, and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd, moiled and sabre doomed, who could not escape. In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two dropping; while over the whole field were strewn caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn, and bloody. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered, some of these still groaning, others, with staring eyes, were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds, and the occasional pawing and snorting of steeds. Persons might be sometimes noticed peeping from attics, and over the tall ridges of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent."

Hunt, and about a dozen of his friends, were seized on the platform. Bamford and some others, who had escaped, were afterwards taken. The streets were then cleared by the infantry, and in doing this they fired on the people. Such was the celebrated Manchester massacre—the disgraceful outrage of the field of Peterloo. More than a hundred people were carried to, or went to the infirmaries to have their wounds dressed—a considerable number for severe cuts and fractured limbs; no doubt many hundreds were more or less injured, and six lives were lost, including a special constable run over by the cavalry, and a Manchester yeoman, who was struck from his horse by a brick-bat, aimed by a man whom he was pursuing.

The strong, and very just feeling of the disgraceful conduct of the Manchester magistrates was heightened, in the country, by the fact that many other meetings were held, about the same time, in different parts of the country, but these had been suffered to assemble, to pass their resolutions and disperse, without the necessity of resorting to measures so violent as these. In fact, the more the circumstances of the Manchester meeting were considered, the less it appeared to the public at large to warrant the proceedings of the magistrates.

The ministers and the prince regent, indeed, fully approved of the conduct of these magistrates, and that was to be expected, for neither of these parties ever evinced much sympathy for the people, and consequently received very little regard in return. There was a disposition to rule by the high hand in both the prince and the cabinet, which eventually brought them into extreme odium, and warned them that very different times were approaching. On the re-assembling of parliament, lord Sidmouth made the most candid statement of the full and entire approbation of himself and his colleagues of this cruel and dastardly transaction. He said that the news of the event reached town on the Tuesday night; and that it was followed on the Wednesday by two gentlemen from Manchester, one of them a magistrate, to give the government the most minute particulars regarding it; that a cabinet council was immediately summoned, at which the two Manchester gentlemen attended, and entered into the fullest details of all that had taken place; and that the attorney and solicitor-generals, then present, gave it as their opinion that the proceedings were perfectly justified by the necessity of the case. The statement of all particulars was then dispatched to the prince regent, who was yachting off Christchurch, and, on the 19th, the prince replied, by the hand of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, expressing his "high approbation and commendation of the conduct of the magistrates and civil authorities at Manchester, as well as of the officers and troops, both regular and yeoman cavalry, whose firmness and effectual support of the civil power preserved the peace of the town on that most critical occasion."

To most people this appeared to be giving commendation, not for preserving, but for disturbing the peace of the town; but lord Sidmouth, having received this sanction, addressed letters, on the 21st, to the lord-lieutenants of Lancashire and Cheshire, the earls of Derby and Stamford, requesting them to convey to the magistrates of the two counties, who were present at Manchester on the 16th, "the great satisfaction derived by his royal highness from their prompt, decisive, and efficient measures for the preservation of the public tranquillity."

That Sidmouth, notwithstanding the storm of popular odium which burst upon his head for his conduct on this occasion, continued to satisfy himself that he had acted properly, was probable from the narrowness of his political vision, and his ignorance of the nobler principles of government, and we find this freely stated by his biographer, in the third volume, page 262, of his life:—"Lord Sidmouth was aware that this proceeding would subject him to the charge of precipitation, but he was acting upon what he considered an essential principle of government—namely, to acquire the confidence of the magistracy, especially in critical times, by showing a readiness to support them *in all honest, reasonable, and well-intended acts*, without inquiring too minutely whether they might have performed their duty a little better, or a little worse. So impressed was his lordship with the importance of this principle, that he constantly declared, in after life, that had the question recurred, he would again have pursued a course, the policy of which was not less obvious than the justice. If, indeed, the government had left these magistrates exposed to the

storm of popular indignation until the verdict against Hunt and his associates, in the succeeding year, had demonstrated the legality of their conduct, the magistracy at large must, from the dread of abandonment, have failed in duty towards the royal authority, which either could not or would not stand by them in the hour of peril; and thus, in all probability, the most calamitous consequences would have ensued."

This is simply saying that Lord Sidmouth was of that naturally despotic and incorrigible nature that the plainest lessons of experience were lost upon him. Instead of supporting the authority of the magistrates, the sanction of the government only augmented to a high degree the indignant feeling of the country. There was a general expression of reprobation of this wanton act of cruelty, which, so far from protecting the magistrates from odium, only extended that odium to the cabinet and the prince. This act was held to be neither an "honest, reasonable, nor well-intended" one; and for a government to encourage a magistracy in such acts is to undermine all respect for government in a country. In fact, no proceeding of the magistracy and the government, for a long time, cost them so much popular dislike as this Manchester outrage. It was an event which became a public epoch; and from that period, so far from magistrates venturing to imitate it, they were essentially intimidated, and their decision weakened by the fear of incurring like odium. Neither was it true that the legality of the act of the magistrates depended on the verdict on Hunt and his associates. The question of the legality of their act was not at all mooted on those trials; it had long before been virtually abandoned by the highest law authorities of the country. Lord Eldon had declared, in a letter to his brother, Sir William Scott, to be found in his biography, that the Manchester magistrates must be supported; that this would be difficult if it were pronounced merely an unlawful assembly; but it could be done if it were found to be *treasonable*, and he was of opinion that it was so. Accordingly, Hunt and his confederates were charged with high treason; but, on the circumstances being examined, they were found not to bear out this charge, and Hunt and his friends were indicted only for a treasonable conspiracy; and true bills to the extent of this mitigated charge were proved against Hunt and nine others at the summer assizes for the county of Lancaster.

The approbation of the regent and cabinet was all that the Manchester magistrates were destined to find. We have, indeed, been surprised to read, in a modern historian of generally liberal opinions, this observation, that "however grievous an error in judgment they may have committed, it does not appear that the Manchester magistrates can be made out to have done anything absolutely illegal." But it does not appear that, before proceeding to disperse this meeting by an armed force, they even read the Riot Act, without which no such dispersion can be deemed legal or justifiable. True, they had refused their sanction to the meeting, and could have proceeded to arrest the leaders in the movement either before the crowds reached the place of meeting, or afterwards. The latter course had been adopted by the magistrates of Stockport in regard to Sir Charles Wolseley and Dr. Harrison, and that with all necessary effect, and with the avoidance of chance of riot or injury to any one.

In the country at large the most decided condemnation of them prevailed, and they were made to perceive that there is a tribunal at which the acts of magistrates will be tried, where neither prince nor minister can protect them. The reformers of all ranks throughout the kingdom took every means of expressing their sense of the illegality and inhumanity of the deed. Sir Francis Burdett, immediately on reading the account in the newspapers, expressed his abhorrence of it, in the most unsparing terms, in a letter to the electors of Westminster, which he published. For this he was served with an *ex officio* information for libel by the attorney-general.

Great meetings were held in various towns and counties to condemn the whole proceedings, and addresses were sent up and presented to the prince regent, which were, in fact, censures of his own conduct, and were not, therefore, received in a pleasant manner. To one from the common council of London, he replied that he received it with regret, and that those who drew it up knew little or nothing of the circumstances which preceded or attended the Manchester meeting. The fact was, that they knew these a great deal better than he did. Similar addresses were sent up from Westminster, York, Norwich, Bristol, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and many other towns. A meeting of the county of York was calculated at twenty thousand persons, and amongst them was the earl Fitzwilliam, lord-lieutenant of the West Riding, who had also signed the requisition to the high-sheriff. For this conduct he was summarily dismissed from his lord-lieutenancy. Scarcely less offence was given by the duke of Hamilton, lord-lieutenant of the county of Lanark, who sent a subscription of fifty pounds to the committee for the relief of the Manchester sufferers, expressing, at the same time, his severe censure of the outrage committed on the 16th of August. Of course, the ministerial party in town and country did all in their power to counteract this strong and general expression of disapprobation. In Scotland and the north of England the squirearchy got up associations for raising troops of yeomanry, as in direct approval of the savage conduct of the Manchester yeomanry. In the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of outrage, the conflict of opinion between the two parties ran high. The friends of the people indicted numbers of the Manchester yeomanry for cutting and maiming in St. Peter's Field, with intent to kill; but these bills were thrown out by the grand jury at the Lancaster assizes. An inquest at Oldham, on the body of one of the men killed, was also a scene of a fierce and regular conflict for nine days, and was put an end to by an order from the court of King's Bench. But even men who were accustomed to support ministers generally were startled by their conduct on this occasion. Mr. Ward, afterwards lord Dudley and Ward, in one of his letters written from Paris at the time, and since published, says:—"What do reasonable people think of the Manchester business? I am inclined to suspect that the magistrates were in too great a hurry, and that their loyal zeal, and the *nova gloria in armis* tempted the yeomanry to too liberal a use of the sabre—in short, that their conduct has given some colour of reason to the

complaints and anger of the jacobins. The approbation of government was probably given as the supposed price of support from the tories in that part of the country." But the worst feature of the case was that the hussars appear to have used their swords as freely as the raw yeomanry.

That the policy of ministers was as foolish as it was unfeeling was very soon manifest. The suffering working classes were exasperated almost to frenzy by this attempt to put them down by the edge of the sword. Undauntedly they continued to meet in all quarters, and expressed in the strongest language their detestation of the late outrage, and of the sanction of it by the regent and his ministers. The magistrates everywhere were alarmed at the vehemence of the excitement produced amongst the working classes by this event. They wrote to the government, representing the country as on the eve of a violent convulsion, and ministers were led to believe that there was to be a simultaneous rising on the 1st of November. But the popular meetings everywhere met and dispersed without any interruption, except at Paisley and Glasgow, where the magistrates were too much of the temper of the magistrates of Manchester, and called out the troops to disperse the gatherings. Everywhere else the Manchester occurrence seemed to have taught a great lesson to the authorities.

But this better teaching had not reached ministers. They became more obstinate in their notions of repression, thus only preparing for themselves more odium and more trouble. The great law lords were particularly exasperated at the bold aspect and language of the people, and did their best to urge on the only too facile ministers to enactments of stronger rigour. Lord Redesdale wrote to lord Sidmouth declaring that "every meeting for radical reform was not merely a seditious attempt to undermine the existing constitution of government, by bringing it into hatred and contempt, but was an overt act of treasonable conspiracy against that constitution of government, including the king as its head." It is scarcely credible to us, at the present day, that language so ridiculous could have been used by any man who had studied the constitution of England, and who knew that there was such a thing as the Bill of Rights, as these law lords must have done. But it shows how much law may exist in a learned head with how very little sound sense. Poor old lord Eldon was still more incensed or alarmed, and protested that the state of our law was such that it did not meet the present case, which was very true, and equally true that the constitution of 1688 never intended that there should be such law. But lord Eldon was all impatient for the meeting of parliament that such laws might be passed, persuaded, he said, as much as he was of his own existence, that, if parliament did not meet forthwith, there would be nothing for it but to let those meetings take place, reading the riot act, *if there were any riot* at any of them. Just so; that was precisely what a wise government would have done—let the meetings assemble and disperse, as they were doing everywhere, after a constitutional expression of their feeling, without any shadow of a riot or disturbance of any kind.

But the government was, at that juncture, very far from being a wise government. Parliament was called together on the 23rd of November, and opened by the prince regent in person. In his speech he spoke of the unsettled state of the country, and recommended measures of repression. The addresses were in the same tone, and they were commented upon with great warmth by the opposition, and amendments moved. Zealous debates took place in both houses, especially in the commons, where the discussion continued two evenings, and till five o'clock on the third morning. The addresses, however, were carried in the lords by one hundred and fifty-nine to thirty-four, and in the commons by three hundred and eighty-one to one hundred and fifty. The prince regent sent down a mass of papers to both houses relating to the condition of the disturbed districts, and a host of bills, founded on these, were introduced. In the lords, on the 29th of November, the lord chancellor Eldon introduced one in keeping with his alarms, namely, "An Act to prevent delay in the admistration of justice in cases of misdemeanour." This was followed by three others, introduced by lord Sidmouth; one to prevent the training of persons to the use of arms, and to the practice of military evolutions and exercise; another to prevent and punish blasphemous and pernicious libels. Amongst others, Hone was again at work, and ridiculing the despotically spirited ministers in his "Political House that Jack Built." The third was to authorise justices of the peace, in certain disturbed counties, to seize and detain arms collected and kept for purposes dangerous to the public peace. These were to continue in force till 1822. Not thinking he had yet done enough, on the 17th of December lord Sidmouth brought into the peers another act, more effectually to prevent seditious meetings and assemblies, which he proposed should continue in force five years. In the commons, in addition to all this, on the 3rd, lord Castlereagh had introduced a bill for imposing stamp duties, and other regulations on newspapers, to prevent blasphemous and seditious libels, as if Sidmouth's bill on that subject had not fettered the press sufficiently. All these acts were passed, notwithstanding the strongest remonstrances by the opposition as so many infringements of the constitution, and they became known as Sidmouth's and Castlereagh's Five Acts, and still stand in the public memory as proceedings bearing the strongest resemblance to the acts of James II. of any which have insulted the people of England since.

These enactments, unaccompanied by any others, the object of which was to relieve the distresses of the people, only tended still more to exasperate the feelings of the working classes. In fact, nothing had been so obvious as the effect of the proceedings of government of late in disturbing that peace which they professed themselves so desirous to preserve. They, in truth, were the real agitators. For some time before the outrage at Manchester, the spirit of the people in the manufacturing districts had been more quiet. They were not the more contented, but they were comparatively inactive, because they found so stern a resistance to their claims on the part of government, and paused, as it were, in a stupor of despair. The fact that they had had spies and instigators sent amongst them by the government had destroyed all confidence in both ministers and the ruling prince. They were become suspicious of any calls to strive for their rights, lest they should prove a repetition of such insidious temptations. They had, more-

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over, discovered, what is too commonly the case in such circumstances, that many of their leaders were rather seekers of personal popularity than of the public good; and altogether they were dispirited, and disposed to wait some better turn of affairs at some indefinite time. In many places their meetings had fallen off, and their funds had not been kept up, because they deemed the present struggle useless. The drilling for the great Manchester meeting might probably have been the last public demonstration for years, but the result of that meeting—the letting loose the soldiery upon the people—at once broke the spell of uneasy repose, and roused all the elements of political life into action. The passing of the six acts only made the popular resentment the deeper, and whilst this tended to render the more prudent reformers cautious, it stimulated the lowest and most unprincipled of them to actual and deadly conspiracy. The general conspiracy believed in by ministers never existed, but a conspiracy was actually on foot in London, which again was found to have been, if not originally excited, yet actively stimulated, by the agents of government. The details of this transaction, and of the concluding scene of the Manchester outrage, namely, the trial of Hunt and his associates, necessarily lead us about two months beyond the death of George III., which took place on the 29th of January, 1820. To that event we shall return on completing these transactions.

In November, 1819, whilst government was framing their six acts, the more completely to coerce the people, they were again sending amongst them incendiaries to urge them to an open breach of the laws, in order to furnish justifications for their despotic policy. The leading miscreant of this class was a man named Edwards, who kept a small shop at Eton for the sale of plaster casts. Another was a hackney-coach driver, named Hidon. Besides these, Oliver, the spy, was again in motion, and through him emissaries were sent down into his old field of action, the midland and northern manufacturing counties. Some of these appeared at Middleton, the place of Bamford's abode, but he was in prison awaiting his trial with Hunt and the rest, and the people threatened were too cautious to listen to these agents of government. But in London these agents found more combustible materials, and succeeded in leading into the snare some who had been long ready for any folly or crime. Chief amongst these was Thistlewood, who had been a lieutenant in the army, a man who had, or conceived that he had, suffered injustice at the hands of ministers, and who had wrought up his temper to the perpetration of some desperate deed. Bamford when in London, in 1816, had found Thistlewood mixed up with the Spenceans, and to be met with any day at their places of resort—the Cock, in Grafton-street, the Mulberry Tree, in Moorfields, the Nag's Head, Carnaby-market, No. 8, Lumber-street, Borough, and a public-house in Spafields, called Merlin's Cave. At these places they might be found, amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke and the fumes of beer, discussing remedies for the miserable condition of the people. At the latter place, Thistlewood was often to be found with the Watsons, Preston, and Castle, who was employed to betray them. From this spot they issued for their mad attempt on the Tower, on the 2nd of December of that year. Thistlewood was one of those seized on that occasion, but was acquitted on his trial. Not warned by this, he no sooner got abroad than he sent a challenge to lord Sidmouth, for which he was arrested, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. He issued from gaol still more embittered against Sidmouth and his colleagues, and resolved on striking some mortal blow at them. He did not lack comrades of a like fiery and abandoned stamp, and they determined on a scheme for cutting off the whole cabinet together. The detestable deed was to be perpetrated in the autumn of 1819, a time when the public mind, especially that of the working classes, was so embittered against the government. They did not, however, succeed in their intentions, and it was at this crisis of unwilling delay that the man Edwards became privy to their plans. In November he carried the important, and, as he hoped, to him profitable secret to Sir Herbert Taylor, who was attached to the establishment of the king at Windsor, and by him he was introduced to lord Sidmouth. This minister and his colleagues, with that fondness for the employment of spies, and for fomenting instead of nipping in the bud sedition, immediately engaged Edwards, on good pay, to lead forward the conspirators into overt action. It was not enough for them that, by adding another witness or two to Edwards, they would be able to produce the most complete proof of the treason of these men—they rather luxuriated in the nursing of this plot, and thus ripening it into something bloody and horrible; and in this they succeeded.

The Christmas holidays necessarily postponed the plans of the conspirators by the ministers going out of town, and the deaths of the king and of the duke of Kent produced further impediments by preventing the regular cabinet meetings. At one moment the plan appeared to be in jeopardy, from the ministers being in danger of dismissal, for their refusal to procure the new king a divorce; but all these hinderances only the more enabled Edwards to ply his arts, and stimulate his victims to their destruction. So thoroughly had he brought them to this point, that, on the 19th of February, they came to the resolution to assassinate the ministers each at his own house, as they could not get them all together; but at this moment Edwards brought them word that the ministers were going to have a cabinet dinner the next day. To make sure they sent out for a newspaper, and finding that it was so, Thistlewood remarked, that as there had not been a cabinet dinner for a long time, there would be fourteen or sixteen there, and it would be a fine haul to murder them altogether. The dinner was to be at the house of lord Harrowby, and it was planned that one of the conspirators should call with a note, and then the rest should rush in and put the ministers all to death, and bring away the heads of Sidmouth and Castlereagh in bags provided for that purpose. They were then to fire the cavalry barracks by throwing fire-balls into the straw-sheds, and the people rising, as they hoped, on the spread of the news, they were to take the Bank and the Tower.

The whole of these preparations were conveyed to their employers, the ministers, by Edwards and Hidon. As for Edwards, he had risen from extreme poverty to plenty during this time, employed in drawing on the conspirators. He had not only money for himself, but supplied Thistlewood occasionally. On their trials some of the conspirators

declared that they were directly led into the scheme by Edwards, and not by Thistlewood and his associates: that he had gone about distributing hand-grenades, and endeavouring to persuade them to blow up the house of commons.

The ministers being duly informed of all, the preparations for the dinner were carried on ostensibly as though nothing was suspected. On Tuesday, February 22nd, when the evening had arrived, carriages began to collect about the house of lord Harrowby, and the scouts who were sent out to see that there were no soldiers or police stationed there, reported all right. But the carriages were driving to the house of the archbishop of York, which joined lord Harrowby's, and this had deceived the conspirators. The ministers had remained at home to dine, and then had assembled at lord Liverpool's to await the news of the result. The police, conducted by the spies, meantime reached the rendezvous of the conspirators, which was a stable in Cato Street, near the Edgeware Road. The soldiers had orders to be in readiness, and surround the place immediately, and assist in securing the desperadoes. But it seems that the soldiers were not ready at the moment, and on the police entering the stable, they found that the conspirators were in the hay-loft over it. They were proceeding up the ladder to the loft, and Smithers, one of the police, had just entered it, when Thistlewood, seeing that they were betrayed, stabbed the man to the heart, blew out the light, and made his escape. There was a confused firing of pistols in the dark, and the soldiers coming up, nine of the conspirators were secured, with a quantity of arms and ammunition; but fourteen were said to have succeeded in escaping.

The next morning London was thrown into consternation by the announcement of this conspiracy, and by a reward of one thousand pounds being offered in the *Gazette* for the apprehension of Thistlewood. He was captured before eight o'clock that morning, whilst in bed, at the house of a comrade, in Moorfields. But his arrest did not diminish the wild alarms which not only seized the capital but the country. This was immediately believed to be only the centre of that universal conspiracy which government had taken so much pains to propagate an impression of. People everywhere were arming for the defence of their own neighbourhoods, and magistrates and yeomanry were turning out by night to keep watch against a surprise, whilst people in town took great care to lock and barricade their houses against the invisible foe. There were wanting, moreover, no few who pointed this out as a proof of the mischief of allowing education to the lower classes, it being asserted that these men had read newspapers, and thus inflamed their partially enlightened minds with the pernicious diatribes of demagogues, who had also disseminated their plans of conspiracy by means of the press.

The circumstance was a political godsend to the ministers, as they certainly intended it to be: it went to prove that all which they had asserted of the seditious character of the working-classes was correct; that conspiracy *was* on foot; and that their rigorous six acts had not been passed on mere groundless surmises. They could with ease and quietness have put their hands on Thistlewood and all his gang a considerable time before, and that with sufficient evidence of treasonable intentions to convict them; but this would have produced no sensation. Therefore they had entered freely, and with full knowledge, into communication with men whom they had paid to foment plans of assassination, and had paid them well to do it. It is curious that the same historians who, in the case of Oliver and his corps of spies, denied the guilty knowledge of ministers of their traitorous acts, and assert that lord Sidmouth was a man who, not for a moment, would descend to such criminal acts, in this case forget themselves, and as freely admit that he and his colleagues entered fully into this plan with Edwards and others.

On Sunday, the 27th of February, these ministers returned public thanks for their preservation in the royal chapel at St. James's, knowing, at the same time, that they never were in any danger, but had due notice of the progress of their snares, and, therefore, could not possibly be taken themselves by surprise. The king being informed of the upshot of the two conspiracies—that of ministers against Thistlewood and Co., and Thistlewood and Co. against ministers—expressed his thankfulness for their escape.

On the 13th of March parliament was dissolved by a speech delivered by commission, in which the king thus solemnly expressed himself: — "Deeply as his majesty laments that designs and practices, such as those which you have been lately called upon to repress, should have existed in this free and happy country, he cannot sufficiently commend the prudence and firmness with which you directed your attention to the means of counteracting them. If any doubt had remained as to the nature of those principles by which the peace and happiness of the nation were so seriously menaced, or of the excesses to which they were likely to lead, the flagrant and sanguinary conspiracy which has lately been detected must open the eyes of the most incredulous, and must vindicate to the whole world the justice and expediency of those measures to which you thought it necessary to resort, in defence of the laws and constitution of the kingdom."

Thistlewood and nine others were put upon their trial on the 13th of April, and, after a trial of three days, he and eight of them were pronounced guilty, and himself and four of the most desperate were condemned to death; three others were sentenced to transportation for life; and one man, who was proved to have been amongst them without being aware of their object, was pardoned. Thistlewood and the four others were executed on the 1st of May. The next day alderman Wood moved in the house of commons for an inquiry into the conduct of Edwards, but it was rejected by a large majority. On the 19th he again returned to the subject, and supported his motion by producing depositions from many persons brought before him as a magistrate, demonstrating, in the plainest manner, that Edwards had recommended to them the murder of ministers and the destruction of parliament, had furnished plans for these objects, and had done all in his power to seduce needy men into these measures. He proved, also, from the same depositions, that Edwards himself had been living for six weeks in great affluence in the house of a schoolmaster in St. George's Street, Hanover Square, who was not aware of the occupation of Edwards till the wretch himself informed him of it. Alderman Wood called on parliament to act on this unques-

tionable evidence, and purge itself of any sanction of such disgraceful transactions. But ministers again resisted all inquiry, and their friends openly defended them in the use of such means, even ridiculing alderman Wood, and those who supported his motion, for supposing that lord Sidmouth would proceed against Edwards through any depositions furnished by magistrates. The motion was, of course, thrown out.

Before these discussions took place, an attempt had been made by similar means to lead the people of Scotland into insurrection. Emissaries had appeared in that neighbourhood informing the people that there were preparations made for a general rising, and they were ordered to cease all work and betake themselves to certain places of rendezvous. On the morning of Sunday, the 2nd of April, the walls of Glasgow were found placarded everywhere by a proclamation, ordering all persons to cease labour, and turn out for a general revolution. The next morning the magistrates called out the military, and they were drawn up in the streets in readiness for the appearance of an insurrection, but none took place. The people were all in wonder, and assembled to see what would happen; but there appeared not the slightest disposition to make any disorder, and some of the cotton mills were at work as though nothing was expected to take place. But still, the mischief had not altogether failed. Some fifty poor ignorant men had been decoyed out of Glasgow to near Kilsyth, on the assurance that four or five thousand men would there join them, and proceed to take the Carron Ironworks, and thus supply themselves with artillery. These poor dupes were met on the road, on some high ground on Bonnymuir, by a detachment of armed men sent out against them, and, after some resistance, and some of them being wounded, nineteen were made prisoners, and the rest fled. Other arrests were made in different parts of Scotland, and they were tried in the following July and August; but, so little interest was felt in this attempt, or in the details of what was called "the Battle of Bonnymuir," that three only were punished, and the rest discharged.

There remained only the trials of Hunt and his associates in the meeting at Manchester to close the events which arose out of circumstances originating under the reign of George III. These took place at York spring assizes, whither they had been prudently removed out of the district, where both parties were too much inflamed for a fair verdict to be expected. During the time that they lay in prison, the conduct of Hunt had greatly disgusted his humble associates. He showed so much love of himself that Bamford says he began to think that he could never have really loved his country. He was greatly incensed that no bail was found for him. At the trial he showed the same care for himself and indifference to the convenience of his friends. He desired Bamford to talk against time in his defence, that he himself might not be called on till the next morning. Hunt did not want to make *his* defence in the fag-end of a day, but to come fresh into court, and have the day wholly before him for that personal display in which he delighted to indulge. Bamford, who must have fatally injured his own cause by merely talking to drive on the time, did not understand making such sacrifices for a man who would make none for others, but, on the contrary, had maligned various absent friends during his imprisonment, much to the disgust of his fellow-prisoners. "At times," says Bamford, "I had some difficulty to avoid laughing in Hunt's face; at times I was vexed at being a party in such a piece of contemptible vanity. I contrasted all this glare and noise with the useful results of calm, sober thought and silent determination; and I made up my mind that, when once out of this, I would not in future be a party in such trumpery exhibitions—in the unworthy setting up of the instrument, instead of the principle of a great cause."

The government had found it necessary a second time to lower its charge against the Manchester prisoners. At first it was high treason, then it subsided to treasonable conspiracy, and now, at last, it was merely "for unlawful assembling for the purpose of moving and inciting to hatred and contempt of the government." Of this they were all convicted, and were confined in different gaols for various periods, and were called upon to give substantial security for good behaviour in future before being set at liberty. Hunt was imprisoned for three years in Ilchester-gaol. It is only justice to him to state that though, during this imprisonment, he was continually sending to the newspapers complaints of ill treatment, he was instrumental in making known to the public some flagrant malpractices going on in the gaol, and which, through these exposures, were afterwards corrected. Henry Hunt had commenced life as a zealous loyalist; and in 1801, when there was so strong an apprehension of invasion, he offered to put at the service of the country the whole of his farm-stock, valued at twenty thousand pounds; and, besides this, he offered to enter, with three of his servants, at his own cost, into any volunteer regiment of cavalry which might make the first charge on the enemy; and for this he received the thanks of the lord-lieutenant of the county. At this time he was lord of the manor of Glastonbury, and was considered to act very impartially at his court-leet. He farmed extensively at Upton in Wiltshire, and was a regular attendant at Devizes market. After his liberation from Ilchester gaol, he embarked in extensive business as a blacking manufacturer. A few years before his death, when his head was white as snow, I met him on his blacking tour, at Farquharson's Hotel, at Truro, in Cornwall, when his demeanour was marked by modesty and good sense. Experience had evidently done good work on him. He was finally seized with paralysis, whilst alighting from his phaeton, at Alresford, and died there in February, 1835, in his sixty-third year, having lived to witness the triumph of reform, in the struggles for which, notwithstanding some personal defects, he had taken a prominent share.

The trial of Sir Charles Wolseley and Dr. Harrison for their speeches at the meeting for reform at Stockport in July, 1819, terminated also in their conviction and imprisonment for eighteen months, as well as the giving security for their future behaviour on liberation.

With these inglorious events closed the long reign of George III. Indeed, he had passed away before they were brought to their conclusion. He died on the 29th of January, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the sixtieth of his reign. Only six days previously had died

his fourth son, the duke of Kent, in his fifty-third year. But the duke had not departed without leaving an heir to the throne in the princess Victoria, who was born on the 24th of May, 1819. Could the old king have been made sensible of these events, there were others which showed that his line, which of late had appeared likely to die out in one generation, notwithstanding his numerous family, was again giving signs of perpetuation. On the 26th of March, 1819, a son had also been born to the duke of Cambridge, and a son to the duke of Cumberland on May 27th of the same year, now the king of Hanover.

George III. thus terminated the longest reign of any British sovereign, and at the same time infinitely the most eventful. Reckoning his reign at only fifty-nine full years, he reigned longer than Henry III. by three years, and Edward III. by eight years. Both those reigns were eventful ones: in one the great charter, our true Magna Charta, was granted; in the other were made great conquests in France and Scotland; but these sink into comparative insignificance when compared with the transactions of the reign of George III.

George III. stood at the head of his kingdom in a very different Europe to that which existed under those or any other monarchs. Europe had grown populous, far more civilised, and powerful. He succeeded to a throne which not only swayed the destinies of these islands, but of immensely vaster lands in both hemispheres and under every zone. To the west he stretched his sceptre over nearly the whole of North America, over the greater part of the West Indian Islands; to the east, over a large tract of India, and of Australia, then unpeopled by the white man. He soon found himself involved in a dispute, regarding taxation without representation, with his American colonies, and not understanding the true principles of colonial tenure, he engaged in a war of compulsion, and lost them. Little could he at first perceive how small was the real loss, by the withdrawal of their allegiance by a restless and vain people; that the true benefit of colonies resides in the commerce which must necessarily spring up between peoples of kindred origin, and amply furnished with the materials of mercantile exchange. Still less could he imagine that, within the short space of seventy-eight years, this same people, who had so virulently abused him as a tyrant for endeavouring to compel them to remain in union with England, would be themselves exercising the same tyranny to compel the southern states of that continent to remain in union with them; that having proclaimed the right of every people to secede from a state when they felt aggrieved by its policy, they would be engaged in a fratricidal war in resistance to their own principle.

Scarcely freed from this unhappy contest by the lopping away of a great empire, George III. found himself plunged, by the fatal policy of his ministers, into a far greater war—that of endeavouring to reseat on the throne of France a monarch rejected by the French people; and afterwards to put down the most extraordinary conqueror who had appeared for many ages, and who had hurled down all the monarchs of the continent as so many lifeless figures, and stood encircled with enormous armies, the avowed sovereign of a large part of Europe, and the real ruler of the destinies of nearly the whole. It was the extraordinary idea of these ministers that it was the business of England to fight the battles of these foreign sovereigns; that about thirty millions of British people should undertake to champion some hundreds of millions of continental people, as unable to take care of themselves. For this purpose the energies of this nation were stretched to the utmost, and the tide of its wealth was made to flow for twenty years over the whole world. Our ministers fought, and taxed posterity to pay the most enormous sums in this unequal and uncalled-for strife; and so long as George III. retained his faculties he followed sturdily the leading of his advisers. In the midst of the affray his mind sank into the darkness of insanity. His eyes were also shut up in physical darkness, and he remained an unconscious maniac whilst the world was shaken by wars and rumours of wars, and whilst his ministers, more maniacal than himself, were mortgaging the property and the daily earnings of unborn generations, to fight the battles of the world. In this quixotic war our government is calculated to have spent directly in money two thousand seven hundred and sixty million pounds sterling. They found the national debt two hundred and twenty million pounds, and left it eight hundred million pounds. The burden of this formidable sum many a generation of Englishmen must yet bear. And for what benefit to others? To enable despotic monarchs to maintain their iron sway over their indignant peoples.

Yet these great perpetrations of governmental ignorance, committed under the rule, and, so long as he was a reasonable agent, with the full approval of George III., have taught this generation great truths—one, that colonies may be retained by liberality and not by force; and another, that foreign wars belong only to foreign nations. On these points our present government have proclaimed the national doctrine, and have acted upon it in the case of Italy. And whilst we condemn the folly of the government of George III., we must, at the same time, do justice to the quixotic magnanimity of that government, and to the bravery of the people. They played a great and generous part, if not a wise one as regarded their own people, or a just one as regarded posterity. In no age of our history did the military and naval talents and spirit of the nation rise into more imposing splendour. Not the victories of Drake and Blake, not the fields of Agincourt and Cressy, of Blenheim or Ramillies, could equal in terrible bravery the more sanguinary ones of the Spanish peninsula, or of Waterloo. Never was our naval or our military credit so low as at the conclusion of the American war. All nations exulted over us, and thought that the star of England's glory had gone down for ever. But, with new and more arduous occasion, that credit and that star rose again into heights never before reached; a Nelson and a Wellington far more than retrieved all past glories, and the kingdom put forth a strength and a wealth which struck the world with amazement. We not only conquered by our own troops, but we poured out millions on millions of money, which tipped with power and victory the banners of a dozen other nations. Our gold kept on the march the myriad armies from the frozen regions of Siberia to the southernmost part of Spain. Our fleets were in all regions, and made prey of lands and islands everywhere.

When, in 1814, George III. awoke to a momentary consciousness, he was told that the tremendous war was at an end; that the great enemy was hunted down, and caged at Elba; that the allied sovereigns were then in London, being *fêted* by his son, the regent. When he sank at length in death, he yielded the sceptre of a far mightier empire to his son than he had himself received. In Canada, in the immensely extended territory of British India, at the Cape, over a hundred spicy isles in western and southern seas, and over broad Australia, stretched the wondrous rule of England. Australia, planted as a mere penal settlement, as a depôt of felons whom we wished to remove as far as possible from us—Australia, intended only as a substitute for the lost convict lands of Kentucky and Maryland—was already putting forth germs of promise beyond conception, and bidding fair to be to us greater, more loyal, and more enriching than America.

ROYAL VAULT, WINDSOR.

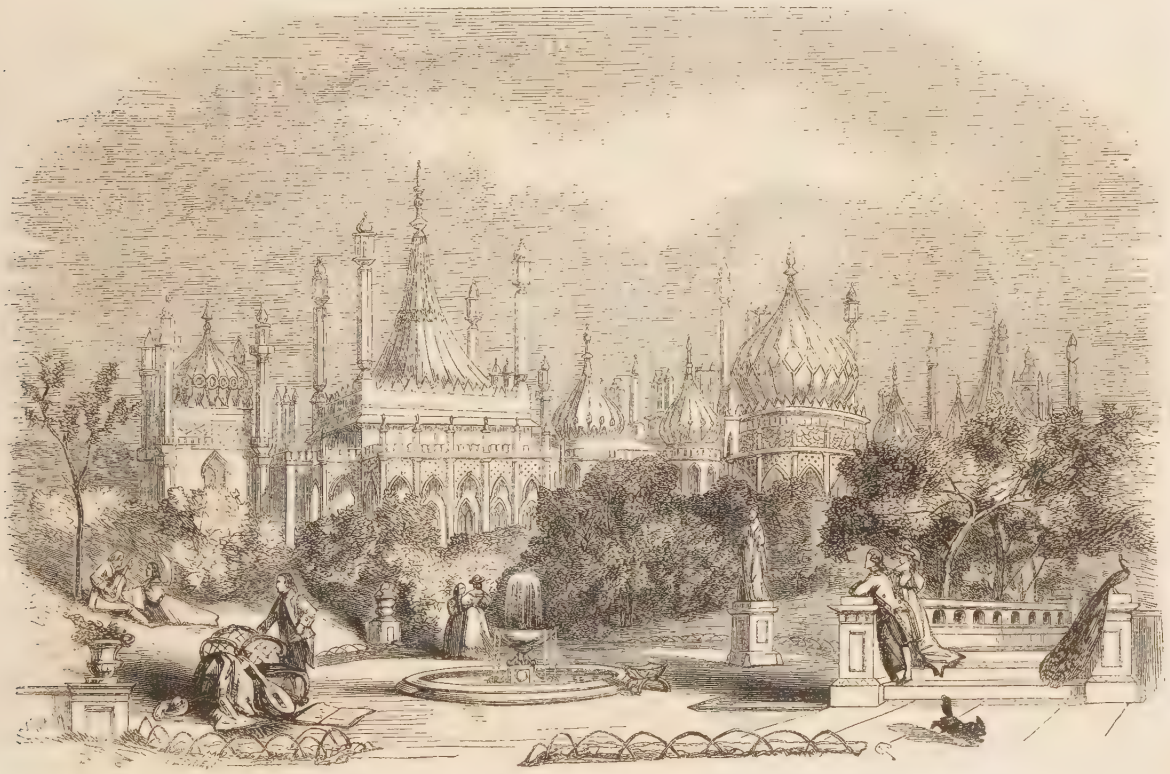
Whilst George III. had been sitting in darkness and in intellectual alienation, the empire over which he had nominally ruled had been growing in other and more essential directions. Mind, and the leaven of better principles, were at work, and must in the end leaven the whole mass. The government itself retained faithfully the impress which he had stamped upon it, though he had ceased to influence it directly. The mind of George, though essentially honest, was narrow and stubborn. His education had been defective, and, though religious ideas had been infused into his soul, they were not the broad and liberal principles of the Christian creed, which necessarily tend to the freedom of the race. George piously wished that every man and woman in his kingdom should have a Bible, but he had no conception of the revolution which that most equalising and enfranchising of volumes must produce when fully and freely studied. He saw no further than he had been taught, and sincerely trusted that piety and obedience to church and state were synonymous; he neither knew the depth of those principles, which lay as yet undeveloped to the popular mind, in the gospel, nor the infinitely higher order of government which must spring up with the clearer comprehension of Christ's words, that it shall not be amongst his disciples as it was amongst the Gentiles, where the kings of the earth exercised lordship over their subjects; this unrestrained lordship should be tempered by the law of the brotherhood of man. King Alfred, a thousand years before, had comprehended this when he said, in his will, "It is fitting that Englishmen should be free as the air they breathe." But Alfred was a great soul; George III. was an honest soul merely, of small calibre, brought up amid all the proud assumptions of a government, taught not directly from the Bible, as Alfred was, but from a state hierarchy. Therefore, George III. could not comprehend the right of America to resist arbitrary taxation; he could as little comprehend the right of his subjects to have full freedom of conscience, but opposed doggedly the emancipation of the catholics, on account of their creed. To all other reforms he was equally hostile, and his government and his son had, to the hour of his death, rigidly maintained the same principles of rule.

They had, as we have seen, done their best to destroy the freedom of the press, the freedom of speech, and the right to assemble and petition for redress of grievances; they had turned loose the soldiery on the people exercising this right, and had armed the magistracy—many members of it extremely ignorant and self-willed, especially in the country—with full powers to seize on any person whom they pleased to suspect of free ideas, and, having shut them down in prison, had suspended the *habeas corpus* act, to keep them there, without a hearing, during their pleasure.

Never in the history of England, since the days of the Stuarts, had there been so determined an attempt to crush the national liberties as towards the end of this reign. But as the darkest and coldest hour of the night is that just preceding the dawn, so, in the midst of this harsh period of rule, there was springing the indomitable spirit of liberty under the rib of that death. This spirit was strong in the people, and there were not wanting champions of it amongst the higher classes. Besides such brawny leaders as Cobbett, arising out of the popular mass, there were lords Grey, Lansdowne, Holland, Cochrane, Russell, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Lambton, afterwards lord Durham, major Cartwright, Tierney, Brougham, and many others, bravely advocating liberal reforms.

The same reluctance had always marked the mind of George III. to reform the penal code as to reform political abuses. During his period of sanity he continued to behold unmoved the frightful ferocity of the criminal code, and to sign, unshudderingly, death-warrants for men and women, some of the latter with children in their arms, for the theft of a sheep or of a few yards of calico. It is, at this time of day, almost incredible with what a stern, unrelenting regularity the gallows dispatched hundreds and thousands of persons, who would now scarcely receive a three months' imprisonment. This characteristic of our government continued when the king could no longer influence it; but then, too, was a more merciful spirit at work in the public mind, and Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, in the last days of this reign, inaugurated a milder system, which has now run, perhaps, into the other extreme.

The same darkness and apathy existed on the subject of education. The great bulk of the people during the Georgian period were almost wholly unable to read; but the reaction had also taken place in this department. Bell and Lancaster had awoke a new spirit, and Raikes and Stock had instituted the mighty machinery of Sunday schools. Steam was already on lake, river, and ocean, through the discoveries of Miller of Dalswinton, of Fulton of America, and of Watt; and Thomas Gray was already calling in government aid further to put it in action by railroads on land. Not only was knowledge awaking, but the means of spreading it rapidly as fast as it received consciousness. Whilst royalty sate in emblematic darkness the people were breaking into light and power by the efforts of genius born amongst them. The manufacturing power of England was made gigantic by the inventions of Arkwright, Crompton, Watt, and the engineering skill of Smeaton, Brindley, Telford, and others. It was the hour of darkness in high places, and of progression



BRIGHTON PAVILION.

in lowly ones. Government was brooding over stagnation at the very moment that the nation itself was putting forth evidences of vigour and action of all kinds.

Such was the reign of George III., in itself stern and conservative, but, by the force of long accumulating causes, the very starting point of a new era, the birth-time of new politics, new legislation, new literature, new industrial arts, and general progress. As for the old king, he was but a type of a departing time—blind and ungenial, and mad with the quixotism of standing the champion of all the kings of the earth, without taking from them one guarantee for popular liberty—of being the paymaster of Europe, and the idiotic Atlas of the world's debts. But as he had long lived on, though sightless and effete, as a ruler, so the system of things was growing old with him, and had already lost its real vitality—it was moving only from the impetus of past causes. Beneath the palace, the prison-house of overstrained prerogative—beneath the houses of parliament, the strongholds of aristocratic domination—beneath the magistracy, the depositories of antiquated notions of subserviency to governmental bureaus, and of suspicion of the people, the ground was everywhere heaving with new forms of life and new growths of energy. The dry bones of all former down-trodden generations, scattered over the battle-plains of despotism, and over the low and despised valleys of poverty's life, seemed to be clothing themselves with new flesh, and lifting up faces towards the heavens full of the consciousness of a descent thence, and kinship there, and with eyes full of all sorts of new meanings, new conceptions, new hopes and aspirations, and the capacity for unimagined things.

Though no perception of this new creation of human beings, as it were, from the clods and stones of the earth—of this new era, where every man should eventually become a king, with powers, arts, and intellectualities yet undreamed of, could have entered into the most clairvoyant moment of George's prime, and though he died wholly unconscious of the growing of this new birth in the pregnant body of the time, he carried with him the respect of his subjects for his integrity, crippled as it was by narrow intellectual vision, and for his piety, though it brought forth such little fruit in his own family. There had been something wrong in his domestic realm, as well as in his public one. The singular spectacle of a couple of sovereigns, religious, moral, and orderly, and a family for the most part immoral and disorderly, was a peculiar one, and can only be explained by the examination of matters which belong only to the metaphysician. It is not our duty to inquire why the king failed in this respect; it is our business to prevent only the mistake, which would be a great one, of attributing the superior order of things which was about to take place either to the monarch or the ministry which ruled in his name. It was a regeneration arising out of the vital forces of the nation itself. Its energies were culminating from a thousand causes—from accumulated knowledge, artistic skill, governmental experience, and from the same old and indestructible root in the British nature which achieved Magna Charta, curbed the will of the rigorous Edward III., and of the still more haughty Elizabeth, broke through the deep-laid trains of Charles I., and his Laud and Wentworth, and drove for ever from England the hopeless James II. The resistance under George III. to the despotic efforts of the regent, of Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Liverpool, was but the yet unfolded force which went on growing, ever clearer and more expansive, in literature, laws, and philanthropic humanities to the present time. All these points we shall now elucidate and establish by facts.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATION.

We open our remarks on this subject, as we did our former ones, in the review of our progress at the end of the reign of George II., with the observation that our material and intellectual progress has been checked by our enormous foreign wars. It may be said, Yet how much our wealth and power have increased during the prosecution of these wars. We reply, But how much more these would have been increased had we spent the same money and energies on peace and peaceable objects. We have spent on wars since the commencement of George III.'s reign two thousand seven hundred and sixty million eight hundred thousand pounds, and have had in them one million and fifty thousand of our fellow-countrymen slaughtered, according to the calculations of Spackman in his "Statistical Tables;" and, besides this, the number of foreigners that our soldiers and sailors have killed, which, undoubtedly, are many more. Say, however, that they are only an equal number, these make no fewer than two millions one hundred thousand men killed in these wars. Can any considerations of worldly policy justify this horrible carnage in the course of sixty, or of any number of years? Can any worldly policy justify the expenditure of two thousand seven hundred and sixty millions eight hundred thousand pounds sterling on wars—wars undertaken without the consent of that posterity which for ages must continue to bear the charge of them? Has any nation, any more than any individual, a right to expend the money and estates of others in quarrelling and fighting? There are millions already paying every year their quota of the interest of the debts incurred by these wars who never consented to them, and, being in the bosom of futurity, could not be asked to consent to them.

The British nation, making high pretences to Christianity, showed by these insane wars that it did not understand or would not obey the plainest precepts of Christianity. The Christianity of the reign of George III. was a bloody farce, and an abomination. Men who could expend nearly *three thousand millions* of money, and put to death more than *two millions of men* in endeavouring to coerce Americans, or to mix in the quarrels of continental despots, were not Christians, however they might arrogate that divine title; they were not even honest men; they were recklessly expending what was not their own.

And who are these men whom we have killed?—Americans, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Italians, and Germans. Now, putting all Christian and all humane considerations out of the question, and betaking ourselves to questions of political economy, all these men would have been customers for our manufactures, and we should have been their customers for corn and other raw produce. Both

they and we should have lived in far greater comfort; our working classes would have enjoyed plenty of work, and plenty of cheap food; there would have been no occasion for corn laws, for there would have been no debt, and therefore no need of increased taxation, or increased rentals. And let us imagine how much commerce the nearly three thousand millions of money which went to slaughter so many men would have originated, how many manufactories and shops it would have kept in action; how much education it would have diffused amid the ignorant population, thus increasing their power of promoting the general welfare; how many taxes it would have rendered unnecessary, instead of being, as they were by the war, rendered tenfold more imperative.

During the late thirty years of peace we saw how general became the demand for the reduction of taxation; how active became the minds of all men in devising fresh reductions of expenditure; and how greatly the arts of life, and plans for the elevation of the minds and views of the people were extended. War returned, and with it fresh taxation, fresh accumulation of the public debt. Men begin to ask themselves to what this debt is to grow, and with it to what a scale of taxation we are to ascend? At this moment, though at peace, we are maintaining such armies and navies and paying such an annual amount of taxation as a century ago would have struck the direst consternation into our fathers in the worst times of war.

It is one of the heritages of the reign of George III. that we have grown out of the salutary fears entertained by our ancestors of a standing army. The constant wars of that reign made such an army a habit; and it appears now to have become a perpetual institution.

But, say advocates of this state of things, the nation, through all, has become so infinitely richer. If we are so rich, why not, then, begin to reduce the debt? Why continually adding to it in times of peace? Why should our hard-working fellow-men, who earn some ten or twenty shillings a-week, have the burden of this debt added to their other burdens? These are questions continually forced on the historian as he contemplates the vast wars and the vastly-growing debts of the reign of George III. It is the curse derived from that time that we continue to regard debt and taxation with a strange apathy; we are familiarised to lavish expenditure and a cumbrous system of government, made so by the desire of the different administrations to buttress themselves up by the multitude of their paid retainers. Hence the long train of commissionerships for all imaginable and almost unimaginable purposes, and the high rate at which all our governmental dignitaries are paid, though generally men of enormous estates, and well capable of doing something gratuitously for the good of their country. But, to-day, patriotism must be a well-paid patriotism.

Yet, notwithstanding the enormous waste of the wealth and the energies of the nation on war during the reign of George III., it is equally true that it made extraordinary progress in material strength and greatness. In the extent of empire, as we have observed, though we lost the American colonies, which became the United States, we acquired vast territories in the East Indies; we conquered the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, and a number of West Indian islands; and, though only intending to found in Australia a settlement for criminals, we founded a great continent.

The progress of the country in commerce during this reign, notwithstanding the rage for war, had been extraordinary. We shall go more particularly into these details under their proper heads; but some idea may be formed from these facts that, at the commencement of the reign, the number of British vessels of all kinds amounted to only 7,075, with a tonnage of 457,316 tons; but at the end of the reign the vessels amounted to 30,000, with a tonnage of upwards of 3,000,000 tons. At the commencement of the reign the exports were £14,500,000, and the imports £9,579,159. At the end of the reign the exports had risen to £43,438,989; and the imports to £30,776,810.

A great proportion of these results had been produced by the rapid growth of manufactures. The introduction of steam, and the inventions of the spinning jenny and other kinds of machinery, had given such a development to our manufactures, that the value of these at the end of the reign made three-fourths of the whole exports. Agriculture had made considerable progress, and of this art the king was a zealous patron, especially of the improvements in the breed of sheep, importing himself merinos from Spain at a great cost. There were also great promoters of such improvements in stock, as Bakewell, Cullen, and others, and the high price of corn and of all kinds of agricultural produce during the war acted as stimulants to farming. The value of land also caused the inclosure of vast tracts, and much planting of trees was done, especially in Scotland, which had previously been very deficient in that respect.

The growth of material wealth during this reign had in no degree improved the condition of the working class in any proportion to that of other classes. Landlords had greatly raised their rents, and farmers, by the high price of corn and other provisions, had grown comparatively rich, many very rich. The merchants and master manufacturers had shared liberally in the benefits of a vastly increased commerce, and the wonderful spread of manufactures; but the working manufacturers, betwixt the high price of corn and meat, and the lowness of their wages, were in a miserable condition, and frequently, as we have seen, were driven to riot and insurrection. The hand-loom weavers were swamped by machinery, and those working the machinery were living in wretched houses, and in a most neglected and unsanitary condition. Before Sir Robert Peel, senior, introduced his bill for regulating the hours and other regulations of cotton mills, many of these worked night and day, one gang, as it was called, succeeding another at the spinning-jenny, in hot, ill-ventilated rooms. Apprentices were purchased of parishes from children of paupers, or orphans of such, and these were kept by mill-owners, and worked long hours, one gang having to quit their beds in the morning for another gang of these poor unfortunates to turn into them. The agricultural labourers were little better off. Their habitations were of the worst condition, though squires' kennels on the same estates were equal, in all sanitary conditions, to tolerable mansions. Their wages remained only some

eight or ten shillings a-week—when the wheat, which they had raised, was one hundred and thirty shillings per quarter, and a stone of flour of fourteen pounds cost a gold seven-shilling piece. This drove them in shoals to the workhouse, and produced a state which we shall have to describe. Their mental and moral condition was equally deplorable. Education, either in town or country, was scarcely known. In our time, even, there was not a school in all the swarming region of Whitechapel, and many another equally poor and populous region of London, much less in country towns and agricultural parishes. It was a settled maxim amongst the landed gentry, that education, even of the most elementary kind, would totally destroy the supply of servants; and it was gravely stated in parliament, that the plot of Thistlewood was owing to the working-classes being able to read.

The charity schools throughout the country were discovered, by the operation of Henry Brougham's commission, to be monopolised by the landlords of the different parishes and the clergy, and the ample revenues for education embezzled by them. In some such schools there was not a single scholar; in others, as at Pocklington, in Yorkshire, the free grammar school, with an endowment of one thousand pounds a-year, had only one scholar; this one has informed us that he received next to no education. This state of physical and moral destitution was made the more dreary by the equally low state of religion. The dissenters were on the increase, and, chiefly in towns, were exerting themselves to disperse the Egyptian darkness of this Georgian era, and Methodism was now making rapid progress amongst the working-classes, both in town and country. But the preachers of methodism met with a reception from the country squirearchy and clergy which has no parallel since the days of popish persecution. They were dragged out of the houses where they preached, kicked and buffetted, hauled through horse ponds, pelted with mud and stones; and the clergy and magistracy, so far from restraining, hounded on the mob in these outrages. The lives of these preachers, and the volumes of the "Wesleyan Magazine," abound with recitals of these brutalities, which, except recorded there, could not now be credited. What John Wesley and his brother Charles, and George Whitfield suffered themselves, especially in Devonshire and Cornwall, reads now like a wild romance.

The state of the church of England was one of the most surprising deadness and corruption. Vast numbers of the churches had no minister resident, except a poor curate at a salary of some twenty pounds per annum, who, therefore, was compelled to do duty in two or three neighbouring parishes at once, in a manner more like the flying tailor of Brentford, than a Christian minister; and the resident incumbents were for the most part given up to habits of intoxication, inherited from the last reign. Some of these ruling pastors held three or four livings, for the license as to the plurality of livings was then almost unbounded. That we may not be supposed to be drawing imaginary pictures, we will quote a few facts which came before parliament, even towards the end of the reign of George III.

According to returns made by the bishops in 1807, the number of incumbents in the eleven thousand one hundred and sixty-four parishes of England and Wales, was only four thousand four hundred and twelve, or little more than one in every third parish. In 1810, the matter had a little improved, for the whole number of residents were found to be five thousand nine hundred and twenty-five. The duty of the kingdom was chiefly done by curates, and how were these curates paid? Lord Harrowby stated in the house of peers, in 1810, that the highest scale of salary paid by non-residents to their curates, who did all the work, was fifty, sixty, or at the most seventy pounds a-year; but that a far more usual scale of payment was twenty pounds, or even ten pounds, per annum; that this was much less than the wages of day labourers, and that the worst feature of the case was that the non-residents and the pluralists were amongst those who had the richest livings, so that men drawing eight hundred or even two thousand pounds a-year from their livings were often totally unknown to their parishioners, and that often, "all that they knew of the curate was the sound of his voice in the reading-desk, or pulpit, once a week, a fortnight, or a month."

The consequence was that the condition of the agricultural population was as debased morally as it was destitute physically—in the almost total absence of education, the very funds granted by pious testators for this end being embezzled by the clergy or squierarchy. Everything which could imbrute the people was encouraged by the aristocracy, on the plea that it made them good soldiers. When the horrors and brutalities of almost universal dog-fightings, cock-fightings, bull and bear-baitings, began to attract the attention of philanthropists, and it was sought by parliamentary enactment to suppress them, they were defended by Wyndham, and others, on the ground that they accustomed the people to the sight of blood, and made them of the "true British bull-dog character." Some limits were set, before the end of the reign, to these barbarities, and some little more freedom was extended to dissenters, which we shall notice in the proper place; but such was the steadfast bigotry of George III., and of his son and ministers after his insanity, that every attempt to abolish the Test and Corporation Act, or to effect catholic emancipation, were, during George III's reign, in vain.

In Wales, such was the neglect of religion by the establishment, that, previous to 1804, there was scarcely a clergyman of the Church of England in the principality who was a native, or could preach in Welsh. The capability of a minister to make himself understood by his parishioners had been totally disregarded by those who had the presentation to livings; the exercise of patronage had alone been cared for; the souls of people went for nothing. About that time the Rev. Mr. Charles was engaged as curate in a Welsh parish. He found not a single Bible in the parish, and on extending his inquiries, he scarcely found a Bible in Wales. He made this fact known to the public, in an appeal for Welsh Bibles, and for this appeal and the attendant exposure of the clerical neglect, he was dismissed from his cure, and could find no bishop who would license him to preach in any other parish. But his truly Christian act had excited the attention of the religious public, and had the immediate effect of establishing the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804—an association which grew to

such vast dimensions, and has produced such admirable results.

In Ireland, the bulk of the population had been left to the catholic pastors, who were maintained by their flocks, the property of the catholic church having been long transferred by act of Parliament to the church of England, or, as it was called, the sister church of Ireland. The number of parishes in Ireland had been originally only two thousand four hundred and thirty-six, though the population at that time was half that of England; but in 1807 Mr. Wickham stated that, in 1803, these had been consolidated, and reduced to one thousand one hundred and eighty-three. In some of these parishes in the south of Ireland, Mr. Fitzgerald stated that the incomes amounted to one thousand pounds, to one thousand five hundred pounds, and even to three thousand pounds a-year; yet that in a considerable number of these highly-endowed parishes there was no church whatever. In others there were churches but no protestant pastors, because there were no protestants. The provision for religious instruction went wholly, in these cases, to support non-resident, and often very irreligious, clergyman. In fact, no truly religious clergyman ever could hold such a living. The livings were, in fact, looked upon as sinecures to be conferred by ministers on their relatives or parliamentary supporters. It was stated that out of one thousand one hundred and eighty-three benefices in Ireland, two hundred and thirty-three were wholly without churches; and Mr. Fitzgerald said, "that where parishes had been consolidated, the services rendered to the people by their clergyman had been diminished in proportion as his income had been augmented; for no place of religious worship was provided within the reach of the inhabitants; nor could such parishioners obtain baptism for their children, or the other rites of the church; and the consequence was, that the protestant inhabitants, in such places, had disappeared."

Measures to alter this disgraceful state of things were repeatedly introduced, but as steadily rejected. The collection of tithes seemed to occupy the chief attention of the established clergy of Ireland, even where they rendered no spiritual services, and eventually led to a state of irritation and of dire conflict betwixt the protestant incumbent and the catholic population, which did not cease till after the death of George III. The clergyman called in the soldiery to assist him in the forcible levying of tithes, and the bloodshed and frightful plunder of the poor huts of the Irish in this *bellum ecclesiasticum* became the scandal of all Christendom ere it was ended by the act of a subsequent reign, which transferred the collection of tithes to the landlord in the shape of rent.

In 1818, little more than a year before the decease of George III., a million of money was granted by parliament for the building of new churches in England, and this circumstance led the attention of architects to the subject of ecclesiastical architecture. From this period, therefore, we may date the revival of a knowledge of the true principle of that style of building. Thomas Rickman, singularly enough, a member of the Society of Friends, published inquiries into this subject, and clearly demonstrated those principles, and those ideas of beauty and consistence, which guided the church builders of the catholic ages in England and in all other Christian countries. It was now seen what monsters of mongrel and conflicting styles had been the so-called Gothic erections which had risen of late years as parish churches, and pretended revivals of the Anglo-Gothic as mansions, such as Horace Walpole's villa at Strawberry Hill, Eaton Hall, in Lancashire, &c.

The great progress of the period had been made in science and literature. Science, as applied to mechanics and manufactures, had exceeded that of any former term of the same amount of years. In literature, no former age in England had produced such a multitude of men of unquestionable genius. There had been no individual of equal measure with Shakespeare, Milton, or Bacon, but the aggregate of genius far exceeded that of the age of any of these great men. Indeed, there had occurred a new spring of intellect and a new era of taste nearly all over Europe, especially in this country, in Germany, and Scandinavia. French and other artificial models were discarded, and there was a great return to nature and to truth.

CONSTITUTION AND LAWS.

Notwithstanding the generally despotic tendencies of George III., the regent, and their ministers, some important advances were made during this reign in a more liberal legislature, and also in a more liberal rendering of the already-established laws. In trials for libel juries were found to resist the instructions of the judges, and to give independent verdicts. There were two points on this question, and especially as regarded political charges of libel, on which juries claimed to exercise their own judgments. The one was, whether the charge made was true; and the other, that they should by their verdict determine both the fact and the law. Previous to the revolution, it was permitted to give evidence of the truth of an alleged libel; but since then it has become the practice of the courts of law to disallow of this in cases of political libel—affirming virtually that the greater the truth the greater the libel. And that practice yet nominally remains, except in civil cases, in which the accused may justify his charge by producing evidence in support of the fact. In cases of political libel, however, juries have assumed the right of judging both of fact and law, thus taking the direction entirely out of the hands of the judges. This victory was not won without repeated struggles. In the trials of Woodfall, for the publication of "Junius's Letters," and of Wilkes, for No. 45 of the "North Briton," lord Mansfield presided, and informed the juries that they had nothing to do but to decide the fact of the printing and publishing, and the judges, as the only properly qualified persons, would determine the law of the cases. These trials occurred in the 32nd year of the reign of George III., or in 1792. The counsel in both these cases instructed the juries that they had the right to decide both law and fact, and that anything short of that was a surrender of the rights of juries, and of the subject. On the other hand, the law officers of the crown endeavoured to impress upon them the danger of allowing men unlearned in the law to decide upon the law; that it was next to impossible for any but profound lawyers to state the law. But to this it was properly replied by

counsel, that it was undoubtedly the province and the duty of the judge to explain the law, but it then remained for the jury to determine whether the accused had violated the law, or that the institution of juries would be henceforth a farce and a snare. The jury, in the case of Woodfall, took the simple plan of pronouncing a verdict of "Guilty of printing and publishing only." This was no more a crime than it was for William Penn and Joseph Meade, eminent preachers amongst the Friends, in 1670, being found "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch-street," which gave such dire offence to the recorder of London of that day, and caused him to lock up the jury without fire, food, or candle. Lord Mansfield now told the jury that the printing and sense of "the paper were all they had to consider of;" but the jury persisted in their verdict, and lord Mansfield declared that a new trial ought to be moved for.

The same judge, in the trial of Millar, who had been indicted for republishing the libel of Junius, endeavoured again to induce the jury to leave the determination of the law to the bench; in which case, all political offenders would have been at the mercy of time-serving judges, and so of courts. He assured them that such had been for a very long time the settled opinion and practice of the courts of law. But in this case he did not absolutely assert that the jury had no right to determine the law of the case, but that, if they did choose to determine the point of law, they must be very sure, for their conscience' sake, that their determination was law; and he added that "If the law was in every case to be determined by juries, we should be in a miserable condition, as nothing could be more uncertain, from the different opinions of mankind." Junius, in commenting, in his famous letters to that judge, on this case, declared that lord Mansfield had contradicted his former positive laying down of the law, and conceded the question. And this, no doubt, was the fact. He no longer told the jury that they could not legally touch the question of law, but that, if they did, uncertain results might flow from the practice.

The conduct of lord Mansfield in these cases, and that of Wilkes, excited expressions of strong condemnation both from the press and in parliament. In the house of lords some of the judges spoke out against his arbitrary doctrines. The motion was made by lord Chatham, and he said that he never understood that these notions of the learned lord were the law of England, but, on the contrary, that the jury were competent judges of the law as well as of the fact; and then lord Camden condemned this doctrine and the practice founded on it most severely. On this, lord Mansfield left with the clerk of the house a copy of the judgment of the King's Bench in the case of the king against Woodfall, that their lordships might read it. Lord Camden considered this a challenge to him to debate the subject, and he declared himself ready to prove that his lordship's doctrine was not the law of England. Lord Mansfield took care not to enter into the discussion.

But a case which occurred long before had the direct consequence of procuring a new expression of the law by a bill. In 1784 the dean of St. Asaph was indicted for publishing the "Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer," written by Sir William Jones. Erskine was counsel for the dean, and, under his clear explanation of the law, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of publishing only." The judge in this case, Mr. justice Buller, told the jury their verdict was not correct, and he endeavoured to persuade them that they meant to convict the defendant of libel. The jury replied, "No; we find him only guilty of publishing; we do not find anything else." Erskine desired that this verdict should be recorded, but justice Buller insisted that there must be some mistake; that, if they found the defendant guilty of publishing, they meant that he was guilty of all the inuendoes of the libel. Mr. Erskine endeavoured to save the jury from any mystification, and said, "When the jury came into court, they gave, in the hearing of every man present, the very verdict that was given in the case of the king against Woodfall; they said 'Guilty of publishing only.' Gentlemen, I desire to know whether you mean the word 'only' to stand in your verdict?" One of the jury: "Certainly."

But Buller still continued to argue that they were wrong: and insisted that, if they said "only," they negatived the meaning of the inuendoes, and that the counsel was endeavouring to mislead them, and induce them to give a verdict in words different from what they meant. He requested them to leave out the word "only," and then, if the defendant was dissatisfied with the verdict, he could move for a new trial. A long altercation ensued, and at length the judge became very irate with Erskine's resolute keeping of the jury to their original form of words, and said, "I will not be interrupted."

Mr. Erskine: I stand here as an advocate for a brother-citizen, and I desire that the word *only* may be recorded.

Mr. justice Buller: Sit down, sir. Remember your duty, or I shall be obliged to proceed in another manner.

Mr. Erskine: Your lordship may proceed in what manner you think fit. I know my duty as well as your lordship knows yours. I shall not alter my conduct.

The judge was compelled to give way, observing, however: The first verdict was as clear as could be; they only wanted it to be confounded.

The first verdict was, in truth, clear enough; it was the judge who wanted it to be confounded. The end of the matter was that the jury had decided that the dean was guilty of publishing the article, but whether it were a libel or not they did not find. This was not fully satisfactory as the judges declared that it was a libel in law; and therefore, in the following term, Mr. Erskine moved for a new trial, on the ground of a misdirection by the judge. This point had now to be decided by the judges, with lord Mansfield at their head; and he argued again that the practice of the courts from the Revolution to that day had been to leave the law to the judges, and the rule was refused.

Again, in the trial of Mr. Almon, in 1771, for the republication of "Junius," the same ground was gone over; and, to settle the point, Burke brought in a bill, but could not carry it. In 1794, however, Mr. Fox brought in a bill of the same kind, and, after much opposition, carried it in the following session. By this bill juries were left at liberty to find either a general or a special verdict; and the judges were required to explain the law, and leave the decision to the jury. This bill, the real author of which was Mr., afterwards lord, Erskine, settled the right of juries to decide

both on the fact and the law, but not without some looseness, which occasioned William Hone to complain of it on his trial. Mr. justice Coleridge, in his edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries," says:—"The advocates, both in and out of parliament, uniformly contended that it was to prevent and not to produce an anomaly in the criminal law; and that their sole object was to give the jury the same power, and no other, in a trial for libel as in a trial for murder." Of course, in all cases, a jury is bound to listen to the exposition of the law by the judge and then to determine whether the defendant has or has not violated the law.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

By various decisions in the latter part of the reign of George III., the utmost licence was given to criticism on

books. Lord Ellenborough ruled, in 1805, that almost anything may be said of a book, however false, so that the author is not attacked personally—that would be actionable.

Another question which occupied a considerable portion of attention during this reign was that of copyright, both in writing and in mechanical processes. With regard to purely literary copyright, there had been no legislation till the reign of queen Anne. Property in books was considered, like any other property, protected by the common law of the land. At that time authors, who, for the most part, depended on the patronage of the titled, and wrote the most fulsome flatteries to them, instead of depending on the public at large, were thought sufficiently remunerated by the proceeds of their works for a limited term of years. It was thought good law, even by Blackstone, in his time, that books were the result of labour and invention, and that, therefore, an author had only a right of occupancy in his writings. The results of labour and invention, in money made by trade, were deemed inalienable; but the results of the same labour and invention, in some work destined to civilise and intellectually enrich unborn generations, were only deemed worthy of a few years' appropriation by the author. It was deemed that a man's dunghill, or his ash-heap, was more real property than the creations of the mind, for those commodities no one shall, to the end of time, seize on without committing a felony; but that any one should be at liberty to seize on an author's books after eight-and-twenty years from their first publication. By the 8th of Anne, c. 19, it was enacted that, after the 10th of April, 1710, the authors of books already printed, who had not transferred their rights, and the booksellers and others who had purchased such rights, should have the sole privilege of printing and reprinting them for twenty-one years; and the authors of books not yet printed, and their assigns, should have the sole right of printing and reprinting them for fourteen years; but if an author outlived these respective terms of fourteen or twenty-one years, and had sold his copyright, at that period it should return to him for another fourteen years. The booksellers, however, soon found a form of words in agreements which generally prevented an author receiving his copyright back again. Fourteen or twenty-one years, therefore, might be considered the real term of copyright in an author.

This right was extended, by an act of 54 Geo. III. c. 156, to a term of twenty-eight years absolutely, and for the author's life if he survived that period. The booksellers made various attempts to set aside the restrictions of the copyright act of Anne, but in vain. Bishop Warburton and others defended the right as existing in common law, and not to be extinguished by particular enactment, any more than any other property. On the contrary, Mr., afterwards lord Thurlow, in the case of Tonson *v.* Collins, regarding the copyright of the "Spectator," as counsel for the defendant, declared that there was no more claim for a copyright in books than in other inventions; that one was the labour of heads, and the other of hands, but that heads were required for both, and therefore it merely amounted to a difference in heads. And this reasoning was thought, for a long time, very admirable by those who would not have been very willing to see the same rule applied to the accumulation of fees by legal heads. The act of Anne declared that this mulcting of authors was for the benefit of literature; and, on the same principle, it would be for the benefit of agriculture that landed estates should continue in the possession of their owners only for eight-and-twenty years, or for their lives; that manufactories should be taken away at the end of the same term for the benefit of manufactures, and ships for the benefit of merchandise. Since the reign of George III. literary copyright has been somewhat more extended by a bill introduced by sergeant Talfourd, and passed in 1842. A copyright in dramatic productions was passed in 1833, in the reign of William IV. To check the invasion of copyright the owners can proceed by action for damages, by action for penalties upon the statute, or by injunction in the court of chancery. The latter is the commonly sought remedy. By a case brought before lord Hardwicke, Pope *v.* Curll, it was decided that a man has the same copyright in his manuscript letters as in other of his writings. Till the Dramatic Authors' Protection Act, passed in 1833, plays were at the mercy of any one who chose to act them, representations on the stage not being considered an invasion of right within the meaning of the copyright acts. Lecturers were equally at the mercy of short-hand writers till 1835, when an act was passed protecting them. A copyright in prints and engravings was established by an act of 17 Geo. III.

The idea of lord Thurlow regarding other inventions than books, was not lost sight of by those whose interests were concerned, and copyright was extended to original patterns for printing linens, cottons, calicoes, muslins, &c., by an act in 1787. The copyright only extended over two months, and the name of the printer or manufacturer was to be printed at the end of each piece of linen, cotton, &c. The term was extended to three months, by a second act in 1794. The benefits of this copyright have been extended to designs for other articles of manufacture by the 2 Vic., 1839. By an act of 38 Geo. III. c. 71, that is, in the year 1798, copyright was given in models and casts of any bust, or any part of the human figure, or any statue of the human figure, or the head or any part, or the statue of any animal.

The position of the judges was improved by an act in the first year of this reign. The acts 2 and 3 of William III. had abolished the insecure tenure of their office, by changing it from *durante bene placito* into *quamdiu se bene gesserint;* but till the commencement of the reign of George III. their commissions terminated with the demise of the crown. The 1 Geo. III. c. 23 altered this, making their commissions and their salaries independent of the demise of the crown.

In the twelfth year of George III. a most important alteration was made regarding the marriages of any branch of the royal family. In 1772 an act was passed, making all marriages invalid by any male or female descendant of George II., contracted without the king's consent, signified under the great seal, declared in council, and entered on the books of the privy council. But, by a second section of the act, any such descendant being above the age of twenty-five years may give notice to the king's privy council, that he or she persists in his or her intention to contract such marriage, and, providing that both houses of parliament do not express

their disapprobation of such intended marriage within twelve months of such notice, may contract such marriage, and it shall be legal. So that royal marriages, after all, do not finally depend upon the crown, but upon parliament. Any person solemnising, assisting, or being present at any such prohibited marriages, incur the penalties of the statute of *premunire*.

In the ninth year of this reign the king's prerogative was limited in regard to neglected claims. If any rights to lands, manors, tenements, rents, tithes, or hereditaments had been wholly neglected for sixty years before commencing any suit for them, they were wholly lost. This was a very profitable act to many noblemen and others who had held lands or other property under the crown which had been lost sight of for that period. It did not, however, extend to liberties or franchises.

The early years of the reign of George III. saw great changes effected in the legislative condition of Ireland. From the most distant periods of the annexation of Ireland to Great Britain, the doctrines of the most complete subjection had been preached up in England towards that island. Even in this reign, Blackstone holds that doctrine in his "Commentaries," p. 103, so inconsistent with his ordinary ideas of right and justice. He says the supremacy of England over Ireland is founded on "what we usually call, though somewhat improperly, the right of conquest, a right allowed by the law of nations, if not by that of nature; but which, in reason and civil polity, can mean nothing more than that, in order to put an end to hostilities, a compact is either expressly or tacitly made between the conqueror and the conquered, that, if they will acknowledge the victor for their master, he will treat them in future as subjects and not as enemies." This certainly was the principle on which Ireland had been long governed. If the Irish were treated as subjects, it was as such as had no right to the same privileges as the other British subjects. They were allowed to retain their own parliaments; but in the reign of Henry VII., in 1495, a set of statutes was passed by the then lord-lieutenant, Sir Edward Poyning, rendering the Irish parliament wholly dependent on the English parliament. These statutes, thenceforward called "Poyning's Acts," settled that no parliament should be called in Ireland until the governor and council had submitted to the king and his council in England the reasons for proposing to assemble a parliament, and the acts proposed to be passed in it; that, after the king and council had expressed their assent, such parliament might be held, and the acts, so far as they approved of them, might be passed, and that no parliament should be held at any other times except under these conditions, and none but the acts so allowed in England should be introduced, passed, or rejected. In the reign of Philip and Mary, 1556, this rigour was somewhat relaxed, but not so far as to allow parliaments to be summoned by the lord-lieutenant without waiting for the sanction of the king in council; it was still required that no acts should be introduced, or passed, until they had been sent to England, and certified back under the great seal. After this a further apparent liberty was allowed. This was to permit the Irish parliament not to introduce acts, but "heads of bills;" but this was no real privilege, for nothing was admitted into these heads but what was previously approved of by the English council. These heads were drawn up by the governors and council, and so communicated to the king and his council, and so far as approved, were introduced into the Irish parliament. To make this state of utter dependence retrospective, one of Poyning's acts decreed that all statutes "lately" passed in England should be binding on Ireland, and the lawyers speedily interpreted this "lately" as extending to the whole period of Ireland's subjection to England. To such a length was this carried, that Coke lays it down that the parliament of England had full power to legislate for Ireland, and that any English act in which Ireland was named was as binding on that country as if passed by the Irish parliament itself.

It is not to be supposed that the Irish willingly conceded these monstrous assumptions. They, on the contrary, uniformly denounced them as contrary to all right. Two treatises—one by lord chancellor Bolton, and the other by sergeant Mayart—were published in the middle of the seventeenth century. After the revolution, so far from Ireland gaining by that change, as a catholic country which had so prominently sided with the expelled Stuarts, the cords of legislation were drawn tighter. The increased pressure produced increased resistance. The Irish parliament boldly introduced and passed an act for the better security of his majesty's person and government, which was but a re-enacting of a like act passed in England. This was evidently to set aside the assumption that the passing parliamentary acts in England was sufficient for Ireland too. This was followed by a work, published in 1697, by William Molyneux, of Dublin, entitled, "The case of Ireland being bound by the Acts of Parliament of England stated," in which Molyneux denied the right of England to legislate for Ireland. The book was dedicated to king William. The house of commons took up the question in June, 1698, and passed a resolution, founded on the report of a committee, declaring the book unsound and dangerous, and they sent up a deputation to the king to lay this resolution before him, and to request him to take the necessary measures for putting a stop to such doctrines, and for restraining the Irish parliament from any further acts inconsistent with its dependence on England. William promised to comply, but let the matter drop.

The contest on this point went on, and was carried still further into binding the Irish house of lords not to entertain any appeals from the Irish courts of law. In 1719, an appeal having been made from the court of exchequer, in Ireland, to the Irish house of lords, that house reversed the judgment of the court. The parties then carried the appeal to the English house of lords, which confirmed the judgment of the Irish court of exchequer. The Irish house of lords, resenting the interference of the British peers, resolved that no appeal lay from the law courts of Ireland to the parliament of Great Britain, and ordered the arrest of the barons of the exchequer, for this appeal to England, by the usher of the black rod. The English house of lords addressed the king on the subject of their assumed prerogative, and passed a bill through their house declaring Ireland fully subordinate

to England; that the British parliament had entire right to legislate for Ireland; and that the Irish house of lords had no right or jurisdiction to judge of or reverse any judgment, sentence, or decree, made in any court in that kingdom, and that all such proceedings of the Irish house of lords were null and void. This bill was opposed in the commons by Pitt; and Mr. Hungerford asserted the doctrine that Ireland had always been independent of England as regarded the courts of judicature, and the same view was taken by lords Molesworth and Tyrconnel, but it passed by one hundred and forty votes against eighty-three.

The struggle between the Irish parliament and the English government had been equally strenuous and prolonged on the question of originating taxation. The council assumed to introduce money bills into the Irish commons. In general, the lord-lieutenant had majority enough to carry his budgets; but in 1690 they refused to pass a money bill, on the ground that it had not originated in their house; and again, in 1709, they threw out another, because, after they had passed it, it had been altered by the English commons. In 1769, or the ninth year of this reign, they threw out a money bill on the old ground, that it did not originate in their house, and they adroitly passed another, a bill of their own, which they knew would not be rejected, for it granted the same supplies not for three months only, as the original bill had done, but for two years. The lord-lieutenant took care to accept this money, but he then entered a protest in the journals of the Irish house of lords against the legality of the practice, and abruptly dismissed the parliament. The English house of commons proposed an address to the king, praying for a copy of the instructions given to the lord-lieutenant in regard to this sudden prorogation, but this was opposed by ministers, and rejected.

A strange singularity of the Irish parliament was, that it might continue to sit through a whole reign, nothing but the demise of the crown dissolving it. It was in vain that the people prayed for the term of a parliament to be limited to the same number of years as in England. On the ascension of George III. to the throne, a more determined agitation took place for septennial parliaments. In 1761 the heads of a bill for this purpose were sent over to England, but without success. The same was done in 1766, and again met with a refusal. The electors of Dublin called on their representatives to refuse their assent to every money bill till this boon was granted. The Irish house of commons sent an address to his majesty, earnestly praying him to grant this favour to the people of Ireland, but George again turned a deaf ear to their entreaty; however, in 1768, a bill, limiting parliaments in Ireland to eight years, passed, and, as the parliament in Ireland only met every other winter, this reduced the term of parliament to four sessions.

The outbreak of the American war proved a great advantage to Ireland. It taught the British government that there was danger in refusing too long the prayers of a people. The immediate cause of agitation in Ireland was an embargo laid on the export of Irish provisions to the French West India islands, France having stepped in to assist our colonists in throwing off their allegiance. The Irish, feeling this embargo a severe blow to their trade, grew extremely indignant, and the fiery eloquence of Grattan, who declared that he would never rest satisfied till the meanest cottager of Ireland was freed from the last link of British thraldom, raised there a universal demand for arms, on the plea of defending the country from French invasion. Sixty thousand volunteers enrolled themselves, and the feeble ministry of that day, which neither knew how to govern Ireland nor the colonies, dared not to refuse them these arms. Once in arms, they felt their freedom secure. The Irish house of commons, in 1780, passed a resolution that "the king's most excellent majesty, and the lords and commons of Ireland, are the only powers competent to make laws to bind Ireland." Ireland was free. True, the cabinet of lord North did not establish this by enactment, but in April, 1782, lord North gave way to the marquis of Rockingham, and a bill was immediately passed to repeal the obnoxious act of 6 Geo. I., which had declared Ireland incapable of making laws for herself; and this was followed by another act, in the next session, declaring the independent action of the Irish, both in their own parliament and in their courts of law.

This freedom of action in the Irish parliament, however, only tended to the extinction of the parliament altogether. The conflicting elements of the two legislations of England and Ireland produced such continual inconveniences, that it soon became a serious object with the British government to accomplish the union of the two countries. In fact, long before this period, there had been a general suspicion in Ireland that such a measure was intended. In 1759 all Dublin was thrown into a ferment by a rumour of the kind. The mob broke into the house of lords, for they imagined the peers favourable to such a project. They insulted the lords, seized and burnt all their journals that they could find, and seated an old woman on the throne; they compelled all the members of both houses, whom they could meet with, to take an oath never to vote for a union, the advantages of such union having been elaborately set forth by Malachy Postlethwayt, in a work called "Britain's Commercial Interest Explained and Improved." Such gentlemen as were believed favourable to a union were assaulted; they had their carriages cut or smashed, and their horses killed, and the riot was not put down till the soldiery had been called out, and the streets cleared by them.

In 1780 an act passed the British parliament enabling catholics to purchase land, and take it by descent, which added much to the power of the Irish. In 1793 some further disabilities were removed, and also at subsequent periods; but Ireland was not destined to witness catholic emancipation during the reign of George III. On the other hand, the dreaded union came in less that twenty years. The proposal for the union of the two kingdoms was made in the Irish parliament January 22, 1799. The debate was violent, but the motion was only lost by a minority of one. Lord Castlereagh, the secretary of state for Ireland, had been empowered to buy up the members of parliament by offers of titles, or direct sums of money, for their votes, and when, in February, 1800, he again submitted the motion, it was carried by a majority of forty-four votes. The act passed the British parliament on the

2nd of July, 1800, and came into full operation on the 1st of January, 1801.

We have, in its proper place, given the particulars of the means by which the union was carried, and the specific sums and titles received by the members of the Irish parliament for their votes on the occasion; we have now only to state the conditions of the union. The kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland were, from the 1st of January, 1801, to become and remain for ever one kingdom, under the name of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. There was to be only one parliament for the two countries. To this parliament the lords spiritual, and twenty-eight lords temporal, of Ireland, elected for life by the peers of Ireland, were to be sent, and a hundred commoners to the united house of commons. An act passed in the reign of William IV. added five more to this number of the representatives of the Irish commoners. A peer of Ireland, not being one of the twenty-eight elected to sit in the house of lords, may be elected to the house of commons; but whilst so sitting he cannot be entitled to the privilege of peerage, or be elected one of the twenty-eight to sit in the house of lords, nor can he vote at such election. All the rest of the peers of Ireland, temporal as well as spiritual, except those elected to sit in the house of commons, to enjoy all the privileges of peers except that of sitting in the house of peers.

The churches of the two kingdoms were declared to be one church, under the title of The United Church of England and Ireland; the doctrine, worship, and discipline, to be one and the same. All the courts of law in each kingdom were to remain the same as already established, but liable to such alterations as should appear necessary, from time to time, to the united parliament; and all appeals from these courts were to be to the house of lords of the united kingdom. The subjects of both countries were to enjoy the same rights and privileges as it regarded trade and navigation, but the right of religious freedom, and of freedom from political disqualification, was passed over in silence. Ireland was to be charged with such a proportion of the common taxation as the united parliament should determine. All acts of parliament were thereafter to apply to Ireland the same as to the rest of the united kingdom, without any express mention, except where otherwise distinctly stated.

The early part of this reign received a most important advantage in the department of law, by the publication of "Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England," the first volume of which appeared in 1765. No work has ever given so clear an analysis of the general system of our constitution and laws. It is an admirable first-book for the legal student, and one which gives a general reader a lucid conception of those laws of which every Englishman should know something. The legal profession has endeavoured to represent the "Commentaries" as giving a superficial knowledge of the laws, but this all professions do with regard to works which popularise their department of life. Blackstone presents a strong and tangible anatomy of the body of English law, its bones, its muscles, and main arteries—a most advantageous platform for those who wish to fill up all with veins and flesh, and a great leading clue to the principles of jurisprudence to those who desire only to possess that. His faults are a too decided leaning to prerogative, and to the maintenance of things as they are. This was the spirit of the time in which he wrote; but numerous commentators have pointed out these and his other faults and deficiencies.

Various useful enactments were made in the early part of the reign affecting property, both personal and real. A Mr. Thelluson made a will, leaving a landed property to accumulate during three generations, for that time excluding his children and grand-children from all benefit in it. The income was about four thousand pounds per annum, and he calculated that by the term he had fixed the property would amount to nineteen million pounds. As might be supposed, this will led to immediate and incessant litigation by the excluded heirs, proved a mine of wealth only to the lawyers, and in our time has resulted in an utter delusion as to its results. But the direct consequence was to induce government to pass a bill, 39 and 40 Geo. III., rendering invalid all wills which provide wholly or partially for accumulations beyond the life of any such grantor, or beyond twenty-one years from the death of any such grantor, or during certain specified minorities of immediate claimants. This act affected trusts for such accumulations. Various acts were passed about this period of the reign for settling questions of moneys left for the purchase of estates to be entailed, of policies of insurance, of stamp duties, transference of bank stock, &c.

There were some mitigatory enactments on criminal law. The statute of 36 Geo. III. c. 48 commuted the burning of women for high or petit treason into simple hanging; others rendered the old laws more stringent. A new riot act was passed in 1796, explaining and enlarging the powers of the previous act. In 1817 an act was passed against oaths binding persons to conceal some unlawful conspiracy. There were numerous rigorous enactments against forgery. But the most important act of this period was one for establishing penitentiaries for convicts. Mr. Jeremy Bentham had proposed this plan to Pitt in 1792—namely, that a piece of land should be purchased on Battersea-rise, in a fine, healthy situation, which, building and altogether, would cost about twenty thousand pounds. The design was seized on by Pitt, and spoiled, as is too commonly the case by governments. Jobbers and interested persons, who are always hanging plentifully about them, induced the ministers, instead of Battersea-rise, to select a piece of land in a low, unhealthy situation at Milbank, and there build a penitentiary, not to accommodate one thousand prisoners, as Bentham's plan proposed, but only six hundred, at a really increased cost of site and maintenance.

Several constitutional enactments marked the early part of this reign. By a statute of Henry V. c. 1 it was made binding that all representatives in the commons house of parliament should be one of the body represented; that is, that he should be a constant resident in the place, and amongst the people represented. This law had long fallen into desuetude, and an act of parliament was passed in 1774 to render residence unnecessary. The case of Horne Tooke, in 1801, caused an act to be passed rendering men in what are called holy orders incligible to sit in parliament. It had been long considered a settled question that clergymen

could not sit in the commons, though they could sit in the lords under the name of spiritual peers. This anomaly, no doubt, arose from the feeling that a clergyman should devote himself solely to the spiritual care of his parish, though it might seem to ordinary minds that it was equally clear that bishops should confine themselves as exclusively to the spiritual concern of their dioceses. Yet a Mr. Rushworth, a clergyman, had, in 1784, been returned for Newport in the Isle of Wight, and had been allowed to retain his seat. This seemed to render the present observance of old enactments on the subject uncertain, and John Horne Tooke, the

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

celebrated author of the "Diversions of Purley," and one of the most successful antagonists of Junius, was returned for the rotten borough of Old Sarum; in fact, he was a government nominee. Horne Tooke was undoubtedly in orders. He had been ordained priest in 1760, and had officiated as such at New Brentford for thirteen years. He had, however, resigned his living, and devoted himself to politics, and might probably have sate safely enough had he not offended Earl Temple by supporting a motion for military force in Ireland. Lord Temple, on the 10th of March, moved for calling witnesses to the bar of the house to prove the ordination of Tooke. There was a long debate, but Addington, the minister, moved the previous question, which was carried, and then Tooke was allowed to retain his seat. But two days afterwards Addington brought in a bill to prevent such accidents in future, and his bill, after much discussion, passed, not only excluding clergymen of the church of England, but those of the church of Scotland, and such continues to be the law on this subject. In 1809 an act was passed against bribery in elections for parliament, inflicting a penalty of five hundred pounds on any one giving or even promising a bribe, and on the person receiving it. A penalty of one thousand pounds was also attached to the person so offending if he held office under government. It is needless to say that neither these nor the many succeeding enactments on this subject have been yet able to crush the evil of bribery. Perhaps the reason is that parliament has not been sufficiently honest in its endeavours, and disqualified every person giving or receiving a bribe in a parliamentary election from holding any office of any kind under government, or any corporation, or for being elected to parliament again for ever.

The chief enactments during the latter part of this reign, regarding property, were inclosure acts. The growth of population, and still more, the greatly increased value of

EMINENT DIVINES OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

agricultural produce, owing to the war, and afterwards to the corn-laws, rendered the landlords very eager for the inclosure of waste lands. A General Inclosure Act was therefore passed in 1801, which has formed the groundwork of numerous particular acts which have since been introduced, and under the operation of which an enormous extent of inclosure has taken place. In 1794 the amount of waste lands in England was calculated at fourteen million of acres. Of these, two million eight hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-six acres had been inclosed before the passing of the General Inclosure Act in 1801, and there are probably not now three million of acres left uninclosed.

Amongst the mitigations of the penal laws towards the end of this reign may be mentioned that regarding the execution of persons for high treason, by which the disgusting practice of disembowelling such persons whilst still alive ceased; and the punishment was reduced to hanging, beheading, and quartering, with a power given to his majesty of further abating the punishment by remitting the hanging and the quartering. The number of cases for which a person should be set in the pillory was greatly reduced by an act of 1816. But the act which casts the greatest honour on this reign was that by which, in 1807, the slave trade was abolished. The efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly to reduce the extreme severity of the criminal laws constituted a new era in legislation. In 1808 Sir Samuel obtained an act by which stealing from the person was reduced from a capital offence to one incurring only imprisonment or transportation. In 1811 he procured a change of the law in regard to stealing from bleaching-grounds, which had previously been a capital offence; and, in 1812, the same as regarded soldiers or sailors wandering about the realm without a pass, which also till then had been a capital offence. But he failed in other humane attempts—amongst them, to repeal the laws which made stealing in a shop to the value of five shillings, and from a private dwelling-house, or from a vessel in a navigable river, to the amount of forty shillings, capital. Still, Sir Samuel introduced a new and more Christian principle into the spirit of penal laws, which has operated most extensively since his time. In fact, at present, our legislators have, in some respects, run into the opposite extreme of lenity, and let loose hardened convicts, by introducing amongst us the colonial system of tickets-of-leave, to the great encouragement of criminals, and injury to the public.

Amongst the most distinguished judges of this reign were lords Hardwicke, Camden, Mansfield, Eldon, Stowell, Ellenborough, and Sir William Grant. Most of these great lawyers, however, were of a most conservative character, and effectually resisted much reform in the political and criminal laws of their time. Lord Camden was a noble exception. At the same period Jeremy Bentham was labouring to demonstrate the true principles of legislation, in works which have already effected great changes, and are destined to effect more. We do not further allude to the stringent political enactments towards the end of this reign, occasioned by the general distress after the French war, and the consequent riots and movements for reform, because they were merely temporary specifics. On the whole, the progress of both legal and constitutional reform during this reign was small; but the public mind had made a decided advance in knowledge, and was beginning to demand and to enforce great legal, political, and moral changes.

Still, vast reforms were demanded in every branch of our legal system. Since the end of this reign many and great changes have taken place; but we are yet far from the condition in which either our laws or our courts of law can afford substantial and impartial justice to the great body of the people. The court of chancery, in particular, still remains a fearful place of delay, expense, and therefore of injustice. But during this reign, and especially under lord Eldon, the number of cases which remained for long years undecided, and the ruin and misery into which thousands of families were thrown by it, present a state of things that it is difficult to conceive occurring in the most barbarous of countries, much less in one calling itself Christian. Lord Brougham has said, in his "Historical Sketches of Statesmen," that lord Eldon's fault was not slowness in coming to a conclusion on a subject, but in willingness to pronounce judgment upon it. On the contrary, Eldon himself tells us that he had been doubting on some subjects before him for twenty years. Wherever lies the truth, nothing is clearer than that lord Eldon had a mind perfectly callous to the sufferings of those whom his dilatory conduct doomed to constant suspense, anxiety, and poverty. His intellect was clear and keen, but his mind was narrow, despotic, and unfeeling. Perhaps no man, living in the ease and comfort which his post of lord chancellor gave him, inflicted such an amount of misery on his fellow-men with the same criminal apathy.

On the state of the court of chancery, as it yet remains, a contemporary has well expressed himself:—"Is it not a strange hardship, in a country called free and civilised, that a man entitled to five hundred pounds a year cannot obtain the interference of the court of chancery, which is requisite to enable him to get possession of his property, without paying half of it to the said court and its ministers for the use of its machinery? And is it not a strange hardship that the executors or administrators of a person deceased cannot pay five hundred pounds, being the residue of such person's estate, over to his representatives without first passing through the court of chancery, in which process half of it will stick by the way, unless they choose to run the risk of having to pay it twice over, in case it should afterwards turn out that the deceased had left unsatisfied debts to that amount? The whole magic of the process of the court of chancery results in the master inserting an advertisement in the *Gazette* in his name to the creditors, if any, to come with their claims within a specified time. Could not the creditors be conjured up by an advertisement from the executors and administrators, which would cost a few shillings, as well as by one from a master in chancery, which may cost a few hundred pounds? Or, if a master's interference be deemed, on the whole, eligible, might it not be had for a reasonable consideration?"

The same writer adds: "Such—notwithstanding some recent attempts at reform, and notwithstanding the high character of the English equity judges—is the cumbrous and inefficient nature of that machinery, that the working of it

is attended with a degree of expense that renders it totally unavailable, unless the amount of property in question is very considerable, and with a degree of delay that, whatever be the amount of property, is unavoidably productive of the greatest inconvenience, vexation, and anxiety to the parties interested."

RELIGION AND THE CHURCH.

The great struggles going on through the reign of George III. were not so much for the advancement of religion, as to obtain release from the impositions and restrictions on both liberty of conscience, and political liberty, by the Church of England, and its ally, the state. With the exception of the reign of queen Anne, no reign since the revolution has taken so high a tone of toryism as that of George III. We have had to detail the evidences of that fact; and it is equally true that, with toryism in the state, toryism—or what is called high churchism—prevailed coincidently in the Establishment. True, the indemnity acts, the suppression of the convocation, the spread of dissent, and especially of methodism, had in some degree clipped the talons of the hierarchy, but these very things made it more tenacious of its still existing powers. At the very opening of the reign, the church was alarmed by a proposal by one of its own members to abolish subscriptions to the Thirty-Nine Articles. This question had been a matter of controversy from the time of bishop Burnet's "Exposition" of these articles; but in 1766 a very able work appeared, entitled "The Confessional; or, a Full and Free Inquiry into the Right, Utility, Edification, and Success of Establishing Systematic Confessions of Faith and Doctrine in Protestant Churches." This was traced to the hand of archdeacon Blackburne, of Richmond, in Yorkshire. This produced much excitement and discussion amongst the clergy of the Establishment, as well as amongst dissenters, who were entirely shut out of one of the national universities by these subscriptions, and their education at the other hampered and impeded. An association was formed amongst the established clergy, favourable to Blackburne's views, and in 1771, at its request, he drew up "Proposals for Application to Parliament, for Relief in the Matter of Subscription." The association, from its place of meeting called the "Feathers Tavern Association," determined to address parliament on the subject, and drew up a petition, which was presented to the house of commons, in February, 1772, by Sir William Meredith. It was signed by two hundred clergymen, and fifty other individuals, chiefly lawyers and physicians. A keen debate ensued, but the motion for taking the subject into consideration was negatived by two hundred and seventeen against seventy-one. The arguments of those opposed to the motion were very much of the same kind as those used by Dr. Johnson upon it: that it was nonsense objecting to subscriptions, on the ground that students at the universities did not understand what they were subscribing; that if the students were asked in what the English church differed from the presbyterian, the catholic, Greek, or any other church, they would not understand it. This wretched sophistry of the bigoted old doctor might be a very good exemplification of the excessive ignorance in which youths were sent up from Harrow, Eton, or Westminster, to the universities, but it was no reason why people should be compelled to sign propositions which were repugnant to their conscience or their common sense, or be excluded from all chance of becoming useful members of the church. But, with such subscription, a political church could not exist; and people must soon content themselves simply with being Christians, and at liberty to believe what the Bible, and not a certain institution, teaches. The fact was, that the church knew too well that it would soon cease to be the state church if freedom of opinion was admitted into it, and therefore its advocates threw out the question. Sir William Meredith, notwithstanding, again introduced the subject in February of the following year, only to be defeated by a majority of one hundred and fifty-nine against sixty-seven; and a third attempt, the year after, was met by such an overwhelming number of ayes that he declined to divide the house. In all these debates, Burke, who now was grown excessively conservative, supported subscription with all his power.

The discussion of the question, though it was so summarily dismissed as it regarded the church, did not prevent a certain number of the dissenters from coming forward to endeavour to relieve themselves of the yoke of these articles. In the Toleration Act, passed after the revolution, it had been stated that this toleration was conceded to those only who were willing to subscribe these articles, with the exception of the first clause of the 20th, which asserts that the church has power to decree rites and ceremonies, and to settle controversies of faith; the 34th, which relates to the traditions of the church; the 35th, relating to the homilies; and the 36th, relating to the consecration of bishops and ministers. With these exceptions, the articles had been little objected to by the dissenters till the presbyterians of England had, for the most part, embraced unitarianism. It was chiefly from this class that the movement against these articles now took its rise; but not altogether, for the subscription to the articles included in the Toleration Act, having for some time been little insisted on, some dissenters, who had not subscribed them, were menaced with trouble on that account by officious clergymen. Amongst these Dr. Doddridge was mentioned as one who had been so disturbed. It was now thought fit to press the question on parliament, and in April, 1772, Sir Henry Hoghton moved for leave to bring in a bill for that object, under the title of A Bill for the further Relief of Dissenters. Sir Roger Newdegate, destined for so many years to be the champion of church toryism, led the way in opposition, as one of the members of the University of Oxford; and he was supported by two or three men of the same stamp. In this case, however, Burke voted for the bill as only reasonable, and it passed by a majority of seventy against nine. But in the lords the bishops came forward in full strength against it, and Barrington, bishop of Llandaff, pointed it out as a Socinian movement, and quoted, with telling effect, some of the most objectionable passages from the writings of Dr. Priestly. There were cries of "Monstrous! horrible! shocking! and, amongst the utterers of these, the loudest was lord Chatham. The bishop of London said that, so far from the dissenters generally advocating this measure, he had been waited on by some of their ministers to inform

him that they regarded it, not as a measure to relieve dissenters from the articles of the church, but certain persons from the obligations of Christianity. It was thrown out by a hundred and two against twenty-nine.

In the following session Sir Henry Hoghton brought it forward again, on the 17th of February. On this occasion a great many methodist congregations petitioned against the bill; for the methodists, though separating themselves from the church, yet have always insisted that they belong to it, and hold all its tenets, at least of that section of it which is Arminian. It again passed the commons, but was rejected by the lords. Finding the lords so determined against the measure, it was allowed to rest for six years, when circumstances appeared more favourable, and it was again brought forward, in 1779, by Sir Henry Hoghton, and carried through both houses, with the introduction of a clause to this effect, that all who desired to be relieved by the act should take the affirmation—"I, A. B., do solemnly declare that I am a Christian and a protestant dissenter, and that I take the Old and New Testament, as they are generally received in protestant countries, for the rule of my faith and practice."

In this same year, 1779, the protestant dissenters of Ireland were relieved by their parliament from the operation of the Test and Corporation Acts, and it was not, therefore, very likely that the dissenters of England would rest quietly under them much longer. These acts were passed in the 13th of Charles II., and the 25th of the same monarch, and required that no person should be elected to any civil or military office under the crown, including seats in parliament or corporation, unless they had taken the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England. On the 28th of March, 1787, Mr. Beaufoy, member for Yarmouth, moved that the house of commons should resolve itself into a committee to consider the Test and Corporation Acts. Mr. Beaufoy represented that these acts were a heavy grievance, not only to the dissenters and to the members of the established church of Scotland, but to many members of the English church itself, who regarded the prostitution of the most solemn ordinance of their faith to a civil test as little less than sacrilegious. In reply, it was contended that the Indemnity Acts had been passed to protect such as had omitted to take the sacrament within the time specified; but Mr. Beaufoy and his seconder, Sir Henry Hoghton, who had carried the bill relieving dissenters from subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, showed that these acts were not always sufficient, and were but a clumsy substitution for the abolition of these obnoxious acts.

The question was argued at great length. It was opposed by lords North and Pitt, and supported by Fox, and was rejected by one hundred and seventy-six against ninety-eight. The question was brought forward again in 1789 and 1790, and in both cases was rejected. On the latter occasion Fox introduced the motion, and Mr. Beaufoy, who usually took the lead in it, seconded it. Fox alluded to the very dissenters on whom bishop Barrington had thrown so much odium. He acknowledged the hostility of such men as Drs. Priestly and Price to the church, and to what had taken place across the channel against the national church there; but he treated these as warnings to the English hierarchy not to keep too tight a grasp on the obstructions which they had thrown in the way of dissenters, and contended that its safety depended in allowing a just participation in civil rights, and thus disarming popular resentment. The motion was opposed by Pitt, Burke, Wilberforce, Sir William Dolben, and others, on those specious pleas of policy which are never wanting to defend the grossest violations of public justice. Burke also referred to the destruction of the French church, and very unphilosopically contended that it was not a time to give way to demands for surrender of what he called the safeguards of the English church; but which, had he read the French history aright, he would have known were not safeguards, but the very things which produced those continual popular attacks, which, in time, must undermine any institution. Mr. William Smith, of Norwich, who continued for so many years the stanch advocate of the dissenters, strongly supported the motion; but, on the other hand, a considerable number of members who had voted for the repeal of these acts had since been warned by their church-going constituents to tack about, and did so. The motion, therefore, was rejected by two hundred and ninety-four against one hundred and five, and the dissenters were so convinced of the uselessness of attempting to procure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts under George III., that the question was never again agitated during this reign. They remained in force till 1828.

But a brave and liberal member of the peerage, earl Stanhope, did not flinch from endeavouring to get repealed a number of these disgraceful evidences of church bigotry, which still cumbered the statute book from long past periods. In May, 1789, a few days after Mr. Beaufoy's second defeat on the question of the Test and Corporation Acts, lord Stanhope proposed "a bill for relieving members of the church of England from sundry penalties and disabilities to which, by the laws now in force, they may be liable, and for extending freedom in matters of religion to all persons — papists only excepted — and for other purposes therein mentioned." His lordship had given notice of his intention to introduce such a bill in the previous February, as Mr. William Smith had done in the commons, when what was called the uniformity clause in the Regency Bill was discussed, contending that this clause, which prohibited the regent from giving the royal assent to the repeal act for uniformity passed in the reign of Charles II., might prevent the repeal of a preceding act, of a very bigoted character, of a previous date. The bishops, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, had quickly risen to oppose his intention, contending that this was not a proper time for such a discussion. Lord Stanhope now detailed the names, dates, and characters of the acts which he had in view. They were these:—The act of 1 Eliz., ordering every person to go to church, and imposing a fine of twenty pounds—a very large sum then—on any one above the age of sixteen absenting him or herself from church for a month; and, in case of non-payment, ordering the imprisonment of the offender till the fine were paid, or the offender conformed. In case of twelve months' absence, the offender was to be bound in a bond of two hundred pounds,

with two sureties, for his compliance in future. By the 23 Eliz. these penalties were made still more rigorous, for that famous queen grew more intolerant as she grew older; and by the 35th of her reign, all persons who absented themselves for a month were liable, not only to the twenty pounds a-month, but that money might be refused, if tendered, and the offender be deprived of two-thirds of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments, instead of the twenty pounds. By the 3 James I. these abominable powers were extended, and every person was made amenable for every visitor, servant, and servant of visitors to his or her house, and should be compelled to pay £10 per month for the non-attendance at church of each of them; and over and above all these penalties, the ecclesiastical courts might as fully exercise their jurisdiction over these offenders as if no such special acts existed.

Nor did these terms contain anything like the extent of tyranny imposed on the conscience of the nation by these monarchs. By the 29 Eliz. it was provided that what right or property any person might dispose of, or settle on any of his family, should still be liable to these penalties if the proprietor and disposer of them neglected to go to church. So that a son might be deprived of lands or other property settled upon him at his marriage, or at any other time, if his father ceased to attend church, though he himself went punctually; and by the 21 James I. the informers were stimulated by great rewards to lay complaints against all whom they could discover offending. And, moreover, any person was to be considered an absentee from church, and liable to all the penalties, who did not remain in church during the whole time of the service; but, also, not only on Sundays, "but upon all the other days ordained and used to be kept as holidays." All these odious enactments were left in force by the Toleration Act, except that they did not compel every one to go to church, but to some licensed place of worship.

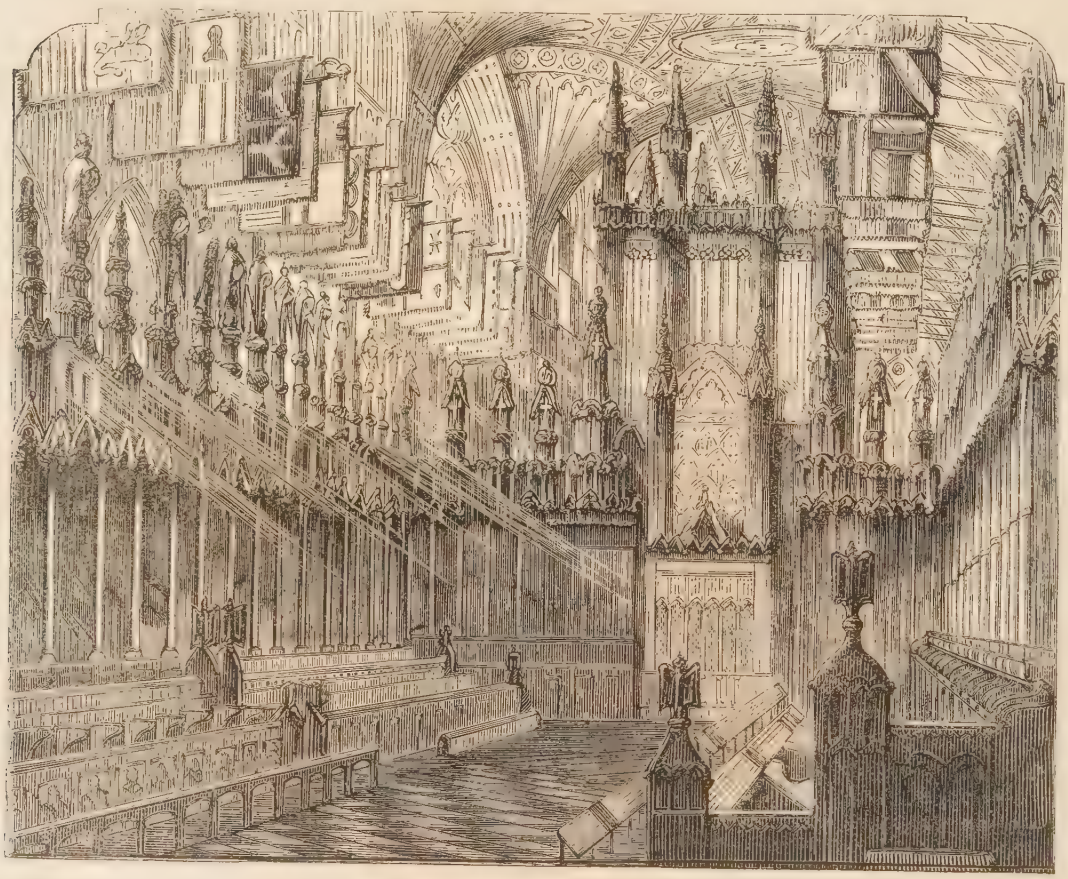
Next came the enactments regarding fasting. By 5 Eliz. every person who ate flesh on a fish day was liable to a penalty of three pounds; and, in case of non-payment, to three months' imprisonment. It was added that this eating of fish was not from any superstitious notion, but to encourage the fisheries; but by the 2 and 3 Edward VI., the power of inflicting these fish and flesh penalties was invested in the two archbishops, as though the offence of eating flesh on fish days was an ecclesiastical offence. Lord Stanhope showed that the powers and penalties of excommunication were still in full force; that whoever was excommunicated had no legal power of recovering any debt, or payment for anything that he might sell; that excommunication and its penalties were made valid by the 5 Eliz. and the 29 Charles II.; that by the 30 Charles II., every peer, or member of the house of peers, peer of Scotland, or Ireland, or member of the house of commons, who should go to court without having made the declaration against transubstantiation, and the invocation of saints therein contained, should be disabled from holding any office, civil or military, of making a proxy in the house of lords, or from sueing or using any action in law or equity; from being guardian, trustee, or administrator of any will; and should be deemed "a popish recusant convict." His lordship observed that probably the whole protestant bench of bishops were at that moment in this predicament, and that he had a right to clear the house of them, and proceed with his bill in their absence. He next quoted the 1st of James I., which decreed that any woman, or any person whatever under twenty-one years of age, except sailors, ship-boys, or apprentices, or factors of merchants, who should go over sea without a licence from the king, or six of his privy council, should forfeit all his or her goods, lands, and moneys whatever; and whoever should send such person without such licence, should forfeit one hundred pounds; and every officer of a port, and every ship-owner, master of a ship, and all his mariners who should allow such person to go, or should take him or her, should forfeit everything they possessed, one half to the king, and the other half to the person sueing.

To all this his lordship had to add various specimens of the Canons. By the 3rd, every one asserting that the church of England was not a true apostolical church should be excommunicated. The 4th and 5th excommunicated all who declared that there was anything contrary to sound Scripture in the form of worship of the church of England, or anything superstitious or erroneous in the Thirty-Nine Articles. The 65th enjoined all ordinaries to see that all offenders, under the different acts here enumerated, should be cited and punished according to statute, or excommunicated. The 72nd forbade, under pain of excommunication, all ministers, without licence of the bishop, to attempt, upon any pretence whatever, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of deposition from the ministry. The 73rd made it a subject of excommunication that any priest or minister should meet with other persons in any private house or elsewhere to consult upon any canon, &c., which may tend to impeach or deprave the doctrine, the book of Common Prayer, or any part of the discipline and government of the church of England; and by the 115th, all churchwardens are enjoined to make presentments of offenders in any of these particulars; and all judges, magistrates, &c., are bound to encourage, and not to discourage, all such presentments. Lord Stanhope observed that the court of King's Bench, in 1737, had decided that these canons, not having ever received the sanction of parliament, were not binding on the laity; and he contended that the ratification of them by James I., not being authorised by the original statute, the 25th of Henry VIII., made them as little binding on the clergy. He had not, therefore, included the Canons in his bill. He took care, too, to except catholics from the benefit of the bill; neither was the bill to repeal any part of the Test and Corporation Acts, nor the 12th and 13th William III., "for the better securing the rights and liberties of the subject." He finally showed that these fierce and persecuting acts were not become utterly obsolete; they were ever and anon revived, and might, any of them, be acted upon at any moment. He enumerated above thirty cases in which these odious acts had been enforced within the last twenty-six years, both against catholics and protestant dissenters; adding, "How shocking and disgusting it is to read amongst these cases, that poor men's tables, chairs, deal shelves, pewter dishes, bolsters, and beds had been sold by public auction, in order to pay the penalties for not going to church! Others of these laws had been enforced within

the last ten years, and some within the last twelve months. No later than yesterday I received a letter, inclosing the case of a protestant dissenter who has been prosecuted under the law of recusancy this very year."

It might reasonably have been supposed that the bishops would have supported the bill unanimously; that they would have been glad to have all such evidences of the odious means by which their church had been forced on the public, swept out of the statute-book and forgotten. No such thing; such is not the spirit of churches by act of parliament. They came forward in a body, with the archbishop of Canterbury at their head, to resist the slightest invasion of these precious old relics of ecclesiastical barbarism. The archbishop of Canterbury declared, if dissenters were allowed to defend their principles, the atheist and the theist might be allowed to defend theirs. Such was the reasoning of a man who had been regularly drilled into theology at the university, and placed, by his knowledge of Christianity, at the head of the church of England. But bishop Horsley, then of St. David's, was the chief speaker against the repeal of these precious laws. He declared that this repeal would level every bulwark of the church; that "the Christian religion would not remain in any shape, nor, indeed, natural religion!" Such were the notions of Christianity entertained towards the end of the eighteenth century by the prelates of the Anglican church! In what did they differ from the doctrines of St. Dominic and Loyola? They only went not to the same extent, because the enactments did not go to the same extent as the laws of the Spanish and Italian inquisitions. Undoubtedly, had those laws and practices been the matters in debate, Horsley and his right reverend colleagues would have lauded their Christian efficacy just as much; they would have been declared bulwarks of the church. It is needless to say that the bill was rejected; it could not attain even to a second reading.

Undaunted by this display of prelatical bigotry, lord Stanhope immediately gave notice of a bill to prevent a tyrannical exercise of severity towards quakers, whose principles did not permit them to pay tithes, church-rates, or Easter offerings; this he did on the 3rd of July of the same year. By the 7 and 8 William III., two justices of peace could order a distress on a quaker for tithes under the value of ten pounds; and by 1 George I., this power was extended to the non-payment of Easter and other dues; but his lordship showed that of late the clergy had preferred to resort to an act of Henry VIII., a time when quakers did not exist, which empowered the clergy, by warrant from two justices of peace, to seize the persons of the defaulters



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

and throw them into prison, where, unless they paid the uttermost farthing, they might remain for life. Thus the clergy of the eighteenth century in England were not satisfied with the humane enactments of William III. or George I., by which they could easily and fully obtain their demands, but they thirsted for a little vengeance, a little of the old enjoyment of imprisoning and tormenting of their neighbours, and therefore went back to the days of the brutal Henry VIII. for the means. They had, two months before, thrown a quaker of Worcester into gaol for the non-payment of dues, so called, amounting to five shillings, and there was every prospect that he might lie there for life. At Coventry, six quakers had lately been prosecuted by the clergyman for Easter offerings of the amount of *fourpence* each; and this sum of two shillings amongst them had, in the ecclesiastical court, been swelled to three hundred pounds. For this three hundred pounds they were cast into prison, and might have lain for life, but being highly respected by their townsmen, these had subscribed the money and let them out. But this, his lordship observed, would prove a ruinous kindness to the quakers, for it would whet the avarice of the clergy and proctors to such a degree that the people of that persuasion would everywhere be hunted down without mercy for small sums, which might be recovered at once by the simple process of distraint. He declared that he would have all clerical demands satisfied to the utmost, but not by such means, worthy only of the dark ages; and he therefore, in this bill, proposed the repeal of the obnoxious act of 27 Henry VIII. But the glutting of their vengeance was too precious to the clergy of this period, and the bill was rejected without a division.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

The benevolent exertions of lord Stanhope on behalf of the society of friends were, in 1796—that is, six years later—revived in the house of commons by Mr. Serjeant Adair. He stated that seven of the people called quakers were prisoners in the gaol at York for not paying tithes, and unless some alteration in the laws on that subject took place, they might lie there till they died. In fact, one of these friends did die in the prison, named Joseph Brown, and his death is the subject of a poem by James Montgomery. Mr. Serjeant Adair moved, on the 26th of April, for leave to bring in a bill to extend the provisions of the act 7 and 8 William III., by which tithes could be recovered by distraint when amounting to ten pounds, to tithes of any amount. Wilberforce, Pitt, Dolben, and others, usually opposed to concessions, spoke in favour of the bill. Sir Philip Francis only opposed it on the ground that the petitioners probably did not entertain any serious objection to paying tithes, but only wanted to look like martyrs. The bill went on swimmingly till it was about going into committee, on the 10th of May, when Francis rose again. A new light had burst upon him. He said that he had learned that the bill did not proceed from the suffering individuals, but from the yearly meeting of the society itself—as if that were any solid objection, and as if a measure ought not to come with more weight from a whole suffering community, than from a few individuals!

The bill readily passed the commons, but no sooner did it appear in the lords, than the bishops, the perpetual impediments to redress of injustice and suffering, fell foul of it. The archbishop of Canterbury saw danger to the church in it, and moved that it be read that day three months, and this was carried. Thus the bill was lost for that session; but Adair brought a fresh bill for the same object, into the new parliament, in October. The learned serjeant was not, however, very learned in the tenets of quakerism, and stated that the quakers did not object to the payment of tithes, but their scruples led them to think that any activity of their own was criminal, the levying of tithes being contrary to Christian principles. A more absurd jumble of ideas never came out of a legal head. The quakers objected altogether to pay tithes, as an unchristian demand; one of their great principles being, that all religious ministration must proceed direct from the spirit of God, and therefore is not to be bought or sold; and that all forced payments for the maintenance of such a ministry is, therefore, contrary to the gospel. Accordingly, on the proposal to go into committee upon the bill, Sir William Scott, brother of lord Eldon, and afterwards lord Stowel, attacked the bill on these grounds. He said, if the quakers did not object to pay tithes, why did they wait to be compelled? That, in that case, they were not persecuted, but actually persecuted the owners of tithes. He, therefore, approved of the compulsion, and cited instances in which, he said, compulsion had induced quakers to pay tithes. Such cases, from our knowledge of friends, must, indeed, have been very rare. His statements of facts were, altogether, very incorrect. Six quakers, at Coventry, he said, had been prosecuted for non-payment of tithes, but no imprisonment had taken place. These were the same whom lord Stanhope had already shown to have been imprisoned, and only liberated by a subscription amongst their townsmen. No prosecutions, he said, had been carried on in the diocese of Canterbury. Perhaps not; but what of the seven quakers, mentioned by serjeant Adair, at that moment lying in York Castle?

But the unfortunate serjeant now made worse of his case. To take his clients out of the dilemma in which Sir William Scott had placed them, of having no objection to pay tithes, and yet waiting to be compelled, he avowed that the quakers had not prayed for anything but simply to have the power of imprisoning their persons repealed. They were not answerable for anything else in the bill. This seems to have been fatal to the whole bill, and a number of members began heartily to abuse the quakers, as a body inveterately obstinate, and opposed to the laws. If they had said unjust laws, they would have truly described them. A Mr. Frazer, no doubt a hard Scotch presbyterian lawyer, advanced a most singular objection to them, namely, that "*they never went to law, and had a mode of deciding their own disputes without any application to any courts of justice!*" This charge seemed to ruin them with the lawmakers. The bill was thrown out.

But the question of the restrictions upon dissenters was again taken up by lord Stanhope, in 1811. On the 21st of March he presented to the house of lords a short bill "For the better securing the liberty of conscience." It had the same fate as his former ones. Ministers seemed rather inclined to abridge the liberty of conscience, for immediately afterwards, namely, on the 9th of May, lord Sidmouth brought in a bill to limit the granting of licences to preach, asserting that this licence was made use of by ignorant and unfit persons, because having such a licence exempted them from serving in the militia, on juries, &c. The bill excited great alarm amongst the dissenters, and lord Stanhope and lord Grey, on the 17th of the month, when lord Sidmouth moved for the second reading of the bill, prayed for some time to be allowed for the expression of public opinion. The second reading was, accordingly, deferred till the 21st, by which time a flock of petitions came up against it, one of which was signed by four thousand persons. Lord Erskine said that these petitions were not a tenth part of what would be presented, if time were afforded for the purpose; and he ridiculed the idea of persons obtaining exemption from serving in the militia, by merely taking out licences to preach. Lord Grey confirmed this, saying that it was impossible for persons to obtain such licences, except they were ministers of separate congregations. This was secured by an act passed in 1802, and still more, the party applying for such licence was restricted from following any trade, except that of keeping a school. These regulations, he stated, were most minutely adhered to, both in the general and local militia, and he challenged Lord Sidmouth to show him a single instance, since the act of 1802, where exemption had been improperly obtained by a dissenter. Lord Grey showed, from actual returns, that the whole number of persons who had been licensed during the last forty-eight years, had only been three thousand six hundred and seventy-eight, or about seventy-seven annually on an average, and that the highest number reached in any one year had been only about one hundred and sixty. He contended that these facts demonstrated the non-necessity of the bill. It was lost.

In the following June lord Stanhope—who had assured the bishops that if he could not remove the rubbish of their antiquated enactments against freedom of conscience by cartfuls, he would endeavour to carry it off in wheelbarrows; and if that mode of removal was resisted, he would, if possible, take it away, a little at a time, with a shovel—again came forward with a bill to remove some of these enactments, and he showed that the literal fulfilment of several of them was now impossible; that as to compelling every man to go to church, by returns lately made to that house, it was shown that there were four millions more people in England than all the churches of the establishment could contain. With respect to the church enforcing uniformity, he said that the variations between the book of Common Prayer printed at Oxford and that printed at Cambridge amounted to above four thousand. His bill was again thrown out by thirty-one against ten; but his end was gained. He had brought the injustice towards the dissenters so frequently forward, and they were now so glaring, and the dissenters themselves were become so numerous and influential, that the question could be no longer blinked. On the majority being pronounced against the bill, lord Holland rose and asked whether, then, there was to be nothing done to remove the disabilities under which dissenters laboured? If that were the case, he should be under the necessity of bringing forward a measure on that subject himself. This compelled ministers to promise that something should be done; and, on the 10th of the same month, lord Castlereagh proposed to bring in a bill to repeal certain acts, and to amend others respecting persons teaching or preaching in certain religious assemblies. This act, when explained, went to repeal the 13 and 14 Charles II., which imposed penalties on quakers and others who should refuse to take oaths; the 16 of Charles II., known as the Five Mile Act, which prohibited any preacher who refused to take the non-resistance oath, coming within five miles of any corporation where he had preached since the act of oblivion, under a penalty of fifty pounds; and the 17, which also imposed fine and imprisonment on them for attempting to teach a school, unless they went to church, and subscribed a declaration of conformity. It also repealed the 22 Charles II., commonly called the Conventicle Act. Instead of those old restraints, his act simply required the registration of all places of worship in the bishop's or archdeacon's court; that they must not be locked, bolted, or barred, during divine service, and that the preachers must be licensed according to the 19 George III. These conditions being complied with, all persons officiating in, or resorting to such places of worship, became entitled to all the benefits of the Toleration Act, and the disturbance of their assemblies became a punishable offence. This bill passed both houses, and became known as the statute of 52 George III. It was a great step in the progress of religious freedom; and Mr. William Smith, the leader of the dissenting interests in the house of commons, expressed his heartfelt gratification at this proof of the increasing liberality of the times.

But whilst some little freedom from restrictions for dissenters was thus forced from the church, a stout battle was going on, and continued to go on through the whole reign, for giving to the Roman catholics the common privileges of citizens. On account of their faith they were excluded from all civil offices, including seats in parliament. We shall see that some slight concessions of both civil and military privilege were, in the course of this contest, made to them; but to the end of this reign, and, indeed, until 1829, the full claims of the catholics continued to be resisted. We can only cursorily note the main facts of this long-protracted struggle. In the early part of the reign a degree of relief was afforded which promised well for the cause of the catholics; but these promises were not fulfilled. In May, 1778, Sir George Saville brought in a bill to relieve the catholics from the provisions of the act of 1699 for preventing the growth of popery. By this act catholic priests were not allowed to enter England, and, if found there, were at the mercy of informers; Roman catholics were forbidden to educate their own children, or to have them educated by papists, under penalty of perpetual imprisonment; and they were not allowed to purchase land, or hold it by descent or bequest; but the next of kin who was a protestant might take it. Sir George's act passed both houses, and by it all Roman catholics were restored to the privileges of performing divine service, if priests, and of holding land, and educating children, on taking an oath of allegiance, of abjuration of the pretender, and rejection of the doctrine that it was lawful to murder heretics, was right to keep no faith with them, and that the pope or any foreign prince had any temporal or civil jurisdiction within these realms. The consequence of this degree of indulgence to the catholics was the famous Gordon Riots in London and similar ones in Edinburgh, which had the effect of frightening the government out of further concessions. A similar bill had been passed in Ireland in 1782. The bill of 1778, however, was confirmed and considerably extended by a bill brought in by Mr. Mitford, afterwards Lord Redesdale, in 1791, and, after a long discussion, was passed by both houses in June of that year. This bill legalised Roman catholic places of worship, provided they were registered and the doors were not locked during service; it recognised the right for catholics to keep schools, except in Oxford and Cambridge, and provided that no protestant children were admitted. It permitted catholic barristers and attorneys to practise on taking the new oath; and it removed the penalties on peers for coming into the presence of the king; in fact, it left little disability upon catholics except that of not being eligible for places in parliament, or any other places under government, unless they took the old oaths.

In the following session Fox introduced a bill to grant some further privileges to the catholics, but it was rejected; but in 1793 the catholics of Scotland were admitted, by an act introduced by Mr. Robert Dundas, the lord-advocate, to the same privileges as the Irish and English catholics. The question appeared to rest till 1799, when there seems to have been a proposition on the part of the English government to make an independent provision for the catholic clergy of Ireland, on condition that they, on their part, should enter into certain engagements. There was a meeting of Roman catholic prelates in Dublin at the com-

mencement of that year on the subject, in which they agreed to accept the proposal. Pitt was favourable to the catholic claims, though the Irish parliament previous to the Union would not hear of them. He had caused promises of catholic emancipation to be circulated in Ireland in order to induce the Irish to accept the Union; and when he found that the king's immovable resistance to this measure would not allow him to make good his word, he resigned office. Nothing was done in it during the time that he continued out, chiefly, it is said, through his influence; and when he returned to office in May, 1804, he did so without any mention of the catholics. In truth, he appears to have given them up for the sake of enjoying power again; for, when, on the 9th of March, 1805, the question was introduced by lord Grenville into the house of peers, and, on the 13th, by Fox into the commons, Pitt opposed the motion on the ground that the reasons which had occasioned him to quit office still operated against this measure, and that it was impossible for him to support it. It was negatived by three hundred and thirty-six against one hundred and twenty-four.

Both Pitt and Fox died in 1806, and a circumstance occurred in the following year which showed the inveterate obstinacy of the king regarding the catholics. Lord Howick, secretary for foreign affairs, obtained leave to bring in a bill to enable catholics to hold the higher offices in the army and navy; but the king soon let him know that he should not ratify any such bill, and he agreed to withdraw it. But this did not satisfy George; he demanded from the ministers a written engagement to propose no further concessions to the catholics, and as they declined to do this, he dismissed them, and placed the duke of Portland at the head of a new cabinet.

This was sufficient warning to cabinets not to meddle with this tabooed subject; but Grattan continued, year after year, to bring the question forward, though often defeated by great majorities. In his speech in 1808 Grattan introduced the idea of giving his majesty a veto on the appointment of catholic bishops. It appears that this proposition had the approval of the Irish catholic bishops, but the Irish priests made a determined stand against it. In 1810 and 1811 the motion was thrown out by strong majorities.

The continued resistance of the English government meanwhile was rousing the quick blood of Ireland. The old catholic convention of 1793 was revived, and from year to year met and passed increasingly strong resolutions in Dublin. In 1810 its meetings, and the agitation it occasioned throughout the country, became very conspicuous. A private letter was circulated all over the country, recommending the appointment of committees everywhere, in order to the preparation of a monster petition. It was resolved that as soon as the convention met, it should sit in permanence, so as to keep up an incessant action throughout the country. The government took alarm, and Mr. Wellesley Pole, secretary of state for Ireland, issued a letter to the sheriffs and chief magistrates throughout Ireland, ordering them to arrest all persons concerned in sending up delegates to this convention. No sooner was this known in England than lord Moira in the lords, and Mr. Ponsonby in the commons, adverted to the subject, and called for a copy of all correspondence by government upon it. The demand was resisted in both houses. On the 4th of April lord Stanhope moved a resolution, that the letter of Mr. Wellesley Pole was a violation of the law, being, in fact, a prohibition of his majesty's subjects to assemble for the purpose of petitioning parliament. This was negatived by twenty-one votes against six.

In Ireland the magistrates at once acted on the circular and on the 23rd of February two magistrates proceeded to disperse the catholic committee in Dublin. They were told by the committee that they were sitting simply for the purpose of petitioning parliament, and they did not venture to interrupt it. The movement went on all over Ireland, the committees were numerously attended, and, notwithstanding a proclamation from Dublin Castle commanding the magistrates everywhere to disperse all such gatherings, in Dublin the general committee, amounting to nearly three hundred persons, met in Fishamble Street on the 19th of October. Police were sent to disperse them, but on arriving they had already signed the petition, and were coming away amid a vast concourse of spectators. Several persons were arrested and tried, but the juries returned verdicts of "not guilty."

On the 23rd of December the committee met again in Fishamble Street, and resolved to address the prince regent on the invasion of their right to petition, appointing a general committee to meet again in Dublin on the 28th of February, 1812. In January, and at the commencement of that February, earl Fitzwilliam introduced the consideration of the state of Ireland, and lord Morpeth proposed the same subject to the commons, but both motions were rejected.

In January, 1812, government made another attempt to punish the catholic delegates, and they obtained a verdict against one of them, Thomas Kirwan; but such was the public feeling, that they did no more than fine him one mark, and discharge him. They also abandoned other contemplated prosecutions. The catholic committee met, according to appointment, on the 28th of February, addressed the prince regent, and then separated. The usual motions for catholic emancipation were introduced into both houses of parliament, and by both were rejected. It was the settled policy of this ministry not to listen to the subject, though the marquis Wellesley, Canning, and others now admitted that the matter must be conceded. The assassination of Mr. Percival, on the 11th of May, it was hoped, would break up that ministry, but it was continued, with lord Liverpool at its head. Though the marquis of Wellesley this year brought forward the motion in the lords, and Canning in the commons, both houses rejected it, but the lords by a majority of only one. The question continued to be annually agitated in parliament during this reign, from the year 1814, with less apparent success than before. Ireland was in a very dislocated state with the Orangemen and Ribbonmen, and other illegal associations and contentions betwixt catholics and protestants, and this acted very detrimentally on the question in England. Only one little victory was obtained in favour of

the catholics. This was, in 1813, granting to catholics in England the benefit of the act passed in Ireland, the 33 George III., repealing the 21 Charles II. And thus the catholics were left, after all their exertions, at the death of the old king.

The movement going forward in the established church of Scotland during this reign related almost exclusively to the subject of patronage. This church, though drawing its origin from Switzerland, a thoroughly republican country, and rejecting bishops, took good care to vest the right of presenting ministers to parishes in the clergy. The government insisted on this right continuing in lay patrons; but for some time after the revolution the people asserted *their* right to choose their own pastors, and continued to carry it. But in 1698 the general assembly took the opportunity, when it had been accused by the English church of throwing the office of choosing ministers amongst the people, to repudiate all such idea on their part. They declared unanimously, that "they allowed no power in the people, but only in the pastors of the church, to appoint and ordain to such offices."

The act of 1712 restored lay patronage, and then the strife began, but not between the people and the lay pastors, but betwixt the clergy and the lay patrons. There grew up two parties in the general assembly, styled the moderates, and the more advanced, or popular party. The moderates were those who were ready to concede to the demands of government and lay patronage under a gentle protest; the more popular party, as it was called, was for transferring the right of presentation to the presbytery. The act of William III., in 1690, gave the original and exclusive nomination to the heritors, land-owners, and elders. The person nominated was to be proposed to the congregation, who might approve or disapprove. But to what did this right amount? The congregation could not absolutely reject; and if they disapproved, the right passed on to the presbytery, whose decision was final. By this arrangement, either the land-owners and elders remained the presenters, or, after a vain show of choice in the people, the appointment fell to the clergy, or presbytery. From 1690 to 1712, Sir Henry Moncrieff says, "There does not appear the least vestige of a doctrine, so much contended for at a later period, of a divine right in the people individually or collectively, to elect the parish minister." This opinion was fully maintained by the law of William III., in 1690, and confirmed by that of Anne, in 1712. Sir Henry Moncrieff, in confirmation of his doctrine, that the people never had a right to elect their ministers in the Scottish church, quotes the "First book of Discipline," of 1567, which placed the election of pastors in the people at large; but this error, he says, was rectified by the "Second book of Discipline," in 1581. By this book the congregation could only *consent*—the presbyters must finally determine. This contains the law of the church of Scotland, and the great schism which took place in the Scottish church, in 1834, arose merely from the resistance to lay patronage, but with the intention of transferring that patronage to the clergy, not the people.

In 1792 a measure of relief was passed for the episcopalians of Scotland. These had fallen into disgrace for their refusal to swear allegiance to the house of Hanover. The conduct of many of them during the rebellion of 1745 had increased the rigour of government against them, and an act was passed, the 19 George II., ordering the shutting up of all episcopalian chapels where the minister had not taken the oath of allegiance, and where he did not pray for the king and royal family. Any clergyman of that church violating these regulations was liable to six months' imprisonment for the first offence, and transportation to one of the American plantations for the second, with perpetual imprisonment did he dare to return thence. No minister was to be held qualified to officiate except he had received letters of orders from an English or Irish bishop of the protestant episcopalian church. All persons frequenting the chapels of such unqualified persons were liable to a penalty of five pounds for the first offence, and two years' imprisonment for the second. But now, the pretender being dead, and his brother, the cardinal of York, being held, on account of his clerical character, to have forfeited his claim to the crown, the Scotch episcopalians came and took the necessary oaths; this bill was passed removing their disabilities, and the aristocracy of Scotland soon, for the most part, became members of the church when it ceased to be in disgrace.

It will be observed that what we have had to detail under the head of religion during this reign has been chiefly the struggle to relax the bonds of legal restraints which the state church had since the reformation imposed on the other forms of Christianity. As the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the suppression of their attempts to return, became distant events, the rigour against the catholics and non-juring protestant clergy became obviously unnecessary, and, in proportion to the non-necessity, cruel. Advancing intelligence enabled the oppressed religionists to break many of these fetters of their consciences, and to regain the rights of citizens. The catholics and the dissenters had yet, at the end of this period, further demands to make; but so much light had now broken in that the dominant clergy could not long by any arguments, defer the day of perfect religious freedom. We have lived to see catholics restored to their national rights, dissenters relieved from the Test and Corporation Acts, and empowered to perform the rights of marriage, baptism, and burial for their own denominations. Even yet, the burden of church rates remains on the shoulders of dissenters, but it verges to its termination.

The various triumphs in this direction evidence a sense of civil right in the community, and which forced itself on the government, rather than a sense of religion. But religion, too, was in steady growth. The dissenters had greatly increased during this period, and amongst them the names of some of their ministers had acquired a general reputation. Robert Hall, of Leicester, and afterwards of Bristol, threw a new lustre on the baptist community. He was the son of a baptist minister, was at first educated by Dr. Ryland, the learned baptist pastor of Northampton, and afterwards took his degree of M.A. at King's College, Aberdeen. He commenced his ministerial career in Bristol, and afterwards resided as minister at Leicester for twenty years. On the death of his old tutor, Dr. Ryland, he became the president of the Baptist Academy at

Bristol, and pastor of Broadmead chapel, in that town. Robert Hall was not inferior to any of the clergy of the Establishment in learning or eloquence. He was for eleven years the baptist minister in Cambridge before removing to Leicester. In Cambridge he succeeded to a man nearly as remarkable, the celebrated Robert Robinson. At this university town he attracted the notice of some of the leading established clergy and professors, and of the world at large, by his "Vindication of the Freedom of the Press," and his splendid sermon "On Modern Infidelity." Dr. Parr has left a testimony to the merits of Robert Hall in his will, which does honour to his liberality—"Mr. Hall has, like Jeremy Taylor, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the subtlety of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint." To the same body belonged the celebrated author of "Essays on the Formation of Character," John Foster, also of Bristol.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

Amongst the followers of Whitfield became conspicuous Rowland Hill, Matthew Wilks, and William Huntingdon. Of the followers of Whitfield, Selina, Countess of Hunt-

ingdon became the patron, as she had been of Whitfield himself, whom she made her chaplain. This remarkable lady founded schools and colleges for the preachers; and so completely did she identify herself with this sect, that it became styled "Lady Huntingdon's Society." Perhaps the most celebrated of these preachers, after Whitfield, was Rowland Hill, who was a younger son of Sir Rowland Hill, of Hawkestone, in Shropshire. He was educated at Cambridge for the church of England, but preferred following Whitfield, and for many years went about preaching in the open air, like Whitfield, in different parts of the country, and particularly amongst the colliers of Kingswood. In 1783, his chapel, called the Surrey Chapel, being built, he settled in London, and continued his ministry in the metropolis till his death in 1833, at the age of eighty-eight. Rowland Hill was as much celebrated for his humour and eccentricity,

DR. JOHNSON READING THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

which he carried into his preachings, as for his talents. He was also an author of various productions, the most popular of which were his "Village Dialogues."

Perhaps a still more remarkable man of the same denomination was William Huntingdon, originally a coalheaver, struggling with severe poverty; yet, believing himself called to the ministry, he boldly followed his conceived duty, through much discouragement and persecution. He has left an autobiography, in which his perfect faith in and reliance on God are justified by the most remarkable supply of all his wants, and support in a widely extended and useful ministry. After the death of his first wife, he married the wealthy widow of Sir James Sanderson, a London alderman, and passed his latter years in affluence.

Amongst the independents, the names of John Clayton and William Bengo Collier, and amongst the unitarians, Dr. Priestly, Theophilus Lindsay, and Thomas Belsham are conspicuous.

But the most remarkable spread of religion was through the instrumentality of the Wesleyan methodists. These spread over all the country, through town and village, into places where the ministers of the Establishment had fallen into a spiritual sleep from want of rivalry. In Wales they found a great and almost unoccupied field. In Cornwall, where Wesley had been abused and pelted with stones, they became universal, and still continue to astonish the visitor to that county by their extraordinary numbers, almost every Cornish miner being of that church. Throughout England the spread of methodism has been a most influential cause of the revival of activity and discipline in the established church itself; for it soon became evident that the church must exert itself, or the body of the people, especially in the country and in manufacturing districts, would be absorbed by the Wesleyan interest. There is no question that since the reign of George III. a spirit of vital religion has made great progress, not only in the body of the Establishment, but amid every variety of dissent, and that a much more liberal tone of opinion amongst religious parties exists towards one another now than at that period.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In literature, and the amount of genius in every branch of it, as well as in mechanical skill, no age ever transcended that of George III. Though he and his ministers did their best to repress liberty, they could not restrain the liberty of the mind, and it burst forth on all sides, with almost unexampled power. In fact, throughout Europe, during this period, a great revolution in taste took place. The old French influence and French models, which had prevailed in most countries since the days of Louis XIV., were now abandoned, and there was a return to nature and originality. For a long time writers in all departments, but especially in poetry and works of imagination, had gone on copying one another, instead of going to the great fountain of novelty and truth—the world of woods and hills, and of the busy mind and action of man—till all was dry and monotonous; and there were those who said gravely that all that was original had appeared—the resources of genius were exhausted. But all over Europe, as if a new breath of life had passed over it from above, there was a movement amongst the dry bones of the past, and new greenness began to spring luxuriantly around the worn stones of barren imitation. There was evidently a new creation, and giants were once more on the earth. "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," collected by Percy, the bishop of Dromore, and the publication of the old Scottish ballads by Walter Scott, at once snapt the spell which had bound the intellect since the days of Pope, and opened the sealed eyes of wondering scholars; and they saw, as it were, "a new heaven and a new earth" before them. They once more felt the fresh breath of the air and ocean, smelt the rich odour of the heath and the forest, and the oracles of the heart were re-opened, as they listened again to the whispers of the eternal winds. Once more, as of old to prophets and prophetic kings, there was "a sound of going in the tops of the trees." The veil of custom and of schooldom was rent, and the wide and magnificent universe, with all its beauty of form and intensity of feeling, and glimpses of the upper and inexhaustible heavens, with their music of unimaginable heights and depths, and tones of the infinite, awoke the awed soul to a new heritage of conception and of power. Streams, as it were, of deluging imagination rushed down from the long arid hills, and the nations—even amid the horrors of most desolating wars—rejoiced in the ever on-pouring tide of spiritual emotion. In England, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley—in Germany, Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Richter—in Scandinavia, Tegner, Oelenschläger, Stagnalius, with a world of lesser lights around them—stood in the glowing beams of a new morning, casting around them the wondrous wealth of a poetry as fresh as it was overflowing. As in poetry, so in prose invention. The novel and romance came forth in totally new forms, and with a life and scope such as they had never yet attained. From Fielding and Sterne to Godwin and Scott, the list of great writers in this department, shed a new glory on the English name. In works of all other kinds the same renovation of mind was conspicuous; history took a prominent place, and science entered on new fields. In noticing the chief of these new acquisitions to our intellectual affluence, let us first introduce the

PROSE WRITERS.

Before the conclusion of the reign of George II. a new school of fiction had appeared. De Foe had, besides his romance of "Robinson Crusoe," made an opening into that inexhaustible field of incident and character existing in actual life in his "Colonel Jack," "Moll Flanders," "Roxana," and other novels, which Fielding and Richardson so vastly extended. Fielding, too, died six years before the commencement of this reign, and Richardson in the first year of it. But their works were in full circulation, and extended their influence far into this period. They have, therefore, been left to be noticed here in connection with the class of writers to whom they gave origin, and to whom they properly belong. Richardson seems to have originated the true novel of real life in his "Pamela," which was the history of a servant, written with that versimilitude that belongs to biography. This was commenced in 1740, and brought to a conclusion in 1741. The extraordinary sensation which it created was sufficient proof that the author

had struck into the very heart of nature, and not only knew where the seat of human passion lay, but had the highest command over it. It was not, in fact, from books and education, but from native insight and acute observation, that he drew his power. He was born in Derbyshire, and received his education at a common day-school. He was then apprenticed as a printer in London, and established himself as a master in that business, which he continued to pursue with great success. His "Pamela" ran through five editions in the first year. In 1748 appeared his "Clarissa Harlowe," and wonderfully extended his reputation, which reached its full blaze in his "Sir Charles Grandison," in 1753. In all these works he showed himself a perfect analyst of the human heart, and detector of the greatest niceties of character. Though he could have known little or nothing of aristocratic life, yet, trusting to the sure guidance of nature, he drew ladies and gentlemen, and made them act and converse as the first ladies and gentlemen of the age would have been proud to act and speak. A more finished gentleman than Sir Charles Grandison, or correct lady than Miss Byron, were never delineated. The only thing was, that, not being deeply versed in the debaucheries and vulgarisms of the so-called high life of the time, he drew it as much purer and better than it was. It is in the pages of Fielding and Smollett that we must seek for the darker and more real character of the age. Richardson has drawn his Grandison in immense advance of his period. In all the nobler sentiments and Christian principles, many of which have only recently made themselves laws of society, he shows himself a clear and sincere believer, by the conduct of Sir Charles. He represents him as refusing to fight a duel, and as asserting a code of honour very different to the so-called diabolical code of the day. The fault of Richardson was his prolixity. He develops his plot, and draws all his characters, and works out his narrative with the minutest strokes. It is this which prevents him being read now. Who could wade through a novel of nine volumes? Yet these were devoured by the readers of that time with an avidity that not even the novels of Sir Walter Scott were waited for in the height of his popularity.

Fielding commenced his career by an attempt, in "Joseph Andrews," to caricature the "Pamela" of Richardson. He represented Joseph as Pamela's brother; but he had not proceeded far when he became too much interested in his own creation to make a mere parody of him. This novel he produced in 1742, the year after the completion of Richardson's "Pamela." The following year he gave to the world "Jonathan Wild;" in 1749, "Tom Jones;" and in 1751, but three years before his death, at the age of only forty-seven, his "Amelia." But, besides a novelist, Fielding was a dramatic writer, a political writer, and the editor of four successive periodicals — "The Champion," "The True Patriot," "The Jacobite Journal," and "The Covent Garden Journal." Fielding, unlike Richardson, was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Leyden. He had fortune, but he dissipated it; and had the opportunity of seeing both high and low life, by his rank as a gentleman and his office as a police-magistrate. His novels are masterly productions. His squire Western and parson Adams, and his other characters, are genuine originals; and they are made to act and talk with a raciness of humour and a flow of wit that might even yet render them popular, if their excessive grossness did not repel even the least squeamish reader of this age. It is, indeed, the misfortune of Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett, that they lived in so coarse and debauched an epoch; their very fidelity now renders them repulsive. Richardson and Fielding were the Dickens and Thackeray of their day. In Fielding, the colder nature and the more satiric tone make the resemblance to Thackeray the more striking.

Tobias Smollett, before he appeared as a novelist, following in the new track opened by Fielding rather than by Richardson, had figured as poet, dramatist, and satirist. He was originally a surgeon from Dumbartonshire, and having been surgeon's mate on board of a man of war, and then living as an author in London, he had seen a great variety of life and character, and, having a model given him, he threw his productions forth in a rapid succession. His first novel was "Roderick Random," which appeared in 1748, the same year as Richardson's "Clarissa," and a year preceding perhaps the greatest of Fielding's works, "Tom Jones." Then came, in rapid sequence, "Peregrine Pickle," "Count Fathom," "Sir Launcelot Greaves," and "Humphrey Clinker." Whilst writing these he was busy translating "Don Quixote"—a work after his own heart—travelling and writing travels, editing "The Briton," and continuing "Hume's History of England." In his novels Smollett displayed a deep knowledge of character, and a humour still more broad and coarse than that of Fielding. In Smollett the infusion of indecency may be said to have reached its acmé. In fact, there is no more striking evidence of the vast progress made in this country since the commencement of the reign of George III., in refinement of manners and delicacy of sentiment, than the coarseness and obscenity of these fathers of the English novel. The strange picture which they present of the rude vice, the low tastes, the debauched habits, the vile and general drunkenness, and the ribaldry and profanity of language in those holding the position of gentlemen, and even of ladies, strikes a reader of this time with amazement and loathing.

The next novelist who appeared was of a very different school. Richardson was a careful and elaborate anatomist of character; Fielding and Smollett were master painters of life and manners, and threw in strong dashes of wit and humour; but they had little sentiment. In Laurence Sterne came forth a sentimentalist, who, whilst he melted his readers by tender touches of pathos, could scarcely conceal from them that he was laughing at them in his sleeve. The mixture of feeling, wit, *double entendre*, and humour of the most subtle and refined kind, and that in a clergyman, produced the oddest, and yet the most vivid, impressions on the reader. The effect was surprise, pleasure, wonder, and no little misgiving; but the novelty and charm of this original style were so great that they carried all before them, but not without the most violent censures from the press on his indecencies, especially considering his position as a clergyman. Sterne was the grandson of that Richard Sterne, a native of Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, who was chaplain to archbishop Laud, and attended him on the scaffold. His grandson, our author, was the son of a

lieutenant in the army, and was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, his grandfather having then become archbishop of York. Sterne, therefore, on taking orders, was on the way of preferment, and received the rectory of Stillington and the perpetual curacy of Coxwold, both in Yorkshire. There he wrote not only sermons, but satire, particularly his "History of a Watchcoat." But it was his novel of "Tristram Shandy" which brought him into sudden popularity. After this, his "Sentimental Journey" completed his reputation; and his Maria and her lamb, his uncle Toby, corporal Trim, Yorick, doctor Slop, the widow Wadman, and his lesser characters, became the possessors for a long period of the tears and laughter of the nation.

But it was not till 1766 that the public became possessed of what may be called the first domestic novel, in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." The works of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, had been rather novels of general life than of the home life of England, but this work was a narrative of such every day kind as might occur in any little nook in the country, amid the humblest and simplest of people. It was a picture of those chequered scenes that the lowliest existence presents: the simple, pious pastor, in the midst of his family, easily imposed on and led into difficulties; the heartless rake, bringing disgrace and sorrow where all had been sunshine before; the struggles and the triumphs of worth, which had no wealth or high rank to emblazon it; and all mingled and quickened by a humour so genial and unstudied that it worked on the heart like the charms of nature herself. No work ever so deeply influenced the literary mind of this country. The productions which it has originated are legion, and yet it stands *sui generis* amongst them all. The question may seem to lack sequence, yet we may ask legitimately whether there would have been a "Pickwick" if there had not been a "Vicar of Wakefield?" yet the same elements are the regnant ones in both—actual life, depending on no aristocratic gilding, but on the mingled simplicity, goodness, and racy humour of their actors. Goldsmith seems never to have attempted a second story on the same model, though he was so voluminous and miscellaneous a writer, a successful essayist, dramatist, historian, and doer of all work.

What a totally different species of composition was the "Vicar" to the tale of "Rasselas," published by his friend, the great lexicographer, seven years before! This was conceived in the romantic and allegoric spirit of the time—"The Ten Days of Sieged," "The Vision of Mirza," and the like. It was laid in the south, but amid Eastern manners, and was didactic in spirit and ornate in style, like that school of productions. It was measured, and graceful, and dull—too scholastic to seize on the heart and the imagination. On a nature like Goldsmith's it could make no impression, and therefore leave no trace. The one was like a scene amid palm trees, and fountains, and sporting gazelles; the other like a genuine English common, on which robust children were tumbling and shouting, amid blooming gorse, near the sunny brook, with the lark carolling above them. There is no country in Europe, scarcely in the world, where letters are known, which has not its translation of the "Vicar of Wakefield." In our own country, "Rasselas" is almost forgotten.

Now followed a period in which many works were produced, which were extremely popular in their day, but of which few now retain public estimation. Amongst these none reached the same estimation as "Henry, Earl of Moreland; or, the Fool of Quality," by Henry Brooke. It was designed to show the folly and the artificial *morale* of the age, by presenting Henry as the model of direct and natural sentiments, for the indulgence of which he was thought a fool by the fashionable world. The early part of the work is admirable, and the boyhood of Henry is the obvious prototype of Day's "History of Sandford and Merton;" but as it advances it becomes utterly extravagant and improbable. It, however, seized wonderfully on the mind of the people, and is still to be found on the shelves of almost all country cottages and farm-houses. Miss Frances Brooke, too, was the author of "Julia Mandeville" and other novels. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, still remembered for her harmonious sonnets, was the author of numerous novels, as "The Old Manor House," "Celestine," "Marchmont," &c.; there was Mrs. Hannah More with her "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;" Mrs. Hamilton with her "Agrippina;" Bage with his "Hermsprong; or, Man as he Should Be;" Monk Lewis with his "Tales of Wonder," and his "Monk;" and Horace Walpole with his melo-dramatic romance of "The Castle of Otranto." But far beyond Walpole rose Ann Radcliffe, the very queen of horror and wonder, in her strange, exciting romances of the "Sicilian Romance," "The Romance of the Forest," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Italians," &c. No writer ever carried the powers of mystery, wonder, and suspense, to the same height, or so bewitched her age by them.

Far greater, however, as the wielder of human sympathies by the recital of wrongs and oppression, was William Godwin in his "Caleb Williams" and "Leon." "Caleb Williams" is a model for narrative: rapid, clear, simple yet strong, moving in a rapid career—in fine contrast to the slow, wire-drawn progress of the modern three-volume novel—till it winds up in an intensity of sensation. Then came Miss Burney, better known as Madame D'Arblay, with her "Evelina," "Cecilia," and "Camilla," returning again to the details of social life. Afterwards came Dr. John Moore with "Zeluca," &c.; Mrs. Inchbald with her charming "Simple Story;" Mrs. Opie with "The Father and Daughter" in 1801, followed by various other novels; and in the same year Miss Edgeworth commenced her splendid career with "Belinda," and in the next year "Castle Rackrent." To this period also belongs lady Morgan with her "Wild Irish Girl," though she continued to live and write long after this reign.

Amongst the novelists of the later period of the reign we may name Horace Smith, author of "Brambletye House," &c.; Leigh Hunt, the poet, author of "Sir Ralph Esher;" Peacock, author of "Headlong Hall;" Beckford, author of the wild eastern tale of "Vathek;" Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton," &c.; Maturin, author of "Melmoth the Wanderer," &c.; Mrs. Brunton, author of "Discipline," "Self-Control," &c.; Miss Austen, authoress of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Sense and Sensibility," &c., all distinguished by the nicest sense of

character; and Miss Ferrier, authoress of "Marriage" and other novels of a high order.

But far above all rose, at this period, the already popular romantic poet, Walter Scott. Before him, in Scotland, Henry Mackenzie had occupied for a long time the foreground as a writer of fiction, in "The Man of Feeling," "Julia de Roubignie," &c., but in a very different class of invention. As Walter Scott had opened up the romance of the Scottish Highlands in his poems, so he now burst forth, on the same ground, in historic romance, with a vigour, splendour, and wonderful fertility of imagination and resource of knowledge which far exceeded everything which had gone before him in the history of literature since the days of Shakespeare. We need not attempt to characterise the voluminous series of what are called the "Waverley Novels," but which, in their ample range, occupied almost every country of Europe and every climate, from the bleak rocks of Orkney to the glowing plains of Syria and India; they are familiar to all our readers, and closed this period with a splendour from the mingled blaze of invention, poetry, and science, which no succeeding age is likely to surpass.

In history, as in fiction, a new school of writers arose during this period, at the head of which stood Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Hume had already acquired a great reputation by his "Philosophical Essays concerning the Human Understanding," his "Enquiry into the Principles of Morals," and his "Natural History of Religion." In these metaphysical works he had indulged his extreme sceptical tendency, and in the "Essay on Miracles" believed that he had actually exploded the Christian religion. His works on this subject did not, at first, gain much attention; but in a while were seized on by the deistical and atheistical philosophers both here and on the continent, and have furnished that class of writers with their principal weapons. His two first volumes met with the same cold reception as his metaphysics at first had done. He commenced his history with that favourite period with historians—the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—because then began the great struggle for the destruction of the constitution, followed by the still more interesting epoch of its battle for and triumph over its enemies. Hume had all the tory prejudices of the Scotch jacobite, and the reigns of James I. and Charles I. were extremely to his taste, but as little to that of the English public. Hence the dead silence with which it was received. But on the publication of the second volume, containing the commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the storm broke out. In these he had run counter to all the received political ideas of the age. But this excitement raised both volumes into notice, and he then went back, and, in 1759, published two more volumes, containing the reigns of the Tudors; and, going back again, in 1762, he completed his history, by bringing it down from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the accession of Henry VII. It was afterwards continued by Smollett.

The history of Hume was much over-estimated in his own time, in spite of the despotic notions which abound in it. It was held up, as Macaulay's history has been recently, as a miracle of eloquence and acuteness. But after times always correct the enthusiasm of contemporaries, and Hume's history has been, and Macaulay's is already beginning to be, found to be far from reliable narratives. Both historians had their violent prejudices, which warped them from the truth; and both have been found to be more elegant in phraseology than profound in research. When we now, indeed, take up Hume, we are surprised to find it a very plain, clear narrative of events, with many oversights and perversions, and nothing more. We wonder where are the transcendant beauties which threw our ancestors into raptures, for which language scarcely gave expression. Whoever will read the correspondence of contemporaries with Hume, will find him eulogised rather as a demi-god than a man, and his works described in the most extravagant strains of praise.

The "History of Scotland, during the Reigns of Queen Mary and James II.," by Dr. Robertson, was published in 1759, the year of the appearance of Hume's "History of the House of Tudor." It was at once popular; and Hume, writing to him, attributed this to the deference which he had paid to established opinions, the true source of the popularity of many works. This was followed, in 1766, by his "History of America," and, in 1769, by his "History of Charles V." Robertson's chief characteristic is a sonorous and rather florid style, which extremely pleased his age, but wearies this. His histories drew great attention to the subjects of them at that period; but time has shown that they are extremely superficial, and have needed supersedence by Tytler, on the same era in Scotland, and by Prescott, on Spanish and American subjects; as Hume has needed the labours of Turner, Hallam, Lingard, and others, to make good his deficiencies.

"The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Gibbon, began to appear in 1776, a few months before the death of Hume, and was not completed till 1788. It consisted of six ponderous quarto volumes, and now occupies double that number of octavos. It is a monument of enormous labour and research, filling the long, waste, dark space betwixt ancient and modern history. It traces the history of Rome from its imperial splendour; through its severance into East and West; through its decadence under its luxurious and effeminate emperors; through the ravages of the invading hordes of the north, to the present, when the nations of Europe began, in the dawn of a new morning, to rise from the depth of barbarism into life, form, and power. The faults of this great work are, that it is written, like Hume's "History of England," in the sceptical spirit of the period; and that it marches on, in one high-sounding, pompous style, with a monotonous step, over every kind of subject. The same space and attention are bestowed on the insignificance of the feeblest emperors, and the least important times, as on the greatest and most eventful. It is a work which all should read, but a large part of it will be waded through rather as a duty than a pleasure. Still, Gibbon holds his own indispensable position; no other man has yet risen to occupy it better.

Besides these leading histories, this reign produced many others of great value. Amongst these appeared a "History of England," by a lady, Catherine Macauley, from James I. to the accession of the House of Hanover, in 1763; which was followed by another series, from the revolution to her own time. Mrs. Macauley was a thorough-going

republican; had gone to America expressly to see and converse with Washington, and her history presented the very opposite opinions and phase of events to those of Hume. Lord Lyttleton wrote a "History of Henry II.," in by no means a popular style; but valuable as illustrating constitutional questions by original documents. In 1776 appeared the first volume of lord Hailes' valuable "Annals of Scotland," and in 1771 commenced the "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," from the end of Charles I.'s reign to the time of king William; Macpherson's "History of Great Britain after the Restoration;" Stuart's "History of the Reformation in Scotland," and "History of Scotland from the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary;" Whitaker's "History of Manchester;" Warner's "History of Ireland;" Leland's "History of Ireland;" Grainger's "Biographical History of England;" Ferguson's "History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic;" Watson's "History of Philip II. of Spain;" Orme's "History of the British Nation in Hindostan;" Anderson's "Annals of Commerce." In 1784 Mitford published his "History of Ancient Greece," and two years later Gillies published another "History of Greece." In 1789 Pinkerton published a "History of the House of Stuart down to Queen Mary," filling up the intervals left by Hailes and Robertson. In 1790 Boswell published his "Life of Johnson;" in 1795 Roscoe his "Life of Lorenzo di Medici," and, in 1805, the "Life and Pontificate of Leo X." We may add, that at the close of this period Southey, Sharon Turner, Lingard, and Napier were preparing to add substantially to our historical literature.

The miscellaneous literature of this reign was immense, consisting of travels, biographies, essays on all subjects, and treatises in every department of science and letters. Prominent amongst these are the "Letters of Junius," who, in the early part of the reign, kept the leading statesmen, judges, and the king himself, in terror by the scarifying relentlessness of his criticisms. These letters, which are the perfection of political writing, have been ascribed to many authors, but most generally to Sir Philip Francis; but no certainty has yet been ascertained. The writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson furnish many items to this department. His "Dictionary of the English Language" was a gigantic labour; his "Lives of the Poets," his "Tour to the Western Isles," would of themselves have made a great reputation, had he never written his poetry, his periodical essays, or edited Shakespeare. Burke, too, besides his Speeches, added largely to general literature. He wrote his "Enquiry into the Origin of the Sublime and Beautiful;" assisted in the composition of the "Annual Register" for several years; and, in 1790, published his most famous work, "Reflections on the French Revolution." Besides these he wrote a mass of political letters and essays. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu produced her celebrated Letters betwixt 1763 and 1767; and a number of other ladies were popular writers at this period: Sophia and Harriet Lee—whose "Canterbury Tales" ought to have been mentioned under the head of novels—Anna Maria Williams, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Catherine Talbot, Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, Mrs. Montagu, an essayist on Shakespeare, Mrs. Chapone, author of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Charlotte Smith. In theology, metaphysics, and intellectual philosophy, the earlier portion of the reign was rich. In rapid succession appeared Reid's "Enquiry into the Human Mind;" Campbell's "Answer to Hume on Miracles;" Beattie's "Essay on Truth;" Wallace's "Essay on the Numbers of Mankind;" and Stuart's "Enquiry into the Principles of Political Economy." But, nine years after Stuart's work, appeared another on the same subject, which raised that department of inquiry into one of the most prominent and influential sciences of the age. This was the famous treatise "On the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith. This great work has produced a real revolution in the doctrines of the production and accumulation of wealth. Many of its axioms have, as might be expected, been proved to be unsound; but, as a whole, its principles remain as the guide to certain wealth and prosperity; and, in teaching the advantages of the division of employments, and of free trade, have rendered incalculable services to mankind. But their very success has led to a dangerous national error of thought and habit—that wealth is the chief end of human existence. To accomplish this end, the rights, and interests, and moral claims of whole masses of human beings have been sacrificed, and it is only now that a higher and more Christian philosophy is stepping in to control the operations of this science: the philosophy that men have rights far superior to any considerations of the growth of wealth; that the true end of being is not the accumulation of capital, but the acquisition of the highest moral and religious benefits by mankind; that capital, in whatever hands it lies, is but a loan from the great Master of life, for the distribution of benefits to his creatures; that capital has its duties as well as its powers; and that these duties will be as rigorously exacted by the Father of all, as interest is exacted by the capitalist himself. There is, therefore, a science of moral economy still higher than political economy; and the perfect conduct of human affairs cannot be reached till this is acknowledged and universally practised.

Besides those already mentioned as distinguished in various branches of literature, there was a host of others whom we can only name. In theology there were Warburton, South, Horsley, Jortin, Madan, Gerard, Blair, Geddes, Lardner, Priestley; in criticism and philology, Harris, Monboddo, Kaimes, Blair, Sir William Jones, Walpole; in antiquarian research, Hawkins, Burney, Chandler, Barrington, Stevens, Pegge, Farmer, Vallancey, Grose, Gough; in belles lettres and general literature, Chesterfield, Hawkesworth, Brown, Jenyns, Bryant, Hurd, Melmoth, Potter, Francklin, &c.; in mathematical and physical science, Black, the discoverer of latent heat, Cavendish, the discoverer of the composition of water, Priestley, Herschel, Maskeleyne, Horsley, Vince, Maseres, James Hutton, author of "The Huttonian Theory of the Earth," Charles Hutton, Cullen Brown, the founder of the Brownian theory of medicine, John and William Hunter, the anatomists, Pennant, the zoologist, &c.; discoverers of new lands, plants, and animals, commodore Byron, captains Wallis, Cook, Carteret, Flinders, &c., Dr. Salander, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Green.

Amongst these, or in the period immediately succeeding them, some individuals demand a particular notice. Benjamin Franklin, though an American citizen, ought perhaps to be mentioned, as so greatly influencing science here by his discoveries in electricity; and Sir William Jones, for his great additions to our knowledge of Indian and Persian literature and theology. There was large increase of

SIR WALTER SCOTT. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

translations made by Pye, Twining, Gillies, Francis, Murphy, Parr, Tyrwhitt, Wakefield, &c. By one or other of these the works of Aristotle, Tacitus, Horace, Cæsar, Virgil, Lucretius, Bion Moschus, &c., were wholly or partly introduced to us. Monboddo's "Origin and Progress of Language," and Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley" made a great sensation; Paine's "Rights of Man" and "Age of Reason" a still greater, and called out elaborate answers. Richard Porson was equally distinguished for his classical knowledge and his drunkenness. Mary Wolstoncroft published her "Rights of Woman," as a necessary addendum to Paine's "Rights of Man." There were many editions of Shakespeare issued by Dr. Johnson, Stevens, Capell, Hanmer, Malone, and Reed. Warton, Ritson, Pinkerton, Macpherson, and Ellis revived our older poetry by new editions. The controversy on the poetry of Ossian ran high during this period. In theology and morals, the works of Dr. Paley and bishops Watson, Horsley, and Porteus, were most prominent. In speculative philosophy, Malthus, by his "Essay on the Principle of Population," carried to greater lengths the notions of Wallace on the numbers of mankind.

In the later period of the reign, some of our chief poets

appeared also as prose writers in biography, criticism, and general literature: Southey, as biographer and critic, Campbell and Moore, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, in the same field; so also Hazlitt, Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, Playfair, Stewart, Brown, Mackintosh, and Bentham—the latter in the philosophy of law. In physical science, Sir Humphry Davy, Leslie, Dalton, the author of the atomic theory, and Wollaston.

Periodical writing grew in this reign into a leading organ of opinion and intelligence. The two chief periodicals, according to our present idea of them, were the "Gentleman's Magazine" and the "Monthly Review." These were both started prior to the accession of George III. The "Gentleman's Magazine" was started by Cave, the publisher, in 1731; and the "Monthly Review" commenced in 1749. The magazine was a depository of a great variety of matters, antiquarian, topographical, critical, and miscellaneous, and has retained that character to the present hour. The "Monthly Review" was exclusively devoted to criticism. But, in the early portion of the reign, a periodical literature of a totally different character prevailed—the periodical essayist—formed on the model of the "Spectator," "Guardian," and "Tatler" of a prior period. Chief amongst these figured Ambrose Philips's "Freethinker;" the "Museum," supported by Walpole, the Wartons, Akenside, &c.; the "Rambler," by Dr. Johnson; the "Adventurer," by Hawkesworth; the "World," in which wrote chiefly aristocrats, as lords Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Bath, Cork, Horace Walpole, &c.; the "Connoisseur," chiefly supplied by George Colman and Bonnell Thornton; the "Old Maid," conducted by Mrs. Frances Brookes; the "Idler," by Johnson; the "Babbler," by Hugh Kelley; the "Citizen of the World," by Goldsmith; the "Mirror," chiefly written by Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling;" and the "Lounger," also chiefly conducted by Mackenzie. This class of productions, appearing each once or twice a week, afforded the public the amusement now furnished by the daily newspaper and the weekly miscellany, such as the "Illustrated Family Paper," &c. Towards the end of the reign arose a new species of review, the object of which was, under the guise of literature, to serve opposing parties in politics. The first of these was the "Edinburgh Review," the organ of the whigs, started in 1802, in which Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sidney Smith were the chief writers. This, professing to be liberal, launched forth the most illiberal criticisms imaginable. There was scarcely a great poet of the time—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Montgomery, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats—whom they did not, but vainly, endeavour to crush. To combat the influence of this whig organ, in 1809 came forth the "Quarterly Review," the great organ of the tories, and to which Scott, Southey, Wilson Croker, Giffard, &c., were the chief contributors. In 1817 this was followed by another conservative journal, not quarterly, but monthly in its issue, conducted chiefly by professor Wilson and Lockhart, namely, "Blackwood's Magazine," in which the monthly magazines of to-day find their prototype, but with a more decided political bias than they generally possess.

In the department of the Drama the fertility was immense. Tragedy, comedy, and farce maintained a swelling stream during the whole reign. In the earlier portion of it the chief writers of this class were Goldsmith, Garrick, Foote, Macklin, Murphy, Cumberland, Colman, Mrs. Cowley, and Sheridan. Several of these dramatists—as Garrick, Macklin, and Foote—were, at the same time, actors. The most eminent of them as writers were Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Colman. Horace Walpole wrote the "Mysterious Mother," a tragedy, which, however, was never acted; Goldsmith his two comedies, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," which were extremely popular; Garrick, the farces of "The Lying Valet" and "Miss in her Teens." He was said also to have been a partner with Colman in writing "The Clandestine Marriage;" but Colman denied this, saying that Garrick wrote the two first acts, and brought them to him, desiring him to put them together, and that he did put them together, for he put them together into the fire, and re-wrote the whole. Another farce, "High Life below Stairs," attributed to Garrick, was, it seems, written by the Rev. James Townley, assisted by Dr. Hoadley, the author of "The Suspicious Husband." Garrick was the great actor of his time, but, as a dramatic writer, his merit is insignificant. Foote was the chief writer of the comic before Colman. His productions amount to upwards of twenty, the most of them farces; and amongst them are "The Minor," "The Liar," and "The Mayor of Garratt." Foote was the wit and punster of the age, and has found no equal in those departments since, except Hood. His satiric keenness was the terror of his time, and he dared to think of trying it even on the great, surly essayist, Dr. Johnson, by introducing him upon the stage; but Johnson sent him word that he would be in one of the stage-boxes with a good, knotty cudgel, and Foote thought it best to let him alone.

Macklin was the author of "The Man of the World," a most successful comedy, as well as others of much merit. He remained on the stage till he was a hundred years old, and lived to a hundred and seven. George Colman had distinguished himself by the translation of Terence's plays and Horace's "Art of Poetry" before he commenced as a dramatist. His vein was comic, and his comedies and farces amount to nearly thirty, the best being "The Clandestine Marriage," already mentioned, "Polly Honeycombe," and "The Jealous Wife." Arthur Murphy was a native of Cork, and was brought up a merchant, but his bent was to the drama, and he quitted his business, and went to London, where he wrote two successful farces, "The Apprentice" and "The Upholsterer." He next wrote "The Orphan of China," a tragedy. He then studied for the bar, but had not much practice, and returned to writing for the stage. "The Grecian Daughter," "All in the Wrong," "The Way to keep Him," and "The Citizen," were very successful, and raised him to wealth and distinction. Not satisfied with being a popular writer, he desired to act as well as write, like Garrick and Macklin, but failed. Besides his dramatic productions, he translated Tacitus and Sallust, and wrote the life of Garrick. Richard Cumberland, also an Irishman, was a very voluminous as well as miscellaneous writer. His comedy of

"The West Indian" made him at once popular, and he wrote a great number of productions for the stage, amongst the best of which were "The Fashionable Lover," "The Jew," "The Wheel of Fortune," &c. We have seen Cumberland employed by government as an envoy to Lisbon and Madrid, and by it refused the payment of his expenses. This reduced him to sell his hereditary property, but he retired to Tunbridge Wells, and continued to write plays, novels, essays, criticisms, &c., till nearly eighty years of age.

There was a number of lady dramatists of this period. Mrs. Cowley wrote "The Runaway," "The Belle's Stratagem," "More Ways than One," &c.; Mrs. Brookes, Miss Marshall, Mrs. Lennox, and Miss Sophia Lee, all wrote successful plays; Mrs. Sheridan, the author of the eastern story, "Nourjahad," was the writer of the successful comedies of "The Discovery" and "The Dupe." But at the head of all dramatists of this period stood Richard Brinsley Sheridan, her son. He was equally distinguished as a politician, an orator, and a critic. Like Murphy, Macklin, and Cumberland, he was an Irishman. His dramas quickly placed him at the head of all the writers for the stage of his time. They abounded with humour, wit, the smartest action, and knowledge of life and human nature. His splendid comedy of "The Rivals," written when he was not twenty-five, did not at first augur much success; but "The Duenna," which appeared the same year, carried with it at once the highest public favour; and his "School for Scandal," acted in 1777, raised his reputation to the utmost. He afterwards wrote the farces of "The Critic," "The Trip to Scarborough," and "St. Patrick's Day." All these were issued before 1780, and after that he was too much involved in political affairs to renew this style of writing. Amongst his other labours for the theatre was the adaptation of "Pizarro," one of Kotzebue's numerous progeny of plays. Sheridan also distinguished himself as the translator of "Aristænetus." The misfortune of Sheridan was that he was as devoted to drink as he was to the drama or the arena of politics.

GARRICK, IN THE CHARACTER OF KING RICHARD III. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Comedy and farce occupied the middle portion of the reign, but neither of them rose to the height of Sheridan. In tragedy, Murphy's "Arminius," Godwin's "Antonio," and Madame D'Arblay's "Edwy and Elgiva," were the best. Amongst the comedies, Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," Morton's "Speed the Plough," Mrs. Inchbald's "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are," and Colman's "Sylvester Daggerwood," were the most popular.

In the latest period scarcely any acting dramas were produced. Amongst the unacted tragedies, or such as were acted with no great success—being better fitted for

the closet—were Coleridge's "Remorse" and "Zapolya;" Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci;" Byron's "Cain," "Manfred," "Sardanapalus," &c.; Maturin's "Bertram," "Manuel," and "Fredolpho;" Joanna Baillie's "Plays on the Passions," "The Family Legend"—the last acted with some success at Edinburgh, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, in 1810—Charles Lamb's "John Woodville," Milman's "Fazio," and Walter Savage Landor's "Count Julian," "Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanni of Naples," "Fra Rupert," "The Siege of Ancona," &c., all masterly dramas, constitute altogether a blaze of dramatic genius which, were it adapted to the stage, would have given it a new grandeur at the close of this reign.

POETRY.

The new spring in poetry broke forth as brilliantly in this reign as that in prose. In the earlier portion of it, indeed, this was not so visible. The school of Pope seemed still to retain its influence. This school had produced a host of imitators, but little real genius since Pope's time. Almost the only exception to this mediocrity was Collins, whose odes were full of fire and genius. He died just before this period, and Gray, Shenstone, and Goldsmith opened it with many of the exterior characteristics of that school. But, in truth, notwithstanding the mere fashion of their compositions, there were in them unmistakable evidences of new life. Shenstone was the least vigorous and original of the three, but his "Schoolmistress" possessed a natural charm, which still gains it admirers. He belongs, however, rather to the past period than this, for he died but three years after the accession of George III., and had ceased to write some time before. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" showed that he had deep feeling, and a nice observation of nature; and his "Long Story" that he possessed real humour—a quality abounding in his prose, but, except in this piece, little visible in his poetry. His odes are extremely vigorous, but somewhat formal. His "Bard," his "Ode on Eton College," and his "Fatal Sisters," are all full of vigour, but somewhat stilted. In the "Fatal Sisters" he introduced a subject from the "Scandinavian Edda" to the English reader, but in a most un-Scandinavian dress.

Goldsmith was in his poetry, as in his prose, simple, genuine, and natural. His "Deserted Village" and "Traveller" were in the metre of Pope, but they were full of the most exquisite touches of pathos, of truth, and liberty; they were new in spirit, though old in form. Charles Churchill, the satirist of this period, was full of flagellant power. He has been said to have formed himself on Dryden; it is more probable that his models were Lucian and Juvenal. He was a bold and merciless chastiser of the follies of the times. He commenced, in the "Rosciad" with the players, by which he stirred a nest of hornets. Undauntedly he pursued his course, attacking, in "The Ghost," the then all powerful Dr. Johnson, who ruled like a despot over both literary men and their opinions. These satires, strong and somewhat coarse, were followed by "The Prophecy of Famine," an "Epistle to Hogarth," "The Conference," "The Duellists," "The Author," "Gotham," "The Candidate," "The Times," &c. In these Churchill not only lashed the corruptions of the age, but the false principles of nations. He condemned the seizure of other countries by so-called Christian powers, on the plea of discovery. It was only to be lamented that Churchill, who was a clergyman, in censuring his neighbour's vices, did not abandon his own.

Amongst other authors of the time, then very popular, but now little read, were Armstrong, author of "The Art of Preserving Health;" Akenside, of "The Pleasures of Imagination;" Wilkie, of "The Epigoniad;" and Glover, of the epic of "Leonidas." Falconer's "Shipwreck" and Beattie's "Minstrel" are poems much more animate with the vitality of grace and feeling. Then there were Anstey, with his "Bath Guide," half descriptive and half satiric; Stephenson's "Crazy Tales;" and the "Isis," a satire on the university of Oxford, and his tragedies of "Elfrida" and "Caractacus," by Mason, which, with other poems by the same author, enjoyed a popularity which waned before more truly living things. Then there were the brothers Joseph and Thomas Warton. Both of these ought to have been mentioned amongst our first-rate prose writers—Joseph for his excellent "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," and Thomas for his "History of English Poetry," the only history which we yet have worthy of the subject, and this is merely a fragment, coming down only to the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his poetry there is a spirit and tone of feudal life, and we are greatly deceived if Sir Walter Scott did not very much model the style of his metrical romances upon Warton. But that which, at this period, produced a thorough reform of our poetry was the publication of "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," by bishop Percy. These specimens of poetry went back beyond the introduction of the French model into this country—into the times when Chaucer, and still earlier poets, wrote from the instincts of nature, and not from scholastic or fashionable patterns. In particular, the old ballads, such as "Chevy Chace," "The Babes in the Wood," and the like, brought back the public taste from the artificial to the natural. The simple voice of truth, pathos, and honest sentiment, was at once felt by every heart, and the reign of mere ornate words was over. After these came "The Border Minstrelsy" of Scott, and completed the revolution. These ancient ballads, in both Percy and Scott, were found, in many instances, to be founded on precisely the same facts as those of the Swedes and Danes, collected seventy years before, thus showing that they were originally brought into this country by the Scandinavians—a proof of their high antiquity. We have already said that a similar return to nature was going on in Germany and the North, showing that the very collection of Percy's "Reliques" originated in some universal cause, and that cause, no doubt, was the universal weariness of the artificial style which had so long prevailed.

About this time two publications occurred, which produced long and violent controversies—those of the pretended "Poems of Rowley," by Chatterton, and "Ossian's Poems," by Macpherson. Chatterton, who was the articled clerk of an attorney at Bristol, a mere youth, pretended that he had discovered Rowley's poems in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. These poems, written on yellow parchment, and in a most anti-

quated style, by a boy of sixteen, were palmed upon the world as the genuine productions of one Thomas Rowley, and took in Horace Walpole and other literary antiquaries, very wise in their own conceit. As the productions of a boy of that age these poems are marvellous, and nothing besides which Chatterton, in his short, neglected life, produced approached them in merit. This, too, was the case with Macpherson, who professed to have collected the poems of Ossian, an old bard of Morven, in the Highlands, and simply translated them into English. He was warmly accused of having written them himself; but as Chatterton, so Macpherson, steadily denied the authorship of the poems thus introduced, and as in Chatterton's case, so in Macpherson's, no other compositions of the professed collector ever bore any relation to these in merit. There can now be very little doubt that Macpherson founded his Ossianic poems on real originals to some extent; but that Chatterton, if he received Rowley's poems from Rowley, did so by inspiration.

For some time after the revival of true poetry, the old forms still hung about what in spirit was new. The last of the old school of any note may be said to have been Dr. Johnson and Dr. Darwin. Johnson was too thoroughly drilled into the dry, didactic fashion of the artificial past, he was too bigotedly self-willed to be capable of participating in the renovation. In fact, he never was more than a good versifier, one of that class who can win prizes for university themes on the true line and square system of metrical composition. His "London," a mere paraphrase of the third book of "Juvenal," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" are precisely of that stamp. Johnson lived at the time of Chatterton's appearance, but he completely ignored him, and he ridiculed the simplicity of the poems introduced by bishop Percy by absurd parodies on them, as—

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand;
> And there I met another man,
> With his hat in his hand.

And,

> If the man who turnips cries,
> Cries not when his father dies,
> 'Tis a sign that he had rather
> Have a turnip than his father.

As for the poems of Ossian, he made a violent attack upon them in his "Tour to the Western Isles."

Dr. Darwin assumed the hopeless task of chaining poetry to the car of science. He was a physician of Derby, and, like Sir Richard Blackmore, "rhymed to the rumbling of his own coach wheels;" for we are told that he wrote his verses as he drove about to his patients. His great poem is the "Botanic Garden," in which he celebrates the loves of the plants and his "Economy of Vegetation," in which he introduces all sorts of mechanical inventions. Amongst the rest he announces the triumphs of steam in sonorous rhymes—

> Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car:

And he celebrates the compass in equally imposing heroics—

> Hail, adamantine steel! magnetic lord!
> King of the prow, the ploughshare, and the sword!
> True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
> His steady helm amid the struggling tides;
> Braves, with broad sail, the immeasurable sea;
> Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee!

This style of verse was thought very magnificent by Anna Seward, of Lichfield, who was intimate with Darwin when he lived there in his earlier career, and who herself was a poetess of some pretension. Miss Seward, however, showed better judgment in being amongst the first to point out the rising fame of Southey and Scott. The verse of Darwin brought Pope's metre to the highest pitch of magniloquence; and the use of the cæsura gives it a perfectly Darwinian peculiarity. It has escaped remark that the versification of Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," was palpably formed on the Darwin model: the same pompous invocations, the same sounding march of measure, the same abundant use of the cæsura. The resemblance of style in the two poets is so perfect, that to one who had not read them before, passages from either writer would appear as from the same hand.

Thus, Darwin:—

> Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
> Mark with light curves the printless steps of time;
> Near and more near your heaving cars approach,
> And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;—
> Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
> Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
> Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush;
> Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush.
> Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
> And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
> Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
> Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,
> Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
> And soars and shines, another and the same.

Take then a passage, the first which comes, from Campbell:—

> Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
> The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
> Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
> It is a dread and awful thing to die!
> Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
> Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run;
> From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
> A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
> 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
> Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
> While Nature hears, in terror-mingled trust,
> The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
> And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
> The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
> With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
> And shrieks and hovers o'er the dread abyss!

The poets of this period who most retained the robes of the past, without disguising the divine form within, were Crabbe and Cowper. The poetry of Crabbe, all written in the metre of Pope, is, nevertheless, instinct with the very soul of nature. It chooses the simplest, and often the least apparently lofty or agreeable topics, but it diffuses through these, and at the same time draws from them, a spirit and life that are essentially poetry. Nothing at the time that it appeared could look less like poetry. The description of a library, the dirty alleys, the pothouses, the sailors, and monotonous sea-shores in and about a maritime borough, struck the readers of the assumed sublime with astonishment and dismay. Can this be poetry? they asked. But those who had poetry in themselves—those in whom the heart of nature was strong, replied, Yes, the truest poetry. It is a torch, twisted of apparently very ordinary materials—the mere worn-out, tarred rope of some sea-boat; but it is guiding you through the darkest channels of the human heart, and

lighting up the murkiest purlieus of human life. Aye, what mysteries of iniquity that unpretending language unfolds, what gushes of deepest pathos it pours forth! Nature smiles as the rude torch flickers past, and shows its varied forms in its same time, who, with a hand that never trembles, depicts sternly the base nature, and drops soothing balm on the broken heart. Crabbe is an example of that humility recommended by our Saviour. He took the lowest place in

RESIDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE, SLOPERTON.

truest shape. In his "Tales of the Hall" Crabbe entered on scenes which are commonly deemed more elevated; he came forward into the rural village, the rectory, and the manor-house; but everywhere he carried the same clear, faithful, the assembly of the poets, and the united voice of the masters of that assembly called him up higher, and placed him amongst themselves.

Cowper combined in his verse the polish of Pope with the

RESIDENCE OF COWPER, OLNEY.

analytical spirit, and read the most solemn lessons from the histories and the souls of men. Crabbe has been styled the Rembrandt of English poetic painting; but he is not merely a painter of the outward, he is the prober of the inward at the freedom and force of Churchill. He possessed the satirical strength of Churchill, with a more gentle and Christian spirit. In Cowper broke forth the strongest, clearest sense which had distinguished any writer in prose or verse for

generations. He painted nature like a lover, but with the truth of a great artist, and he flagellated the vices of society in the very highest quarters with unshrinking boldness; at the same time, with equal intrepidity, he advanced the

They trust in navies, and their navies fail,—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail!
They trust in armies, and their courage dies:
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies:
But all they trust in withers, and it must,
When He commands in whom they place no trust.

THOMAS MOORE. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

assertions of a perfect faith in the religion of the Gospel, in the face of the hardest and most disdainful scepticism of the age. To the diplomatists, who vainly imagined that *they* guided human affairs, he demonstrated a higher and more real Director:—

It was a curious fact, that whilst Cowper was haunted by the most agonising terrors of a nervous temperament, even to despair, his poetry breathes the most consolatory tone. Whilst his mind was often wandering in insanity, there is no composition so sane and so sound in intellectual sub-

stance as his. Though seldom indulging in high flights of imagination, yet his verse frequently rises into a richness and nobility of voice nearly equal to the prophetic—as in the following lines on the future :—

All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord and Father. Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other: and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines:
All kingdoms, and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:
Praise is in all her gates; upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest West;
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once,
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed.

The "Lines on his Mother's Picture" exhibit the deep feeling of Cowper, and the ballad of "John Gilpin" the genuine mirth which often bubbled up in a heart so racked and tried with melancholy.

Contemporary with Cowper was Mrs. Tighe, the author of "Psyche," an allegorical poem, in which the beauty of the sentiment made acceptable that almost exploded form of composition. But there were at this period a number of writers who had much more false than true sentiment. The euphuism of the reign of queen Elizabeth broke forth in another fashion. A kind of poetical club was formed at Batheaston, the residence of lady Miller, near Bath. She and her guests, amongst whom was Miss Seward, wrote verses, which they published under the title of "Poetical Amusements." A still more flaunting school set themselves up amongst the English at Florence, one of whom, a Mr. Robert Merry, dubbed himself "Della Crusca," whence the clique became called the "Della Cruscan School." Amongst the members of it figured Mrs. Piozzi, the widow of Thrale, the brewer, Boswell, Johnson's biographer, Mary Robinson, the younger Colman, and Holcroft, the dramatist, with others of less name. They addressed verses to each other in the most florid and extravagant style under the names of "Rosa Matilda," "Laura Maria," "Orlando," and the like. The fashion was infectious; and not only were the periodicals flooded by such silly mutual flatteries, but volumes were published full of them. Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," and translator of "Juvenal," attacked this frenzy in a satire called the "Baviad," and continued the attack in the "Mæviad," which, however, was more particularly a censure on the degraded condition of the drama. This put an end to the nuisance, and Gifford won great fame by it; though, on referring to his two celebrated satires, we are surprised at their dulness, and are led to imagine that it was their heaviness which crushed these moths of literature. Gifford, who had been originally a shoemaker, had himself a great fame in his day, which must have been based on his formidable position as editor of the "Quarterly Review;" for though his productions are very well for a shoemaker, we cannot find a single trace of genius in them.

But whilst Gifford was thus demolishing an outbreak of bad taste, a much more remarkable evidence that those who lay claim to good taste frequently have it not was given by the appearance of several new plays and other documents attributed to Shakespeare. The chief of these was "Kynge Varrtygerne," a tragedy, edited by Samuel Ireland. Numbers of persons of high name and pretensions, as Dr. Parr, Boswell, Pye, the laureate, Chalmers, the editor of an edition of "British Poets," Pinkerton, a writer of all sorts of things, &c., became enthusiastic believers and admirers of these pretended discoveries. They turned out to be impudent forgeries by the son of the editor, named William Henry Ireland, and are, in reality, such trash, that they are a melancholy proof of how little value, from some learned persons, is the adoration of Shakespeare. Malone, in an "Enquiry" into the authenticity of these writings, in 1796, completely exposed their spuriousness. Pinkerton, one of their most zealous advocates, himself perpetrated a similar forgery of a volume of Scottish poems, issued as ancient ones. He enjoyed the particular patronage of Horace Walpole.

A number of satires and other poems appeared at this time which deserve only a mere mention. These are "The Pursuits of Literature," by Thomas James Mathias; "Anticipation," by Tickell, being an anticipation of the king's speech, and the debates of parliament; "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," by Mason, under the assumed name of Malcolm Macgregor; "The Rolliad," also a political satire, in 1785. To this succeeded "Probationary Odes," from the same party. These were thrown into the shade by the various publications of Dr. John Walcot, under the name of Peter Pindar, who for twenty years kept the public laughing by his witty and reckless effusions, in which the king especially was most unmercifully ridiculed. Walcot had the merit of discovering Opie, the painter, as a sawyer in the neighbourhood of Truro, and pushing him forward by his praises. To the Royal Academicians he was a relentless enemy, and addressed several sets of odes, of the most caustic and damaging kind. It is enough to mention the names of James Pye, laureate; Hayley, with his "Triumphs of Temper;" Payne Knight's romance of "Alfred;" the epics of Cumberland—"Richard I.," "The Exodiad," &c.—Pratt, Melmoth, Stockdale, Hannah More's "Poetical Tales" and "Sacred Dramas;" Sotheby, whose best work was the translation of Wieland's "Oberon;" and the sonnets of William Lisle Bowles, which possess considerable merit.

But in the midst of this waste of mediocrity, of this mob

of the learned, of this warfare of wits against euphuists, and of one small creature against another, there came a voice from the plough-tail of Scotland that struck a terror through the swarming literary pismire-hillock of London. A simple but sturdy peasant—with no education but such as is extended to every child in every rural parish of Scotland, "following the plough along the mountain-side," laboriously sowing, and reaping and foddering neat; instead of haunting drawing-rooms in bob-tailed coat and kid gloves, dancing on the barn-floor, or hob-nobbing with his rustic chums at the next pot-house—set up a song of youth, of passion, of liberty and equality, so clear, so sonorous, so ringing with the clarion tones of genius and truth, that all Britain, north and south, stood still in wonder, and the most brazen vendor of empty words and impudent pretensions to intellectual power owned the voice of the master, and was for a moment still. This master of song was Robert Burns. Need we say more? Need we speak of the sacred beauty of the "Cotter's Saturday Night?"—of the fun of "Tam O'Shanter?"—of the satiric drollery of his laughter at antiquarian and other pretenders?—of the scathing sarcasms on sectarian cant, in "Holy Willie's Prayer," and a dozen other things?—of the spirit of love and the spirit of liberty welling up in his heart in a hundred living songs?—of the law of man's independence and dignity stamped on the page of eternal memory in the seven words—"A man's a man for a' that?" Are not these things written in the book of human consciousness, all the world over? Do not his fellow-countrymen sing them and shout them in every climate under heaven? Are they not translated into almost every known tongue, and made the watchwords of regeneration to nations yet collecting their strength for the battle of Armageddon against the detestable incubus of despotism—that old anarch, that withering curse of the earth?

From this date, indeed, little need be said of our poets; they are as familiar to every reader as his own fire-side faces. They have been criticised over and over, and every one has passed his own judgment upon them, and set them in their several niches, higher or lower, according to his capacity and his taste. We have little more to do than name them.

First came what has been called the Lake school, because the poets lived more or less amongst the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; but which would have been more correctly called the natural school, in contradistinction to the artificial school which they superseded. The chief of these were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Wordsworth and Coleridge had travelled in Germany, when few Englishmen travelled there, and all of them had more or less imbibed that spirit of intense love of natural beauty and of mental philosophy which prevails in Germany. In Southey this evaporated in ballads of the wild and wonderful, with a strong tinge of Teutonic diablerie. In Wordsworth and Coleridge these elements sunk deeper, and brought forth more lasting fruits. But there was another cause which went greatly to the formation of Wordsworth's poetic system. He was thoroughly indoctrinated by his early friends, Charles Lloyd and Thomas Wilkinson, members of the Society of Friends, with their theory of worship and psychology. They taught him that the spirit of God breathes through all nature, and that we have only to listen and receive. This system was enunciated in some of Wordsworth's lyrical poems, but it is the entire foundation of his great work, the "Excursion." In his earliest poems Wordsworth wrote according to the spirit and manner of the time, and there is nothing remarkable in them; but in his "Lyrical Ballads," the first of which appeared in 1798, there was an entire change. They were of the utmost simplicity of language, and some of them on subjects so homely that they excited the most unmeasured ridicule of the critics. In particular, the "Edinburgh Review" distinguished itself by its excessive contempt of them. The same fate awaited his successive publications, including his great work, the "Excursion;" and the tide of scorn was only turned by a series of laudatory criticisms by professor Wilson, in "Blackwood's Magazine," after which the same critics became very eulogistic.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge published his earliest poems in association with his friends, Wordsworth, Charles Lloyd, and Charles Lamb. But the manner and spirit of his contributions, especially of the "Ancient Mariner," soon pointed them out as belonging to a genius very different. In his compositions there is a wide variety, some of them being striking from their wild and mysterious nature, some for their elevation of both spirit and language, and others for their deep tone of feeling. His "Geneviève," his "Ancient Mariner," and his "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," are themselves the sufficient testimonies of a great master. In some of his blank verse compositions the tone is as independently bold as the sentiments are philosophical and humane. Besides his own poetry, Coleridge translated part of Schiller's "Wallenstein," and was the author of several prose works of a high philosophical character. Southey was as different from Coleridge in the nature of his poetical productions as Coleridge was from Wordsworth. In his earliest poems he displayed a strong resentment against the abuses of society; he condemned war in his poem on "Blenheim," and expressed himself unsparingly on the treatment of the poor. His "Botany Bay Eclogues" are particularly in this vein. Anon he changed all that, and became one of the most zealous defenders of things as they are. His smaller poems are, after all, the best things which he wrote; his great epics of "Madoc," "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Thalaba," now finding few readers. Yet there are parts of them that must always charm.

Since the appearance of the Waverley Novels the poetry of Scott has been somewhat depreciated, but his metrical romances, if not of the highest class of poetry, are always fresh from their buoyancy, and the scenery in which they are laid. They are redolent of the mountain heather and summer dews; and the description of the sending of the "fiery cross" over the hills, and the battle in "Marmion," as well as other portions, are instinct with genuine poetic vigour. Campbell, who won an early reputation by his "Pleasures of Hope," is more estimated now for his heroic ballads—"Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and his "Mariners of England;" Moore, by his "Irish Melodies," than by his "Lalla Rookh;" Byron, by his "Childe Harold," rather than by his earlier love tales of the east, or

his later dramatic poems. Amongst the very highest of the poets of that period stands Shelley, the real poet of spiritual music, of social reformation, and of the independence of man. Never did a soul inspired by a more ardent love of his fellow-creatures receive such a bitter portion of unkindness and repudiation by the critics. John Keats, of a still more delicate and shrinking temperament, also received, in return for strains of the purest harmony, a sharp judgment, in no degree, however, equal to the severity of that dealt out to Shelley. In his "Ode to the Nightingale," and his "Lamia," Keats left us examples of beauty of conception and felicity of expression not surpassed since the days of Shakespeare. In his "Hyperion" he gave equal proof of the strength and grandeur to which he would have attained.

The number of distinguished poets still thronging the close of this period would require voluminous space to particularise their works. The vigorous and classic Savage Landor; the graceful, genial Leigh Hunt; Charles Lamb, quaint and piquant; Rogers, lover equally of art and nature; John Wilson, tender, but somewhat diffuse; the Ettrick Shepherd, linked in perpetual memory with his "Kilmeny" and the "Bird of the Wilderness;" Allan Cunningham; MacNeil; Grahame, author of "The Sabbath;" James Montgomery, amongst the very few successful poets of religion; Tennant, author of "Anster Fair;" Kirke White, Sotheby, Frere, Maturin, Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Milman, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Howitt, Richard Howitt, Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, but who had written long before his most beautiful poems. These had been for twenty years steadily ignored by the whole English press, till accidentally discovered by Sir John Bowring. But for this accident some of the most tender, the most exquisitely descriptive, and most vigorous poetry in the language might have perished in oblivion. Could it be believed that volumes of verse like the following, assiduously put before the eyes of the critical world from year to year, could have been wholly passed over, and the rhymy trash of dinner-giving poetasters praised as divine?—

> Father! we stand upon the mountain stern,
> That cannot feel our lightness, and disdains
> Reptiles that sting and perish in their turn,
> That hiss and die—and, lo! no trace remains
> Of all their joys, their triumphs, and their pains!
> Yet, to stand here might well exalt the mind:
> These are not common moments, nor is this
> A common scene. Hark! how the coming wind
> Booms like the funeral dirge of woe, and bliss,
> And life, and power, and mind, and all that is!
> How, like the wafture of a world-wide wing
> It sounds and sinks—and all is hushed again!
> But are our spirits humbled? No; we string
> The lyre of death with mystery and pain,
> And proudly hear the dreadful notes complain
> That man is not the whirlwind, but the leaf,
> Torn from the tree, to soar and disappear.
> Grand is our weakness, and sublime our grief.
> Lo! on this rock I shake off hope and fear,
> And stand released from clay!—yet am I here,
> And at my side are blindness, age, and woe.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE, AND PROGRESS IN SOCIAL ARTS.

In all those arts which increase the prosperity of a nation, England made the most remarkable progress during this reign. A number of men, rising chiefly from its working or manufacturing orders, arose, who introduced inventions and improvements in practical science, which added, in a most wonderful degree, to the industrial resources of the country. Agriculture at the commencement of the reign was in a sluggish and slovenly condition, but the increase of population, and the augmented price of corn and cattle, led to numerous inclosures of waste lands, and to improvements both in agricultural implements and in the breeds of sheep and cattle. During the thirty-three years of the reign of George II. the number of inclosures averaged only seven per annum, but in the first twenty-five years of the reign of George III. they amounted to forty-seven per annum. During that period the number of inclosures were one thousand one hundred and eighty-six, the number each year rapidly increasing. The value of the produce also stimulated the spirit of improvement in tillage as well as inclosure. Many gentlemen, especially in Northumberland, Kent, Norfolk, and Suffolk, devoted themselves to agricultural science. They introduced rotation of crops instead of fallows, and better manuring, and also cultivated various vegetables on a large scale in the fields which before had generally been confined to the garden, as turnips, carrots, potatoes, cabbage, parsnips, &c. Their example began to be followed by the ordinary class of farmers, and the raising of rents greatly quickened this imitation. At the opening of the reign the rental of land did not exceed ten shillings per acre, on an average; the rental of the whole kingdom in 1769 being sixteen million pounds, according to Arthur Young, but, in a few years, it nearly doubled that. This gentleman, who has left us so much knowledge of the agricultural state of the kingdom, in his "Tours of Survey," tells us that, northward especially, the old lumbering ploughs, and other clumsy instruments, were still in use, instead of the improved ones, and that there was, therefore, a great waste of labour, both of man and beast, in consequence. But still improvement was slowly spreading, and already Bakewell was engaged in those experiments which introduced, instead of the old large-headed and ill-shaped sheep a breed of superior symmetry, and which at once consumed less food and produced a heavier carcase. It was at first contemptuously said, by the old race of farmers and graziers, that Bakewell's new herd of sheep were too dear for any one to purchase, and too fat for any one to eat. Whilst pursuing his improvements in Leicestershire, Culley was prosecuting similar ones in Northumberland, in both sheep and cattle. If any one would know the wonderful metamorphosis effected in cattle, horses, and sheep, by these and other gentlemen, he has only to look at the woodcuts of the old sorts in "Bewick's Natural History." Under the management of these enlightened men, the disproportionate mass of bone was reduced, and flesh increased, and the whole figure assumed a regular and handsome contour. The quality of the meat was as greatly improved.

Under the operation of the corn laws, the price of wheat rose to one hundred and fifty-six shillings a quarter in 1801, and the inclosure of waste lands kept pace accordingly; and upwards of a million of acres were inclosed every ten years. From 1800 the amount of inclosure in ten years was a million and a half of acres. The rapid increase of

population, through the growth of manufactures, and the introduction of canals, as well as the fact that the people at large began to abandon the use of oats and rye in bread, and to use wheat, promoted the growth of that grain immensely. In 1793 Sir John Sinclair established the Board of Agriculture, which was incorporated, and received an annual grant from parliament. The indefatigable Arthur Young was elected its secretary, and agricultural surveys of the kingdom were made. The reports of these were published, adding greatly to a comprehension of the real state of cultivation. In 1784 Young had commenced the publication of the "Annals of Agriculture," by which invaluable information was diffused, and new prizes were offered by the board for improvements, and great annual sheep-shearings were held at Woburn and Holkham, by the duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke, afterwards lord Leicester, which tended to stimulate the breed of better sheep. The king himself had his model farms, and introduced merino sheep from Spain. It was long, however, before the better modes of ploughing could be introduced amongst the farmers. The Scotch were the first to reduce the number of the horses which drew the plough, using only two, whilst in England might still be seen a heavy, clumsy machine drawn by from four to six horses, doing less work, and that work less perfectly.

On the arrival of peace the fall of agricultural prices ruined great numbers who had pushed their speculations and land purchases beyond their legitimate means; but the corn laws again buoyed up both farmers and landlords, and the progress of improvement continued. Draining strong lands, manuring light ones with lime and marl, and the introduction of artificial grasses, added incalculably to the produce of the country. Turnips enabled the farmer to maintain his cattle and sheep in high condition during the winter, and the introduction of the Swedish turnip and mangel-wurzel extended this advantage till rye, rye-grass, sainfoin, and clover became plentiful. Before the end of the reign rentals had doubled, and lands, even in hilly districts, where it had been supposed that nothing but oats would grow, and where the reapers were often obliged to shake the snow from the corn as they cut it, were seen producing good wheat, and, from the better system of husbandry, at a much earlier period of autumn.

Whilst agriculture was thus advancing, the means of conveying its produce to market, and of facilitating internal communication in general, were proceeding by the improvement of the highways and the construction of navigable canals. With the reign of George III. commenced the real era of civil engineering, which science has since then carried to a pitch of perfection and intrepid power hitherto unknown since the foundation of the world. With respect to our highways, there had been various parliamentary enactments since the revolution of 1688; but still, at the commencement of George III.'s reign, the condition of the greater part of our public roads was so dreadful as now to be almost incredible. Acts of parliament continued to be passed for their amendment, but what was their general state we learn from the invaluable "Tours" of Arthur Young. He describes one leading from Billericay to Tilbury, in Essex, as so narrow, that a mouse could not pass by any carriage, and so deep in mud that chalk-wagons were continually sticking fast in them, till so many were in that predicament that the wagoners put twenty or thirty of their horses together to pull them out. He describes the same state of things in almost every part of the country—in Norfolk, Suffolk, Wiltshire, and Lancashire. Some of them had ruts four feet deep by measure, and into these ruts huge stones were dropped to enable wagons to pass at all; and these, in their turn, broke their axles by the horrible jolting, so that within eighteen miles he saw three wagons lying in this condition. We can remember roads of this description, and one in particular where there were five toll-bars in ten miles, and yet the ruts were as deep as those mentioned by Young; and when a flock of sheep was driven along this turnpike-road they had continually to be lifted out of the mud. Notwithstanding, from 1785 to 1800 no fewer than six hundred and forty-three acts of parliament regarding roads were passed. But scarcely a penny of the money collected at the toll-bars went to the repair of the roads, but only to pay the interest of the debt on their original construction. Whatever was raised was divided amongst the members of what were called the trustees for the original fund; and though many acts of parliament limited this interest, means were found for evading the restriction.

In Lancashire and Cheshire the principal roads were paved; but as there grew a necessity for more rapid transit of mails and stage-coaches, we find, from a tour by Adam Walker to the Lakes in 1792, that a better system had been introduced; the paved roads were in many places pulled up, and the stones broken small; and he describes the roads generally as good, or wonderfully improved since the "Tours" of Arthur Young. Except in the county of Derby, the highways were excellent, and broken stones were laid by the roadsides ready for repairs.

But it was not till the days of Telford and Macadam that the system of road-making received its chief improvements. The reform in roads commenced in Scotland. Those which had been cut through the Highlands after the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, chiefly under the management of general Wade, set the example, and showed the advantage of promoting communication, as well as of enabling the military to scour the mountains. In 1790 lord Daer introduced the practice of laying out roads by the spirit-level, and they were conducted round hills instead of being carried over them. In 1802 a board of Commissioners for Roads and Bridges in Scotland was established, and Thomas Telford was appointed the engineer. This able man had now a full opportunity for showing his knowledge of road-making. He laid out the new routes on easy inclines, shortened and improved the old routes by new and better cuttings, and threw bridges over the streams of an excellent construction. Where the bottom was soft or boggy he made it firm by a substratum of solid stones, and levelled the surface with stones broken small. Attention was paid to side-drains for carrying away the water, and little was left for the after-plans of Macadam. Yet Macadam has monopolised the fame of road-making, and comparatively little has been heard of Telford's improvements. Yet he was occasionally called in where Macadam could not succeed, because he

refused to make the same solid bottom. This was the case in the Archway Road at Highgate. Macadam's main principle of road-making was in breaking his material small, and his second *principle* might be called the care which he exercised in seeing his work well done. For these services he received two grants from parliament, amounting to ten thousand pounds, and the offer of knighthood, the latter of which he would not accept for himself, but for his eldest son.

Telford, under the commission for Scotland, thoroughly revolutionised the roads of that country. From Carlisle to the extremity of Caithness, and from east to west of Scotland, he intersected the whole country with beautiful roads, threw bridges of admirable construction over the rivers, and improved many of the harbours, as those of Banff, Peterhead, Frazerburgh, Fortrose, Cullen, and Kirkwall. The extent of new road made by him was about one thousand miles, and he threw one thousand two hundred bridges over rivers, some of them wild mountain torrents. So well was the work done that few of these bridges have since required renewal. The tourists in Scotland, as they admire the beauty of the level and winding roads in the most rugged districts, rarely know how much they owe to Telford. To him also we are indebted for the great improvements on the line of road from London to Holyhead. The united labours of Telford and Macadam placed the roads of England at the head of those throughout the world; but of late years, whilst the road-makers of the continent have been advancing through the use of the roller, we have considerably retrograded, both by the neglect of this effective machine and by breaking the road-material more carelessly large. At the end of the reign of George III. we had an extent of one hundred and fourteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine miles of paved or macadamised roads, including the streets of towns, and in Scotland upwards of three thousand.

The next step in the increase of means of traffic was the construction of canals. The rivers had previously been rendered more navigable by removing obstructions, deepening channels, and making good towing paths along their banks; but now it was projected to make artificial rivers. In this scheme, Richard Brindley, under the patronage of the duke of Bridgwater, was the great engineer; and his intrepid genius dictated to him to carry these canals over hills by locks, over rivers by aqueducts, and through the heart of the hills by tunnels. These enterprises at that moment appeared, to the ordinary run of civil engineers, as rash experiments, which were sure to prove abortive. As all new ideas are, these ideas, now so commonplace, were ridiculed by the wise ones as little short of madness. Mr. Brindley's first great work was the formation of the duke of Bridgwater's canal, from Worsley to Manchester. In this he at once proved all his plans of locks, tunnels, and aqueducts. He conducted his canal by an aqueduct over the river Irwell, at an elevation of thirty-nine feet; and those learned engineers who had laughed at the scheme as "a castle in the air," might now see boats passing over the river at that height with the greatest ease, while other boats were being drawn up the Irwell against the stream and under the aqueduct with five times the labour. At Worsley the canal was conducted into the very heart of the coal-mine by a tunnel, with branches, which conducted the boats up to the different parts of the mine, so that the coal could be loaded on the spot where it was dug. The immediate effect of this canal was to reduce coals in Manchester to half the former price; and the canal being extended so as to connect it with the Mersey, at Runcorn, it reduced the freight of goods from Manchester to Liverpool to the same extent, from twelve shillings to six shillings per ton, the land carriage having been forty shillings. Brindley was next engaged to execute the Grand Trunk Canal, which united the Trent and Mersey, carrying it through Birmingham, Chesterfield, and to Nottingham. This was commenced in 1766, and exhibited further examples of his undaunted skill, and, as he had been laughed at by the pedants of the profession, he now, in his turn, laughed at their puny mediocrity. One of his tunnels, at Hardcastle Hill, in Staffordshire, was two thousand eight hundred and eighty yards long, twelve feet wide, nine high, and in some parts seventy yards below the surface of the ground. This tunnel, after half a century's use, was found too confined for the traffic, and a new one, much wider, was made by Telford. By this time the art of tunnelling had made great progress, and whilst Brindley required eleven years to complete his tunnel, Telford made his much larger one in three. The American war had the effect of checking the progress of canals, so that from 1760 to 1774 only nineteen acts were passed for them; but in the two years only of 1793 and 1794 no fewer than thirty-six new bills were introduced to parliament, with others for extending and amending rivers, making altogether forty-seven acts, the expenditure for which canals of two years' projection amounted to five million three hundred thousand pounds. The work now went on rapidly, and investments in canal shares exhibited at that day, in miniature, the great fever of railway speculation at a later period. Lines of canals were made to connect the Thames, the Tweed, the Severn, and the Mersey; so that the great ports of London, Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol were connected by them, and put into communication with nearly all the great inland manufacturing towns. In 1779 a ship-canal was completed from the Forth to the Clyde—a work proposed as early as the reign of Charles II. This canal, thirty-five miles in length, has thirty-nine locks, which carries the canal to a height of one hundred and fifty-six feet above the sea, and it crosses the river Kelvin by an aqueduct eighty-three feet from the bed of the river to the top of the masonry. A few years later a much larger ship-canal united Gloucester to the Severn, and has wonderfully increased the trade and growth of that city.

Telford succeeded to Brindley, with all his boldness and skill, and with much extended experience. He executed the Ellesmere canal, which occupied a length of upwards of a hundred miles, connecting the rivers Severn, Dee, and Mersey. In the construction of this canal, Telford introduced a bold, but successful, novelty. In aqueducts, instead of puddling their bottoms with clay, which was not proof against the effects of frost, he cased them with iron, and adopted the same means when he had to pass through quicksands or mere bog. Some of Telford's aqueducts were stupendous works. The Chirk aqueduct passed, at seventy

feet above the river, on ten arches of forty feet span, and cost twenty thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight pounds. The aqueduct over the Dee, called Pont-y-Cysyles, passed at a height of one hundred and twenty-one feet above low water, and consisted of a great trough of cast-iron plates, supported on eighteen piers, and having a towing-path of cast-iron, supported on cast-iron pillars. This aqueduct took ten years in building, and cost, with its embankments, forty-seven thousand pounds. Tunnels much larger than that at Hardcastle Hill were executed. That at Sapperton, on the Thames and Severn canal, executed by Mr. Whitworth, was nearly two miles and a half long, and ran two hundred and fifty feet below the summit of the hill, large enough for boats of seventy tons burthen. This was completed in 1788. These daring enterprises led to the design of a tunnel under the Thames, from Gravesend to Tilbury; but this was abandoned for want of capital. In 1804 a similar attempt was made at Rotherhithe, but stopped from the same cause, and was not completed till 1843 by Mr. Brunel. Betwixt 1758 and 1801 no fewer than sixty-five acts of parliament were passed for making or extending canals. At the end of that period canals extended over upwards of three thousand miles, and had cost upwards of thirteen millions sterling. In fact, the great bulk of canal work was done by this time, though not some few works of great importance. The Leeds and Liverpool canal, begun in 1770, but not completed till 1816, opened up connection with a vast manufacturing district; and the Roch-

dale, Huddersfield, and Hull canals gave access from the Baltic traffic into the heart of Lancashire. The Paddington and Regent's canal wonderfully promoted the intercourse betwixt the interior and the metropolis. In the Highlands, the Caledonian canal, connecting the string of lakes between Inverness and the Atlantic, gave passage to ships of large burden. At the end of this reign, the aggregate length of canals in England and Wales was two thousand one hundred and sixty miles; in Scotland, two hundred and twelve; in Ireland, two hundred and fifty; total, two thousand six hundred and twenty-two miles. The attention paid to roads and canals necessitated the same to bridges; and during this reign many new structures of this kind were erected, and much improvement attained in their formation. In 1776 a totally new kind of bridge was commenced at Colebrook Dale, and completed in 1779; this was of cast iron, having a single arch of one hundred feet span, and containing three hundred and seventy-eight and a half tons of metal. Telford greatly improved on this idea, by erecting an iron bridge over the Severn, at Buildwas, in 1796, having an arch of one hundred and thirty feet span.

Half the London bridges were built, or rebuilt, during this period. Waterloo Bridge was begun in 1811, and completed by its designer and architect, John Rennie, on the 18th of June, 1817, having cost upwards of a million sterling. It is not only the longest of the Thames bridges, but has been pronounced by Canova the finest bridge in the world, and is justly universally admired. Rennie built Southwark Bridge, an iron one, at a cost of three hundred thousand pounds, and completed it in 1819, its erection occupying five years. Rennie also built the new London Bridge from the designs of his father, Sir John Rennie; but this was not begun till six years after the death of George III., nor finished till 1831, at a cost of five hundred and six thousand pounds.

Iron suspension bridges were also introduced towards the end of this reign. Chain bridges had been erected in China for nearly two thousand years, and rope bridges in India and South America still earlier. In England a foot-bridge of iron chains was erected at Middleton, over the Tees, in the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1816 a bridge of iron wire was thrown across the Gala Water; and another, on a different principle, the following year, was erected over the Tweed, at King's Meadows. But now much greater and more complete works of the kind were to be executed. Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown introduced great improvements into these structures. He had substituted iron ropes for hempen ones, for cable-chains, and such as are now used in Wales on the quarry tram-roads, and these he now applied to suspension bridges. In 1819 he was commissioned to construct an iron suspension bridge over the Tweed, near Kelso, called the Union Bridge, which he completed in 1820, at a cost of five thousand pounds. In 1824 the first suspension bridge was thrown over the Thames by Mr. W. Tierney Clarke; and in 1818 Telford commenced his great work of throwing a suspension bridge over the Menai Straits, near Bangor, which he completed in 1826. The main opening of this stupendous work is five hundred and sixty feet wide, and one hundred feet above high water mark. The length of the roadway of the bridge is one thousand feet. The cost was one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. This was Telford's *chef-d'œuvre*. But the same neighbourhood was destined to see a more stupendous structure span the Straits from the Welsh shore to Anglesea. This was the tubular railway bridge, connecting the London and Holyhead line, within view of Telford's elegant suspension bridge. This was erected by Robert Stephenson, from his own design, greatly improved by suggestions from William Fairbairn, of Manchester. It was completed in October, 1850, at a cost of six hundred and twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-five pounds. Further descriptions of this great work are not introducible here, as it lies far after our date, but seemed proper for a passing mention, as an evidence of the vast progression of the engineering science which arose in this reign.

Great improvements were made during this reign in our harbours, especially by Telford and Rennie. Telford's harbour work we have already mentioned in Scotland; Rennie's formation or improvement of harbours were at Ramsgate, London, Hull, and Sheerness; he also built the Bell Rock Lighthouse, on the same principle as the Eddystone Lighthouse, built by Smeaton, one of our great self-taught engineers, just before the accession of George III.

The mechanical invention, however, destined to produce the most extraordinary revolution in social life, was that of railways, which, during this reign, were progressing towards that point where, combined with the steam-engine, they were to burst forth into an activity and strength astonishing to the whole world. Tram-roads—that is, roads with lines of smooth timber for the wheels of wagons to run upon—had been in use in the Newcastle collieries for a century before. In 1767, at the Colebrook Dale Iron Works, iron plates were substituted for wood, and by this simple scheme one horse could, with ease, draw as much as ten on an ordinary road. In 1776 iron flanges, or upright edges, were used at the collieries of the duke of Norfolk, near Sheffield, and after this time they became common at all collieries, both above and below ground. In 1805 an iron railway, by a joint-stock company, was opened from Wandsworth to Croydon. Three years before iron railways had been introduced to convey the slates from lord Penrhyn's quarries, in Caermarthenshire, to the Menai Straits for shipment, and they were attached to canals for the conveyance of goods to and from them. At the end of this reign there were two hundred and twenty-five miles of iron railroads in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and upwards of three hundred miles in the single county of Glamorgan.

Before the termination of the reign there were active preparations for putting steam-engines on all iron railroads. So early as 1758, Watt, who afterwards did so much in the construction of steam-engines, had an idea that locomotive engines might be put on such roads. In 1770 such an engine was actually made and worked by John Theophilus Cugnot, in Paris, but he had not discovered sufficient means of controlling it. In 1802 Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian exhibited such an engine running along the streets in London. In 1805 the same gentlemen again exhibited one of their engines working on a tram-road at Merthyr Tydvil, drawing ten tons of iron at the rate of

five miles an hour; and in 1811 Mr. Blenkinsop was running an engine on the Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, drawing a hundred tons on a dead level at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, and going at the rate of ten miles when only lightly loaded. Blenkinsop had made the wheels of his engines to act by cogs on indented rails; for there was a strong persuasion at that period, that the friction of plain wheels on plain rails would not be sufficient to enable the engine to progress with its load. The folly of this idea had already been shown on all the colliery lines in the kingdom, and by the engine of Trevethick and Vivian at Merthyr. The fallacy, however, long prevailed. But during this time Thomas Gray was labouring to convince the public of the immense advantages to be derived from steam trains on railways. In five editions of his work, and by numerous memorials to ministers, parliament, lord mayors, &c., he showed that railroads must supersede coaches for passengers, and wagons and canals for goods. He was the first projector of a general system of railroads, laid down maps for comprehensive general lines for both England and Ireland, invented turn-tables, and very accurately calculated the cost of constructing lines. For these services he was termed a madman, and the "Edinburgh Review" recommended that he should be secured in a strait jacket. In his "Life of George Stephenson," Mr. Smiles makes exception to my statement, that Thomas Gray was the *originator* of railways, and transfers that term to Stephenson. Let us be correct: Gray was the *projector*, Stephenson the *constructor* of railways. But it is not to be supposed that Gray had sold five editions of his work without Stephenson, and perhaps every engineer, having read and profited by it. Yet, so little had Stephenson any idea of the real scope and capacity of railways, that it was not till five years after the running of his engines on such lines, by Mr. Smiles's own showing, that he ever imagined such a thing as that of their becoming the great medium of human transit. He tells us that Mr. John Pease suggested to him to put an old long coach on the Darlington and Stockton line, attached to the luggage trucks, and see whether people might not incline to travel by them. Gray had demonstrated all this long before. He stood in the place of the architect, Stephenson alone of the builder, who carries out the architect's design. Seven years only after the death of George III. the railway line betwixt Manchester and Liverpool was commenced, and from its successful opening, on the 15th of September, 1830, dates the amazing development of the present railway system.

Our space permits us only to take a glance at the several steps by which the steam-engine arrived at the dignity of being the great propeller of ships on the water, and of machinery and carriages on land. The earliest idea of such an engine was that given by the marquis of Worcester, in his "Century of Inventions," in 1663, which idea he obtained from de Caus, and reduced to action in London. The next step was to Papin's Digester, and then to Savary's so-called "Atmospheric Engine." This, improved by Newcomen in 1711, was introduced to drain mines in all parts of the kingdom, but especially in the coal-mines of the north and midland counties, and the copper mines of Cornwall. By its means, many mines long disused through the accumulation of water, were drained and made workable, and others were sunk much deeper. Smeaton, in 1769, greatly improved this engine, which, from its rapid working of a horizontal beam, was called by the miners a "Whimsey," as having a whimsical look. Watt, whose attention to the subject was drawn by his friend Robinson, then a student in the university of Glasgow, commenced a series of experiments upon it, which, betwixt 1759 and 1782, raised the engine to a pitch of perfection which made it applicable not only to draining water out of mines, but, by the discovery of the rotatory motion, enabled them to propel any kind of machinery, spin cotton, grind in mills of all kinds, and propel ships and carriages. Watt was greatly aided in his efforts by Mr. Matthew Bolton, and their engines were manufactured at Soho Works, near Birmingham. They did not, however, enjoy the fruits of their patents for protecting their inventions without many and most unprincipled attempts to invade their rights by masters of mines and others, by which they were involved in many harassing lawsuits. The first application of the steam-engine to the machinery of a cotton-mill was at Papplewick, in Nottinghamshire, in 1785, and the first mill built for the express employment of machinery driven by an engine was in Manchester, in 1789. The first application of the engine to propel a vessel was at Dalswinton, on the Clyde, the boat being constructed by Patrick Miller, James Taylor, and William Symington. In the following year these gentlemen made a second experiment on the Forth and Clyde canal at the Carron Works, with perfect success, the vessel going at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. Symington would seem to be the real machinist in this firm, and in 1802 he made a tug-boat on the Forth and Clyde canal, under the patronage of lord Dundas, which was worked extremely well by its engine. In 1807 Fulton followed up these experiments by launching a steam-boat on the Hudson, in America, after having in vain solicited the patronage of the English and French governments for his enterprise. The proposal of Fulton, submitted to the Royal Academy of Paris, was received with a burst of laughter, and Napoleon abandoned the project in deep disgust at having been, as he supposed, made a dupe of by Fulton. We have already pointed out the period of the first application of the steam-engine to railways.

By the marvellous aids of canals and steam-engines, manufacturing power became most immensely augmented in all directions, but especially in the spinning and weaving of cotton goods. For the details of this last great trade, we must refer to Mr. Baines's excellent history of it. The machines invented by Wyatt and Paul in 1733, and improved by Arkwright in 1767, if not invented anew, without knowledge of Wyatt and Paul's plan of spinning by rollers —a moot point—the spinning-jenny with seven spindles, invented by James Hargreaves, a weaver, near Blackburn, in 1768, and the mule-jenny, combining the working of the machines of Arkwright and Hargreaves, by Samuel Crompton, in 1776, completely superseded spinning cotton yarn by hand. These machines were first worked by water power, and, on the invention of the steam-engine, by that power; and the growth of cotton-spinning became rapid beyond conception, spreading over all Lancashire and the midland counties in a marvellous manner. The cotton-mills of

Robert Peel, in Lancashire and Staffordshire; of the Struts, at Belper, in Derbyshire; of Mr. Dale, at New Lanark; of [illegible]son, at Papplewick; and Arkwright, at Cromford, which raised these gentlemen to vast wealth, being only the leviathans amongst swarming concerns of less dimensions.

To these, in 1787, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Cartwright introduced a loom for weaving by water or steam power, which soon superseded hand-loom weaving. In 1803 Mr. H. Horrocks greatly improved this, and from this germ has grown up the now universal system of weaving cottons, silks, and woollens by machinery. Add to this the application of similar machinery to calico-printing, and the like to weaving of lace, invented by Robert Frost, of Nottingham, or by a working mechanic of that town named Holmes, which afterwards received many improvements, and we have the varied means by which the manufacturing power of England was raised far above that of all the world; and which, in spite of legislative impediments, reaching other countries, soon established similar manufactories in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and America. In Great Britain alone the importation of raw cotton was increased from 4,764,589 lbs. in 1771 to 177,282,158 lbs. in 1818; and such was the spread of trade of all kinds from the use of machinery, that our exports of manufactured goods in 1800, when the European nations were incapacitated for manufacturing by Napoleon's general embargo, amounted to £116,000,000.

Almost every other manufacture shared in this surprising impulse from machinery, and from this spirit of invention. It was an age of new creations, and of unprecedented energies. In 1763 Josiah Wedgwood, of the Staffordshire Potteries, commenced that career of improvement in the biscuit, form, and printing of porcelain which constituted a new era in the art. At that time the French fine pottery was so much superior to the English, that it was extensively imported. In fact, it was a period when taste in every department of art was at the lowest ebb. Wedgwood, being a good chemist, not only improved the body of his earthenware, but, being a man of classical taste, introduced a grace and elegance of form before unknown to British pottery. He invented a new kind of composition, now well known in the mortars of medical men, so hard and marble-like, that it resisted both fire and acids; and in this he moulded statuettes, cameos, and medallions from the Greek originals, of great beauty. Sir William Hamilton having brought over from Italy a quantity of antique vases, &c., Wedgwood benefited by them to introduce fresh forms and colouring in his wares, and probably on this account called his pottery Etruria. He had the aid of Mr. Chisholm, a practical chemist, in his researches into the best composition and colours for his porcelain, and his improvements laid the foundation of the present great pottery trade of Staffordshire.

Many improvements were made, also, in the glass manufactory during this reign, and more would, undoubtedly, have been made but for the very heavy duties upon it, to help to support the ruinous wars of the period. In 1760, the first year of the reign, crown glass is said to have been introduced. In 1766 the first glass plates for looking-glasses and coach-windows were made at Lambeth. In 1779 bottle-glass was first made; and about that time plate-glass. The duties on different kinds of glass at that date were about one hundred and forty thousand pounds per annum. So oppressive were these duties, that, in 1785, the St. Helen's Plate-glass Company petitioned parliament, stating that, in consequence of the weight of taxation, notwithstanding an expenditure of one hundred thousand pounds, they had not been able to declare a dividend.

The introduction of the steam-engine, railroads, and canals enabled our coal-miners during this reign to extend the supply of coals enormously. In 1792 the coal mines of Durham and Northumberland alone maintained twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty persons, and employed a capital of three million one hundred and thirty thousand pounds—a very small amount of both people and money engaged in the trade since the wonderful expansion of our manufacturing and steam systems. The coal fields of Durham and Northumberland now extend over eight hundred square miles. It is supposed that upwards of forty million tons of coals are consumed annually in these islands; but the beds of this mineral in Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, the Midland Counties, south of Scotland, and Ireland, are still immense, and not yet fully explored. Fresh strata are discovered as steam power enables us to go deeper. In 1817 Sir Humphry Davy perfected his safety-lamp, which, by means of a simple wire gauze, enabled the miner to work amid the most explosive gases. These lamps, however, have not been able to protect the colliers from their own carelessness, and most horrible destruction, from time to time, takes place amongst them from neglect.

With the reign of George III. commenced a series of improvements in the manufacture of iron, which have led not only to a tenfold production of that most useful of metals, but to changes in its quality which before were inconceivable. Towards the latter end of the reign of George II. the destruction of our woods in smelting iron-ore was so great as to threaten their extinction, and with it the manufacture of iron in this country. Many manufacturers had already transferred their businesses to Russia, where wood was abundant and cheap. It was then found that coke made from coal was a tolerable substitute for charcoal, and, in 1760, the very first year of the reign of George III., the proprietors of the Carron Works in Scotland commenced the use of pit-coal. Through the scientific aid of Smeaton and Watt, they applied water, and afterwards steam-power, to increase the blast of their furnaces, to make it steady and continuous, instead of intermitting, as from bellows; and they increased the height of their furnaces. By these means, Dr. John Roebuck, the founder of these works, became the first to produce pig iron by the use of coal. This gave great fame to the Carron Works, and they received large orders from government for cannon and cannon-balls. It was some time, however, before we could produce iron enough to meet the increasing demand for railroads, iron bridges, &c.; and so late as 1781 we had to import fifty thousand tons annually from Russia and Sweden.

The employment of pit-coal had not reached perfection, and, in 1785, the Society of Arts offered a premium for the making of fine bar iron with pit-coal. This object was accomplished by Mr. Cort, an iron founder of Gloucester-

shire, by exposing the pig iron on the hearth of a reverberatory furnace to the flame of pit-coal. This process was improved into what was called *puddling*, in puddling or reverberatory furnaces. Cort also introduced the drawing out of iron betwixt cylindrical rollers; but he became ruined in his experiments, and other iron masters of more capital came in to reap the profit. It is only lately that a pension has been conferred on some of his children for his services. It would have been greatly more creditable to the enormously wealthy iron masters of this kingdom to have acknowledged their vast obligations to Mr. Cort, by putting him and his family in comfortable independence. In 1755 the whole population of Carron was only one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four; in 1795 the workmen alone employed in the works were one thousand, the population four thousand, when the foundry had five blast furnaces, sixteen air furnaces, three cupola furnaces, and consumed one hundred and thirty-six tons of coals daily. It supplied to the government eleven thousand tons annually of cannon, mortars, shot, shells, &c.; to the East India Company six thousand tons; and to all customers together twenty-six thousand tons. The growth of the iron trade in Great Britain, through these improvements, may be seen from the fact that, in 1802, there were one hundred and sixty-eight blast furnaces, producing one hundred and seventy thousand tons of iron; in 1820, the annual production of iron was four hundred thousand tons; in 1845 the production was calculated at twice that amount—that is, in twenty-five years the production had doubled itself; and by our continually expanding demand for railways, both at home and abroad, and for all kinds of machinery, the production now cannot be less than a million tons. In 1771 the use of iron ropes, instead of hempen ones, was suggested by M. Bouganville, and this was made a fact by captain Brown, in 1811. Before this, in 1800, Mr. Mushet, of Glasgow, discovered the art of converting malleable iron, or iron ore, into cast steel; and in 1804 Samuel Lucas, of Sheffield, extended the benefit by the discovery of a mode of converting any castings from pig iron at once into malleable iron, or cast steel, so that knives, forks, snuffers, scythes, and all kind of articles, were converted into steel, "without any alterative process whatever between the blast furnace and the melting-pot." In 1815 it was calculated that two hundred thousand persons were employed manufacturing articles of iron, the annual value of which was ten million pounds.

With the war the manufacture of guns and arms of all kinds was greatly increased, and several important improvements were made in the construction of gun-barrels and their breeches. All kinds of cutlery were improved, but, at the same time, both government, by contractors, and foreign countries, by merchants, were imposed on by articles that had more show than use, to the serious injury of the British reputation. Knives and razors were sent out of mere iron, and our pioneers and sappers and miners were often supplied with axes, picks, and shovels more resembling lead than even iron.

The same extension of production and consumption of copper, tin, and other ores, marks this reign, owing to the increase of both commerce and population. Great attention during this reign was devoted to the manufacturing of clocks and watches. To such eminence had the English manufacture of watches arrived, that in 1799 it was calculated that the value of watches and marine chronometers alone manufactured in and around London amounted to a million of money yearly. In 1762 John Harrison claimed the reward offered by act of parliament for a chronometer which would ascertain the longitude within sixty, forty, or thirty miles. For the least accurate of these the reward was ten thousand pounds, for the next more accurate fifteen thousand pounds, and for the best twenty thousand pounds. Harrison produced a chronometer which, after two voyages to the West Indies, entitled him to the highest prize, but a fresh act of parliament was passed, refusing him more than two thousand five hundred pounds until he had made known the principle of his invention, and assigned his chronometer for the public use. Even when these new terms were complied with he was only to receive ten thousand pounds, and the remainder on the correctness of the chronometer having been *sufficiently* tested. Harrison very justly complained of these new stipulations, and of the delays thus interposed; but in 1767, ten years before his decease, he obtained the full amount of the premium. In 1774 a premium of five thousand pounds was offered by act of parliament for a chronometer that should keep the longitude within one degree of a great circle, or sixty geographical miles; seven thousand five hundred pounds for one that would keep the longitude within two-thirds of that distance; and ten thousand pounds for one that would keep it within half a degree. This called out the efforts of various competitors—Harrison, Meadge, Kendal, Coombe, and numbers of others. In 1777 Meadge produced two, which were submitted to the test of the astronomer-royal, Dr. Maskelyne, and pronounced unfavourably upon; but Meadge petitioned parliament against this decision, and, on the report of a committee on his chronometers, he was awarded a premium of two thousand five hundred pounds.

In 1783 the English carriage-builders, who had before been considered inferior in elegance to the French makers, began to receive large orders from Paris itself. In 1759 Walter Taylor and son introduced machinery for cutting blocks, sheaves, and pins for ships—a great improvement, but which has been carried far beyond that step by the machinery of Brunel, now in use at our government dockyards. Saw-mills were also introduced into this country, in 1767, by Mr. Dingley, of Limehouse.

In the art of printing, the proc[illegible]s of stereotyping was re-invented by Mr. Tulloch, in 1780. In 1801 lithography was introduced into England from Germany, but was not much used till Mr. Ackermann began to employ it, in 1817. In 1814 steam was first applied to printing in the *Times* office.

The art of coining received, like so many other things, a new facility and perfection from the applicati[illegible] steam-engine. Messrs. Bolton and Watt, [illegible] Works, set up machinery, in 1788, which rolled out [illegible] metal, cut out the blanks, or circular pieces, sh[illegible] bags to take off the [illegible] higher perfection than ever before attained—at the rate of from thirty to forty thou[illegible] This prolific

reign belongs also the discovery of coal-gas. In 1792 William Murdoch, an engineer, lighted his own house with it in Redruth, in Cornwall. The same gentleman illuminated the Soho Works of Messrs. Bolton and Watt with it at the peace of Amiens, in 1802; and in the year 1804 some of the cotton mills in Manchester began to use it. In 1807 it was used in Golden Lane, in London; in 1809 Mr. Winsor, a German, lit up Pall Mall with it; and in 1813 the first chartered gas company was established in London, and it soon spread through all the large towns.

In astronomy, Herschel discovered the planet Uranus in 1781; in 1802 he published, in the "Philosophical Transactions," his catalogue of five hundred new nebulæ and nebulous stars; and in 1803 announced his discovery of the motion of double stars round each other. In chemistry, Sir Humphry Davy, in 1807, extracted their metalic bases from the fixed alkalies; in 1808 demonstrated the same fact as it regarded the alkaline earths; in 1811 discovered the true nature of chlorine; in 1815 invented his safety lamp; and in 1817 brought it to perfection. In 1804 Leslie published discoveries of the nature and properties of heat; in 1808 Dalton announced his atomic theory; and in 1814 Wollaston completed its development and proof.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE FINE ARTS.

Amongst these arts, the first to which we direct attention, that is,

MUSIC,

was warmly patronised by the royal family, and therefore maintained the status which it had acquired in the last reign, though it produced no great original genius. Church music continued to be cultivated, and the anthems of Kent, published in 1773, and those of Nares, published in 1778, were of much merit. To these we may add the services and anthems of doctors Hayes, Dupuis, Arnold, Cooke, Ayrton,

and of Mr. Battishill. The "Shunamite Woman," an oratorio by Arnold, appeared at a later date, as well as the anthems and services of Dr. Whitfield.

In the early part of the reign the English operas of Augustine Arne, "Artaxerxes" and "Love in a Village"—the former principally a translation from "Metastasio"—

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL. FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT.

were much admired. For the rest, there were numbers of lovers and professors of the art, both in sacred, operatic, and glee music. The Catch Club was formed in 1761, and zealously supported, as well as the Concerts of Ancient Music in 1776. Under the patronage of this society, and particularly of his majesty, took place Handel's celebrated "Commemoration" in Westminster Abbey, in May and June of 1784. During the early part of the reign, too, appeared several distinguished works in this department. At the head of these stood the "Histories of Music," by Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney; Dr. Burney's "Musical Tours;" Dr. John Browne's "Dissertation on Poetry and Music;" the "Letters" of Jackson, of Exeter; and Mason's "Essays on Church Music." In the later portion of the reign there was much love of music, but little original composition, except for the stage, where Arnold, Shield, Storace, and Dibdin produced the most delightful and lasting compositions. Arnold's "Castle of Andalusia," "Inkle and Yorico," "The Surrender of Calais," and "The Mountaineers;" and Shield's "Rosetia," "The Poor Soldier," "The Woodman," and "The Farmer," are universally admired. The sea songs of Charles Dibdin are as imperishable as our navy, to which they have given a wealth of its own. He wrote about one thousand four hundred songs,

thirty dramatic pieces, "A Musical Tour," and a "History of the Stage," and was allowed, after all, to die in deep poverty, after charming all the world for half a century. During the latter part of the reign music was in much esteem, and musical meetings in various parts of the country—in London, the opera, Ancient Concerts, and performances by foreign composers, as Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mozart's opera of "Don Giovanni," &c.—were flocked to, but little native genius appeared.

ARCHITECTURE.

During this reign, architecture was in a state of transition, or, rather, revolution, running through the Palladian, the Roman, the Greek, and into the Gothic, with a rapidity which denoted the unsettled ideas on the subject. At the commencement of the reign James Paine and John Carr were the prevailing architects. Worksop Manor, since pulled down, and Keddlestone, in Derbyshire, were the work of Paine; but Robert Adam, an advocate for a Roman style, completed Keddlestone. Carr built Harewood House, and others of a like character, chiefly remarkable for Grecian porticos attached to buildings of no style whatever. The Woods, of Bath, employed a spurious Grecian style in the Crescent, in that city, Queen's Square, the Pounds, &c., which, however, acquired a certain splendour by their extent and *tout ensemble*. To these succeeded Robert Taylor, the architect of the Bank of England and other public buildings, in a manner half Italian, half Roman. Sir William Chambers, of more purely Italian taste, has left us Somerset House as a noble specimen of his talent. Robert and James Adam erected numerous works in the semi-Roman semi-Italian style, as Canewood House, at Hampstead, Portland Place, and the screen at the Admiralty. In Portland Place Robert Adam set the example of giving the space necessary for a great metropolis, and the screen at the Admiralty is a beautiful erection. James Wyatt, who succeeded Sir William Chambers as surveyor-general in 1800, destined to leave extensive traces of his art in this generation, commenced his career by the erection of the Pantheon, in the classical style, and then took up the Gothic style, which had begun to have its admirers, and in which James Essex had already distinguished himself by his restoration of the lantern of Ely Cathedral, and in other works at Cambridge. Wyatt was employed to restore some of the principal colleges at Oxford, and to do the same work for the cathedral of Salisbury and Windsor Castle. In these he showed that he had penetrated to a certain extent into the principles of that order of architecture, but was far from having completely mastered them. A greater failure was his erection of Fonthill Abbey, for Beckford, the author of "Vathek," where he made a medley of half an abbey, half a castle, with a huge central church tower, so little based on the knowledge of the Gothic architects, that in a few years the tower fell. Wyatt, however, was a man of a bold and enterprising genius. Cotemporary with Wyatt, George Dance made a much less happy attempt in Gothic in the front of Guildhall; but he built Newgate and St. Luke's Hospital in a very appropriate style. One of the most elegant erections at this period was the Italian Opera House, by a foreigner, Novosielsky, in 1789. Nor must we omit here the publication of John Gwynn's "London and Westminster Improved," in 1766, by which he led the way to the extensive opening up of narrow streets, and throwing out of fresh bridges, areas, and thoroughfares, which have been since realised, or which are still in progress.

Sir John Soane, who had been a pupil of Dance, Holland, and Sir William Chambers, introduced a more purely Greek style, and his achievements may be seen in Dulwich Gallery, the National Debt Office, the law courts at Westminster, Trinity Church, Marylebone, and the State Paper Office. The most eminent disciples of this school were William Wilkins and Sir Robert Smirke. Wilkins was a servile copyist, and the National Gallery is the chief monument of his skill, or want of it. Sir Robert Smirke was of a higher order, and his erection of Covent Garden Theatre, the Mint, the Post-Office, the College of Physicians, the law courts at Gloucester, Lowther Castle, &c., speak for themselves. Nash, the cotemporary and successor of these architects, has left us abundance of his Greeko-Romano-Italian medleys in the church in Langham Place, Regent's Park, Regent's Street, and Buckingham Palace. The great merit of Nash was, that, like Adam, he gave us space, and showed, as in Regent's Park, what was needed for our immense metropolis. Towards the end of the reign Gothic architecture was more cultivated, and one of Wyatt's last works was Ashridge House, in Buckinghamshire, a vast and stately Gothic pile, imposing in general effect, but far from pure in style. Still less so was Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, built by William Pordon; but the real Anglo-Gothic was now receiving the true development of its principles by the works of James Bentham, Carter, John Britton; and, finally, Thomas Rickman, in 1816, published his "Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of English Architecture," which placed these principles perspicuously before the public.

PAINTING.

To do justice to the history of painting under George III. would require volumes; we can give only a few lines to it. Under Sir Joshua Reynolds a perfect revolution in the art, as practised in England, was effected. He threw aside past traditional fashions, and returned to nature; and his portraits at once excited the consternation of the painters of the day, and placed him in the very first class of artists. In 1768 was established the Royal Academy, and amongst its foreign members were Benjamin West and Angelica Kauffmann. West produced all his great works in England, and, however much they may now be criticised, they were a great advance on past art in England, and had the merit of introducing modern costume for modern heroes, as in the "Death of General Wolfe," contrary to the advice of even Reynolds himself. Barry made a spasmodic attempt to lead the public back to what he deemed the classical, but in vain; and the successive appearance of Wilson, Gainsborough, and Opie, in different styles, but all genuinely English, established the public in its attachment to the true English school. Wilson, during his lifetime, indeed, was neglected, and died in poverty; but the next generation made the *amende* to his fame, though too late for his own enjoyment of it. To Paul Sandby we owe the origin of the water-

colour school, now grown so extensive and so rich in production. Amongst eminent painters of this portion of the reign, we must mention Wright, of Derby, Mortimer, Stubbs and Sawrey, animal painters, and Copley, who, though an American by birth, produced most of his works here.

Of water-colour painters who extended the fame of the school were Payne, Cozens, Glover, Girtin, and Turner; but Turner soon deserted water for oil. In 1804 the Water-Colour Society was established, and Turner was not amongst its numbers, having already gone over to oil-painting; but there were Varley, Barrett, Hills, Rigaud, Pocock, &c. Wild and Pugin were exhibitors of architectural drawings at its exhibitions. Afterwards came Heaphy, Francia, Westall, Uwins, Dewint, Mackenzie, Copley Fielding, Robson, Prout, Gandy, and Bonnington. In their rear, but extending beyond the reign, appeared a brilliant host.

In general art the names of Fuseli, Northcote, and Stothard stand eminent, and were the foremost contributors to alderman Boydell's celebrated Shakespeare Gallery. After them came Hoppner, Beechey, Morland; in Scotland, Allan and Raeburn.

In 1805 a great step in British painting was made by the establishment of the British Institution; and in 1813 this institution opened the National Gallery. The annual exhibitions soon became enriched by the consummate works of Hilton, Etty, Haydon, Briggs, Sir Thomas Lawrence (in elegant portraits), Phillips, Shee, Carpenter, Harlow, Wilkie, Mulready, Turner, Calcot, Collins, Landseer, Martin, Danby, Howard, Cooper, Leslie, and Hone. No age in England had produced so illustrious a constellation of painters, as varied in character as they were masterly in artistic power.

SCULPTURE.

This art, like that of painting, took a new spring in this reign, but the early part of it was encumbered by the tasteless works of Wilton, Read, and Tyler. It remained for the genius of Banks, Nollekins, Bacon, Baily, Behnes, and Chantrey, to place sculpture on its proper elevation in England.

ENGRAVING.

To this department of art Woollett and Strange gave a first-rate eminence, and were successfully followed by Browne, Byrne, Rosker, and Major. In mezzo-tint M. Ardell admirably rendered the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Smith, Green, Thomas, and Watson also excelled in this class of engraving. In engravings for books Heath and Angus stand pre-eminent; and Boydell's "Shakespeare" spread the taste, though his illustrations were chiefly done in the inferior style of *dot* engraving. In line engraving the names of Sharpe, Sherwin, Fittler, Anker Smith, Neagle, Lowry, Turrell, Scott, and others, are of high repute. In landscape engraving no names, in the middle period of the reign, stood more prominent than those of Middiman, Watt, Angus, Milton, Pouncey, Peak, and Taylor.

There arose a second school of mezzo-tint engravers, the chief of whom were Earlom, Reynolds, Daniell, Sutherland, and Westall. The strange but intellectual Blake was both painter and his own engraver, in a style of his own. Towards the end of the reign flourished, chiefly in architectural illustrations, Le Keux, John and Henry, pupils of Bazire, Roffe, Ransom, and Scott; in landscape, William and George Cooke, William and Edward Finden, Byrne, and Pye; in portrait, Charles and James Heath, John Taylor, Skelton, Burnet, Bromley, Robinson, Warren, Lewis, &c.

In wood engraving, Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, revived the art, and threw such fascination into it by the exquisite tail-pieces in his "Natural History," that it has ever since continued to extend its use and importance.

COINS AND COINAGE.

Of the coinage of this reign little is to be said. It was of the most contemptible character, till Bolton and Watt, as

A SHILLING. HALF-CROWN. SOVEREIGN.

already mentioned, struck the copper pence in 1797 in a superior style. In 1818 was issued a gold and silver coinage, which was intrusted to a foreign artist, Pistrucci, and which was turned out of very unequal merit. Flaxman would have produced admirable designs, and we had a medallist of high talent, Thomas Wyon, who would have executed these designs most ably. In fact, the best part of the silver coinage was produced by Wyon, from the designs of Pistrucci.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

In the early portion of the reign these differed little from those described in the preceding one. There was great dissipation, and even coarseness of manners, amongst the nobility and gentry. It was the custom to drink to intoxication at dinners, and swearing still greatly garnished the language of the wealthy as well as the low. Balls, routs, the opera, the theatre, with Vauxhall and Ranelagh, filled up the time of the fashionable, and gaming was carried to an extraordinary extent. Amongst our leading statesmen, Charles Fox was famous for this habit. Duelling was equally common, and infidelity amongst fashionable people was of notorious prevalence. George III. and his queen did what they could to discourage this looseness of morals, and to set a different example; but the decorum of the court was long in passing into the wealthy classes around it. An affluent middle class was fast mingling with the old nobility, and this brought some degree of sobriety and public decency with it. Amongst the lower classes dog, cock, and bull fights were, during a great part of the reign, the chief amusements, and the rudest manners continued to prevail, because there was next to no education. Wesley and Whitfield, and their followers, were the first to break into this condition of heathenism. Robberies and murders

abounded both in town and country, and the police was of a very defective character. For the most part there was none but the parish constable. The novels of Fielding and Smollett are pictures of the rudeness and profligacy of these times. The resources in the country of books and newspapers were few, and the pot-house supplied the necessary excitement. The clergy were of a very low tone, or were non-resident, and the farmers, getting rich, aped the gentlemen, followed the hounds, and ended the day with a carouse.

Gradually, however, a more refined tone was diffusing itself. The example of the head of the nation had not been

LADIES' HEAD-DRESS—1768.

without its effect. The higher classes abandoned Ranelagh and Vauxhall to the middle and lower classes, if they did not abandon their theatre, opera, and rout. But the theatres, too, became more decorous, and the spread of what had been called Methodism began to reach the higher classes through such men as Wilberforce, and such women as the countess of Huntingdon and Hannah More. The

FASHIONABLE RIDING DRESSES—1786.

most sensible drawback to this better state of sentiment and manners was the profligacy of the prince of Wales and his associates. But towards the end of the reign a decided improvement in both manners and morals had taken place. The momentous events passing over the world, and in which Great Britain had the principal agency, seemed to have rooted out much frivolity, and given a soberer and higher tone to the public mind. The spread of a purer and more humane literature baptised the community with a new and better spirit; art added its refinements, and

FASHIONABLE DRESSES IN 1770.

religion its restraints. The efforts to introduce education amongst the people had begun, and the lowest amusements of dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting were discouraged and put down. The new birth of science, art, literature, and manufactures, was accompanied by a new birth of morals, taste, and sentiment, and this, happily, was a true birth; and the growth of what was then born has been proceeding ever since. In whatever point of view we contemplate the reign of George III. it is a new era in both public and private, in political, social, artistic, mechanical, and commercial life.

BEAU AND BELLE OF 1772.

COSTUME.

In the opening of the reign, the gentlemen retained the full-skirted coat, with huge cuffs, the cocked-hats and knee-breeches of the former period. Pigtails were universal, and

the more foppish set up their hair in a high peak, like the women. The ladies had their hair turned up on frames half a yard high, and this hairy mountain was ornamented with strings of pearls or diamonds, or surmounted with a huge cap edged with lace. They wore their waists as long as possible, with a peaked stomacher, and hanging sleeves of Mecklenburg lace. Their gowns were of the richest silks, satins, and brocades, their skirts flowing; and the fan was an indispensable article.

In the army the cocked-hat and pigtail at first prevailed, but these were soon dismissed, as well as the great jack-boots of the cavalry. With the employment of the Hessian soldiers in the American war, and afterwards on the continent, prevailed amongst English gentlemen the small hats; instead of the queue, cropped hair, close-fitting Hessian boot. Powdering became profuse, both amongst ladies and gentlemen, till Pitt taxed it, and it vanished, except from the heads of particularly positive old gentlemen. During the French war, when the Paris fashions were intercepted, a great variety of forms of dress took place amongst both gentlemen and ladies; but before the peace had arrived, the most tasteless costumes had become general, and the waists of both sexes were elevated nearly to their shoulders. The tight skirts and short waists of the ladies gave them the most uncouth aspect imaginable; and the cut-away coats and chimney-pot hats of the gentlemen were by no means more graceful. The military costume had undergone a perfect revolution. Instead of cocked-hats, caps, or cut-away coats, and Hessian boots, or gaiters.

The changes in furniture were not remarkable. During the French war, a rage for furniture on the classic model had taken place; but on the return of peace Paris fashions came in like a flood. Rosewood superseded mahogany, and a more easy and luxurious style of sofas and couches. There came also Pembroke tables, Argand lamps, register stoves, Venetian and spring blinds, a variety of ladies' work-tables and what-nots; and a more tasteful disposition of curtains and ornamental articles purchased on the continent.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The condition of the people during this reign did not advance with the progression of national wealth, and the reason of that is to be found in the war, and in the corn-laws passed at its close to maintain the high prices of the war. We have so fully demonstrated these facts, that we need not again do more than state them generally. The high prices occasioned by the war had increased the value of the property of the landowner and of the crops of the farmer. Both these classes had benefited by this, and had risen into a style of living and a condition of luxury extremely beyond what were known at the commencement of the reign. But though the working classes were introduced to a vastly extended scale of employment by the growth of invention and of manufactures, their wages were in no degree proportioned to the cost of living and of the rental of their houses. Therefore, pauperism abounded; there were continual bread riots and agrarian outrages, and the poor were still found living in mean and very unsanitary dwellings,

BALL DRESSES—1800.

EVENING DRESSES—1800.

and fed on very coarse and insufficient fare. The wonderful development of genius, invention, literature, and commerce during this reign, were to them utterly neutralised by the effects of the stupendous wars which had been carried on; and it was not till years of great political contention had passed over that they were enabled to eat the bread of their industry at a moderate cost.

Such was the close of the most remarkable reign of George III.—an era of new life and energy, which brought wealth and abundance to all but the labouring people, to whom the great wars had proved great curses, and who had still to work out their own prosperity by their new career in education, and in the exercise of the powers inseparable from intelligence.

WALKING DRESSES—1800.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME

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